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THE EMERALD:

THE

IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 10th, 1871.

[Vol. II.



TO OUR READERS.

It would be superfluous to assert that a Ladies' Journal is needed in Ireland. The want has been long supplied in every civilized country of the world, save only our own. The demands that have been made for an organ of feminine opinion show conclusively the need, and the only wonder is that it has not been met before now. There are so many subjects in which ladies take an almost exclusive interest—so much in the columns of ordinary journals that engages masculine attention merely—that it would be as absurd to attempt proving the need of a ladies paper as to set about demonstrating seriously the globular shape of the earth. Besides, in these latter days a whole host of woman's questions are cropping up—educational, industrial, legal, and political; and these of necessity receive but scant space in the crowded pages of political organs, and, indeed, often but scant courtesy. Only in a paper devoted to feminine interests can these questions expect fair treatment, or receive that ample discussion from women themselves which would result in the formation of sound opinions.

To meet this undeniable demand the EMERALD has been projected. It will devote itself persistently to the educational and industrial advancement of Irish womanhood. No thoughtful person—man or woman—can fail to see that a radical change in the system of education is necessary to bring women up to the intellectual level of men; and the man would indeed be a fool who could deliberately prefer an ignorant and silly to an informed and sound-judging woman for wife. The companionship which is the strictest consequence and ought to be the sweetest attribute of the wedded state, forbids a preference so heretical to reason. To say that the intelligent understanding of a husband's occupations would lessen the sympathies of a wife—or that the ability to probe the causes of his cares would dry up the waters of consolation which in her are so abundant—is equivalent to saying that such occupations are unworthy of sympathy, and such causes too petty for consolation. There is just as much absurdity in the notion that cultivation of the intellect would unfit women for such special duties as the management of their households or the care of their offspring. Nature is not eradicated by sound mental training, but developed and improved. The homes and children of women who have received even an imperfect education will hardly allow of comparison with those of the hundreds of thousands of poor females who are in the

darkness of total ignorance. In fact, the objections urged against a better class of education for women might with as much reason be adduced against their receiving any at all. It will be the duty of the EMERALD to take note of every fact and circumstance bearing on this question, and to advance it as far as possible.

Again, in the matter of industrial progress, a great deal has been done with but little general encouragement, but much more remains to be done. All the objections raised to feminine occupation of the busy walks of life are overturned by this one potent fact—that nearly half the females of the country are, at this present moment, working for remuneration. It is idle to discuss whether this should be, in the presence of a fact so stupendous. But the amount of remuneration offered for feminine labor is so paltry, that it becomes a work of necessary philanthropy to try to raise it. The cause of the small wage is the terrible competition produced by overcrowding in the ranks of unskilled or but slightly skilled labor. The remedy is to furnish opportunities for acquiring a high degree of skill in such branches of industry as women may be suited for. To help forward this good work will be another of the special duties of the EMERALD.

Irishmen, and women too, have always manifested decided literary capacity. A people so quick in conception, so active in imagination, so sensitive and passionate, could not be devoid of literary genius any more than of love of letters. Unfortunately, the opportunities for its display were until lately unfurnished at home; and many "a mute inglorious Milton," it may be, waits humbly on occasion to assert his powers and proclaim his genius to the world. But since there is a spirit of enterprise now abroad, and men of energy embark their capital in the national talent, it will be another duty of the EMERALD to foster it in every way.

For the rest, we have only to say that every subject interesting to ladies will receive notice at our hands; and when we inform our readers that our staff is principally feminine, they can readily understand our facilities. When our arrangements with fashion correspondents are finally completed, we will be able to give the fullest and most minute information on the subject of dress, home and foreign. Our gardening information will be derived from exclusive and authentic sources. Our musical and dramatic criticism is in competent hands; while in the department of biographical and literary notices, with which our pages will be from time to time enriched, the services of some eminent writers and ripe scholars have been secured.

One other feature of the EMERALD we desire to bring forward. Its columns will be open to correspondence on every subject not in itself objectionable or not treated in an objectionable way; and we particularly desire to call the attention of subscribers to the advantage such a medium of exchanging opinions and discussing social problems will afford.

For all other matters we must refer our readers to the EMERALD itself; premising that we have not been able to make our first number embrace all our projects, and that our energies will not cease with triumphing over the difficulties that beset a first appearance.

AN EASTER LONG AGO.

CHAPTER I.

A COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.



HAT a terrible thing is a competitive examination! What grinding and cramming is necessary—what self-denial in refusing invitations, and burning the midnight oil in one's own chamber, while other young people

"Chase the glowing hours with flying feet!"

All this I had done most religiously, and now I am seated in a room with some scores of other young men, all candidates for two vacancies in the Civil Service. It is the second day of the examination, and we are at present engaged in the composition of "themes." A terrible stillness reigns in the apartment—nothing is heard but the scratching of pens. Occasionally one of the examiners moves round the room, glancing over our shoulders at the paper before us. No doubt these gentlemen wondered what we had been doing, when in many cases they surveyed a blank sheet, as innocent of ink as when we sat down; but they politely forbore to comment on the fact, and merely remarked, "One hour and a-half, gentlemen."

I took a box of steel pens out of my pocket, spread out the paper before me, read the titles of the three themes, one of which we were bound to descant upon—made my selection *instantly*, and tried to think. To think! How difficult a thing it is when you are ordered to do it, and when your time is limited to two hours. At another time I have no doubt I could find something to say on the subject of the Restoration; but now my truant thoughts continually wander. I find myself studying the faces of my fellow-candidates, and speculating on their private lives and characters, etc.

My name is Nelson Joy. With that inappropriateness commonly shown by parents in the selection of their children's names, mine called me "Nelson," in honor of the Trafalgar hero, for whom they had a great admiration. I must here enter a protest against the practice of giving a poor boy with but a mediocre intellect the name of some illustrious personage, whom the parent may happen to admire. It makes him a laughing-stock. I once knew a "John Milton" who had never read a line of "Paradise Lost," and a "Michael Angelo" who knew no more of painting than I did, and that is saying a great deal. But only fancy the absurdity of calling a boy "Nelson," and putting him into the Civil Service! My father, a poor professional man, with eight other children to educate, could badly afford to pay my college expenses; so when I heard of vacancies in a certain department of the Civil Service, I determined to see what I could do to help myself. The reader will perceive, then, that a great deal depends on my success, and that I ought not to be wasting those two precious hours studying the physiognomy of my companions, and classifying them. Well, I make an effort to call back my rambling

thoughts, which will run in spite of me on a novel I am about to write, when I have found a proper hero. I firmly resolve to concentrate my mind on that great event in English history—the Restoration. I write a few sentences of introductory matter, and pause. I try to call to mind a passage from Macaulay, in which his lordship is terribly severe on the "Merry Monarch" and his courtiers. It would come in well, and help to fill up. The essay on Milton I used to know by heart, but I can't call to mind the exact words I want just now. While engaged in the effort to do so, I happen to look at the gentleman next me. He is a handsome young fellow, with a small head, thick dark curls piled over a low white forehead, brilliant eyes, and very white teeth. His name is Francis Litton. I have watched him with interest from the first, wondering would he suit me for a hero. His appearance is quite to my taste. Being very ugly myself, I have a great admiration of beauty. My young Apollo seemed perturbed in his mind. He bit his pen, and gazed at the blank paper before him; then at another fellow's head, with such a searching glance, as if he would by main force of will extract some idea from it. Then he threw his fine eyes ceiling-wards, as if seeking inspiration from above; and finally took out his penknife and mended the pen which he had been crumbling all the time between his ivory teeth. He dipped it in the ink, held it suspended for several minutes over the paper, wrote something in a fit of desperation, and made a blot.

"You find quill pens disagreeable: so do I. Try one of these," I said, offering the box.

"Oh! it's not that—they *are* horrid things—but it's not that. I wish you would not look at me so; I am sure you would not if you knew how uncomfortable it makes me," said the youth.

I could not restrain a laugh, for a moment forgetting my awful situation. The young men in the throes of composition started, and one of the examiners, shocked at the levity displayed on so solemn an occasion, gave me a terrible look, which quickly recalled me.

"I beg your pardon, I am very sorry," I said, pushing the pens towards him, and resuming my own. I dashed off a short essay, which I flattered myself would pass muster very well, and had finished a few minutes before my neighbor. He contemplated his performance ruefully.

"I wonder what sort of stuff he has in that handsome brain-box of his," I said, still contemplating him admiringly. "His forehead is too low to be intellectual, at least he can't have much imagination. No matter, he might do for a hero for all that."

I spoke to him as we went out of the awful chamber, and our way lying in the same direction, we talked about our chances of success as we went. Our common friend, Jack Lowry, a medical student, just then joined us.

"I hope I did not spoil your essay, Mr. Litton."

"Oh! no," he replied, with a self-depreciatory shrug, "I never could write a decent essay, least of all could I do it under these circumstances. And you, how did you get on?"

"Pretty well," I said, with a thrill of secret satisfaction, "but not so well as I have done on other occasions. However, we may take this to our comfort, composition is not of much consequence in this examination."

"That is lucky for me," said Lowry; "it is my weak point; I did not write a line till the last half hour. If composition is of any consequence, I have not the ghost of a chance." We walked on, talking thus, till we met a young lady in mourning, who stopped when she saw Litton, and said, "I came to meet you, Frank," and, with a bow to Lowry, took his arm, and walked off with him.

"His sister," whispered Lowry; "is she not pretty?"

"Very, and the image of her brother, only her hair is light. Who are they in mourning for?"

"Their father, a regular old scamp, who died in the marshalsea, and left them nothing, not even the inheritance of a good name. It will militate against the girl. But Litton is fond of her, and will keep her with him if he gets an

appointment. If he fails she must look for a situation, for he can hardly support himself by teaching. So, you see, anxious as you are about this affair, he has greater reason to be so."

"Yes," I said, "there is no comparison in our circumstances. My father is poor, but his name is without a blot; his home, such as it is, is mine; even if I fail he will say that I did my best."

"Indeed, I think your governor does believe in you," said Lowry. "I wish mine did, and he would be more liberal."

"Perhaps," said I, smiling, "it is your own fault that he does not."

"Dare say. Have a cigar? If I don't enjoy myself now, when shall I? Young men will be young men; but I hope to be one whose follies will cease with youth. An antiquated rake, such a creature as old Litton, I abhor."

"You spoke just now about the inheritance of a good name. Those who have nought else to leave their children ought not to diminish that poor patrimony."

"Children! pho!" he said, puffing his cigar, "time enough to think of them when they come."

"Now, those poor Littons will suffer for their father's follies—is it not hard?" I said.

"It is, by Jove. Don't be angry with me if I say, next to myself, I hope Litton will get a place. He wants it worse than you—he really does."

CHAPTER II.

MY NEW FRIEND.



LITTON did not get a place, however, and I did.

A day or two after the announcement I met him. He congratulated me with a melancholy smile, which gave me a slight twinge; for, spite of my fine essay and his bad one, he was only a few marks below me. I grasped the hand he held out to me, and said, "You took a splendid place,

Mr. Litton; you are sure to pass next time."

I asked him to lunch with me, and proposed going on a country walk next day. We went, and came back on terms as intimate as if we had been acquainted twelve months, instead of twelve days. With a frank simplicity he opened his mind to me, and told me about his affairs, and what a disappointment his had been.

"You see, Mr. Joy," said he, "to others it is but a slight thing. They have friends, money, and other employments open to them. In some cases, as in yours, the office is but a stepping-stone to a profession. But it was my only prospect of maintaining myself respectably. Fate has always been against me through life."

"You must not be despondent, my dear fellow; you took an honorable place, and will be sure to pass next time. I have known many who go up three times."

"But they can afford to wait," he replied. "I would not care so much for myself, as I can manage somehow to knock out a living. But I think hard to part with my poor little sister, who is not strong. She must leave me for the present, however, till fortune smiles on me."

"That is a pity; I quite understand your feelings."

"You cannot altogether understand them. You do not know the circumstances that have left us so friendless, and how Grace suffers when she is thrown among strangers."

"Where does she intend to go?" I asked.

"A cousin of my mother, who is married to a gentleman of property, Mrs. Poel, has asked her to go and stay with them as long as she pleases. She would rather stay with me."

"And you would rather have her to take care of than to be free, and have your leisure hours to yourself, eh?"

"Certainly I would."

"Don't you think sisters a bore?"

"I don't know what others may think," he replied, looking at me with cold surprise, "but I would consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to take care of mine."

"I like to hear you say so—I admire your sentiments," I answered. "Far be it from me to sneer at brotherly affection. I own, I expected to hear you say you preferred, as a general rule, the society of other fellows' sisters. I beg your pardon: give me your hand."

As we shook hands, Litton said, laughing, "Now tell me why you expected me to say so?"

"Because it is the tone in which young men generally talk about the family relations. I have old-fashioned notions on the subject, I confess; and even at this advanced stage of civilization I never could bring myself to call my father 'governor'—I think he is entitled to more respect. Why should he be nicknamed by me?"

Litton looked at me with a curious expression.

"I dare say you think me a prig, Litton, do you?"

"No, indeed, I do not—why?"

"You have a very expressive face, and you looked—well, incredulous, shall I call it?"

"I'll tell you what I was thinking—that if fathers deserved respect they would get it; if they set an example of doing *their* duty and gave more attention to their children, there would not be so many worthless sons as there are. How can young people respect a father who has no sense of honor, who breaks his word systematically, who gambles, who—— He broke off suddenly, and colored deeply. I knew the cause, and was silent.

"Let us move on; it is growing cold," I said, rising.

This was the beginning of our close acquaintance, which soon ripened into friendship. Litton was sensible, kind-hearted, with frank and engaging manners; we both loved the country; and many a pleasant walk we had, sometimes sleeping in a wayside cottage, and starting for home at day-break. That was after the little sister left. While she was in town I did not see so much of Francis. I was introduced to her at Mrs. Lowry's, but did not get on so well with her as her brother. She played and sang well, but had nothing to say—at least, if she had, she did not choose to say it. I walked home with her and tried to draw her out, but she continued as silent as the grave. Her presence was a restraint on my intercourse with her brother, and I was not sorry when she left town. I liked him more and more. Frank was the handsomest fellow one could see anywhere, and I quite the reverse. Yet so modest was Frank, that I verily believe I was the more conceited of the two. One day, as we walked arm in arm in the street, two ladies who had taken shelter in a shop-door from a shower seemed struck by our appearance. "What a contrast! one so ugly, the other so handsome," said one of them, in an audible whisper. I smiled, and raised my hat in acknowledgment of my half of the compliment, while the Adonis beside me colored like a girl.

"I think you are a fool, Frank," I said; "good looks are certainly thrown away on you. What is the use of having such eyes if you don't know how to use them?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said he, and then added, with his winning smile, "I would give my eyes for a portion of your brains."

"Pooh, nonsense," I say in my turn, but I had not the grace to blush like Litton.

He was earning his bread by teaching in schools, and spent the most of his evenings reading in preparation for the next vacancy, for which he had a nomination. I assisted him with his studies, and he found time to share whatever amusements I could afford. We looked forward with pleasure to the Easter holidays, as we had promised ourselves a trip to the Wicklow mountains. Fortunately the weather was fine. We started on Saturday morning by the earliest train that ran in the direction of our beloved mountains.

We were very happy as we sallied forth on that bright April morning, each with a stout stick and a knapsack of provisions. We got out of the train at Bray, and were glad

to leave the noise and bustle of the railway station behind. We walked across the country, clearing fences and streams, laughing and talking gaily as we went. We climbed the heath-covered Djouce, where, having enjoyed to the full the magnificent view from its summit, we sat down to our dinner with a keen relish. When we had basked in the sunshine, and drunk in the breezes of the mountain top for some time, we descended the other side of it ; but when we were half-way down discovered that it was the wrong side, and would lead in the opposite direction to the one we wished to go. We rounded the mountain and came back to the proper point from which we should start for Roundwood, the village in which we intended to stop the night.

"I must take breath for a few minutes," said Litton, throwing himself down at full length. "Do you never tire, Joy?" said he, looking up at me with glowing cheeks as he lay half buried in heather.

"I am not tired yet," said I, "and I fear it will be late before we reach Roundwood. If we are not there by ten it will be difficult to effect an entrance at the inn—not to speak of supper."

"As to supper, Nelson, we have the remains of our dinner—at least, I have enough for both. What would you think of spending the night here in Arcadian fashion? I have done it before, and to confess the truth, I feel more inclined to sleep than to walk on."

"So have I done it, but it was in summer. I think it would be dangerous at this season ; the nights are chilly and damp. I think it would be better to push on when you are rested."

"Rested, forsooth ! Do you think I could be rested in five minutes? Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is pitiful to use it like a giant. For mercy's sake sit down and let us enjoy that glorious sunset."

"With all my heart," said I, "as we have but a few miles to go."

"I think you are right about sleeping out. The nights are cold ; and if either of us get rheumatism or sciatica there would be an end of our excursions, and I expect to have some pleasant days during the summer."

"Yes," said I, "and we might get two or three others to join us."

"I dare say we might," he replied ; "but I like this better. There would not be such perfect freedom of intercourse if we admitted others."

"One or two choice spirits would not spoil it."

"I don't know," said he, "two are company, but three—you know the adage. You and I would not talk out everything that enters our minds as we do to one another if there was a third party. At least, I would not ; but, perhaps, I am assuming too much in saying that you"—

"No, my dear Litton, you are not assuming too much if you meant to say that your society is more congenial to me than that of other friends, of whom I have an equally good opinion. Have I not shown my preference?"

"You have, indeed, always been most kind to me from the first day I met you—that unlucky day when—but, never mind."

"There is a good time coming, Frank."

"I often wondered why you took such a fancy to me, Joy."

I did not practise the candor natural to my disposition, and tell him that I was studying him as a possible hero for a novel ; but I smilingly remarked that his vanity might have suggested a sufficient reason. Even between such friends as we were, some thoughts must remain unspoken. As Cowper once remarked, if our eyes were windows through which our souls could be read, what a demand for blinds there would be.

"I have no vanity," was the modest reply ; "I never suppose people like me unless they show it decidedly. Perhaps that is the reason I am so jealous-minded."

"Are you jealous-minded?"

"Very ; I think I would be capable of a deep revenge if I were wronged in any way."

"No ; surely you are mistaken in yourself, Frank. I did not so read your character," I remarked, looking at his bright, handsome face, the expression of which seemed to contradict the owner's statement.

"Perhaps you know me better than I do myself," he said, dropping his eyes, as he always did when I looked at him searchingly. People have a great objection to be "studied," I notice ; and Frank, as soon as he was conscious of it, always veiled his dark, lustrous orbs from my gaze. And quite right, too ; no one has a right to pry into the secrets of another's soul, unless that other chooses to reveal them. I am afraid I was horribly conceited at this time. Fancy, at the age of twenty-two, priding myself on my knowledge of human nature !

(To be continued.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MRS. HEMANS.

Although Mrs. Hemans was not an Irishwoman by birth, she is associated with this country by her poetry, her residence here, and her death ; as she is by the characteristic of her poetry—that of affection, which Grattan has beautifully said "is the genius of the Irish people." Felicia Dorothea Brown—such was her maiden name—was born in Liverpool, on the 25th of September, 1793. In that great commercial entrepot, her father, who was a native of this country, was a merchant of considerable eminence ; whilst her mother, whose name was Wagner, was the daughter of the Tuscan consul in the same city. Reverses in speculating, so frequent in those disturbed days, led to the removal of the family to Wales, where the solitary beauty and picturesque scenery of Denbighshire, doubtless, influenced by their impressions a nature and intelligence so singularly susceptible and apprehensive as that of the little Felicia, who was one day destined to embody so many phases of external nature and their associations with the meditative music of her verses. In this wild lovely region she passed a happy childhood, open to all the aspects of nature ; and as she grew up, developing her mind by access to an extensive library. Her precocity was extraordinary. In the life of the poetess by her sister we read, with surprise, that the child of six years was not only already acquainted with Shakspeare, but are afforded a proof of the delight she derived, from Hamlet and the Midsummer Night's Dream chiefly, in some verses written in her eleventh year. A little later, so powerful was her memory that wagers were accustomed to be laid in the social circle on its capacity, an instance of which is afforded by the fact that she once learned by heart in an hour or so Heber's poem on Europe, which runs to upwards of four hundred lines, which she repeated without an error. Her lingual acquisitions already comprised French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, as well as German, and she found time to cultivate her tastes for music and drawing, as well as poetry—her first volume appearing in 1808, when she was scarcely fifteen. At this period a more beautiful creature could scarcely be conceived than this young girl, whose animated face was shaded by a profusion of golden brown ringlets, and whose versatile eye was so brilliantly typical of genius. Her two elder brothers were then making the Spanish campaign, under Sir John Moore, a circumstance which elicited her enthusiastic sympathies for the old land of southern chivalry, which soon found expression in her poem entitled "England and Spain," certainly a remarkable composition for one so young, whether we regard its elevated sentiments, the correctness of its style, or the amplitude of knowledge which it exhibits.

It was about this time she became intimate with Captain Hemans, an officer in the King's Own Regiment, whose professed devotion the young, beautiful, and enthusiastic girl rapidly reciprocated. Their intercourse at this time was

short, as he presently joined his regiment in Spain. When, in 1811, Captain Hemans returned to Wales, the intimacy was renewed, and their marriage took place next year, which was signalized by the publication of Mrs. Hemans' volume of poems, entitled the "Domestic Affections." Shortly after she removed to Daventry, the captain having been appointed adjutant of the Northamptonshire militia, and on the reduction of his corps returned to Wales. Five children were born of this marriage, which was destined to terminate so unhappily. In 1818 Captain Hemans went to Italy for his health. "It has been alleged," says the biographer of the poetess, "that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof than accompany her husband to Rome. Unfortunately it is but too well known that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. Nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at this time. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence and alienation—and from that period to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

Mrs. Hemans had, meanwhile, become a constant contributor to magazine literature, in which, as in separate works of merit, her fame had become assured. In 1819 she had won the prize for the best poem on the monument of Sir William Wallace, for the erection of which a patriotic Scotchman had offered a handsome sum, and in 1821 a similar prize on the subject of Dartmoor. Her poem, "The Sceptic," had been received with admiration, and her drama, the "Vespers of Palermo," though it failed comparatively at first, succeeded in subsequent representations. "Lays of Many Lands," in which is "The Grave of Korner," that truly impressive and animated lyric, followed; and in 1823 her verses, "The Voice of Spring, or Breathings of Spring," which gained an early and possesses a constant popularity. In the last-mentioned year, Mrs. Hemans became a contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Campbell. The "Forest Sanctuary," perhaps the most finished of her longer poems, also appeared about this time. This period of mental activity, during which she resided in Phyllon, in Wales, appears to have been the happiest of Mrs. Hemans' life. Here she lived with her sister, mother, with her boys and her books, passing pleasant hours on the grassy mound under the beech tree, where she first read the "Talisman," on the summer day she has so charmingly described:—

"There were thick leaves above me and around,
And low, sweet sounds, like those of childhood's sleep,
Amid their dimness, and of fitful sound,
As of soft showers on water. Darkly deep
Lay the oak shadows on the turf—so still
They seemed but pictured glooms; a hidden rill
Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
Of the soft-green light, as of the glow-worm shed,
Came pouring through the woven beech boughs down."

In this happy retreat she resided some years, engaged in the care of her family and in ceaseless poetic composition—every new book and change of season eliciting the subjects of new effusions; and in correspondence with several of her eminent literary friends, Miss Mitford, Johanna Baillie, Miss Jewsbury, of whom such interesting memorials remain in her life. Already, however, her health had begun to break, and in 1829 she made a voyage to Scotland, where, for a period, she enjoyed a constant intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, making excursions through the legend-haunted regions about Abbotsford, where the Wizard of the North then entertained visitors from all parts of Europe—and listening to his graphic narrations. The expression of his countenance is generally, she says, a sort of arch benevolence, which changes by any allusion to a chivalrous subject, and becomes animated like the war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. Thence she passed to Edinburgh, in whose great Review a

notice of her poetry appeared in 1829 from the pen of Jeffrey. Presently we find her visiting Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, an event of which she has left so pleasing a description; and then she passed from Scotland to Ireland in 1831, where she resided for a time at Kilkenny, and in the autumn of that year settled her abode in Upper Pembroke-street, Dublin, where she enjoyed the intimacy of her friends, the Graves family, Sir W. Hamilton, and the late archbishop. Meanwhile her health declined as her fame extended. She had for some time lost the use of her limbs, and at length, on the 16th of May, 1835, this pure Christian lady and admirable poetess passed away, at the age of 41. She died in a house in Dawson-street, near the church of St. Anne, where her remains lie interred.

The genius of Mrs. Hemans was descriptive and lyrical. Jeffrey, indeed, has characterised her as a writer of occasional verses; and most of hers, and the best of them, are such as, written from the impulse of the moment, reflected some scene with its sentiment, or some emotion of the heart. To reflect such transient impressions and inspirations truly, and in the natural musical form dictated by the feeling, is to write true poetry. Hers is essentially feminine in its tenderness, its beauty, and its aspirations. Her biography, as we have it in her verses, is, *par excellence*, that of a gentle and genial, noble woman of genius. When her harp responded to her heart, its vibrations everywhere find an echo in those that can sympathise with the lovely, the spiritual, the mournful in nature and existence. Although some of her most exquisite compositions, which, once read, live in the memory, are those which breathe the recalcitrant gaiety and animation of spring, the general tone of her poetry is that of sadness, varied through all its shades and modulations. With her nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy. Much more of a musician than a painter, her verse is more frequently the nightingale than the lark. "The Graves of the Household," "The Treasures of the Deep," "Breathings of the Spring," "The Hour of Death," and many others of the same cast, are charming for their graceful and melancholy fancy, their picture and sentiment. It is, however, chiefly as the minstrel of Home and its Affections, that Mrs. Hemans will be longest remembered; and mothers and daughters, young people and old, will long make companions of those verses, which so harmoniously express the dignity of duty, the inspirations of the soul, and all those emotions which render life noble and sacred:

SONG.

With flowers of every color
The green fields richly teem;
The nimble fish disport and play
Athrough the silvery stream;
The sun lights up with splendor
The daisy-spangled lea;
And my heart is overflowing
With fondest love for thee.

The flowers may fade and sicken
Beneath chill winter's blight—
The fish no more be seen at play
When summer days take flight;
But the sun must lose its brightness,
And all nature withered be,
Ere my heart shall cease o'erflowing
With fondest love for thee.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

Lord Mayo, following the example of the Baboo referred to a couple of months ago, has offered a prize for a novel descriptive of Indian life. Both competitions will go on in the same year.

A VISION OF ERIE.

I.

Once, in a vision grand,
 We saw, above this land,
 Its bright, eternal Genius arise,
 With every gift endowed,
 But robed in stormy cloud,
 And girt about by various Destinies ;
 Round her, from foam to foam,
 A rainbow arched its dome,
 Clouds swept her throne of sunshine, thunder, and rains,
 Which shone and shadowed o'er
 Her mountains, green and hoar,
 Her wave-wild coasts, rivers, and grassy plains.
 Behind her lay the Past—a mighty sea
 Of splendor and of shadow, phantom-thronged
 With figures who her state had raised or wronged,
 Saviour and enemy ;
 And in the space of day,
 Remote in vapors gray,
 The Future into golden being rising o'er the spray.

II.

Lo ! from that Past there came
 Figures of fate and fame,
 Warrior and minstrel, poet, saint, and sage,
 Who with her foes had fought,
 Who with their harps had caught
 And echoed pagan glories, many an age ;
 Who changed her hosts of death,
 Inspired by love's bright Faith,
 Baptizing thereunto Barbarity ;
 Who sailed within the bark
 Of Letters, when thick dark
 And deluge reigned around, and saved us—History.
 And toward the van of that cloud-crossed array,
 Still richer in the front of temperate time,
 Heroes of mind and action more sublime,
 Chiefs of an ampler day—
 Spirits whose thoughts and deeds,
 For universal needs,
 Are omnipresent now wherever life on spirit feeds.

III.

Then, as we gazed upon
 That Future, where the sun
 Scarce lifts through April mists his rim of fire,
 Hidden behind a great
 Island, whose summer gate
 Glowed with the riches which all states desire—
 We looked where Europe spread,
 And, past the ocean's bed,
 Westward, beheld a mighty realm increase—
 A cradle of new life,
 Franchised from history's strife,
 Armed with all powers, yet emulous of peace ;
 And looking past the present's shade and strife
 Rolling o'er thrones and hosts, surveyed afar
 Human communities erasing war
 Out of their book of life,
 And civilizations free,
 Based upon industry,
 Become the symbol sole of mankind's federative empire.

IV.

Nor was it man alone
 Whose brain essayed to tone
 Time's widening harmonies that heavenward run ;

But his bright counterpart,
 Life's nurse and holy heart,
 Who raised earth's anthem soaring to the sun—
 Woman—as slave too long
 Accounted by the strong,
 Or, even in years less barbarous, little more
 Than child—matured now,
 Raised her meridian brow,
 As potent, if more soft, from shore to shore ;
 Enfranchised from the ignorant chains of old,
 And o'er Intelligence still throning Love,
 Her guiding influence was seen to move,
 Through stormless climes of gold,
 Progress ! thy bark, whose course,
 By revolution's force,
 So often has been wrecked by man 'mid rocks and billows
 hoarse.

V.

Then, like the orbs that roll
 Through space, from pole to pole,
 Crowned with their rights, the peoples, great and small,
 Moved through the age, intent
 On rich development,
 The spiritual gravity of Justice swaying all ;
 Faith, love, truth, happiness,
 Sources and ends which bless
 Each home and nation, and inspire their song ;
 And for the races here,
 And the soul's future sphere,
 Consecrating present effort, pass through time along ;
 Till human lives, expunged of stain and flaw,
 Endowed in every zone with liberty,
 Perfectest freedom, governed only by
 The double bonds of law,
 Moved brightly through the skies
 Toward vaster destinies—
 Above them, God, and in the distance, heaven's infinity.

VI.

Then thought we, when all those
 Nations, no longer foes,
 In federative families consulted what was best
 For Being everywhere,
 Our Genius, strong and fair,
 Stretched forth a hand to Europe and the West,
 Whereon, in every state,
 Opinion strong as fate—
 A solemn will no power could abate—
 Upon her called to be
 One of the many free
 Spheres coursing round the sun of Liberty ;
 Then saw we, energized and glorified,
 Erie, thy Genius : and a fresh life spring
 And flourish bounteous 'mid the isle's green ring,
 And spread its influence wide,
 Till field, and shore, and mart,
 Throbbed with her living heart,
 And golden Commerce robed her, while she crowned her
 brows with Art.

T. C. IRWIN.

Lord Cowper has authorised the Workman's Club and Institute Union to arrange for the annual gathering of the members of their affiliated institutions in London at Panshanger Park. The secretaries of the clubs have been invited to meet at 150, Strand, to arrange the details, and the excursion will be made in August.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

PARIS,

Once the gay and beautiful, but now the battered and disfigured, emerges at last from the tornado of blood and flame which has wrapped her so long. No sooner were the Versaillists masters of the city, and organized warfare at an end, than the inhabitants of the pleasure-loving capital hastened to resume their former ways. Shops were opened, barricades levelled and streets repaved, cafés leaped at once into a flourishing condition, cabs and omnibuses plied as if nothing had happened, and at length permission has been given for the opening of the theatres, by Marshal MacMahon, in response to a petition. It is not merely in the pursuit of pleasure, though, that the Parisians have displayed energy. Heaven knows what ruin and havoc were left as a legacy to them by the civil war just ended. Not a quarter of Paris that does not bear marks of the dreadful storm she has passed through; but it is a splendid proof of the recuperative powers of the French, and a sure prelude of a glorious destiny still in store for them, to find them set resolutely and at once about repairing the ravages of the awful iron hail and the yet more awful flames. The rapidity with which this is being accomplished is not the least of the marvels with which the queen of European cities has astonished the present century. The *debris* of shattered houses is being removed, the streets which had been impassable are open everywhere to traffic, the railways are again in active operation, manufacturing industries start up in resurrection, commercial activity is resumed, and steps are being energetically taken to rebuild what has been destroyed, as well as to relieve the enormous distress which has been the necessary consequence of so much ruin. With the political aspect of affairs we have nothing to do; but we may express a hope that no blind desire for vengeance will sway the councils of the victorious, which would probably only lay the foundation for further violence on some future occasion. One of the most respected men who played a prominent part in the history of the time which followed the first French Revolution, General Hoche, said, in relation to the reckless massacre which characterized that unhappy period: "When you guillotine a man you get rid of him, it is true, but you make enemies of all his friends and relations, and where you had but one foe you find you have ten." We commend Hoche's maxim, the truth of which French history for the past century has demonstrated, to the intelligent consideration of his countrymen, and hope they will now use every effort to destroy faction and promote conciliation. We notice that Pope Pius IX., with the generosity for which he has always been distinguished, sent a vessel from Rome with 60,000 francs for the distressed Parisians, and several chests of sacred objects for the pillaged churches. It is a good example, and one we hope to see imitated.

IT SEEMS A PERILOUS BUSINESS

for a woman in England to receive the attentions of a man. No less than one murder, and two attempts at murder, arising out of love affairs, are now occupying the attention of courts of justice. In the first case a young man named Pook will have to stand his trial for the assassination of a young woman, his sweetheart, at Eltham, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. At the Brentford petty sessions, on Saturday last, John Burnham, whom the papers describe as "a respectably dressed young man," was sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for a violent assault on "a young woman of prepossessing appearance, whose face was considerably disfigured by marks of violence," to whom he had been for some time engaged with the consent of her father. And again, Mdle. D'Anka, a leading London actress, is met at the stage door of the theatre, by a young man said to have property worth £10,000 a year, who places a pistol to her head, and would in all probability have scattered her

brains against the wall, but for the energy of the manager, who was seeing the lady to her carriage, and who seized the pistol rapidly at the risk of his life. The cause alleged for this monstrous act is that Mdle. D'Anka had respectfully declined an offer of marriage from the man who afterwards proved his love by putting a pistol to her head. It would seem, indeed, that the lady had acted with admirable discretion in refusing to link her fate for life with such a ruffian. It is a strange sign of the times that dastardly deeds like this should be common; and that the gentleness towards woman which used to be the proud boast as well as the distinguishing mark of our civilization, should be gradually giving place to a savage ferocity unworthy of any age. But since such things can occur in our own day, it is surely a lesson to females of all classes to be very careful as to the character of the men with whom they form affectionate intimacies.

AT HOME,

thank heaven! we have no element of the horrible to chronicle. Peace and morality go hand in hand; the spirit of faction is dying out; and the old troubles relating to the land, which have been mainly the cause of bloodshed in Ireland, bid fair to become things of the past. The action taken by Captain Nolan, a large proprietor in the County Galway, with reference to some previously evicted tenants, is interesting from this point of view. Feeling troubled in conscience concerning the morality of his proceedings in relation to certain tenants on a portion of his estate, and this feeling growing as he grew in years, he at length decided on submitting the matter to arbitrators—of his own choosing, certainly, but known to be friendly to the tenants. The arbitrators, having received the necessary sanction of the Court of Exchequer, to give their award legal force and effect, at length sat in Ballinrobe, and, after hearing all the evidence produced on both sides, on oath, decreed that Captain Nolan should reinstate the evicted on their farms, with the exception only of two, amongst whom some of the lands were sub-divided, contrary to the will of the landlord. The decision has given great satisfaction to the tenantry of the whole county, and has been cordially acquiesced in by Captain Nolan.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR

has pronounced a most important judgment, which, though a dry legal matter, as it relates to children, has too much interest for ladies for us to omit. We will condense the facts to illustrate the decision. A gentleman named Kearney, a Roman Catholic, emigrated to Australia, many years ago, and while living there married a lady of the Presbyterian communion, by whom he had issue five children. On his deathbed, under the far southern cross, he made a will, in which he expressed his strong desire that his children should be brought up in the faith in which he had lived and was about to die, and directed that they should be brought to Ireland, where opportunities for such religious education were more abundant than in half-civilized Australia. The widow and children duly arrived, and the elder boys were for a time inmates of the French College, Blackrock, from which their mother subsequently withdrew them, with the intention of having them brought up in accordance with her own religious opinions. The testamentary guardians appealed to the lord chancellor to have the directions of the will, so far as they related to the education of the children in the faith of their father, carried out. The two elder boys—one aged 15, the other 13—had been privately instructed by their mother in Protestant tenets; and Baron O'Hagan having ascertained, by personal examination of the minors, that these tenets had taken firm hold on their minds, ruled that they should be brought up in them, lest the endeavor to supplant them by conflicting views should lead to total religious indifference or hypocrisy. In the case of the three other boys, however, as they

were not of an age to take fast hold of any particular theological view, the lord chancellor ruled that the directions of their father should be carried out.

THE QUEEN'S INSTITUTE

held its annual meeting of governors and friends on Saturday last, with Lord Talbot de Malahide in the chair. Miss Corlett, the hon. sec., read an interesting report, which noticed in detail the satisfactory progress the institute has been making, more especially in engaging public attention and overcoming general prejudice. In relation to this Miss Corlett says: "Even a short time ago it was thought derogatory to a lady to earn money; now the woman who, by the gift of taste and the opportunity of cultivating it, can achieve independence for herself, and bring comfort and ease to homes heretofore straitened, is rapidly attaining a place in general estimation which is eminently satisfactory." After explaining the nature of the arrangement between government and the institute, in regard to the Queen's Institute School of Telegraphy, the report goes on to say: "Since the transfer of the telegraph to the Post-office in February, 1870, the Queen's Institute School has sent 86 clerks into the service. The art departments continued to work admirably. A number of illustrated periodicals are now published in Dublin, and our wood engraving school obtains a portion of this illustrating. Mr. Kerr's experiment with regard to porcelain decoration has been successful. The employment of hands in this art is reserved to the Queen's Institute studio. The monopoly being reserved to ladies only, British trade jealousies should be disarmed. The painting and gilding of china have reached great excellence in flower subjects and ornament; artists in the other branches are in training. Miniature subjects can be well executed, also crests and arms on services. The schools of art at the Queen's Institute, under the Science and Art Department, have executed creditable work; 406 drawings, designs, and paintings, have been sent to South Kensington for examination; also, sixteen examples from the professional art schools have been forwarded to the annual International Exhibition, including four fans, in competition for prizes. The Queen's breakfast service, produced by Messrs. Kerr to her Majesty's order (models of form which have been designed by a lady connected with the Institute from the commencement), will be displayed in Belleek ware at the International Exhibition. In the law writers' department considerable activity has been displayed. Albums ordered by Lord Southwell and others were charmingly painted in flowers and fruit borders, etc.; many complimentary addresses were illuminated and engrossed. The scrivener branch is supplied with work by some of the most influential solicitors in our city, who invariably express their satisfaction with its execution. Many mercantile firms send numerous circulars to be folded and addressed, and a large amount of public business of this description passes through the office. Some translations—pamphlets and letters—have been executed, and the Institute is prepared to undertake foreign correspondence. The educational branches of the Queen's Institute have proved eminently successful. A large number of governesses avail themselves of the excellent teaching, convenient hours, and moderate cost of these classes. During the past year there were 485 entries for the various classes; the attendance roll averaged 647; 94 obtained certificates; 172 were employed, in addition to which the staff of ladies employed at the institute were 38, and the designers, governesses, etc., 41—total, 251. During the last nine years there were 1,763 pupils, of whom 862 were employed, and certificates were granted to 344. The registry obtained situations for twenty-five ladies, principally as governesses or matrons." In the course of the proceedings the Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick read an able address on the

"INFLUENCE AND EDUCATION OF WOMEN."

He alluded to the fact that in the University of Cambridge examination of ladies their answering in arithmetic was

not satisfactory; and Lady Cloncurry had since offered a prize for the best answering in arithmetic and bookkeeping. Among the

SIGNS OF THE TIMES,

One of the most significant is that remarks such as those made by Mr. Kerr at the meeting, an extract from which we subjoin, should be received on such an occasion with an approving "hear, hear." Among other things, Mr. Kerr is reported to have said: "Young ladies in Dublin endeavoring to learn porcelain decoration or any similar art had to contend with the almost insuperable difficulty presented by the fact that there was in Dublin no art museum. Their paternal government had provided Edinburgh with an art museum at a cost of £80,000; they had spent a couple of millions in building one for London, at South Kensington; but Dublin had nothing whatever of the kind. If a London pupil got an order to execute any work of ornamental art she had only to go to South Kensington to learn how it should be done. He supposed that they could hope for nothing in the matter till they had their own parliament (hear, hear), to regulate their own affairs (hear, hear). Her Majesty had conveyed to him, through a lady of honor, that she considered the Queen's tea-service, executed at the Institute, a beautiful work of art."

IN PARLIAMENT

nothing has occurred of any particular importance from our point of view. We mean to keep steadily aloof from anything in the nature of party politics, and will not be drawn away from our intent. Social subjects, however, will find in our columns a field for discussion, to which we invite subscribers to contribute.

GRAND TOUR OF LADIES.

The *Detroit Tribune* announces that a lady teacher in Michigan will sail for Europe in June with a class of young ladies, the trip being more for instruction than recreation. "Four years ago," we read, "Mrs. Stone took abroad a class of ladies with results of the most gratifying nature to all concerned. This second tour will be more extended than the first, and will occupy about eight months. The class will consist of about ten or twelve ladies, the object being information rather than recreation—to learn history by visiting the places made historic by important events, to study art from the most famous galleries and collections of the world, and to gain such knowledge of European governments and society as well-directed observation and careful study can alone insure. The advantages of travelling in such a party are numerous, as it is accorded many privileges which the ordinary tourist does not enjoy, and the expenses are very materially reduced. Classes will be held daily during the tour, so that members of the party can gain much information outside of the guide-book; and ample opportunity will be afforded to practise the modern languages. Mrs. Stone is to be accompanied by Mrs. Beerstacher, who was formerly a teacher of Mrs. Anabel's seminary in Philadelphia, and is an accomplished linguist. The tour will include Ireland, Scotland, England, Wales, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, the North and South German States, Bohemia, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Constantinople, Greece, and possibly Egypt."

BREACH OF PROMISE.

In the Bail Court, London, Monday, before Mr. Justice Hannen and a special jury, was tried the case of "Cheverson v. Masterman," an action for breach of promise of marriage.

The defendant pleaded a denial of the promise; that a reasonable time had not elapsed in which to perform the promise; and a special plea that the plaintiff's mother had not furnished a house for the marriage, as agreed.

The plaintiff, who was a young lady about twenty-three years of age, was the daughter of parents who, at the time of the alleged engagement, resided at Petworth, in Sussex;

and the defendant resided at Bournemouth. In 1866 she was employed in a drapery business at Bournemouth, of which the defendant was at that time the manager, but of which he was now the proprietor. The parties became engaged in that year, and the engagement continued, with a very slight intermission, until 1869; and during that time some hundreds of letters passed between them, the young lady having, in the meantime, lived at Southampton, London, and Petworth. The letters were of the usual loving and absurd character, and the course of love appeared to run smooth until October, 1869, when, in consequence of something which passed between the plaintiff and a young lady engaged to the defendant's brother, but which, she said, she could not communicate to him before marriage, an estrangement took place between them, on the ground, as the defendant alleged, that it showed a want of confidence in him on her part. An action was then threatened, whereupon the defendant renewed his promise to marry her within twelve months, the plaintiff's mother promising to furnish a house for him; and then the defendant commenced writing a series of letters to the plaintiff, leading her to believe that if she insisted on his performing his promise she would lead a life of wretchedness and misery. She replied, in one of her letters to him, that he was a mean, cowardly fellow, with not one spark of manly conduct about him, and that the more she thought of him the more she was disgusted with him. The result was that the marriage did not take place, and this action was brought.

At the conclusion of the plaintiff's case, and partly in consequence of a communication from the learned judge, the learned counsel and the parties conferred, which resulted in a verdict being taken by consent for the plaintiff; damages £150.

THE POETRY OF BERNARD SIMMONS.

The readers of the little journal which was the precursor of the *EMERALD*, may remember that I copied for that periodical a very striking poem by an almost forgotten Irish poet, concerning whom I made some inquiries, being anxious to ascertain whether any of the contributors or subscribers could give me information respecting a writer, who, from the few specimens of his poetry which I had met here and there, seemed to me worthy of remembrance. No one appeared to know anything of Mr. Simmons or his writings. Since then, through the kindness of a distinguished Irish poet, I have been favored with the loan of the volume of poems by Bernard Simmons, and their beauty is so great, that I cannot but greatly regret that they have fallen into such unmerited oblivion. I feel that I shall be doing a kindness to all the lovers of Irish poetical literature (of whom I hope we shall count many amongst our readers), by bringing again before the public some of the beautiful productions of our gifted countryman.

Mr. Simmons was evidently a man of real genius, united with exquisite culture. His works are distinguished by a classical correctness of diction and a scholarly refinement of style, and are imbued with deep feeling, intense love of the beautiful, and a sensitiveness of heart which evidently "had learned in suffering what it taught in song." I cannot learn anything whatever of the poet's life; but from the whole tone of the volume, as well as from particular poems, I should surmise it to have been a melancholy one. There are many indications which show that the writer had deeply felt the magic spell of Byron's gloomy genius; perhaps this intense admiration for the great Laureate of Despair is in itself a sign of a temperament disposed to sadness. In a poem of much power and pathos, our author passionately invokes the shades of Byron, Rousseau, and Shelley, as "Misery's immortal Three," and claiming with them "sad brotherhood," he makes the proud boast, "I can speak your language, lonely throng." Greater praise can hardly be bestowed on the poet than to say that the boast is justified by his strains. There are poems in which he seems to have caught the divine melody, the ethereal grace,

of Shelley—others again that recall the force and splendor of Byron. Like the latter, our author appears to have been powerfully attracted by the wonderful career of Napoleon, and some very fine poems are devoted to this subject. One I have already copied for our readers; another, of much majesty and power, describes that thrilling scene, when, in the dead of night, and in presence of the faithful followers who, twenty years previously, had stood beside the new-made grave, the remains of the emperor were disinterred from a sepulchre which had been sealed with as jealous care as was of old the tomb in the land of Judea. A third, entitled "Off Ushant," I now copy, both as a favorable specimen of Mr. Simmons' style, and as a companion piece to the previously given poem on "Napoleon Asleep." The majestic tone struck in the opening verse is well sustained throughout. The vivid descriptive powers of our author appear in many a graphic touch. What bounding life in the picture of the gallant vessel under full press of sail, cleaving the waves with a speed that will soon leave France far in the distance! How striking the allusion to the last charge of the Imperial Guard at Waterloo—that decisive moment when a glorious death might have ended a warlike career, instead of leading to the scornful denunciation of Byron, that—

"Earth hath spilt her blood for him
Who thus can hoard his own."

But I will delay no longer to introduce Simmons' poem to the readers of the *EMERALD*:

OFF USHANT.

"I shall never forget that morning we made Ushant. I had come on deck at four o'clock to take the morning watch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the emperor come out of his cabin at that early hour, and make for the poop-ladder. Having gained the deck, pointing to the land, he said: 'Ushant? Cape Ushant?' 'Yes, sire,' I replied, and withdrew. He then took out a pocket glass and applied it to his eye, looking eagerly at the land. In this position he remained from five in the morning to nearly mid-day, without paying any attention to what was passing round him, or speaking to one of his suite, which had been standing behind him for hours. No wonder he thus gazed: it was the last look of the land of his glory, and I am convinced he felt it as such."—*Memoirs of an Aristocrat*, by a Midshipman of the "Bellerophon."

What of the night? ho! watcher, there
Upon the armed deck
That holds within its thunderous lair
The last of Empire's wreck—
E'en *him* whose capture now the chain
From captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main,
Watcher, what of the night?

"The stars are waning fast; the curl
Of morning's coming breeze
Far in the north begins to furl
Night's vapor from the seas;
Her every shred of canvas spread,
The proud ship plunges free,
While bears afar, with stormy head,
Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet-stirred,
Forth in the dawning gray,
A silent man made to the deck
His solitary way;
And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed,
Till, on his straining view,
That cloud-like speck of land upraised,
Distinct, but slowly, grew.

Well may he look, until his frame
Maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game—
Dominion or Despair—
And lost; and lo! in vapor furred,
The last of that loved France
For which his prowess cursed the world,
Is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep,
Whose billows round him roll !
Thou'rt calmness to the storins that sweep
This moment o'er his soul !
Black chaos swims before him, spread
With trophy-shaping bones—
The council-strife, the battle-dead,
Rent charters, cloven thrones !

Yet, proud one ! could the loftiest day
Of thy transcendent power
Match with the soul-compelling sway
Which, in this dreadful hour,
Aids thee to hide, beneath the show
Of calmest lip and eye,
The hell that wars and works below ?
The queuchless thirst to die ?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn,
The morning flushed to day,
And the sun followed, glory-born,
Rejoicing on his way ;
And still o'er ocean's kindling flood
That muser cast his view,
While round him, awed and silent, stood
His fate's devoted few.

He lives, perchance, the past again,
From the fierce hour when first
On the astounded hearts of men
His meteor-presence burst—
When blood-besotted anarchy
Sunk quelled beneath the glare
Of thy far-sweeping musketry,
Fame-fraught Vendémiaire !

And darker thoughts oppress him now—
Her ill-requited love,
Whose faith, as beauteous as her brow,
Brought blessings from above—
Her trampled heart, his darkening star,
The cry of outraged Man,
And white-lipped Rout, and wolfish War,
Loud thundering in his van.

O for the sulphurous eve of June,
When down that Belgiau hill
His bristling Guard's superb platoon
He led unbroken still !
Now, would he pause and quit their side
Upou destruction's marge,
Nor king-like share, with desperate pride,
Their vainly-glorious charge ?

No ! gladly forward he would dash,
Amid that onset, on
Where blazing shot and sabre-crash
Pealed o'er his empire gone ;
There, 'neath his vanquished eagles tost,
Should close his graud career,
Girt by his heaped and slaughtered host !
He lived—for fetters *here* !

Enough ! In noontide's yellow light
Cape Ushant melts away,
Even as his kingdom's shattered might
Shall utterly decay,
Save, when his spirit-shaking story,
In years remotely dim,
Warms some pale minstrel with his glory
To raise the song to him.

I think most lovers of poetry will perceive that Mr. Simmons possesses the faculty divine. I have only, however, given specimens of one sort. I hope, in our next number, to copy a poem of a different description, which will show the tenderness and grace with which our author can write.

IERNE.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The fascinating influence exercised on refined intellects by Music and the Drama in their highest forms, makes even the secondhand enjoyment of reading about them a real pleasure. For this reason, we purpose giving information as to the movements in the musical and dramatic world—in Dublin, when there are any ; in London, as often as convenient.

Professor Glover's Cantata, "St. Patrick at Tara," was produced at the Exhibition building, Dublin, on Whit Monday, in connection with the great Foresters' Fete. An overflowing audience listened attentively to the composition throughout, which was given with organ, band, large chorus, several local singers of more or less repute, and Herr Carl Stepan of the ponderous voice. Without claiming for Professor Glover a place in the ranks of the great original musicians—of which there have been really very few—we must, nevertheless, say that his work is at once pleasing and musicianly. We consider his composing such a work a step in the right direction ; and are gratified to find his fellow-citizens listen to it with such absorbed attention ; as we consider this latter a proof of the extinction of the provincial jealousy and envy which formerly had place in Dublin.

In London the opera season is in full swing. Two Italian houses bid for popularity at prodigal expense ; and the finest voices probably in existence, cultivated to the highest degree, are to be heard nightly in one or other theatre. Mr. Gye has collected quite a gathering of old and well-known favorites, embracing from Mario to Mongini amongst the tenors ; from Adelina Patti the irresistible to Pauline Lucca the piquant ; while his baritones and basses number Graziani, Faure, Cotogni, Ciampi, and Bagagiolo. Mr. Mapleson, on the other hand, while retaining some of the old great favorites—including unrivalled Titiens ; Trebelli-Bettini, equal to Alboni in artistic and vastly superior in personal attractions ; Ilma di Murska, queen of the astonishing ; and Foli of the noble voice—nevertheless has strengthened his troupe by a judicious selection from the best artistes of the continent. His new baritones and basses, Moriani, Sparapani, Agnesi, and Rivés, have given great satisfaction ; his new soprano, Mdle. Marimon, took the town by storm ; but it is in the tenors that he has been luckiest, as Signor Nicolini and Mons. Capoul (*both* Frenchmen, by-the-by) are far-and-away superior to anyone else London can boast. Years ago, when Nicolini had not been heard out of Italy, a friend informed us that he had the most royal tenor organ ever heard ; and his singing in London goes far to justify that strong praise, as well as to show that he knows how to use his voice. He is, besides, an accomplished actor. Nevertheless, it would seem as if his star had almost paled before that of Capoul. Of him, a London paper says, it is not easy to speak too highly. He made his first appearance in *Faust* on Thursday week. Singularly handsome, gifted with a sweet, powerful, and thrilling voice, and a passionate but always graceful flexibility of action, he completely took the house by storm. Even before he had cast off his dressing-gown and flowing gray beard—before he stepped forth suddenly in his red doublet and hose—the audience became aware that no common representative of Faust was before them ; but when the impassioned lover sings in the moonlight before Marguerite's window the famous and enchanting "Salve dimora casta e pura," the depth and sustained pathos of the whole passage completely carried away the audience, who "rose at" the actor and vehemently demanded a repetition, which was at once accorded. M. Rivés was capital as Mephisto. His laugh was demoniac. His thin scarlet legs seemed fitted on to him by some infernal kind of mechanism, and moved with a diabolical agility, which was, to say the least, uncanny. When the students made the sign of the cross, his sudden terror and half crawl, half crouch, as of some panic-stricken beast, was exceedingly effective. M. Rivés sings well and powerfully, and declaims in a broad and dashing style.

Last week has been a week of grand concerts in the English metropolis. At the Albert Hall, on Wednesday, Mendelssohn's grand "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" were performed under the superintendence of Sir Michael Costa. The band and chorus were in masses; but the greatest of modern conductors had them so toned down that the undercurrent of choros which accompanied the exquisite duet, "I waited for the Lord," was barely breathed in along with the solo voices. Sir Jules Benedict's annual *matinée* also came off, at which nearly the whole of the Royal Italian Opera Company appeared, along with a host of artistes such as M^{me}. Viardot-Garcia, Miss Edith Wynne, M^{lle}. Grossi, Arabella Goddard, Otto Goldschmidt, and M^{lle}. Vivier (the great horn-player) after an absence of twelve years. The concert was a marvellous success. Signor Arditì gave a spirited presentation of Wagner's *Lohengrin* (and Wagner is decidedly making way); Mr. Henry Leslie's grand concert came off on Friday; and Mr. Walter Macfarren's third *matinée* on Saturday, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

In dramatic matters the latest novelty is the appearance of Mr. Phelps on the boards of the Princess's Theatre, in comedy only. Many of our readers will have seen Mr. Phelps in some of his heavier impersonations—as, for instance, *Macbeth* and *Richelieu*—and remember the enjoyment his magnificent acting afforded them in tragedy; some may even recollect *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* in "The Man of the World," and their own marvel at Mr. Phelps' versatility. It is in this latter character he is now astonishing and delighting audiences in the Princess's; and also in that of *Lord Ogleby* in "The Clandestine Marriage." The only regret about his acting in the latter part is that he is not often or long enough on the stage to satisfy the desires of his admirers.

In the Lyceum Theatre a French company, under the management of Mons. Raphael Felix, have been amusing educated audiences with photographic pictures of Parisian life as it used to be. The pictures have been taken by the late M. Victor Sardou, and the series has been called "La Famille Benoiton." The highest in rank and wealthiest in purse of London society patronize liberally this exhibition of the former follies of the now afflicted sister capital.

In the Adelphi Theatre a semi-spectacular piece, founded on Victor Hugo's great romance of "Notre Dame," draws enormous houses. The acting of Miss Furtado as *Esmeralda* is deserving of great praise. Mr. T. C. King, so long and so well known in Dublin, has achieved a grand success by his performance of *Quasimodo*.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Cashmere is a material now much employed for trimming. The chequered patterns for dresses so long in favor have now decidedly given place to stripes. Some of the new mille raie silks have narrow stripes of all the hues of the rainbow, grouped together so as to form one broad stripe. An elegant pattern consists of a mille raie stripe of this kind, alternating with a white stripe. But nothing is more fashionable or in better taste than a plain silk of one color. Decidedly the prettiest and most lady-like costumes of the present season are those made of plain materials. Flat bias bands are a favorite style of trimming: they may be either narrow or broad. Quilles are frequently employed instead of straight bands. These are bias pieces of velvet, or any other material, set on perpendicularly, and shaped at the top in the form of skittles, as the name quilles signifies. A costume of gray faille, ornamented with quilles in blue or maroon velvet, has a charming and elegant effect. Basques are worn of various shapes and sizes. They may be long or short, square or pointed, slit open or close, round or a postillon. The gilet or waistcoat is again recovering fashionable favor. Some gilets are made with basques. With the gilet the short open jacket is indispensable. Sleeves present a variety of forms; there is the tight coat-sleeve, the pagoda and demi-pagoda, the manche duchesse and the manche

religiense; then there are open sleeves, and sleeves with broad mousquetaire cuffs. Small scarfs and handkerchiefs are quite the mode at present. The straight necktie of various widths, and the square fringed handkerchiefs, fashionable many years since, are again revived. The crape handkerchiefs worn thirty years ago have reappeared. Scarfs, which vary in width from a couple of inches to a quarter of a yard, are fastened in a bow with fringed ends in front of the throat, and fixed by a brooch. Some new and fanciful parasols have made their appearance. Nearly all are lined, and, for the most part, edged with a frill or awning of a good contrasting color. Others, again, intended for mere dress occasions, are entirely covered with pinked-out frills, in colors ranged alternately, green and white, purple and gray, etc. A very useful parasol for the country or sea-side is made of drab-colored sateen, and lined with any bright color. Necklets of all kinds are now very much worn. A very pretty fashion is a ribbon velvet tight round the throat, fastened in a Watteau knot, with a brooch in the centre. Crosses suspended from strings of beads still continue in favor. The most remarkable feature in the fashions of the present season is the change in the form and size of bonnets. The little puffs of tulle and bouquets of flowers heretofore called bonnets are now rapidly disappearing. We have at length a bonnet—a bonnet having a well defined crown, a front, and a bavelot, and with under trimming of tulle and flowers. The new bonnets are not mere copies of those worn twenty years ago. The new form of bonnets and hats has considerably modified the style of arranging the hair. The monstrosity called the chignon is condemned to banishment. For out-door coiffure plaits are still fashionable, but they are fixed rather low at the back of the neck. The bonnet rests on these plaits, which are partly shaded by the bavelot. Straw bonnets are trimmed with ribbon, with the addition of flowers or feathers, as taste may suggest. Chip and crin are also fashionable. For hats, gray or brown straw is the favorite material. They are high in the crown, and trimmed with ribbon and feathers. Black lace hats are worn for *recherche* style of dress.—*Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts to hear a paper read by Mrs. Grey on the subject of "The Education of Women," the chair was taken by the Rector of Bishopsgate. The lecturer started with two facts: first, that woman's education was at a low standard in this country; and, second, that our endowments for female education were ridiculously inadequate. Girls taught at schools under the Elementary Education Act had not much to complain of; but the girls of a higher class, taught at private schools, were taught as if the object were to fill and adorn the mind, not to strengthen and improve it. As regards religious knowledge, grammar, and arithmetic, the teaching of girls was of the most unsatisfactory kind. Even modern languages, to which one-third of a girl's school life was devoted, was, according to Mr. Fitch, little better. Physical science the inspectors found to be wholly neglected in high-class girl schools. Music, which occupied almost as much of a girl's life as classics did of a boy's, was, as a rule, no better taught or acquired than French. The root of the whole evil was that there was no demand for a better education. Young ladies were brought up solely with a view to marriage, even amongst the wealthiest people. The result of this was a general lowering of the tone of society, which the present condition of France showed was a real national danger. Even amongst ourselves, Mr. Mill had eloquently warned the men that if they did not bring women up to their level women would infallibly drag men down to theirs. The more immediate remedies Mrs. Grey would recommend were—1st, the creation of a sounder public opinion respecting the need and obligation of educating women. 2nd, The redistribution of educational endowments, so as to give

a fair share of them to girls. 3rd. The improvement of the female teachers by their examination and registration according to fixed standards. Mrs. Grey quoted numerous high educational authorities in support of her position, and concluded with an eloquent appeal on behalf of the thousands of women who were obliged to struggle through the world, relying solely on their own exertions. The paper was listened to throughout with marked attention, and the audience, which consisted chiefly of ladies, frequently and loudly demonstrated their approval. Several ladies took part in the discussion which, according to custom, followed the lecture. Mrs. Ronniger, addressing herself to the general objection against women following professions at present monopolized by men, asked that women should have a fair trial, when, if they were unfit, their incapacity would be established. Miss Faithful defended the domestic arrangements of highly cultured women, and quoted Mrs. Somerville as an instance alike of the highest intellectual eminence and the most faultless *menage*. Of the male speakers, Mr. Bartley gave a general adhesion to Mrs. Grey's paper; and Captain Elliott warmly contended that home was the woman's empire, and that she should be trained solely with a view to proficiency in home duties.

THE WORK TABLE.

A KNITTED PETTICOAT, scalloped, with imitation flounces. To make a petticoat for a tall lady, ten skeins of scarlet petticoat wool and three skeins of white petticoat wool will be sufficient; use a pair of large-sized wooden pins.

The petticoat is knitted in two widths; for front width cast on with white wool 181 stitches; 1st row knit plain; 2nd, purled, or back seam stitch; 3rd, plain; 4th, purled; 5th, plain; these last five rows form one flounce. Then break off the white, and commence with scarlet; 1st row, knit 1, bring the wool in front of needle (a hole will thus be formed), and knit 8, slip one, and knit two together; draw the slipped stitch over the knitted; knit 8, wool forward; knit 1, * wool forward; knit 8, slip 1; knit two together, draw the slipped stitch over; knit 8, wool forward; knit 1, repeat from * until end of row. 2nd, and every alternate row in scarlet purled. The two last rows to be repeated five times more, you will then see you will have knitted twelve rows in scarlet. Again fasten on the white. 1st row plain; 2nd plain; 3rd purled; 4th plain; 5th purled; 6th plain. These last six rows form the second flounce; fasten on scarlet as before desired, and knit the same pattern, scarlet and white alternately, till you have six flounces knitted, then continue the same pattern (without the purled rows) in scarlet. To narrow the petticoat when about a quarter of a yard from the length required, knit two stitches together at the beginning and end of each scallop; knit six or eight rows between each narrowing. For back width of petticoat, cast on with white wool, 201 stitches, knit as directed for last width, only, after knitting a few inches above the 6th flounce, take off half the stitches on a third pin, and knit the remaining stitches the desired length. Cast off and knit the other half; this will form the spare or opening behind. When completed, sew the sides up neatly, and put a band to the top. A mitred row done in crochet round the bottom, when finished, and in *scarlet*, improves the look. The flounces will look raised and mitred being purled.

THE GARDEN.

The month of June is the time for the main planting out of dahlias, heliotropes, and other tender South Americans. Look carefully over your roses; their enemies are legion—of insect vermin the host is fearful; proper pruning is some preventive. The maggots, and worms, and caterpillars, and grubs, which attack the buds, must be picked out patiently with finger and thumb. Other remedies are best described by the syllable uttered by the domestic duck. Aphides are comparatively harmless, though unsightly; a thunderstorm proves an excellent cure for them. For want of a tempest

take the tip of each twig in one hand, and with a painter's brush in the other, brush off the clustering parasites. They can't stand a repetition of this regimen. An amateur has invented a double aphid-brush, closing with a spring-handle, which, says the advertisement, in a very simple and easy manner, instantly cleanses the rose from that destructive insect, the green-fly, without causing the slightest injury to the bud or the foliage. Finally, encourage lady-birds and the sightless grubs of lace-wing flies, which eat or rather suck the aphides. Some of your earliest spring bulbs will soon be fit to be taken up. Save seed from Auriculas and Polyanthus. You must work hard now to keep things in order; grass has to be mown, disbudding or summer pruning done by the finger and thumb, and the whole contents of the garden watched, because nearly the whole contents are advancing at once. Water still if no summer showers have fallen. Thin out annuals where they come up too thick. Attend daily to your plants in vases; neglect now is almost irremediable. Hope to live to see next winter and spring, and provide for them by striking cuttings of roses, wallflowers, choice stocks, and whatever else is likely to be useful. The very trimmings and prunings may be economized in this way. Watch your beds of seedling anemones. Lose no time in striking chrysanthemums for this autumn's bloom. Cuttings of the young shoots of pansies, rooted under a hand-glass, will make nice little plants by the autumn. Sow Brompton Stocks, Sweet Williams, Foxgloves, Canterbury Bells, and other biennials which do not blow their first season. Peg down Verbenas, as they grow and spread. Lay bean-stalk traps for earwigs. Decide what seeds you will save, marking the stems of the flowers approved by tying a bit of colored worsted round them.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO MAKE POMATUM.—No. 1.—1lb. beef marrow, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh lard, half a flask of oil; mix all together, and scent with essence of bergamot or verbenas.—No. 2.—1 dr. spermaceti, 2oz. olive oil, four pennyworth of bergamot, or any scent preferred; to be thoroughly mixed in a basin in the oven, and whilst hot poured into pots or bottles.

CLEANING THE HAIR.—No. 1.—For hair wash, 1oz. powdered borax, three pennyworth of camphor, one quart of boiling soft water. No. 2.—1oz. borax, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. camphor, and one quart boiling water, is a good wash.

TO DESTROY BLACKBEETLES.—Take a little plaster of Paris, crumble it, and mix it with about as much moist sugar, put it on a plate, or on the floor where they come at night. After once or twice, they will disappear.

BOILED RHUBARB PUDDING.—Make a suet-crust with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, and line a buttered basin with it. Wash and wipe the rhubarb, and, if old, string it—that is to say, pare off the outside skin. Cut it into inch lengths, fill the basin with it, put in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. moist sugar, and cover with crust. Pinch the edges of the pudding together, tie over it a floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil from two to two and a-half hours. Turn it out of the basin, and serve with a jug of cream and sifted sugar.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUESTIONS.

From what source are the following lines:—

"There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing."

A. C. D. E. S.

Would anyone tell me if the poems of Hester Sigerson have been published separately, and if so, who is the publisher? I have been struck by some lines of hers I met lately, concluding:—

"Oh! for the passionate past above!
I found that lily land of love."

IERNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A fair correspondent sends us the following as a suggestion for THE EMERALD's address to the public.]

Bright and beautiful amongst precious stones is the EMERALD, with its deep, rich, eye-reviving green. A happy name to select, as it is an earnest of high mental standard, and treasures from the stores of many friends. In its pages will be found, from time to time, gems of deep precious thought, gathered from long reflection and study; gems of aerial tinted poetry; sparkling gems of wit and talent; and clear transparent gems of pure, refined, womanly thought, graceful as the shamrock wreath of the frontispiece. This

"Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief"

twines frame-like round pictures, presenting to the mind beauty of *form, scenery, color, and foliage*—an intellectual *four-leaved shamrock*, whose spell, the EMERALD trusts, will bring pleasure to many a home—which 'Old Erin's native shamrock' ought to do."

A. B.

[Although the above in our mouths would appear vain-glorious, we may safely say we mean to spare no pains to make A. B.'s prognostications true.—ED. E.]

To the Editor of the Emerald.

Doubtless, Mr. Editor, the title that has been assumed for the successor of the *Billet-Doux* is meant to signify that its tone is to be patriotic, and that the interests of the Emerald Isle are to be chiefly discussed—I mean its moral and social interests, for with politics I am sure you do not mean to meddle. Ireland has got the name of the Emerald Isle from the brilliancy of its verdure; and in considering the term, I have been led into some reflections on the word *green*, as it has been metaphorically applied. It is used to designate simple and innocent ignorance, in contradistinction to worldly or vicious sharpness. "You are so jolly green," said one of the young pickpockets to Oliver Twist, while laughing till the tears came to his eyes at Oliver's wonder where so many pocket-handkerchiefs could come from, and whether the old Jew who employed the boys manufactured them. What a different meaning "*green with age*" has from "*green old age*." The first is not among the metaphorical applications of the word, for there are some things which literally turn green with age, as if, like an old woman in youthful dress, they were trying to hide their wintry rust under the garb of spring; but "*green old age*" conveys a very beautiful idea. What more gratifying sight than that of an old person with bodily health and mental vigor, able to comprehend and appreciate the onward movement of social progress, and, above all, with the feelings of the heart still so fresh as to sympathise with the young and with all mankind. To such only should the term "*green*" be applied. It is a good thing to resemble the holly, which is green in winter, and bears beautiful berries in advanced age; but too many *human* evergreens are like it in having thorns too. Green is reckoned the color of the forsaken; let not Ireland wear the green in *that* sense. Let the representative—the EMERALD—be worthily supported. Let it be green with cultivation, and no waste places be suffered to exist. Green is the favorite color of nature—the fields are green, the plants are green, the sea is green. A very clever Russian physician, on a visit in Dublin, some years ago, was taken by his friends to Glasnevin Botanical Garden, hoping to afford him a treat, but he did not care to enter the conservatories. "We have plenty of exotics," he said, "in Russia, but it is your open-air plants, and especially your grass and ivy, that I revel in. No other country," he added, "has these in such perfection." The emerald is the acme of green—it has both color and brilliancy; so, in assuming this title, Mr. Editor, you make great pretensions, and it is to be hoped that your contributors will enable you to support them. I hope it will not be considered trenching on politics, if I observe

that, as blue and yellow make a perfect green, so, if the two parties in Ireland who make these colors their symbols, were to unite by letting their loyalty run in the same channel, it would produce a unity and harmony with the natural mind which would make our beloved country still more worthy to be called in every sense, the Emerald Isle.—IGNOTA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A hero famed in Scottish story,
Whose name is linked with deeds of glory.
2. A guerdon fitting him who gave
His best, his all, and found—a grave.
3. Of heaven's gifts the best and fairest.
4. Of qualities perhaps the rarest.
5. A symbol of the very end.
6. Unquestionably woman's friend.
7. A precious stone, Hibernia's token;
And on her shores full oft is spoken
The word of greeting which I use
To hail the Ladies' Weekly News.

HOFFNUNG.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Mr. Edmund Yates is to write the next serial story in *All the Year Round*. Its title will be "Castaway."

Mr. Froude has, it is said, resigned the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, but his successor has not yet been appointed.

Miss Glyn was expected to leave New York for England on the 17th of May. She intends to give some readings in England, and will return to the United States in September.

The young queen of Spain is said to be taking great pains in starting a new periodical, specially addressed to women, and designed to draw away their attention from political matters.

Princess Dora d'Istria has completed a new work on "The Albanians in Wallachia and Moldavia," which was to have been published in Paris and in French; but the disastrous events which have prevented the publication of so many other works obliged her to relinquish the idea of a French edition, and the work will now make its first appearance in an Italian translation from the able pen of Prof. Bartolommeo Cecchetti, of Venice.

Signor Campobello, known in England as Signor Campi, *alias* Campbell, made his *début* at Florence on the 14th of May in "Marino Faliero." He has much improved in the management of his fine and powerful voice since we heard him in Dublin two years ago. In Florence there is quite a *furor* about him, and great things are prognosticated of him, as he attains more of the Italian *élan* and loses the English apathy or phlegm.

Monsignor Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris, died with the serene courage of a martyr. In answer to the insults of his executioners, he said, "Do not profane the word liberty; it is to us alone it belongs, for we shall die for liberty and faith."

The Duke de Broglie has returned from London to his place in the Assembly. His son has been in some danger from his severe wound, but is better. M. Thiers went to see him in bed, and gave him the Cross of the Legion of Honor with his own hand.

Miss Anna Dickenson, whose oratory proved so useful to Lincoln and the North during the civil war in America, intends to visit Europe in the course of the summer, and will let it hear her opinion on many matters, if opportunities be provided.

Mr. Edmond Beales opened the "People's Garden," near Willesden Junction, last Saturday week. Owing to the thunderstorm the attendance was rather limited. The garden is the property of a company mainly composed of working men, and the object in view is to secure a place of recreation for the shareholders.

NEW SUMMER CLOTHING.

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B. HYAM'S	NEW 20s. COAT, in Meltons.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 20s. COAT, in Fashionable Coatings.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 14s. Trowers, in Stripe Trowersings.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 14s. Trowers, Mixture Trowersings.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 14s. Trowers, in Scotch Trowersings.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 14s. Trowers, in Black Doeskin.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 10s. Trowers, in Stripe Trowersings.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 10s. Trowers, in Mixed Tweeds.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 10s. Trowers, in Fashionable Materials.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 6s. VEST, in the Newest Materials.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 6s. VEST, to Match Trowers.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 5s. VEST, to Match Trowers.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 5s. VEST, in Various Materials.

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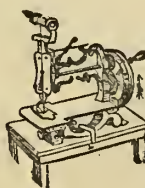
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No. 2.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 17th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

THE NIGHT REFUGE.



WE wish earnestly to interest our readers in the Brickfield-lane asylum for homeless women and children, one of the last and most precious legacies of charity left to Dublin by that large-souled philanthropist, the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt. The cause of benevolence has ever found in woman an earnest advocate. The fountains of pity and compassion, though sunk deep in her heart, are ever full to overflowing. Give but an object needing care and tenderness, and those blessed waters brim over spontaneously. This is true of suffering humanity generally; but what shall we say when the object is some female whom "unmerciful disaster" has pursued with sleuth-hound tenacity, or some helpless child whose very trusting innocence invites temptation? We feel indeed that an institution which succors stricken womanhood, and places a shield between it and the perils of extremest poverty—that shelters homeless childhood, and bars the access of vile association—needs no eloquence to recommend it to our readers.

It is, we believe, well known that the Brickfield-lane institution depends for support altogether on private charity. Equally well known is the fact that it gives nightly shelter and partial support to six or seven hundred homeless women and children of good character, and this irrespective of religious belief. The asylum is built on the broadest principles of philanthropy, and consequently appeals to the widest circle of benevolence. The earnest desire of its founder was to see it erected on a permanent basis, and one of the last important acts of his life was the taking of a step which would have gone a great way towards giving the establishment that fixity of existence which lay so near his heart. In a charity suit which has been for more than a year pending before the Master of the Rolls, it was decided that the premises occupied by the asylum should be appropriated to the benefit of the Cork-street fever hospital. Dr. Spratt, however, brought under the notice of the court the purpose to which the premises were devoted; and his honor, recognizing the immense importance of the Refuge, and the vast public benefit which accrued therefrom, made an order at the instance of the reverend founder, allowing him to become the purchaser of the premises for the sum of £1,000, which Dr. Spratt offered as their full value. In arriving at this decision, his honor stated that he was influenced by the valuable character of the Refuge, and its utility as a check to the spread of contagious disease, by

which it became an admirable auxiliary to the fever hospital.

No one, we are sure, will feel inclined to dispute the Master's decision, or quarrel with the reasons he gave for arriving at it. But few will cease to regret that the hand of Death interposed between Dr. Spratt and his benevolent design. Just at the moment when he had hoped to lay the foundation of permanence for the charitable work which chiefly engaged his later years, and which we have reason to believe he looked upon as the most necessary and pressing of his many benevolent projects, he was called away, we trust to the reward of a life well spent. His desire was to establish securely this Refuge, in a locality whose poverty makes such an asylum a primary requisite. Must his project come to the ground for want of some one to take up the work which has dropped from the hand now cold in death? We do not think this can be, in Ireland at least. What has fallen from one great hand must now be grasped by many; and we look to our readers to take their share in the responsibility which Providence has cast upon all, either by eloquent advocacy or liberal donations, an institution so worthy of their sympathy.

Pursuant to adjournment, the charity case to which we have previously alluded came before the Master of the Rolls last week, when it was expected that final arrangements touching the Night Refuge would have been made. Alas! the large and liberal brain which had conceived the benevolent idea had ceased to work for the things of this world; and no one was present to carry out Dr. Spratt's design for the purchase. Under these circumstances, the learned judge, with a prudence equally creditable to his benevolence and common sense, suggested a further adjournment of the case for three weeks, to ascertain if Dr. Spratt, before his lamented decease, had made any arrangements for carrying his intentions into effect; or, if not, to give others the opportunity of doing so. The time is short—the need pressing. But we have confidence in the generosity of our readers, and we are sure that they will spare no effort to support a work so meritorious. We know indeed that women, as a class, have no command of large sums to devote to the projects which most engage their sympathies outside the family circle; but we do not overrate their influence when we affirm that the cause they take up earnestly is never a lost one; and we do hope sincerely that we have said enough to interest our readers actively in the welfare of St. Joseph's Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children.

AN EASTER LONG AGO.

CHAPTER III.

MY FRIEND REVEALS HIMSELF IN A NEW CHARACTER.



WE shall be near Glenville on Monday," said Litton, as we trudged along the road to Roundwood, after dark. "Only a few miles out of our course; and unless you have some particular objection, I should like to go there and see how Grace gets on."

"With all my heart, if you think a stranger would not be unwelcome."

"No fear of that; I can promise my friends a welcome in my cousin's house. Mr. Poel is a very hospitable man, and the young ladies lively and agreeable."

"There are young ladies there? Why, Frank, if I had rich, pretty cousins, I would be continually finding business in that part of the country; and you have never been once down to see your sister. How you do throw away opportunities of self-advancement."

Litton smiled, and said, with his self-depreciatory shrug, that he would have no chance!

We slept that night in Roundwood, attended service in the village church on Easter Sunday, and waited for an early dinner before proceeding further on our journey. We travelled on through a wild, beautiful country for many miles. We were not familiar with that district, and night closed in still finding us at an uncertain distance from Glenville. We had been told by a peasant that it was only three miles ahead of us; we had walked six, and still it was nowhere. The last man told us it was still five miles off.

"Why, Litton," said I, "your cousin's house is a fairy palace; as fast as we advance, it seems to retreat, and, indeed, a great deal faster. We must have gone astray."

"That is quite evident; but what is to be done?"

"Well, I should not like to rush in on the family at a late hour—I am a stranger to them. I propose sleeping at the first cottage we meet, and starting early in the morning."

This was agreed on, and from the first person we overtook on the road—a woman with a child in her arms—we inquired if there were any place where we could get a night's lodging. After some questions and parleying, and when she heard we were bound for Glenville, she said that her master and mistress were spending Easter away at a friend's. She did not expect them home till Tuesday. There was no one in the house but herself and her husband, taking care of the place. She thought she might venture to let us have beds for the night. We, of course, said we would pay hotel prices for bed and breakfast. It was a respectable two-storey farm-house, with a parlor at either side the hall, and three bedrooms upstairs. The woman and her husband occupied some back apartment in the region of the kitchen, and there was no other occupant in the house save the two pedestrians who now sought shelter for the night. We asked the woman to get us something to eat. She was afraid she had nothing fit to offer gentlemen; but we made her understand that we were not particular; and at last she produced some home-made bread and butter, a large piece of cheese, and a jug of milk. We did ample justice to our supper, being ravenously hungry; but not having walked so far as on the preceding night, we were not so tired, and sat talking till the woman put in her head, and suggested showing our "honors" our respective rooms. She gave us a candle each, and left us. As I was winding my watch, Frank came into my room to consult me on the advisability of starting at daybreak. I said I had no objection, the weather was so fine. "What a glorious night it is," I said, opening my window to let the moonlight stream in, and at the same time extinguishing the tallow candle.

"Go to bed, and don't stay poetizing there all night,

Nelson," said Litton, as I seated myself by the window to contemplate the scene. "We must be up early. Good night, old fellow."

"Good night, Frank."

I had not the least thought of going to bed: amongst other follies to which I was addicted at this period—long since abandoned—was verse-making. I am free to confess that the beauties of nature have not lost their charm for me, but I do not apostrophize them as I once did. On the night I speak of I was much impressed by the wild beauty of the scenery through which I had passed; and the sweet tranquil look that everything wore in the still moonlight enthralled me. I remembered, after a long reverie, in which I had sat still in a sort of dream, that it was Easter Sunday; and I prayed that all succeeding Easters might find me with a heart as thankful for the blessings of Providence, and as capable of enjoying the pure delights which nature affords.

I had just risen to my feet when I heard the handle of my door turn. I drew back behind the curtains of the window. Some one entered cautiously. I flattened myself against the wall and held my breath. My idea was to wait until the villain had got well into the room, then rush out, make to Frank's room and lock his door, or help him to fight if necessary.

I peeped out cautiously, when, O heavens! what did I see? Frank Litton, in his night-shirt, with a look of deadly hate and fear on his pale face, and a knife gleaming in his hand! He approached the bed, raised the knife, and drove it in with all his force, pulled it out and stabbed again and again with demoniacal fury. Every blow, figuratively speaking, pierced my heart to the core. I stood transfixed with horror.

When he was gone, the instinct of self-preservation made me lock my door; then I sank into a chair in a sort of stupor. For some time I doubted my own senses. Did I dream, or was I going mad? I did not dream, for I was standing when he entered. I was not losing my senses, for there was the knife stuck in the feather bed, up to the handle.

"O my God! my God!" I cried, throwing myself down by the bed in an agony of tears, "is the world composed of devils? Who can I trust? What have I done that the cold-blooded viper should compass my life?"

I moaned in anguish indescribable all night. When it was near day I thought I must decide on some plan of action. Should I rise at once, unknown to anyone, and start off anywhere away from him? I had an invincible repugnance to this, which seemed to me but a cowardly course. Should I meet him boldly and tax him with his damning crime? I cannot tell how my whole nature shrank from this. Should I denounce him to the world? No; it is not possible to tear out the roots of a great affection from the heart in an instant. I finally made up my mind, since my life had been mercifully spared, not to reveal the meditated crime to anyone; and even not to let the wretch know I was aware of his base attempt. But I made a resolution, stern and strong, that if I travelled one perch more in the company of Frank Litton, I would submit patiently to being called "fool" by every man I might meet during the remainder of my life. I decided on seeing him at least once, and watching his guilty start when the form of his intended victim appeared unharmed before him. My mind kept busy with the bloody idea, and I looked at it in every aspect. What was his motive? I asked myself over and over again. Revenge? Revenge for what? I could think of nothing but that I had obtained the place for which we both strove in a fair contest. He had told me the day before that he was jealous-minded, and capable of a deep revenge; and when I contradicted him he said, "Perhaps you know me better than I know myself."

O Nelson Joy, Nelson Joy! what an arrogant fool you were to imagine you could read the human heart! Here was one younger than yourself, living on terms of close intimacy with you—you studying his character forsooth!

and fancying you knew every thought of his heart, while that heart was full of malice and treachery, and you the object of it! Well might the villain laugh at your pretensions, and fool you with his flattery. Now I know why he feigned fatigue on the mountain, and why he wanted to lie out. When I thought of all

"The little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,"

that had passed between us, I could not but stand appalled at the extraordinary powers of dissimulation which this youth had shown in his intercourse with me. He was a very lago for deep-laid treachery.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FRIEND RESUMES HIS OLD CHARACTER IN
THE MORNING.



DRESSED early and went down stairs to the parlor. Litton was not there; I came up again and knocked at his door.

"Come in," said a clear young voice in unfaltering tones. Yesterday how pleasant it sounded in my ears—to-day how hateful!

I entered the room with throbbing pulse. Fortunately I have command over my feelings, and can look composed when far from feeling so.

"Not up yet," I said, closing the door after me, but holding the handle of it, as I threw a piercing glance at him. I was amazed at his coolness. Not so much as the faintest sign of surprise escaped him; and yet I knew I came on him so suddenly that he had no time to prepare himself.

"What time is it?" he asked, with the utmost *sang froid*, pulling the watch from under his pillow. "Half-past seven, by Jove! Yes, it's too late to go before breakfast. Why didn't you call me, Joy? I don't know why I slept so long."

"You don't look well this morning," I stammered.

"I had terrible dreams," said he, running his fingers through his curls, as he turned his face towards me.

"So had I—most horrible."

As I stood looking at him, and wondering how so much outward beauty should be given to clothe a soul so foul, a saying common in the country where I was born occurred to me: "Trust not a man, though he be your brother, whose whiskers and hair are not of one color."

Francis Litton's curls were dark brown, while his downy moustache and whiskers, which had only just begun to show themselves, were a light auburn.

"What is the matter with you, Joy? Why do you look so strangely at me?"

"I was thinking of something else," I said, shaking myself as if from a reverie. "Suppose I order breakfast while you're dressing."

The good woman had provided the freshest of eggs and butter, and the richest of cream for breakfast. But I could not eat; when I looked at the wretch opposite to me it took away my appetite.

"You eat nothing, Joy," remarked Litton.

"I am not well; I have an indigestion."

"Oh! indeed; it must have been all the cheese you took last night."

"It must have been the cheese," I assented.

My amiable friend seemed to enjoy his breakfast, and I sat still till he had finished. Then I spoke with an effort.

"Litton, I do not intend to go to Glenville."

"Not go to Glenville!—why this sudden change? I thought it was settled long ago. Why have you altered your mind?"

"Because of a dream I had."

"A dream! You surely are not serious?"

"Yes," I assented, resolutely. "I have been warned in a dream that danger, perhaps death, awaits me if I pursue this journey further." I looked keenly at him, but he never winced.

"You do astonish me. You are the last man of my acquaintance whom I would have thought accessible to such influences. A mere dream!"

"If Cæsar had been warned by his wife's dream, he might have escaped assassination."

"One dream in a thousand may come true," he replied; "but would you regulate your life by dreams because of that?"

"Those were the arguments used by the conspirators when urging Cæsar to his death," I remarked.

"Why, Cæsar seems to have taken possession of your mind, Joy. For the life of me, I cannot see the resemblance between you—with all deference be it spoken," he added, laughing.

"There is this much in common between 'the foremost man of the world' and my insignificant self; I have a life to lose—so had he, and lost it. I would fain preserve mine, worthless though it be."

I spoke bitterly for a moment, forgetting the *rôle* I intended to play. Litton looked at me with what I could not help deeming well-feigned surprise.

"My dear Joy, I did not mean to offend you. But it seems to me you attach too much importance to a mere dream. You could not imagine that I would speak lightly of any real danger that threatened you."

I made an effort to reply, but the words stuck in my throat. My embarrassment was not lost upon him.

"Surely you do not suppose that I would make a laugh of your trouble, if trouble there was," he said, coming round the table to where I sat.

His close proximity increased my agitation. In vain I tried to suppress it, and struggled to answer him. The words died away in an inarticulate murmur.

"Is it possible you doubt the sincerity of my regard, my friendship?" persisted my persecutor. I could hold out no longer. I dropped my head on the table and sobbed aloud. Reader, remember I was only twenty-two, and had never yet been deceived by man or woman.

"Nelson, my dear Nelson! what is the matter with you? What have I done to vex you? What in heaven's name *could* I have done to cause such grief as this?" he demanded, with much apparent earnestness, seizing my hand as he spoke.

I shrank from his touch, raised my head, and looked him in the face. No sign of guilt was on the smooth, open brow; he met my gaze with unflinching eye. Surely he was a born demon; for in his face was a hurt, perplexed expression.

"Have I unawares trodden on any feeling or prejudice of yours? if so, is it necessary to say I apologise? Speak out! What is it, Nelson? I cannot bear to see you look at me like that."

There were tears, actual tears, in his eyes. They were, as I have said, beautiful eyes, large, clear, brown, capable of the most winning expression. There was such affection looking out of them now, as almost beguiled me of my senses. He must be a wizard, I thought, as I recalled the face that presented itself to my view the night before.

"The truth is, Litton, I am not myself to-day. I feel ill and depressed; so pray excuse me if my manner seems odd to you. You will, of course, go to see your sister, but I will go home at once. I would be only a wet blanket on you in my present state."

"If you are ill, Joy, I'll go home with you."

"No; I would prefer to go alone," I said, gloomily.

"Oh! in that case I will start at once."

He left the room with an offended air. In a short time he made his appearance with his knapsack and stick, ready for the journey. "I am sorry you won't come; I hope to find you in better health and spirits when I return to town."

"Thank you. Give my compliments to Miss Litton. I hope you may have a pleasant day."

With these formal words we parted; but Litton turned back at the door and offered his hand, which I could not refuse. I breathed a deep sigh of relief when he was gone.

(To be continued.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MADAME DE STAEL.

If Madame de Stael is not the very greatest of the French authoresses—and the question of eminence is merely one between her and Madame D'Épauville—she is certainly the first who, in the departments of philosophy and politics, as well as fiction, raised the standard of the female mind to an equality with that of man. In ancient times, a Sappho, a Corinna, and an Aspasia, were renowned for mental achievements, which are now unhappily conserved in but a few verses and a few biographical facts and comments; but it was chiefly reserved for the current century to demonstrate that parallelism of intellectual power between the sexes, of which we have had and have so many distinguished illustrations. Anne Marie Louise Germaine Necker was born in Paris in 1768. Her father, M. Necker, was the eminent Genevese banker, afterwards Minister of Finance to Louis XVI.; a man whose character shines in history still more than his talents, and who, as a servant of the throne and nation, only failed, in the chaotic days of the first Revolution, because the forces with which he had to contend were insuperable. Her mother was the Mademoiselle Susanne Curchod, with whom Gibbon fell in love during his early residence in Switzerland; an *affaire de cœur* of which the historian, in the memoirs which he wrote after he had completed the "Decline and Fall"—"the magnificent arch between the old and new world"—has left an eloquent memento. After twenty years and upwards passed in reviewing the ruins of empires, the events, characters, and crimes of centuries, he still looked back with philosophical delight on the passion which Mademoiselle Curchod had inspired, and declared that he still felt proud of himself for having been once capable of so elevated an emotion.

M. Necker's house at Geneva, as at Paris, was a central resort of literature and wit; and after having received a systematic education, so strictly carried out, indeed, that it injured her health, Mademoiselle Necker evinced a talent for writing, composing at a very early age a series of little essays, tales, and plays, which appear to have been dashed off with the ease of a voluntary on an instrument. The facility with which she wrote then, as in later days, was the result of a natural eloquence; and then, as subsequently, her reason was but the handmaid of, for the most part, a moral and spiritual enthusiasm. In 1786, in her eighteenth year, she was married by her parents to the Baron de Stael Holstein, the Swedish ambassador at Paris. This marriage of convenience does not appear to have been attended with more unhappiness than such as arose from the baron's generous improvidence and total incapacity to understand the value of money. Just as affairs were going to ruin, however, the paternal financier interposed, and saved, it is said, a portion of his daughter's large fortune. Rousseau was the idol of the female mind in Paris at this time; elevated and impracticable theory and sentimentalism had superseded, in fashionable taste, the wit and sense, the shallow philosophy and blasphemy, of Voltaire; and Madame de Stael's admiration for Jean Jacques found expression in the year of her marriage in her Letters on his Character—compositions displaying much acumen, but more enthusiasm.

During the early part of the French Revolution she resided in Paris. The bright dawn of that event animated her imagination; the rights, the equality, the perfectability of the human race were doctrines which inspired the highest as well as the classes lower in the social order—"the central fire had ascended to the frozen summits," on which, also, an occasional divine ray descended. Madame de Stael advocated and illustrated by her pen many of the prevailing ideas of an epoch which was destined to be of brief duration. For the river which seemed to be floating the French to a millennium, soon became a torrent—soon descended in a cataract, in which human rights and perfectability were alike overwhelmed. With the tendency of events, her opinions, of course, changed. By position, she was in-

terested for the royal family; by principle, for those classes who conserve society. She poured forth article after eloquent article, showing that the people had utterly mistaken the means and meaning of liberty; and at a dread crisis published a defence of Marie Antoinette, then on her trial. Burke, in alluding to the Revolution, which began in noble aspirations and ended in the Terror, illustrates this progress by Milton's image of Sin—a beautiful woman ending in the hellish serpent. But before its coil, voluminous and vast, had encircled her, as it did so many of the most illustrious in the land, the daughter of Necker escaped to Switzerland, where she remained until after the fall of Robespierre.

During the period when the Revolution was burning itself out, Madame de Stael selected Copet as a retreat—a place rendered memorable for her residence then and at a later time. Copet is on the western shore of the southern curve of the Lake of Geneva, so famous for its scenery, in which the beautiful and sublime are combined, and for the number of illustrious writers who in times past have fixed their homes on its shores. Near these waters, through which the Rhone flows, and which, as Byron says, are of a darker azure than even the Mediterranean, the ground undulates in a series of slopes and terraces covered with woods and vineyards, and dotted with towns, villages, and villas. To the north-west towers Mount Jura, and around it the other great mountains crowned with their imperishable snows—so lofty that half an hour after sunset, and while the lake and lower country are enveloped in night, their peaks still glow with the rose light of the western orb. Not far from Copet is Ferney; to the east, Lausanne, where Gibbon wrote his history; Clarens and Mellerie, blushing beautiful in themselves, and which may be said to have been rouged by Rousseau's romance. In a word, nature and association have made Lake Lemane one of the most interesting localities in Europe. During Madame de Stael's residence at this period at Copet, it had become a little colony of French exiles. There, among others, were Talleyrand, the Count de Narbonne, Madame de la Chantry, General D'Arblay, etc., etc. So poor, however, were then all those distinguished folk, that their finances were only sufficient to hire a small carriage with horses, "but without servants." Talleyrand and the Count de Narbonne usually acted as charioteers when they drove about the country, the front glass window being let down to enable them to participate in the conversation of those inside. Talleyrand and the Count Louis of Narbonne had been long close allies of Madame de Stael. It was through her influence that the first—who had been bishop of Autun, but who all through life had adopted the policy of floating with events—had been sent ambassador to England, with the object of enlisting the sympathies of the British at once for the stability of the French throne and the progress of the revolution. To the Count de Narbonne she was attached by a warmer interest. This officer, one of the handsomest men in France, an illegitimate son of Louis XV., courageous, ambitious, but without genius, was transformed by her imagination into a hero, and, so to speak, put forward as the representative of those political ideas which her sex prevented her from promulgating in action. She wished him to assume that leading place in the revolution which had been vacant since the death of Mirabeau—the leader of the nation, and arbiter between it and the throne. Count Louis was, however, but a brilliant-minded and chivalrous man, and had he been as powerful an orator as Mirabeau, he would have been caught away by the revolutionary torrent, from whose wrath he had thus escaped.

Lamartine has painted, with his rhetorical pencil, a portrait of Madame de Stael in those days: "Hers was not the beauty of form and features, but of visible inspiration and passionate impulse. Attitude, gesture, tone of voice—all obeyed her soul, and created her brilliancy. Her black eyes, flashing fire, gave out from beneath their long lids as much tenderness as pride; her gaze, open, yet profound as her understanding, had as much serenity as penetration.

We felt that the light of her genius ever lent expression to the tenderness of her heart. Necker's daughter had inspired politics from her birth. In her mother's salon the most illustrious men of France had played with the child, and fostered her earliest ideas. Her cradle was the Revolution; and she sought to satisfy her native thirst for fame in the storms of the populace, in calumny, and death. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her heart impassioned. A man in her energy—a woman in her tenderness—she associated in the same character genius, glory, and love. Nature, education, and fortune, had realized this triple dream of a woman, a philosopher, and a hero. She wrote like Rousseau, she spoke like Mirabeau; her genius was like an antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord.

Although the materials of the first French Revolution had been preparing for a long period, the event, in its active progress, lasted but five years. It arose from intelligence and the printing-press, it ended in the passions of ignorance and the scaffold. But this immense tragedy, which elicited so much that was noble and heroic, so much more that was simply hellish, could never have assumed such terrible dimensions, were it not for the financial disorganization of the country, the effect of centuries of inefficient government, which had wasted without developing the resources of the people. When Necker was recalled, he found but four hundred thousand francs in the Treasury. The Revolution began by worshiping principles: it ended in the insane dream which conceived that it could destroy principles natural to a complex state of society by guillotining the classes who professed them. Finally, the fever passed away, and Madame de Stael returned to Paris.

CUI BONO.

I daresay a good many people remember a few words written by Thackeray, very much to the point in reply to the well-worn question "Cui bono?" and yet it must be often enough asked still in our modern society. Every night now there is a succession of entertainments given at a great cost, and yet one-half the guests profess to consider it a great bore to put in an appearance at them at all. I wonder how many of the men who are invited everywhere consider themselves under the slightest obligation to their entertainer; on the contrary, they are apt to think they themselves are conferring the favor by their presence. No wonder a clever writer should suggest that there should be a registry office for ball-men, where party-givers should apply for so many at so much a head, according to their appearance and dancing capabilities. We may not, perhaps, adopt the suggestion; but surely it might open our eyes a little to the folly of the present state of things. Wealthy people and well born, who in the country take their proper position and seem to have a little self-respect, leave it all at the London terminus, and condescend to eat any amount of dirt in the metropolis, in order to get into the set immediately above them, where they are by no means wanted; and as soon as they have reached it they will be equally ready to leave for the one above that. There never could be a clearer illustration of Solomon's words that "All is vanity" than a London season. The bait for which the foolish fish struggle so hard is such a cruel and pitiless trap after all! I wonder if any man is ever so grandly abused as in his own house, and how many of the guests he delights to honor would remember his very existence if fickle fortune turned her wheel?—*Queen.*

EGINARD AND BERTHA.

A LEGEND OF NUREMBERG.

In Nuremberg, that brown old tortuous tiled town,
The castle stands upon its central hill,
Whence, wide around, are seen vineyard and meadow green,
And ridge of upland topped with many a mill;

Four turrets, square and gaunt, shadow its court askant,
Where the great gnarled linden spreads its boughs,
Yielding a verdant light of leaves in summer bright,
And, mid the rumbling winds' inconstant roar
In the dolorous hours of winter dark, when pours
The heavy rain, and sets the drowned moon,
Unto the sleepers' ear, in chambers round it, bears
Strange shivering dreams, waked by its desolate swoon;
Which, as the warder said, oft bring him back the dead
Whose lives in Time's tome find but little room;
But, when the great winds blow, in visions of wild woe
Transform into a dream-world yonder room
In the high turret o'er the linden's moan and roar,
From which his mind has learned to translate,
In language of the past, the inarticulate blast
Blown from the huge tree like a mystic Fate,
So that at night he sees pictures and pageantries
Of shapes and generations dimly known,
Like sunset's cloudy rack, in light of noon come back,
Vivid in form and motion, look and tone.
Among them one recalled, as through a gloomy walled
Passage beneath the northern tower we paced,
Where in an angle dark he motioned us to mark
An effigy in metal, long defaced—
A form with lightning lance—a furious countenance;
Elfin, the magician, whose dread spell
Could draw the thunder round his tower, and through the ground
Summon up fiery figures from deep hell.
Even to the present hour traditions of his pow'r
In trembling whispers fright the winter hearth,
Where bend gray wrinkled brows, when round the shaken house
Storm sweeps the dumb flat of the terrored earth.
"But," said the warder, "dim is now all lore of him,
Whereas one tempest night I looked, and, lo!
In vision saw once more a legend acted o'er,
So life-like that I wakened with its woe:—

Once, when the middle ages rolled along,
In Nuremberg a youth and maiden fair
Lived, and were lovers; beauteous they were;
For I have seen young Bertha's eyes and hair
Golden and blue as summer's morning air,
And, woe is me! also her bosom bare
Bubbling with blood—but this comes in elsewhere
And Eginard's knightly figure tall and strong,
A minnesinger he, renowned for song
In many a town and hamlet girt with vine,
Even to the borders of the long swift Rhine.
First, in the evening meadows they appear,
Their shadows imaging his plumed head
Bending to hers declined in silence dear,
While her cheek's color comes as soon as fled,
Answering the whispers in her little ear;
And so their sweet love prospered, and each day,
More lovely and more loving, from sleep's dew
Their interbending branches fuller grew
Of leaf and bud of blossom; when apart
A dread hand, heedless of each happy heart,
Rent them for ever by the roots away:—
The fierce magician, Elfin accursed,
Whose purpose ever wrought in ways the worst,
A liege of hell, whose comrade, while he drew
Our air, and had a shadow, was a fiend,
Unseen by day, but whose flame-glances grew
Visible in the darkness when he flew
Over his master, as on nights of storm
He went into the woods—or to the few
Whom he admittance-to his chamber deigned
In the tower yonder, where some saw it screened
Behind his instruments of sorcery—
Two burning orbs, to see which was to fly.
Some spell the direful mage designed, 'twas said,
Required the life-blood of an innocent maid
A sacrifice unto the powers beneath,
Whose awesome aid can but be bought by death.
And now I see her pale and lovely form
Wafted from home away, in whirls of storm
Raised by that ministering demon, who
Directs it, flying with its speed, unto
A solitary house, remote in night,

Hard by a wood, whence gleams a lonely light,
 Whither the driving storm wafts her, and where,
 Blown through the open portal, in the gloom
 An iron hand grasps her upon the stair,
 And prisons her within a chamber tomb,
 Anguished, forlorn, despairing, rescenless,
 Watched by a fiend—whose place of durance none,
 Not desperate Eginard's self, can even guess.
 In drifts of dark this scene has passed away ;
 The storm which drowned her hopeless cries is gone.
 Days may have passed, deep night has followed day,
 When I again behold that house, alone
 Among the fresh green woods, secluded far
 From noise of town, or any neighboring road—
 For 'tis at times the sorcerer's dread abode,
 Where he, for impious purpose, dwells aloof.
 Through avenues of breathing leaves the moon
 Slauts, silvering o'er the mansion's walls and roof,
 And deep-set windows, where, like points of spar,
 The rays spark in the pane. Sooth, in my dream
 So clear is all, and near to it I seem,
 That even the dews upon the mosses green
 And brown, the rows of aged brick between,
 Glisten, and through the old pear-tree one star
 Looks through a silent chamber on a face
 Pale, beauteous, wild, whose eyes of light insane
 Sparkle with passion piteously bright—
 Bertha—to whom a potion in her thirst
 Unconscious has been given, to her bane ;
 For the poor victim of the mage accurst
 Must love him, else the blood required of hell
 To make potential-perfect the dread spell,
 Nought will avail. Hark ! laughter, such as fill
 With horror the bright silence, and yet thrill
 My blood, as, he now entering the room,
 She springs to his embrace ; her cheek of bloom
 Hangs on his shoulder ; horrible to see,
 The magic draught has drowned her memory
 Of Eginard, and she believes 'tis he
 Who holds her, as she leans on Effalin's arm.
 Detested sorcerer, thy hellish charm
 Has wrought but too, too well. The rounded moon
 Illumes them as he waves above her brow
 The potent hand that sinks her in a swoon,
 And lays her on a couch, beside which stands
 The fire-eyed fiend, awaiting his commands.
 Mute is their commune, of whose meaning naught
 I gather, for hell's language is of thought ;
 And Effalin, eager now to consummate
 The cruel rite, with dagger diamond bright,
 From her soft neck the kerchief rudely rends,
 And, flaming-foreheaded as some fierce Fate,
 Above the innocent breathing bosom bends—
 When, hark ! through the dark—
 For the moon has plunged in sudden vapors black—
 The trampling of a horseman on their track !
 'Tis he ! 'tis Eginard, armed and anguished ! mark !
 His mace has crushed the door—he inward flies—
 " Bertha ! " he cries, " 'tis I ! awake—arise !
 If thou art here, awaken, ever dear !
 If thou art here, whoever holds thee dies ! "
 Instant his voice revivifies the past—
 She called him from above ; the gloomy stair
 Is mounted, and resistless stands he there
 Armed, in the moon, now shining on the pair,
 Clasp'd heart to heart. He holds her back—his sword
 Already the black sorcerer's breast has gored,
 And hurled him to the ground—when, unaware—
 O hellish horror ! heralding despair—
 The smoky fiend, impalpable as air,
 Benuais the arm of Eginard, and the blade
 Plunges in the white bosom of the maid,
 Whose lover now has lost the power to dare.
 Hell has prevailed ! the hero, shining mailed,
 Totters ; the fiend has raised the underground
 Ministers, and they wake the winds around :
 Sinks on the scene a sudden gloom appalling—
 Thunders, as of a sky on earth flat falling—
 A hidden combat, anguished voices calling—
 Then lightning, launched from a low, angry cloud,
 Wraps the lost lovers in its burning shroud.

T. C. IRWIN.

DRESS AND FASHION.

The *costume* has definitely triumphed over the attempts to dethrone it ; and it is so convenient, so becoming, and admits of such wonderful variations and modifications—from the fresh simplicity of a young girl's dress, to the distinction and elegance of a *grande dame*—that we can only wonder why there should have been any endeavor to do away with the style so easily made suitable to the appearance and circumstances of any lady.

Nothing can be more charming than the white muslin dresses worn over color, or even colored muslins trimmed with white. The all-round skirt is generally with one deep flounce, edged with lace, and headed by a puffing, or several small flounces, the upper one only having a heading. The colored bodices intended to be worn under these dresses are generally open *en cœur*, the vacancy being filled up with plaited muslin. The sleeves are coat-shape, the over ones of muslin being wide and large. Tunics and overskirts, of endless variety in form and disposition, are worn. The *manteau de cour* continues still the *grande toilette par excellence*, and the graceful manner in which they are looped, so as to form only a long tunic for out-door wear, adds considerably to their charm and convenience.

Lace increases in favor from day to day. It is even employed for morning ; but in this case it is Valenciennes or Cluny only, or in one of the myriad shapes of *écru*.

The materials for tunics are charming in design and color. The "Pompadour" style coming rapidly into vogue, admits of most graceful colorings and dispositions. They quite recal the days of our great-grandmothers ; and many materials that have been lying by unnoticed for years in our wardrobes are being turned to account. Chintzes, that have until lately only been considered fit for furniture, we now constantly see employed for these tunics. We noticed one the other day of alternate white and pink stripes, very wide, the white stripe being nearly covered with small rosebuds. Another was a black ground, closely covered with trailing sprays of bright-colored small flowers and leaves. These tunics are very *bouffantes*, while those made of plain materials are very much scantier.

The elegant fashion of trimming with a different shade of the color, or simply the same shade in a different material, is very much adopted.

Gold trimmings also are very much worn, interspersed with black or color, for trimming black silk dresses, but have not nearly so *distingué* an effect on colored silk. Most charming little *palétots* and *sorties de bal*, made of white or black *cachemire* are so profusely trimmed with gold braid as nearly to hide the original material.

There is no difference in the form of bonnets worth chronicling ; though, of course, the materials are more diaphanous, and the colors employed much lighter for this month. Feathers, especially *marabouts*, will be much worn for full-dress bonnets. We saw one the other day, seemingly formed of a scarf of *tulle* over the crown, drawn together by a humming-bird in a nest of white *marabouts*. From under this nest fell a long spray of rosebuds and trailing foliage over the back hair. The ends of the scarf were lightly fastened on the breast by a small rose, half hidden under a *marabout*.

The most charming muslin and *tulle fichus* are worn trimmed with lace and embroidery in an endless variety of form and style ; many are intended for out-door wear. The prettiest of these are round at the back, open *en cœur* with long ends in the front, and trimmed all round with muslin and lace frills ; they either have a little hood of the same, or a square collar, so as to make them rather thicker on the shoulders.

Lace shawls or *pointes*—that is, half shawls—will be much worn. Some ladies, especially elderly ones, wear them in their original form ; others have them arranged so as quite to disguise their primary shape.—*Le Follet*.

In Bermingham, last week, snow fell for nearly an hour.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DEATH OF THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN

Was an event as unexpected as it is regretted. Mr. Bulfin had borne himself honorably and well in the various spheres wherein his lot had been cast, and earned the esteem of the multitude and the love of friends. When the highest ambition of a corporator had been gratified by his elevation to the chief magistracy of the city which had witnessed his career, and when in that position his judgment and courtesy had completed the measure of his reputation, the Angel of Death suddenly smote him with his sword. Although none may murmur against the mysterious dispensations of Providence, it is impossible to refrain from expressions of regret at a loss so unexpected. By the time the EMERALD is in the hands of its readers, the funeral will have taken place, and will, no doubt, be as worthy of the city as of the departed, and a sufficient testimony of the estimation in which Mr. Bulfin was held.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE

is being presented by the Tichborne trial. The plaintiff claims to be a certain Roger Tichborne, who left Europe in 1833, and having escaped death from drowning by the foundering of a ship at sea, and perils of various kinds in the wilds of South America and amongst the gold diggers of Australia, at length, in 1867, comes back to England, and claims the title and estates of the Tichborne baronetcy. The evidence, as might be supposed, in a matter that is entirely a question of identity, is conflicting; and the cross-examination of the claimant as to his remembrance of events, chiefly trifles, in the youthful career of Roger Tichborne, is one of the severest and most searching on record. As the case still proceeds—and indeed is likely to continue for some months longer—we can offer no opinion on it.

"PRETTY POLL"

has been the occasion of an easy and natural judicial recreation in the Nisi Prius Court. Two ladies, residing in Finlas, in the neighborhood of Dublin, each had the grievous misfortune to lose a gray parrot. A gray parrot was found at Whitehall, which is convenient to the residences of both Mrs. Farrelly and Miss Plunkett, each of whom had lost a gray parrot. Mrs. Farrelly's gray parrot had a red tail, and the bird discovered had also a red tail. But, then, Miss Plunkett was enabled to show that her gray parrot had that not uncommon appendage, and resembled accurately the new-found biped. The difficulties of the Tichborne case were nothing to those of this one regarding the identity of the parrot. Finally, Mrs. Farrelly instituted proceedings in the Recorder's Court for the recovery of the bird, of which Miss Plunkett had obtained possession. The Recorder dismissed the case, when Mrs. Farrelly appealed to the Court of Nisi Prius, where Judge Morris affirmed the decision of the Recorder, and the bird remained in the hands of Miss Plunkett, on the good old legal principle, we presume, that possession is nine points of the law. We are surprised that it did not occur to some distinguished member of the Irish Bar to cross-examine the parrots in court, after first receiving from the bereaved mistresses sworn depositions of what each bird had been taught to say. In any case, the matter is an amusing instance of how far some people are prepared to go in their assertion of the rights of property. If the parrot had been ours, no matter how great our affection for it, or how profound our admiration of its red tail, we would have rather given the cost of the appeal for the placing of an orphan, or some other work of charity, than let it fly away from us into the pockets of the lawyers on the wings of a gray parrot.

A PERSIAN CAT,

however, has outdone the parrot altogether, by puzzling a London magistrate out of all hope of decision. A white Persian cat, exposed by a dealer in live animals in Seven-

dials, was claimed by two families, each of which had lost such an animal. The matter was brought into court by the first claimant, and the cat, making a horrible mewing, with the uttermost contempt for the court, was brought in in a basket, and identified by the plaintiff and his cousin. But the solicitor for the defendant produced an old lady named Randall, who claimed to have had the cat in her possession ever since it was a kitten. Mr. Berry's servant, however, had known the cat ever since it was "a child." As a sur-rejoinder to this, Miss Randall invited the court to see the animal embrace her. Mr. Flowers was so puzzled that he dismissed the summons. If we happened to have sat in the magisterial chair on the occasion, we should forthwith have ordered the Persian animal to be released from the basket, and allowed to go where it listed, when in all probability it would have immediately run home.

MISS JEX BLAKE

has been defender in an action for libel, of which Mr. Edward Craig, medical student in the university of Edinburgh, is pursuer. Our readers will remember the disgraceful riot got up by the male medical students of Edinburgh, on the 18th of last November, as a demonstration against their female fellow-students. In alluding to this riot at a meeting held in February of this year, Miss Jex Blake said that she knew Dr. Christison's class-assistant had been a leader in the riot, and that the foul language which he used could only be explained on the supposition she had heard asserted, that he was intoxicated. Her phrase having been objected to, she replied that if it were preferred that she should say the person who had used such language was sober, she should be satisfied. Mr. Craig, the young man referred to, was not present at the meeting when Miss Jex Blake's speech was made; but, having read the report of it, he, through his lawyers, demanded an apology. No apology was offered, and the case came to trial last week on the issues as to whether such words had been spoken, and whether they were "false and calumnious, to the loss, injury, and damage of the pursuer." The case occupied two days, and the evidence showed the very disgraceful character of the riot which took place. The result of the trial was, however, that the judge directed the jury that on the issues brought before them they must find for the pursuer, which they did, with a farthing damages. Perhaps Mr. Craig feels satisfied at the estimation the jury have given of the amount of damage his character has suffered from Miss Blake's severe words.

A MARRIAGE AFTER DEATH

is a "notion" so strange that it could be only possible to the Yankee brain. A romantic young lady in the State of Maine, it is said, recently attended a séance, and implored to be told if the spirit of her departed lover were present. The spirit rapped out readily the assurance of his vicinity, and added a warm expression of his desire to be (spiritually) united to her in the bonds of matrimony for this world and the next. The sweet girl, blushing and trembling, but yet anxious to meet the fond aspirations of her beloved, consented. A justice of the peace was called in, and with the aid of a few raps all was quickly accomplished, and the maiden converted into the bride. The enthusiasm of the "circle" was naturally ardent; but it has been damped on hearing of the claim now laid by the spirit's wife to a widow's share of the property of the departed gentleman.

MADNESS AMONG MEN

seems on the increase. No less than two in the vicinity of Dublin have turned the innate ferocity of the masculine nature against themselves during the past week. Seriously, the perpetual recurrence of suicide, which is the peculiar blot of the nineteenth century, is alarming. One man rushes into a butcher's shop in Rathmines, seizes a knife from the block, and stabs himself five times in the region of the heart. This not despatching him quickly enough, he

exerts his remaining strength in hacking himself with a cleaver. Another quietly proceeds to a lonely road called South Lotts, with a razor in his pocket, and in the darkness of night essays to part soul and body by cutting his throat. He is heard moaning behind a ditch by two passer-by, who, imitating the example of the Good Samaritan, endeavor to bind up his wounds and convey him to a hospital. It is awful to think of the blind desire of rushing out of the world which has of late become so common ; but, alas ! we are powerless to suggest a remedy. We suspect that the constant use of intoxicating drinks has a great deal to do with the diseased state of mind which suggests self-destruction in most cases.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN

is a question it might be hard to answer, judging from the subjoined extract from the London police intelligence :—
“ At Marlborough-street police court, London, on Monday, Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. Charles Beresford, No. 30, Charles-street, St. James's square, and Mr. John Leslie, gentleman, were charged before Mr. Knox with stealing from No. 4, Regent-street a marble sundial, the property of Mr. Hartley, marble merchant, No. 4, Regent-street, and Earl's-street, Westminster. Mr. Alsop appeared for the defendants. Police-constable Harding, C 28, said that at half-past one that morning he was on duty in Berkeley-square, when he saw a cab stop near Gunter's, from which the three defendants alighted. The defendant Charles Beresford had a marble image covered with a coat, and was walking away with it, when upon seeing him he dropped it. He spoke to the defendant Charles Beresford, and asked him why he had taken the image away from No. 4, Regent-street. The defendant replied, “ For a lark,” adding that he had intended to take it to Aldershot. In reply to Mr. Knox, the constable said the defendants did not appear to be intoxicated. Mr. Hartley, marble merchant, of No. 4, Regent-street, said the dial, which was of the value of £5, was fixed in a niche at the side of the doorway, on a column, inside the iron railings, and he considered it would cost 50s. to replace it in the same situation and condition it was in before it was damaged. It was quite safe on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Alsop said the fact was the defendant Charles Beresford removed the dial for a joke, and having got possession of it put it into the cab where the other gentlemen were. The other defendants, on going to the station with Charles Beresford, were taken into custody. The constable said when he took the defendant Charles Beresford he told the other two they must consider themselves in custody. Mr. Alsop said none of the defendants would repudiate any liability they had incurred. It was clear the sundial had not been taken with any felonious intention, but merely for a lark, and he submitted that the defendant who had removed it should be allowed to pay the damage and to replace the sundial on the pedestal, this offer having been made before the case came on. The whole proceeding was an idle lark, and the defendants had instructed him to express their regret, and to state that had they not been dining too liberally the matter would not have occurred. Mr. Knox could assure the defendants that the time for gentlemen doing such things had gone by—had, in fact, gone by before they were born. The defendants might have found themselves at the sessions taking their trial on a charge of felony, and if even they got off, they would, besides the disgrace, have had to suffer the ridicule which would be certain to attach to such an act. In dealing with the case as one of wilful damage, the amount of damage would be apportioned among the defendants ; but they would have to pay the full penalty of £5, or undergo one month's imprisonment each. The fine and amount of damage were immediately paid.”

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN,

a military hero, holding the rank of captain, ill-treats his wife, and when she takes steps to procure a separation from

him and acquire the means of independent support, he writes two or three letters to her solicitor threatening to shoot him if he persevered in championing the injured woman's cause. The solicitor wisely swore informations against him ; and notwithstanding that the captain made an abject apology in court, the magistrate very properly committed the hero for trial.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND,

it is said, is about to brighten his lonely mansion by the presence of a spouse, worthy in every way to share his well-won title and honors, and fitted to add grace to his hospitalities. The lady who is the object of his lordship's choice is the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Townley, of Townley, Lancashire. The Townley is one of the old English Catholic families, whom the fear of penal laws could not induce to surrender their convictions ; and the lady who is to be Baroness O'Hagan is related both by blood and marriage to several of the most aristocratic houses Great Britain can boast of. It will be not out of place here if we wish happiness to the union, and hope that it will bear fruit in an heir to perpetuate the recently created peerage.

THE CATHOLIC LADIES OF IRELAND,

having determined to present an address of sympathy to the Pope, the committee superintending the arrangements decided on making the address a work of art, and with true patriotism, resolved not to go outside the shores of Ireland for artists. The result is that the illuminated title-page and the borders enclosing the address are simply exquisite. The style is ancient Celtic, the design an adaptation of the illustrations of the famous Book of Kells. Beyond all praise is the execution of the work by some of the pupils of the King's Inn-street schools. For several weeks past the rooms in which the illuminators and transcribers have been at work have reminded visitors much more of the *scriptorium* of a mediæval convent than of the halls of a parochial school. That so beautiful a work has been produced is eminently due to the exquisite taste of Miss White, herself an accomplished artist, who has spared neither time nor trouble in superintending its progress.

HER RESTING PLACE.

Where the willow droopeth lowly
In the quiet, green churchyard,
Where the silver streamlet slowly
Threads its way through velvet sward,
Where the flowers spring and blossom,
Earliest of the year and best—
On the calm earth's peaceful bosom
Lay our darling down to rest.

There the sunshine will fall sweetest
On her pure, untroubled sleep ;
There the mourner (as is meetest)
Shall have quietude to weep ;
There the birds shall tune their voices
Unto strains the tenderest ;
There no clang of worldly noises
Shall disturb our darling's rest.

Bear the palled coffin slowly,
Up the valley, through the wood,
To that spot so fair and holy
In its peaceful solitude :
There among the flowers make her
Conch upon the green earth's breast ;
So, till God's own voice shall wake her,
Sweetly shall our darling rest.

THOMAS F.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE IRISH ACADEMY CONCERT.

The Annual Pupils' Concert of the Irish Academy of Music came off in the Antient Concert Rooms, on Monday afternoon, before a large and attentive audience. The object of these annual concerts is, of course, to show the progress made by the pupils generally, as well as to introduce to public notice those who intend adopting the musical profession. Judged from the former point of view the concert was highly successful, especially in the instrumental department. The band of juveniles acquitted themselves creditably in the brilliant and popular overture to *Semiramide*, which, for them, must be considered extremely difficult. We can notice a vast improvement in Master Johnston, whose performance of some airs from *Lucia* leads us to express an opinion that he will yet be a really good violinist. Master Collins, too, has made considerable progress. He took a good tone from the violoncello, besides exhibiting power of expression; but, in the higher shifts, his intonation is not yet perfect. This is a fault, however, which he can overcome by practice; as in the passages lying on the part of the instrument over which he has acquired command, he played well in tune. But it is in the piano-forte class that the highest results have been obtained. Miss Louisa Thomas, Miss Courtenay, Miss Wright, Miss Mulvany, and Miss Montgomery, all gave evidence not only of native ability and steady industry, but of the careful supervision and intelligent teaching they have received. Miss Montgomery, in especial, we desire to single out, partly because of her extreme youth, and partly because of the great advance she has made since last year, when, if our remembrance be correct, she played a rondo by Beethoven. On this occasion one by Hummel was selected for her, the performance of which was capital. Miss Mulvany was set down to a Capriccio in B from the learned pen of Mendelssohn, and we must say she interpreted it respectably, and in overcoming its difficulties evinced considerable command of the instrument. We would have preferred hearing Miss Wright in music of a higher class than Silas's "Halte et Chasse," before forming an opinion on her merits. As it was, however, we were able to discern unusual vigor of finger for a lady, and decisive briskness of execution. The vocal department of the Academy is its weak point. Amongst the young ladies put forward on Monday afternoon we fail to discern the material for even one great singer. This is no fault of the Academy. The Italians have a proverb—"It is the voice that makes the singer"—and though it is only partially true, nevertheless, a voice is a great matter in a vocalist. Miss Bessie Craig, who has been singing at some of our recent high-class concerts, and who is rapidly developing into an artist, has an organ of delightful quality, but lacking the power so essential to a great vocalist. Nevertheless, she bids fair to take a front rank among local singers. Schira's song, "Sognai," which was set down for her, gave little opportunity for display. Mozart's ever welcome "Mi tradia" was essayed by Miss O'Hea, not so successfully as we would have wished. It seemed just a little above her resources, and in places the strain upon her voice resulted in defective intonation. Miss Sophia Smith had another difficulty to encounter in "Let the bright seraphim," which did not end in a triumph. We know of the nervousness which accompanies a first appearance, and the deleterious effect it produces on the voice, and we are quite willing to make every allowance in these matters to a young singer. Nevertheless, we repeat, the Academy has not at present got hold of the materials for a great singer; and this is the more strange, since first-rate voices, if not as plenty as blackberries, are hardly so scarce as diamonds in Dublin. We rather think the phenomenon arises from the indifference displayed by the general public to the opportunities afforded by the Irish Academy of Music—an indifference which reflects discredit, not on the Academy, but the Dublin public. We would like to know, by-the-by, why

the Academy does not open its vocal classes to men. It will hardly be disputed that such a movement would be a step in the right direction, unless it be intended that male singers for Ireland must always be imported.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON.

The chief feature of the past week has been the revival of *Roberto il Diavolo* at Drury-lane theatre. As to the perfection of band and chorus it is sufficient to say that they were under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. The vocal novelty was the *basso profundo*, M. Belval, who made his first appearance on the Italian stage in the part of Bertram. He has been for some years the leading basso at the Grand Opera in Paris, and is essentially French in his style of singing and acting. He has an imposing stage presence, and his make-up as the fiend was perfect. He will be invaluable in all operas requiring a deep-toned bass. Signor Nicolini, who has played *Roberto* in Madrid in Italian opera, made a very favorable impression in a very arduous tenor part, in which few singers have succeeded, and none to the extent of the original representative, Nourrit—for even Duprez was not equal to his predecessor in *Roberto*, whilst in *Raoul* he surpassed Nourrit. Signor Rinaldini's singing of *Rambaldo* was worthy of praise. Mdlle. Titiens as *Alice* and Mdlle. di Murska as *Isabella* are delineations familiar to the Dublin public, and so require no comment.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Herr Ernst Pauer, whom the Monthly Popular Concerts of the Messrs. Gunn have made acquainted with appreciative Irish audiences, gave a concert on Friday last at the Hanover Square Rooms, London, which was well attended. M. Strauss, the violinist, was very successful in an elaborate improvisation on one of Schumann's songs. Indeed he was never heard to greater advantage. The concert-giver played his own *Variations sérieuses* on Handel's *Samson* in a really fine style, as indeed is his wont with everything he undertakes. Madame Drasdil among the singers was most successful.

The appearance of Sivori, Paganini's pupil (who, by the way, does not receive in Dublin the attention he should), at the London Philharmonic on Monday, was most welcome. Some years ago the musical world was horrified to hear that his carriage had been upset, himself badly hurt, and one, if not two, of his precious violins smashed. He does not appear either in limb or fiddle to have suffered permanently, and in his astonishing performance of Paganini's long violin concerto, called the "Concerto del Campanello"—from the little bell that comes in continually during the last movement—roused the admiration and plaudits of the room. The music itself is pretentious and poor, but well calculated to show off those peculiar manoeuvres of bowing and fingering which were the creations of Paganini, and which Sivori is better able to reproduce in the spirit of the great departed prince of violinists than any other person living. Sivori never seems to get any older, and has certainly lost none of his execution, finish, or fire. The performance of Mozart's easy G minor Symphony was not up to the mark. The bass violins were seldom up to time, and the last movement was unsteady. A long overture, "Cymbeline," by Mr. Cipriani Potter, was one of the features of the Philharmonic. The composer is certainly one of the most eminent musicians now living. He was the intimate friend of Beethoven, and for twenty-seven years Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, from which office he retired in 1859. His influence in England has been for more than half a century wide-spread and beneficial, and his compositions might have been more heard had they not been first produced in an age of musical giants—Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rossini, etc. But it is time that the present generation should hear such work as Mr. Potter has put into "Cymbeline," dated 1836, and still in MS. It is downright good, solid, and powerful writing.

The *matinée* of the Musical Union in St. James's Hall,

London, on the 6th, introduced a new pianist, who had attained a high reputation in Paris, both as a composer and executant—M. de Saint-Saëns, organist of the Madeleine. The gentleman is a sound player, but his selections were somewhat trifling. The return of Leopold Auer, the violinist, is a great event for the Musical Union, where, when a mere youth, in 1863, he played previously. The Hungarian is now one of the greatest players of the age. His tone is rich, round, and sonorous, intonation perfect, and execution without a flaw. Anything finer than his leading in the Rasoumoffsky quartette of Beethoven (No. 8, op. 59) was never heard.

Mr. Walter Macfarren gave his third *matinée* in the Hanover Square Rooms, at which he brought forward some of his own compositions. M. Sainton, the great French violinist, was the chief attraction. The Drury-lane opera company give a Saturday concert in the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, weekly. Mr. Ganz, who is favorably known as a composer, gave a concert in St. James's Hall, for which a formidable programme was produced, with the items intrusted to quite a crowd of first-rate artists, such as Signori Miolan-Cavalho, Viardot-Gracia, Edith Wynne, Grossi, Patey, Monbelli, Liebhart, Scalchi, and Sessi; and Messrs. Santley, Stockhausen, Müller, Gardoni, and Cotogni; with Madame Norman Neruda for solo violinist. Mr. Brinley Richards also gave a concert; so did Apthomas the harpist; and even the Tonic Sol-Fa Association came before the public, with a select choir of 1,500 voices.

THE DRAMA.

The French company whom we noticed as playing in the Lyceum theatre, London, and which used to be that of the Vaudeville theatre in Paris, has been succeeded by the company from the Variétés house in the same city. The pieces played by the latter are, as a rule, shorter and funnier than those of the former company—in fact, partaking more of the nature of farce than of comedy. One of their prettiest pieces is a one-act trifle, entitled "*Le Copiste*," of the plot of which we subjoin a sketch. An old man, Pernet, whose wife is dead, and whose only daughter has been lost to him since her infancy, finds her again as a dashing *jeune première* at a Paris theatre, under the name of Juliette. Poor and old, and almost starving, the old man dares not discover himself to his daughter, but hangs about the stage door watching her as much as he can, and earning a scanty livelihood by copying plays for the theatre. Maxener, a young author, has written a piece for the stage in which a long-lost daughter recovers her father, and is so dissatisfied at the manner in which Mdlle. Juliette plays some of the scenes that he is on the point of giving over the part to another actress, when she comes herself to rehearse in his room, where Pernet is copying some of the scenes of the piece. The actor who was to play the father being absent, Maxener, who has been told the old man's secret, asks him to take the part of the father for the nonce. Pernet, in rehearsing, finds the words assigned to him much too cold, and, as before, they produce no effect on Juliette; but, breaking out of the trammels of his part, he discloses himself in a burst of passion which causes Mdlle. Juliette to rush into his arms in a manner that astonishes as much as it delights the author, and the curtain falls upon the happy group, leaving matters in that state, in which so many French pieces end, when all is satisfactory, though nothing is concluded. M. Lesneur's acting as Pernet is very fine; and we must go back to the days of the elder Farren to find such pathos in a light piece.

Another of the successes of this company has been "*Les Pommes du Voisin*," a four-act work of that prolific French dramatist, the late Victor Sardou. The plot is slight; but the drollery of the acting and ludicrousness of the situations keep the house in perpetual mirth. That our readers may form a notion for themselves of what simple materials good artists can produce wonderful effects with, we give a sketch of the plot. Larosière, an avocat at Dijon, who has spent

his entire life in study, and from a schoolboy been considered the very pink of propriety, is discovered, at the opening of the piece, endeavoring to pay his "matrimonial addresses" to Mdlle. Angélique. Puyseul, a dissipated Parisian friend of M. Larosière, finds himself at Dijon, fleeing from the vengeance of Paola, a passionate young Italian, who had formerly been connected with him by tender relations, but who has just married M. Limouroux, a rich jeweller of the Faubourg Poissonnière. The young lady herself is also in the town, disguised as a student. Larosière, becoming excited in conversation with Puyseul, expresses a desire, before uniting his fortunes with those of Mdlle. Angélique, to indulge in one, just one, youthful fling—merely by way of seeing what it is like—one attempt upon the *pommes du voisin*. Puyseul, struck with the notion, and with the extreme innocence and simplicity of Larosière, determines to play off the revengeful Paola upon the unhappy advocate. In course of time M. Limouroux arrives from Paris in search of his wife, and, guided by the perfidious Puyseul, breaks into her room at the hotel, where Larosière, who has called to return her the false passport with which she is travelling, and which had dropped out of her pocket, is discovered, and, flying in company with Paola, is chased by Limouroux and a crowd of followers. The flight and pursuit of Paola and the unhappy and innocent Larosière form the entire action of the remainder of the piece. The make-up and acting of Larosière are funny beyond description; and his gradually increasing despair, as he fancies his position more and more desperate, is a triumph of comic acting. The fugitives, having broken through a partition (burglary) into the next apartment, disguise themselves in the clothes of the occupier (theft), and after many adventures find themselves on the roof of a house, whence they throw down one of their pursuers (murder). Making good their escape, they arrive at an inn, where, after innumerable windings and hidings—in the course of which Larosière takes refuge in a flour bin, and imagines that his companion has been baked in an oven—they are, at last, tracked down by their pursuers, and in some way, which the uncontrollable laughter of the audience rendered it difficult clearly to understand, everything was satisfactorily, if not very naturally, concluded.

MY BOY.

I.

Playing so merrily,
Laughing so cheerily,
Making the house ring with infantine glee,
Clapping his hands with joy,
Bright smiles my bonny boy;
Oh, those sweet smiles! they are sunshine to me.

II.

In his wee cot at night,
Closing those eyes so bright,
Softly he slumbers, my beautiful boy!
Still round his lips, the while,
Hovers that witching smile,
Flooding my soul with a rapture of joy.

HOFFNUNG.

Henri Rochefort has become a marquis, in consequence of the death of his father, who has just departed this life, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. He is said to have been a Legitimist, and to have died in absolute want. More than forty years ago he married a well-known pastrycook woman, *la mère Morel*, by whom he had the present marquis and two daughters.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN No. 1.

In submitting following solution I cordially echo its sentiment, *Welcome Emerald*.

W allac E
E ncomiu M
L ov E
C andou R
O meg A
M il L
E meral D

Trusting this is entitled to a place as a "correct solution" in your second number, I am, sir,—KATE.

[Kate's solution is correct, except in the second light, which should be EarldoM.—ED. E.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

1. "She lay
With her fair head in the dim yellow light,
Among the dancing shadows of the birds."
2. "In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Here ———'s earth returned to whence it rose."
3. "And have you lost your heart?" *she* said.
4. "Come, let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!"
5. "To you
I owe the most in money and in love."
6. "Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day."
'But thou, light-winged . . . of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first a lady pure and saintly,
Whose footsteps we but follow faintly;
My second, of all nooks the fairest
In this sweet Island, and the rarest;
And in my whole you'll surely find
Both health and happiness combined.

1. A king of the East,
2. And the end of a beast,
3. An American station,
4. And a mark of negation,
5. A primitive hue,
And material too,
6. A charm in fair ladies,
7. This name for a maid is.

HOFFNUNG.

THE GARDEN.

ROSES.

All roses, to do themselves justice, must have a rich soil. The hardier and robuster kinds do well in deep alluvial loams, and will not object to heavy clayey land if well manured, and not too wet and cold. The Chinas, and many of the Hybrids, when on their own roots, must have a lighter, warmer, better-drained soil, with a considerable proportion of sand and rotten animal and vegetable remains. In theory, all roses may be propagated by cuttings; in practice, non-professional gardeners find this impossible with certain kinds, such as the Mosses, the Provence, and the Cabbage Yellow. Many Hybrids, the Bourbons, the Chinas, the Noisettes, and others, strike readily, especially if assisted by a hand-light and bottom-heat. Species like the Cabbage Yellow, which will neither bud nor strike well, must be in-

creased by layers, the shoot being "tongued." The grafting of roses is mostly practised by market-gardeners, for forcing for sale. By far the most prevalent mode of propagation is by budding on the *Rosa Canina*, or common Dog Rose, which is much the best for general purposes. The robust "Red, Red Rose" of Scotland, which grows so vigorously in the valleys of the Grampians, merits a fair and extensive trial as a stock whereon to bud vigorous varieties.

Budding may be performed from June to September. Suppose that in July, after a thunderstorm, you receive a twig of a matchless rose. Take it in your left hand; look out for a plump, healthy, dormant bud; cut off the leaf, leaving half an inch of the foot stalk; insert your knife a quarter or a third of an inch above the bud; cut downwards, and bring it out a quarter of an inch below; remove with your thumbnail the woody portion, leaving a small shield of bark with a bud in the centre. This is the bud you want to make row on your briar. To keep it moist, while you are preparing its new resting-place, you may drop it, if you like, into a glass of water.

On the branch to be budded, make two slits in the bark like the two straight lines which form the letter T. The perpendicular stroke will run along the branch, and terminate where it springs from the main stem; it must be a little longer than the bud you intend to insert. The horizontal stroke will be formed by a cut across the branch, and must be a little wider than the bud. Cut through the bark, without dividing the wood beneath. With the handle of your budding-knife, gently push or lift the bark on each side of the perpendicular slit, or stem of the T, so as to cause its rise. You may do it with your thumb-nails if you choose. Do nothing that can injure or irritate the interior of the wound. If you poke inside it, and plough up the skin, you will injure its delicate organization, and in nine cases out of ten lose your bud. Instead of that, the bark once raised, take the bud and slip it in gently till it reaches its place. Be as quick as if you wished to spare your patient's sufferings. It is really a surgical operation. The bud once settled between the divided bark, bind up the wound with a ligature of softest lamb's wool. Mr. Rivers advises cotton twist, such as the tallow-chandlers use for the wicks of candles; the finest quality is best. If you have not been clumsy, the bud will grow; and then you must unbind it, and let nothing else grow on the briar either at top or bottom. At the end of two or three summers you will have a handsome-headed rose-tree, from which you may gather basketfuls of bouquets, if you prune it properly—which sometimes consists in abstaining from pruning it.

INTERESTING NOTES.

M. Ambrose Thomas is named as the successor of M. Auber at the Paris Conservatoire.

The School for Scandal is in rehearsal at the St. James's Theatre, for which Mr. Barry Sullivan is engaged.

It is stated that Mme. Adelina Patti will not go to America until next year.

Mr. Charles Mathews will, it is stated, spend two years in America, visiting all accessible portions of that continent. He then proposes to return, and take his farewell of the English stage.

It is said that an Industrial Exhibition will be held next year at Moscow, in honour of the 200th anniversary of Peter the Great. The boat of the great Emperor, which is still kept in a good state of preservation at St. Petersburg, will be shown in the naval department.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce for appearance next week the new novel, entitled "Squire Arden," by Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "Salem Chapel," etc.

The *Musical Standard* says, that M. Louis-Aimé Maillart, the popular French composer, is recently deceased at Moulins.

The light to be exhibited on the great clock tower o Westminster during the sitting of Parliament, will not be a lime light, but the magneto-electric light, which is much more brilliant.

Professor Richard Mulder, accompanied by his wife, Madame Mulder-Fabbri, his adopted daughter Anna Elzer, a clever singer of twelve years of age, and Herr Jacob Müller, first baritone of the Frankfort Opera, is at present in England, on the way to New York, where the party will fulfil an engagement of several years.

Mr. C. Hallé has been engaged to play at the Beethoven Festival, to be held at Bonn, in August.

It is stated that Vivier, the renowned French horn player, received the sum of six hundred guineas for playing four pieces at a concert recently given at the mansion of Lady Castleton.

Aida, a new opera by Verdi, will probably be brought out at La Scala, Milan.

Wieniawski, the violinist, has, it is reported, accepted a two years' engagement from Herr Ullman, the first year to be passed in Europe at a salary of 5,000 francs per month, and the second year in America, at the rate of 10,000 francs per month.

Balfe's opera of *Letty the Basket Maker* is in rehearsal at the Gaiety Theatre.

Miss Faithfull is about to give three lectures with readings at the Salle de Lecture, Regent-street, commencing June 27th, on "Our English Poets," "American Poets," and "Prose Writing Poets."

The remains of the Italian patriot, poet, and scholar, Ugo Foscolo, were on Wednesday exhumed at Chiswick churchyard, for the purpose of being conveyed to Ganta Moel, Florence. The Italian Minister, the Commendatore Cadorna, the Commissioner Signor Bargoni, the attachés to the Embassy, and all the most distinguished Italians in London, together with many English gentlemen, assembled round the grave. The body was intact, and the features still perfect. At the foot of the grave stood the doctor who had attended the great Italian in his last hours, and also the hairdresser who used to shave him; and they at once simultaneously exclaimed, "That's the man!" The skin, which was now of a pale gray colour, remained unshrunk, and effectually hid all traces of the skeleton, the pores and textures being also uninjured. With a view of making a historical painting, Signor Caldesi took a photograph of the body.

Father Hyacinthe, who is at present in Rome, recently wrote to Mgr. de Merode, asking for an interview with the Pope. The request was refused.

Miss Nightingale's new work, entitled "Introductory Notes on Lying-in Institutions; together with a Proposal for Organizing an Institution for Training Midwives and Midwifery Nurses," is in the press.

Herr Albert Glieman, a well-known portrait painter of Dresden, died on the 25th of last month; he was born at Walfenbüttel in 1821. Another German painter, Herr Joseph Petzol, died at Munich the other day, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a painter of *genre*.

A'arife Bey, chief interpreter of the Porte, Perten Effendi, and Ali Fuad Bey, are engaged, says the *Levant Herald*, on a translation into Turkish of Michaud's "History of the Crusades," and the first volume is completed. This is a subject which interests Osmanlies, and with which Ahmed Ufila Effendi was occupied. The present work is illustrated with many notes from Oriental sources.

Mr. Butterworth, the eminent law publisher, has agreed to present to St. Paul's Cathedral a magnificent alms-dish in silver gilt, two feet in diameter. It is to be similar in design to the altar-plate made for Mr. Sparrow Simpson, and already presented to the cathedral.

Mme. Caroline Schneider, who is well known under a *nom de plume* of Wilhelm Berg, is on a German translation of selected Dutch poems of all ages, accompanied by literary and historical notes.

COME TO ME NOW.

Come to me, now that winter has flown,
A *cuishe mo vuinneen!* my darling! my own!
Once more let me gaze in thy laughing blue eyes,
And read there my hopes as the lids slowly rise.

My bark may be tost
On life's troublous sea,
But it shall not be lost
If the rudder thou'lt be;

Though loudly the breakers around us should roar,
I'd steer through them safely with thee to the shore.

My spirit was dead till thy voice, like a song,
Woke echoes of hope which around my heart throng;
The griefs from my bosom soon melted away,
As snow 'neath the heat of the sun's genial ray.

Thy smile, like the spring,
All my joys can renew,
And hope to me bring
As refreshing as dew,

Making life seem as bright as a rose-wreathed bower
Where leaves richly perfumed come down in a shower.

The exile, returned, when the cottage appears
Where he played with the friends of his bright boyhood years,
Looks round him and smiles a sweet smile 'mid his pain,
As the scenes of the past throng around him again.

Thus life shall look bright
Though my sun should decline—
I'd live in the light

Of those bright eyes of thine!
Come then to the heart that is beating for thee,
And thy love shall be sacred as manna to me.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO CLEAN FEATHERS.—Cover the feathers with a paste made of pipe-clay and water, rubbing them one way only. When quite dry, shake off all the powder and curl with a knife. Grebe feathers may be washed with white soap in soft water.

TO RENEW VELVET.—Hold the velvet, pile downwards, over boiling water, in which two pennyworth of stone ammonia is dissolved, double the velvet (pile inwards), and fold it lightly together.

BRUNSWICK BLACK, which is an excellent varnish for grates, may be prepared in the following manner: Take 1 lb. of common asphaltum, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of linseed oil, 1 quart of oil of turpentine. Melt the asphaltum, and add gradually to it the other two ingredients. Apply this with a small painter's brush, and leave it to become perfectly dry. The grate will need no other cleaning, but will merely require dusting every day, and occasionally brushing with a dry black-lead brush. This is, of course, when no fires are used. When they are required, the bars, cheeks, and back of the grate will need black-leading in the usual manner.

RHUBARB TART.—Make a puff-crust; line the edges of a deep pie-dish with it, and wash, wipe, and cut the rhubarb into pieces about one inch long. Should it be old and tough, string it, that is to say, pare off the outside skin. Pile the fruit high in the dish, as it shrinks very much in the cooking; put in the sugar, cover with crust, ornament the edges, and bake the tart in a well-heated oven from half to three-quarters of an hour. If wanted very nice, brush it over with the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, then sprinkle on it some sifted sugar, and put it in the oven just to set the glaze: this should be done when the tart is nearly baked. A small quantity of lemon-juice, and a little of the peel, minced, are by many persons considered an improvement do the flavor of rhubarb tart.

BEE KEEPING.—IV.

Being now in the midst of the swarming season, it may be of some practical use to those interested in the subject if we put off our promised *drive*, and follow up the subject of swarming. We do this with some diffidence, as the ablest bee masters are not agreed as to the laws which guide the bee community; as to the starting of the first colony or swarm, and therefore we will not venture to lay down any certain data in the matter, but will point out some indications which may generally be looked for as preceding the coming off of the first swarm. It is only about the first swarm that there is a difficulty, for, as we shall show, the coming off of the after swarms may be easily ascertained almost to an hour, as in their case the bees are strict, and the procedure almost invariable. When we said that bee masters were not agreed as to the laws which direct the movement of the first swarm, we ought perhaps to explain, that even in the case of a first swarm there are laws on which all are and must be agreed, such as the necessity for room which forces part of the community to emigrate, a bright warm day, etc. But what puzzles bee masters in the case of the first swarm is, that very often it does not come off when all the indications seem to make it certain, and, on the other hand, that frequently when not anticipated a colony will take wing.

We stated before that it is always the old queen that leads off the first swarm, and were we inclined to be *spiteful*, and were this not a ladies' newspaper, we might try to cloak our own ignorance and gratify those who prate about female inferiority, by saying it was an instance of the caprice of the sex, but we believe it would be equally ungallant as untrue to say so, and therefore we can only account for the uncertainty and apparent capriciousness, by declaring that in our humble opinion the most learned of our brethren in bee economy are still, what we intended in our last article to have said Shakespeare was, "very innocent," not *ignorant*, "on the subject." Dear old Shakespeare! it quite gave us a qualm when we read that we had been made to say he was *ignorant* on any subject!

The queen appears to have a degree of sense or instinct which we often see wanting in those who boast of their reasoning powers, that is, to use a common phrase, she "knows when she is well enough," and is nearly always very unwilling to leave the hive. She may be generally seen on the alighting board for perhaps a minute or two, when the swarm is rushing out, in an agitated state, running to and fro, trying to get in again, and sometimes succeeding, but always unwilling, till forced, to take wing. Many of our readers will no doubt remember to have seen a swarm come off, and immediately go back again. This was caused by the old queen *slipping* back when the rush was past; the bees, not finding her among them in the air or on the bush, returning to the hive; in this case, the weather remaining favorable, they will come off later in the day or wait till the next day, and then they appear to make sure of her not giving them the slip again. We incline to the opinion that this unwillingness of the old queen to leave is in a great measure the cause of the uncertainty as to the starting of the first swarm; but we are forgetting that our object is not to speculate, and must not give way. We have several times seen the old queen carried out with the rush of bees and thrown to the ground, from which she was unable to rise, and have in two or three instances found her dead (we believe from previous exhaustion) under the hive into which we had put the swarm; the swarm, if she died, at once returning to the old hive. Some bees, however, might be seen for hours clinging lovingly about her. As we stated before, however, that we generally destroy the old queen as soon as we see her, for what we consider good and sufficient reasons, we do not often wait to observe what would follow.

As we have said, one invariable rule of swarming is want of room—this seems to be contravened in flat-topped hives. When the cork is taken out and room given above, it often (in three cases out of four), but not always, prevents swarming; when it does not prevent it, we believe it arises from the

fact that eggs are laid in the queen cells before the additional room is discovered, and the old queen is induced to leave without being permitted to destroy the embryo queens. When, therefore, as in round top (common) hives, no room can be given, a swarm may be expected when every cell in the hive is full of honey or brood, and there is no room for eggs. In this case the bees hang out idly in front, having no place to lay up their stores; they are waiting till one of the eggs is sufficiently developed for the bees to force the old queen to emigrate, and if the weather continues fine, a swarm comes off, but if the weather changes, the bees allow the queen to destroy the young queens still in the grub state, and swarming is deferred till more eggs can be laid and have time to come forward; this is the received theory on the subject. We do not say that we unhesitatingly receive it. Want of room is then the necessary pre-requisite to swarming, and sunshine and warmth are another. The appearance of drones is another almost invariable sign, though we have known a swarm come off before any drone appeared. We are, however, talking of the usual signs or indications to be looked for the evening before and the morning on which a swarm may be expected.

1. If the drones are flying about the entrance before ten a.m.
2. If there is a great crowding about the entrance, and a number of bees fanning in and running to and fro wildly on the alighting board.
3. If there is an unusual noise and hum in the hive the evening before.
4. If bees are observed flying about the windows and apparently looking for a hole or crevice in the wall.

These are the most reliable indications of the coming off of a *first* swarm, but as we have already said, they may all be observed, and yet no swarm issue forth, or it may come off without any of them being noticed.

There is no difficulty at all in determining when the after swarm will come off, but the instructions on this point we must defer till the next number.

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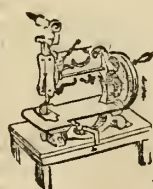
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SATURDAY, JUNE 24th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

POOR LAW REFORM.

AMONG the many social reforms which press more or less urgently for adoption, that of the laws for the relief of the destitute must take a front place. The subject itself is a large one, and presents varied aspects, about most of which there is much difference of opinion. We, however, mean to confine ourselves to but one—namely, that which sanctions the deportation of Irish poor from Great Britain.

It is a striking, and apparently inexplicable fact, that if a native of England or Scotland, residing in Ireland, be thrown on the taxpayers, they are obliged to support him till he chooses to leave the workhouse; while, on the other hand, if a native of Ireland, having settled in England or Scotland, and enriched Great Britain by the incessant labor of a quarter of a century, be compelled by lack of work to seek even temporary relief from the workhouse officials, he is unceremoniously deported to the nearest convenient port in Ireland, and thrown back on the taxpayers of the country which gave him birth, but which has been deprived of all the benefit accruing from his remunerative exertions during so long a period. Nay, more, if, having made up his mind to settle permanently in Great Britain, he takes to himself a Scotch or English wife, and that she bears to him a dozen of Scotch or English-born children, the moment the parent makes a claim upon the rates the whole family are doomed to exile without remedy—the English or Scotch-woman is severed from kith and kin; her little ones are transported from their native country, and shot like rubbish on some Irish quay, whence they are transferred to the parish of their sire, to live on the industry of ratepayers who have no opportunity of returning the compliment.

The manifest injustice of all this ought to be sufficient to raise an agitation which would compel any government in the world to remedy the inequality. Strange to say, however, it is not. But, besides the injustice, the operation of this one-sided law of deportation constantly offers instances of harshness—and even of positive cruelty—which are revolting alike to religion and humanity. The pages of the daily journals, for several years past, have frequently given evidence of such instances. But a short time ago two widows were kidnapped from their respective English homes—in which, by the way, their furniture and other property were left—and, along with their children, landed on the quay of Waterford, in punishment of the crime of

having sought a little out-door relief, to enable them to struggle on for awhile, until some of their children had come to the earning age, when their families would have been again rendered self-supporting. Now another instance is furnished by the report of the Poor Law Commissioners for Ireland, which in its wanton barbarity and cool audacity stands almost alone.

John Mailley and his wife Anne had been sixteen years away from Clifden, county Galway, where both had been born. They had settled in Dumbarton in Scotland. Anne Mailley kept a lodging-house for which she paid £6 a-year, besides taxes. Her husband becoming deprived of his senses, she had to solicit 3s. a-week outdoor relief, to eke out subsistence for herself and children along with the insufficient proceeds of a poor lodging-house. The children were aged respectively ten, eight, four, and one.

John Mailley was put into the lunatic ward of the Dumbarton workhouse, and the authorities discovered that he was an Irishman, married, and had four children; so they proceeded forthwith to put into action the law for the removal of the Irish poor. What followed has been so well described by a contemporary that we take the liberty of borrowing his words:—


“Mr. John M'Kay, Inspector of Poor, Dumbarton, notified to Anne Mailley that her husband would be removed to Ireland next day, and invited her to come and see him. Naturally enough the wife and children obeyed the summons. Determined to outshine Macbeth, Mr. M'Kay dared to do more than becomes a man. He actually locked up and forcibly detained all night, against protestation and entreaty, this poor woman and her four children, her youngest just twelve months old. In the morning he bundled the whole family off, and began the journey to Galway. The woman, who left home on the moment's thought, and who actually took a neighbor's shawl to cover her while she went to see her husband, was not allowed one second's liberty. She was retained in custody just as a woman who had committed murder. Her neighbors could not guess what had become of her and her children; and the guardians of the poor took no steps to inform them or protect the property of their victim. Meanwhile Mr. M'Kay and his party of six proceeded to Ireland, and on arriving at Belfast put up at the workhouse near that town. He told the master that Mailley was a laborer, and never hinted that he was a lunatic. We can fancy the feelings of this woman, torn from home and friends, and subsistence, exposed to the miseries of a steamer's deck, with a baby and three helpless children, her husband a wretched demented creature, and now thrust into a workhouse. Next morning the forced march was recommenced. But John Mailley scaled the walls, absconded from Mr. M'Kay, and has not since been heard of. Mr.

M'Kay had his warrant duly signed by Mr. Steele, substitute sheriff of Dumbarton, and by virtue of this document he proceeded, minus the husband, from Belfast to Galway. There he lodged his charge, and returned to Dumbarton. The guardians of the Galway Union soon discovered that the unhappy mother and the lost fugitive were born in Clifden and not in Galway; and immediately they communicated with the commissioners as to what they should do. The sublime principle of rigmarole was now vindicated. Files of correspondence ensued between the guardians in Galway and the commissioners, between the commissioners and the Lord Lieutenant, between the Lord Lieutenant and the Home Secretary, between the Home Secretary and the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, back again to the Lord Lieutenant, back again to the commissioners, to the Galway guardians, to Mr. M'Kay, to every human being who by locality, accident, or official jugglery could be supposed to know nothing at all about the business. Nineteen closely printed pages of a parliamentary return are occupied with the details of the little story, the real facts and circumstances of which could be related in five minutes. Mr. M'Kay defends himself and the system with quite a legal air. He quotes acts of parliament in the glibbest way. He endeavors to shield himself from censure for having forcibly pauperized a woman and her four children, by saying that when a husband becomes a pauper the whole family become paupers; and excuses his having entrapped and detained the woman by stating that he 'was informed on good authority that a strong resistance was to be made by a number of low-class Irish in the immediate neighborhood against Mrs. Mailley's removal.' He obtained a note from her landlord's agent that her furniture was worth only 5s., and that she owed that amount for rent. What business had this fellow to hunt up and pursue proofs of this woman's poverty? Does Mr. John M'Kay hold in the hollow of his hand the liberties of every person in Dumbarton? The whole business is a disgrace to legislation."

Of course it is a disgrace; and so will be all action taken under this law until the law itself be amended. The guardians of Galway have taken a step which, we apprehend, will have a powerful effect in bringing about such amendment. They have, in defiance of the existing law, reshipped Anne Mailley and her children back to Dumbarton; and in consequence the guardians of that place and the kind-hearted M'Kay will have an opportunity of bringing the matter into prominence in a court of law, where, though the Galway guardians are sure of defeat, the cause of Poor Law Reform is certain of a great triumph. But, nevertheless, even this action of the Galway guardians adds to the hardships Anne Mailley and her children have had to suffer; and her anguish is none the less poignant that her poor insane husband has never been heard of since the morning he scaled the walls of the Belfast workhouse.

AN EASTER LONG AGO.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

 STARTED for home at once; but with what different feelings did I traverse the road I had come yesterday! Then I was full of joyous trustfulness in everybody; now I suspected every man I met with being a possible murderer, and grasped my life-preserver with a firmer hold when I passed a wayfarer on the road. The beauty had even gone out of the landscape; what was grand and attractive yesterday, seemed bleak and dreary to-day. I took a car at the first village I came to, drove to Bray, and arrived in Dublin late in the evening. The following day Litton came home, and called the same evening to see me. I had sufficiently

mastered my feelings by this time as to be able to treat him pretty much as usual. He was as friendly as possible; was so sorry I did not go to Glenville; such a delightful place; his cousin, Carry, was a charming girl; she was quite angry with him for not bringing his clever friend.

"I hope you found your sister well?"

"Oh, very well indeed. She gets on capitally with them all; Carry and she are great friends, but I think she prefers Agnes. She is quite happy."

"I am very glad to hear that," said I, "your mind will be easy now about her."

"I must go now, but if you are down town later will you look in on me?" he asked.

I said "perhaps," but I did not go on that or on any future occasion, though he often asked me. I received him civilly, and always pleaded business when he pressed me to accompany him. He became sensible that I wanted to shake him off quietly, and determined not to let me do so.

He came into my room one evening as I was reading.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said.

"Not at all," I replied, shutting my book.

"You have been so busy lately that I have seen very little of you."

"Yes, I have been busy."

"Nelson, let us be candid with each other. You have shown a disposition to avoid me the last couple of weeks. You are changed towards me, I see plainly. Now, I want to know the reason of this?"

"Have I not said that I was busy?"

"But I know there is some other cause; there is some deeper reason for your changed demeanour. What is it?"

"You have had all the answer I choose to give."

An angry flush spread over his face. "I knew there was something more in it, and that you wanted to quarrel with me."

"You quite mistake. I do not want to quarrel with you."

"Why then do you not say what is wrong between us, and let it be rectified. I might be able to explain it away."

"Really, Litton, I want no explanation. I have asked none."

"But I want an explanation," he answered hotly, with an impatient stamp, "and it is very ungentlemanly of you to refuse to say why you treat me as you have done."

"Gently, Mr. Litton; pray don't get excited about nothing."

"About nothing!" he repeated, softening; "is it nothing that a sudden estrangement has grown up between us—I quite ignorant of the cause—and that you treat me like a stranger?"

"I treat you with civility, Mr. Litton, as long as you do the same to me; that is all you have a right to demand. Friendship and confidence are not to be enforced at the point of the bayonet."

"Have I done anything to forfeit your confidence?"

"Once for all, I beg you to understand that I do not mean to be catechised. I do not know of any law which compels people to keep up every intimacy they happen to form in their youth till the day of their death. Say I am fickle, heartless, cynical—what you will—I can't help it. There is no use in annoying yourself and me further."

His cheek flushed and his eye flashed on me with the natural anger my words provoked. He did not speak for a minute or two, then he said more quietly: "I know you too well, Joy, to take that answer. Your cool indifference is put on to hide a sore. If I had a proper sense of my own dignity I would go away at once without further parley. But I like you too well to give up all chance of a reconciliation. You have a grievance; in heaven's name out with it! Don't let pride stand in the way of an explanation."

I was silent, not knowing how to answer his pertinacious attacks.

"Have I humbled myself in vain then?"

"I'm sorry that you should have done so," said I, "after I

had plainly given you to understand that our intimacy was at an end."

"That will do," said he; "I was resolved to leave nothing to reproach myself with in the future. I have done my best; I will never trouble you again, you need not fear; but, perhaps, some day you will be sorry for this."

He took his hat and walked out.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.



LITTLE more than a year after the conversation recorded in the last chapter I was invited to spend a week at a certain watering place by my friend, Jack Lowry, who had gone with his family for the summer holidays. It was beautiful June weather, and I gladly accepted the invitation. While there Mrs. Lowry yielded to the entreaties of her boys, and gave a pic-nic. Several persons came from town to it, and amongst the number, my former friend, Francis Litton. We saluted each other in deference to our hostess's feelings, but kept apart carefully. Our destination was the Glen of the Downs—the young people walked, and the elderly folk drove. We dined merrily on the grass under the trees, drank toasts, and were very jolly. I would have been happy only for the presence of my evil genius.

He cast a cloud over my enjoyments somewhat. He had a good appointment now, and was getting on well. He seemed quite gay, and perfectly at his ease; my presence did not disturb the serenity of his mind. Now Litton was so agreeable, good-humored, and handsome, and withal so unassuming, that he was a great favorite with the fair sex, young and old. Amongst the matrons he had a staunch ally in Mrs. Lowry, who had always shown great kindness to himself and his sister. On our return from the pic-nic, as the other young men were preparing to go home, she invited him to remain for a day or two. I noticed some confusion in his manner as he declined, and he glanced at me as if involuntarily. But he yielded to her persuasions and stayed. "You can have Jack's room, you know," she said. But I determined in my own mind not to trust my friend alone with this man; so I gave up my room on the ground that Litton was the greater stranger, and went myself to Jack's. My bed was in one end of the apartment, his on the other. I was not very long asleep when I was startled by a hand being laid on my shoulder, and on rubbing my eyes and looking up, I saw it was Jack Lowry who stood over me.

"What the devil, Jack, do *you* want to kill me too?" I asked in a peevish tone, feeling more irritated than frightened, as I was but half awake, and had been dreaming of Litton's attempt on my life.

"Hush, don't speak so loud, there is somebody in the house, I heard a step on the stairs. Take the first weapon you can get, and follow me." I seized the poker, Jack a stick, and hastened down stairs, and arrived in the hall just as some one went out on the door. We ran after him, and saw him walking on towards the sea. We followed pretty close till he turned up on the rocks overhanging the bathing place. He stepped cautiously till we were just on him, then Jack called out, "Stop, you rascal, or I'll"—

He had not time to finish the sentence. The man gave a start, a cry, and fell headlong over the rock.

"By Jove, I fear he is killed," said Jack.

"No," said I, "it is no great height, and there is a sandy bottom."

We let ourselves down over the rocks as quickly as we could, and found him lying on his face quite insensible. We turned him on his back. His head and face were covered with sand and moisture of some sort which proved to be blood. We carried him home, and placing him on the parlor sofa, called up Mr. and Mrs. Lowry. Lights were

brought, and when the blood and sand were washed from the face of the wounded man, to our astonishment we beheld the classic features of Francis Litton, fixed and rigid like death.

We had exhausted all our remedies to restore consciousness when the patient opened his eyes. Jack raised his head, while Mrs. Lowry put wine to his lips. But the movement caused him such exquisite pain that he fell back with a groan. Jack then began to examine him to see what injury he had sustained. Every motion seemed to cause the sufferer great agony.

"What is the matter? Is it serious?" demanded Mr. Lowry.

"The shoulder is dislocated, and I fear there is some internal injury. It is a ticklish sort of thing, and I should not like to act on my own responsibility if I could get other advice."

"I should think not," returned his father, in a slightly contemptuous tone. "Go for a doctor immediately."

"It is not so easy to get one as you suppose, sir," said Jack, highly offended. "There is no resident doctor, and it is a mere chance whether Hamilton is not gone back to town. But I'll see."

"Let me, go Jack," said I; "do you stay to take care of the patient."

I went off through the village in hot haste, wondering what new plot Litton was hatching when we overtook him. The doctor was of course in bed, but he got up immediately, and came with me to Mr. Lowry's.

He found the patient very seriously injured, and having administered all the relief in his power, he left directions with Lowry, promising to call again in the morning. Jack sat up all night. Mrs. Lowry and I were up at daybreak, and offered to relieve him, but nothing would induce him to quit his post. I was in the parlour when the good lady came down after a visit to the sick room. She was in tears, and said Jack believed Litton to be in a very dangerous state, and wished the doctor to be sent for as soon as the morning was a little advanced.

"Is he then so ill?"

"Dying, I fear," said she; "he had a terrible night."

"Did he tell you why he went out last night?"

"Oh! yes: he was asleep, poor boy."

"Asleep?"

"He is a somnambulist. He has always had a habit of walking in his sleep when fatigued or excited. His sister told me that when he lost the examination—you remember the time—you passed, Mr. Joy?—he was fearfully cut up about it. One night she heard him walking about in the sitting-room. She got up to see what was wrong, and found him, with a candle lit, paper before him, and a pen in his hand, saying: '*Only one hour—only half an hour—only twenty minutes.*' Then he attempted to write, but soon threw down the pen, saying: '*It's no use; I am beaten—beaten.*'"

Filled with remorse for the wrong I had done Frank, I longed to atone for it—now, when it seemed almost too late to make amends. Again my knowledge of human nature was at fault; if I had erred before by too much confidence, I had doubly erred now by too much suspicion. Utterly confounded and humiliated at the thought that for want of a little inquiry I had treated a kind-hearted honest fellow as the basest of mankind, I told Nelson Joy again and again that he was a consummate fool—a dolt, without any discernment or proper feeling. I hope he benefited by this plain speaking. My belief is, that he wanted to be taken down, and I did not spare him. But how could I ever tell Litton? He remained very ill all day, but was somewhat easier towards evening. I begged to be allowed to sit up that night. Jack looked awfully professional, and shook his head in a portentous manner. But I promised to call him if there was the least change in the patient, and so he consented.

Litton was asleep when I took my place beside the bed, and

slept on for two hours ; but he was restless and uneasy, frequently moaning and muttering half finished sentences. "Why do you want to kill me? I never injured you. Oh, don't torture me so! I have nothing to tell—nothing—nothing." He shouted and awoke. He looked round wildly, and asked for a drink. I brought it to him ; he was trembling all over.

"I had an awful dream, Jack," he said feebly.

"It was only a dream, Frank ; you are all right now."

He recognized my voice, and looked up.

"Joy, what brought you here?"

"I came to take care of you to-night, Frank."

"It is kind of you, no doubt, but I would much rather you did not."

"Why, Frank"—I began.

"No, no ; I don't want that sort of kindness. It humiliates me. Will you just call to mind your words when last we parted?"

"My dear Frank, just listen to me. You said then that I would be sorry some day for my conduct. That day has arrived. I am come to ask your pardon."

"Is it—is it because I am ill or dying?"

"No ; I was laboring under a gross delusion, and found I was mistaken. It has taken a load off my mind, but filled me with remorse at the same time. I cannot now explain it all ; but I may tell you how anxious I am that the breach should be healed, and how earnestly I desire your recovery."

He smiled and put out his hand. "I knew you were mistaken, Nelson. That was why I pressed for your reasons. But what was it?"

"Don't ask me, dear Frank," said I, pressing his hand. "I can't tell you ; but I will when you are well. It is always better to make a clean breast of it."

"Indeed it is. If you had only explained at the time it would have saved us so much trouble. I was very unhappy about the matter."

"Not half so much as I, as you will see when I tell you the whole story."

"Tell me all now. I have been racking my brain continually to know what had I done. Still my conscience accused me of no fault towards you. Some one must have slandered me, and it is only common justice to tell me who it is, that I may avoid him."

"No one ever did to me—I would not have believed anyone ; nothing but the sight of my eyes"—

"The sight of your eyes? Pray, pray, explain."

"Not till you are better."

"Now—now, I insist. You have not treated me well in this matter, Nelson. You ought to have given me an opportunity of explaining."

"I own it. I am very sorry for the course I have pursued, but at the time it seemed best."

"Do not torture me any longer with conjectures. If I am to die, let my mind be at rest on this question."

"You know, Frank, that you are given to sleep-walking."

"Yes, unhappily, or I would not be here now."

"Do you remember Easter Sunday night at the farmhouse near Glenville?"

"Yes, yes."

"Have you any recollection of leaving your room that night?"

"None. I do remember having a terrible dream—a desperate struggle with a sort of Mephistopheles, who wanted to steal my soul ; and the only chance of escape was to kill the fiend."

"Well, suppose you mistook me for Mephistopheles ; and that I had never heard of your somnambulism ; and that when I saw you enter my room late at night, with a knife in your hand, and stab through the bed, which, luckily was tenantless, or I would not be here to tell the tale"—

"O my God ! Nelson, can this be true?" he said, grasping my arm, and gazing into my face. "Did I attempt your life, and did you think I was a murderer?" he gasped.

I took his hand and tried to soothe him.

"I ought not to have believed my senses ; I ought to have told you all in the morning."

"O Nelson, Nelson !"

"Forgive me, Frank, forgive me ! There is nothing I would not do to prove my repentance, if you will only tell me how."

"I cannot blame you after all," he said, raising his head ; "I might have done the same under similar circumstances. I am glad you told me all now. Shake hands again."

The friendship that formed in youth has continued, through all the changes and chances of life, unbroken to the present day. I have no stauncher or more worthy ally—none whose friendship I value more—than Frank Litton.

LENORE.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MADAME DE STAEL—(CONTINUED).

Although the genius and spirit of the first French Revolution, whose original aim was the universal enlightenment, the political and social enfranchisement of the human race, may be said to have perished with the fall of the Girondists, the horrible progress into which it had developed did not entirely cease until the death of Robespierre. The "incorruptible Maximilian"—that singular being, whose active association with the horrors of his time must ever rank him among the great criminals in the inferno of history—was no doubt a fatalistic idealist, who adopted the most atrocious means to realize his republican principles—whose instrument was the scaffold, on which he sacrificed his countrymen, his friends, himself, in a short-sighted effort to render his political aspirations a verity ; utilizing political assassination, just as Bonaparte, in his way an ideal fatalist also, applied war to execute the vast dreams of, for the most part, a purely personal ambition. Robespierre was Rousseau cast into a theatre whose tragic events he guided but was unable to resist, still desperately advancing, amid the bloody vapors he had raised, toward his vision in the far-off future. The progress of Napoleon, though on a far more magnificent path, was alike fatalistic, and he, too, was ruined by an imagination grasping at the impossible. Like his forerunner, he was hurried along by an irresistible force, whose culmination, like him, he foresaw would be ruinous, as is evidenced by his remark when he visited the tomb of Rousseau at Ermonville. "It would be well for France," he moodily remarked, "if neither of us had been born." In 1794 the tragedy of the Revolution reached its final act. To this succeeded the epoch of intrigue, during which a number of characters figured on the stage, until popular movements terminated with the Battle of the Sections. After the cessation of the terror, Madame de Stael returned to Paris, where her salon became the centre of fashion, literature, and wit, and politically of the party who, adverse alike to the extremes of republicanism or absolute monarchy, favored the establishment of a constitution similar to that of England. During this period, as throughout life, she manifested the same courage in the expression of her opinions as during the dread days precedent, when she had saved the lives of many friends at the risk of her own ; among them Talleyrand and M. de Narbonne. The latter was in her house when visited by the police sent to arrest him ; by her self-command, however, she threw them off the scent, and enabled him to escape. "We can always," she said afterwards, "master our emotion, when we feel that its indulgence would expose the life of another." Her pen was active in the composition of numerous essays and in the journals. Of the Baron de Stael, who died in 1802, we do not hear much. In this age, indeed, the husbands of Parisian literary ladies were generally nonentities. On this point there is an anecdote of Madame Geoffrin. One day, at dinner, a guest inquired, "Where was that quiet old gentleman whom he had missed, he believed, now more than a month from the table?" "Oh ! that, monsieur, was my husband ; he is

dead." When this witty lady was suffering from a severe illness, her daughter excluded from her chamber numbers of the philosophers who called to visit her. On her recovery, she said, "Yes—mademoiselle acted like Godfrey of Bouillon—protected my tomb against the infidels." In 1796, Madame de Stael published her work on the Influence of the Passions, a subtle and eloquent analysis; and, in 1803, her novel, "Delphine," which formed an epoch in her life. In this novel, which is deficient in construction, and too diffuse, the influence of Rousseau is manifest. Its object is to expose the conventionalism of the fashionable world, and we recognize some of the sophistry in alliance with the natural eloquence which characterize the author of the "Social Contract." Several of the characters, however, are admirably drawn and contrasted, among which the best are Delphine, intended to represent Madame de Stael in her youth, and Madame de Vernon, in which she has embodied some of the characteristic traits of Talleyrand, who, according to the anecdote, was not much pleased at having his worldly tactics thus delineated. For, on meeting Madame de Stael after the appearance of the book, he said, "By-the-by, they tell me we are both in your novel in the characters of *women*"—an allusion to the masculine mind of the authoress. No characters could be more opposed than those friends, the great statesman and stateswoman. The one without a ray of enthusiasm—the other its intellectualized embodiment; the one a master of admirable common-sense, finesse, tact, "polished as a marble statue, but as cold;" the type of the temporiser, but incapable of the love of great ideas, or the passions necessary to enforce their truth. Throughout her life Madame de Stael continued to represent the nobler elements of the Revolution; with head and heart alike, she addressed the reason and sentiment of humanity. It was in the sphere of the head that the diplomatist energized; his horizon was limited to the chamber of conference; hers embraced the world of thought and passion. French wits are supreme in this domain; none stand higher than Talleyrand; his mots are models of brilliance, delicacy, brevity. Attached to Madame Recamier, he was one day addressed by a fop, who sat between that beautiful but stupid woman and Madame de Stael. "Behold me," he said, "between beauty and genius." "And without possessing either," retorted the wit. Talleyrand's character is succinctly illustrated by his remark on the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, by Bonaparte—"It was worse than a crime—it was a blunder."

The glory of the Italian campaign of 1796 at first awakened the enthusiasm of Madame de Stael for Bonaparte; and, according to Bourrienne, she paid him assiduous court, the object of which, however, was to induce him to have repayed her two millions which her father, Necker, had lent of his private property to Louis XVI.—a demand which was refused. The intense dislike he entertained for her eloquently illustrates the effect of a free spirit in a despotism. "I cannot endure that woman," he said, pettishly; "no matter what she writes, be it history, politics, or romance, it comes to the same thing—people do not like me." And at St. Helena, he said, after designating her as a restless *intriguante*, "that she was one of those who would have thrown her friends into the sea for the purpose of saving them at the proper time." "Once," Napoleon said, "she asked me who was *la premier femme du monde*? I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'She who has borne the greatest number of children;' turned round, and left her greatly abashed." On another occasion, when in a more polite humor, when he asked her how he could most promote the interests of France, she replied, "Instruct the mothers of the French people"—a political truth more universally profound than any which he ever expressed; as the moral and intellectual advance of every generation is in exact relation to the enlightenment of the maternal mind from which it derives its direction. "The appearance of the novel, 'Delphine,'" says Sydney Smith in his humorous notice of the book in the *Edinburgh*, "has so alarmed Bonaparte, that he has seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Stael out of Paris,

and, for aught we know, sleeps in a nightcap of steel, and dagger-proof blankets." This ukase, issued from the palace of Lackem, ordaining that she should not be permitted to approach within a distance nearer than sixty leagues of Paris, was an outrage to the genius of France, to its society, and its literature. If the book, which is one of fiction, contained principles adverse to, or an attack on, the government then constituted, the courts of law were open to impugn or condemn the offender. The tyrant, however, acted from a policy of fear, which exposed the instability of his position, and, judging from contemporary accounts, rendered him ridiculous over Europe. Bonaparte's persecution of Madame de Stael, however, did not terminate with banishing her from Paris. At Copet, where she had resumed residence, he had her surrounded by spies, and instituted a series of persecutions, which place the littleness which mingled with the greatness of his character in a despicable light. Nor is there any doubt but that it was to persecutions, accurately studied to injure her happiness in every direction sought by her—in suppressing the works of her genius either totally or in their finest parts, in exile from her country and from society (for her friends were forbidden to visit her)—which elicited her essay on Suicide, in which, as in an undertone, the cry of anguish sounds amid its calm details and reasonings. From this infamous system of tyranny she, after a period, managed to escape to Italy, and travelled through Germany, Russia, and England. Her residence in Italy gave occasion to the finest of her works which has assumed a fictional form, "Corinne." This book, published in 1807, may be designated an autobiographical romance, illustrated by essays on the scenery, manners, character, and genius of Italy. The characters—even the English, in delineating which continental writers so frequently fail—are strongly conceived and accurately individualised; the scenes and scenic pictures true to nature and passion; and the reflections which abound often admirable. Those, for instance, elicited by the ruins of Rome, are as eloquent as Byron's. Those on the fine arts also display her accustomed feeling and acumen. Corinne is, of course, Madame de Stael, who, conscious of her eloquence, selected the improvisatrice as its exponent. Perhaps the finest imaginative scene in the work is that in which Corinne, seated on the promontory of Misenum, between the sunset and rising moon, apostrophises the bay of Naples. The work throughout is highly interesting, despite the want of incident inseparable from its design. It has been called the offspring of sentiment and grief. Exiled from France, her sympathies became associated with the countries in which she made her home.

Beautiful, however, as her Italian romance certainly is, Germany was destined to inspire her greatest work. Critics were already familiarized with Madame de Stael's eloquent description of the feelings, habits, the arts and literature of nations; but were somewhat surprised at the profound analysis of the metaphysical systems of Germany in the third part of "De L'Allemagne." The chapter on taste is interesting regarded as an exposition of French appreciation; that on conjugal love, and the chapter on enthusiasm, with which the book concludes, are fine specimens of writing, illustrative of the ardent susceptibility of the writer for all that is excellent and noble in life. This book, which Goethe said made a breach in the wall raised by superannuated prejudices between Germany and France, was printed in Paris in 1810. The ten thousand copies which constituted the edition, after they had passed through the office of the censor, were seized at the publisher's by gens d'armes, sent by M. Savary, the minister of police, and suppressed by his order. "Your work," he wrote, "is not French, and I cannot allow it to appear." Bonaparte's object, it has been alleged, was to make it appear that France was at the head of Europe in literature and science, as in war, and hence the suppression of the work which was first to introduce a knowledge of the literature of Germany to France. This was robbing not only the publisher but the nation.

If such was the motive of this policy, it was as childish as tyrannical. As well might it be thought that the exclusion of Shakespeare from France would render Racine his equal, or elicit a genius of equal eminence. It is, of course, in the free association of the general intelligence of the human race that progress receives its momentum. No one has written with greater truth on this subject than Madame de Stael, in her work on "Literature in its relation to Social Institutions," in which she regards it as the mirror of the virtue, genius, liberty, glory, and happiness of a state—the medium for the expression of the perfectibility of man. In this work she makes a statement long since verified, that the serious genius of the north will yet exercise an influence over the French mind, so long characterised by the wit and passion of the south. Among the many other works of Madame de Stael, we can only allude to her "Ten Years of Exile," and her "Reflections on the Revolution of France," in which latter the series of portraits, drawn from personal intimacy, experience, and insight, are among the most valuable contributions to the literature of that epoch. In their style the writings of Madame de Stael—clear as reason, and animated as life—belong more to the great age of French eloquence in the past century than to the present. Those who desire to acquaint themselves with the details of her biography may consult that written by Saussure, attached to the edition of her works published in 1830. In 1810, she married M. Rocca, and after a final residence in Paris, retired to Copet, where she died, 14th July, 1817, and where she is buried. Her personal as well as intellectual character is amply reflected in her writings; some of which have long since fulfilled their missions; some remain familiarised only to the philosophical and historical student. To the immense world of readers she is chiefly known through her impersonation, "Corinne." Collectively, her writings, imaginative, historical, philosophical, and political, illustrate, in a degree as yet unrivalled, the capacity of the female mind.

DREAMS DURING READING RAMBLES.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The Syrian day was well-nigh done,
As, in the last light of the sun,
Shot o'er black battlements of vapor,
We wound along the Lebanon.

Around, were woods of sycamore,
Beneath, the deep sea and the shore,
So distant-deep, its washing waters
Seemed to slumber, red as gore.

Along the sheer black precipice,
A line of camels, small as mice,
Threaded the thin and shuddering pathway
Toward the slopes of snow and ice.

Northward, a promont stretched away
Its purple arm along the bay,
Where crumbling citadel and ruined
Walls loomed sad amid the spray.

Lo! now across the valley's stream
A ski-clad herdsman drives his team;
The shepherd pens his flock in quiet
Hollows, hazy as a dream.

There, trains of asses, moving slow
With corn-sheaves, climb the path below,
Where broken columns, ruined cisterns,
Still their Greek inscriptions show.

The moan of doves through depths of air
Floats from the sighing forests, where
In darkness darker flocks of ravens
Rush with the hurry of despair.

And now past chasms, by earthquake wide
Asunder rent, in gloom we ride,
Till the high moon, o'er snows and vapors,
Past their shadow, strikes the tide.

And now through dark ravines we come
Unto a deeper realm of gloom,
Where the giant centuried Cedars,
Blackened and lightning-blasted, loom.

Wrecks of a thousand winters, grand
In withered wilderment, they stand—
Outlasting monuments and nations—
Senseless as Time's insensate sand—

To sea and stars, the sun, the storm,
Breathing in dark and desolate dorm,
Their first familiars the dead ages
Whose shadows' haunt their boughs deform.

Dark, solitary, strange, and fell,
Like ancient Night grown visible—
Aliens to heaven's flaming empire—
Ghosts, solid shadows, sprung from hell.

Strong, sinewy, as Dante's rhyme,
Yet sad, one soars alone sublime,
Involving through infernal shadows
His adamantine rings of time,

Twisted in spiral ledges black;
And one, storm-levelled, on its back
In torture writhed its iron muscles
Rigid upon its rocky rack.

Above its doom-spot on the heath,
Lo! one recoils, a horrified wraith.
Here, some like serpents undulating
In the dim air, poise for death.

With here an uncouth knotted branch
Stretched arm-like from its crooked haunch,
And jaws long as the ichthiosaurus,
Opened some huge prey to cranch,

One strained; and one was seen to loom,
Like some stupefied bird of doom,
Apart, to gain for ponderous pinions,
Ere it mounted, ampler room.

But when on high the ether's queen,
Through pageants of pure cloud serene,
Looked from the lonely height, and silvered
Their lofty roofs of darkest green,

Albeit their trunks, still shadowing fear,
Were desolate and winter-drear,
Through lofty domes of leafy summer
Airs murmured, and stars sparkled clear

As wisdom-sentences, which shone
With life's experience, one by one
Through the massive, silent-musing
Brain of royal Solomon.

Then, while the fire we kindled made
Fantastic riot with their shade,
Exorcising fragment spectres
Whom the old years long have laid,

Shaped from the blackness and the gleams,
Faucy recalled, in drowsy dreams,
The ruddy men of Canaan, hewing
The ancient wood in mighty beams;

And the great rafts that floated down
The long steep shore to Joppa's town,
And the tumult, and the shouting
Round the haven's turrets brown;

The engines huge along the shore,
And dusty camel teams, which bore
The cedar for the temple toward
The hills of Judah, hot and hoar.

T. C. IRWIN.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE CITY OF DUBLIN,

As we ventured to predict last week, did honor in no meagre way to the memory of its late lord mayor. The most solemn ceremonies of the Catholic Church, of which Mr. Bulfin was a member, marked the respect in which he was held by his co-religionists; while the immense funeral *cortège* which accompanied his remains to the grave—a *cortège* embracing the leading men of the city, of every shade of opinion and belief—testified to the universal regret felt at his untimely decease. Addresses of condolence, too, from numerous public and charitable bodies with which he was actively connected poured in on his bereaved family. When the sharper pangs of their great sorrow shall have passed, these testimonies of regard from his fellow-citizens will shed a ray of consolation on those hearts for whom his loss creates an everlasting void.

IN WESTMEATH

the unopposed return of Mr. P. J. Smyth for the seat in parliament left vacant by the death of Mr. Pollard-Urquhart, is one of the most striking things in modern political history. Mr. Smyth, like John Martin, the recently elected member for Meath, was a Repealer in O'Connell's time; but seceded from the Repeal Association along with Davis, Duffy, Mitchel, Meagher, Smith O'Brien, Martin, and the other members of the body known as the Irish Confederation. After the ignominious failure of their mad attempt at revolution, Mr. Smyth made good his escape from Ireland, and while abroad, it is said, was largely instrumental in bringing about the daring release of Mitchel and Meagher from confinement in the southern penal colony. Since Mr. Smyth's return to his native country he has never ceased to identify himself with the Repeal projects of his youth; and after being defeated by a narrow majority at a late Waterford election, in which he put forward his Nationalist views as the sole ground for his candidature, he is now returned unopposed for a county in which he has not the slightest local influence, and with which he never had the remotest connection. This event is the more striking since two other candidates, both men of property, connected with the county in many ways, and of high personal character—Sir John Ennis, and Mr. Dease, brother to one of the members for the Queen's County—were obliged to retire for want of support, because they were unwilling to express themselves in favor of the political doctrine of Home Rule. Though we feel bound to chronicle this event as one of great importance; yet, faithful to the rule we have laid down for ourselves in connection with political subjects, we refrain from offering any opinion on it.

FROM ENNIS

we have a report of a terrific thunderstorm, which flooded several streets of the town, tore out of the ground whole acres of plants, washed away the soil from the roots leaving them bare, injured the potatoes, and floated away everything conveniently moveable. Many poor people must of necessity be ruined by this sad affair if the hand of charity be not opened widely for the benefit of the sufferers. From another part of the island comes a report of

A DREADFUL COLLIERY ACCIDENT.

At the mine of Modubeagh, near Athy, two men were being lifted up the shaft to the mouth of the pit, when, near the top, at a height of sixty yards from the level, the rope gave way, and the two unfortunates were precipitated into eternity. Is it no one's business to examine the rope daily, to see if it be fit to do its work? If not, it certainly ought to be, when precious lives are absolutely dependent on the soundness of the fibres; and if it be some one's business, then that some one should be called to strict account for the manslaughter occasioned by his carelessness. One of the mutilated men leaves a large family to the tender mercies of the world. Is it impossible to get a few to subscribe as much as would place the little ones in orphan schools, or

in some other way save them from the degradation of the workhouse?

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE GERMAN ARMY

into Berlin is the most striking European feature of the week. The new-made emperor, surrounded by a regiment of kinglings and princelings, who in turn were accompanied by an army corps of generals and staff-officers, rode down the noble Unter den Linden, and, halting near the newly erected statue of Frederick William III. reviewed the victorious troops as they passed, amid the vociferous joy of the populace, the blare of trumpets and roll of drums, the strains of military bands, and the hoarse melody of national hymns shouted by soldiers and spectators. Captured cannon and flags appeared in the procession, probably as a reminder of the cause of the celebration. Addresses were read and replied to; and finally the emperor inaugurated the statue of his father, amid a scene of intoxicating joy. This did not by any means terminate the rejoicings. The next day, at 4 p.m., the troops were entertained at dinner. Dancing went on everywhere. At the old castle in the Weisser Saal there was a state dinner in the Bilder Gallery, and in the adjoining apartments a series of banquets were going on at the same time. The guests invited were 620 in number, amongst whom were the principal officers of the Reigstag, the veterans who bear the Iron Cross of the war of 1813, and deputations from all the military departments. After this there was a state performance in the Opera House, to which none were admitted without special invitation. The pit was exclusively filled with high military officers, all bearing on their arms the civil decorations. The foreign deputations and the diplomatic corps occupied the proscenium. There was a profusion of scarfs, medals, and gold embroidery. Some were dressed in the old-fashioned scarlet costumes of the provincial Diets; some in showy naval uniforms; and some in the splendid robes of the Johanniter Ritter, looking for all the world like English field-marsals. The front row of the first tier was exclusively occupied by ladies. On the second tier were the maids of honor. At eight o'clock the emperor and empress, with their suite, entered in state, and all then rose in perfect silence. In return the emperor and empress bowed thrice formally. Altogether the spectacle was one of the most brilliant ever beheld. The prologue was spoken by Fraulein Erhardt. It was a mere panegyric of Frederick William III., and, at its end, a picture of the monument was displayed. At sight of this the emperor and all the house rose. An historical monologue was given, narrating the legend of Barbarossa, and illustrated by *tableaux vivants*. When at its end there appeared an image of the emperor on horseback, the house became greatly excited—every one began to cry "hoch." The officers took off their helmets and waved them over and over again, the enthusiasm was great, and it was notable as the only mark of applause given during the evening. The emperor bowed and then retired. All night long the streets were noisy with the shouts of military carousers. Next day there was thanksgiving in all the churches. In fact, the sober Germans have got their heads turned with their astounding military successes. We have no objection to this if it be but a temporary madness; but if the love of military glory were to take fast hold of a nation now so powerful as Germany, no greater misfortune could happen the world.

A FEARFUL EARTHQUAKE

has shaken a Chinese town into ruins, and destroyed in an instant so many as 3,000 lives. Bathang, the scene of the catastrophe, lies on a very elevated spot about 260 miles west of Li-Tang, and about thirty post stations from the district town of Ta-tsen, on the high road to Thibet. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 11th April the earth at Bathang trembled so violently that the government offices, temples, granaries, storehouses, and fortifications, with all the common dwellings, and the temple of Ting-lin, were at once overthrown and ruined, the only exception being the

hall in the temple grounds, called Ta-Chao, which stood unharmed in its isolation. A few of the troops and people escaped, but most of the inmates were crushed and killed under the falling timber and stone. Flames also suddenly burst out in four places, which strong winds drove about until the heavens were darkened with the smoke; and their roaring was mingled with the lamentations of the distressed people. On the 16th the flames were beaten down, but the rumbling noises were still heard underground like distant thunder, as the earth rocked and rolled like a ship in a storm. The multiplied miseries of the afflicted inhabitants who escaped, were increased by a thousand fears; but in about ten days matters began to grow quiet, and the motion of the earth to cease. The grain collector at Bathang says that for several days before the earthquake the water had overflowed the dykes, but after that the earth cracked in many places, and black, fetid water spurted out in a furious manner. If one poked the earth the spurting instantly followed, just as is the case with the salt wells and fire wells in the eastern part of the province; and this explains how it happened that fire followed the earthquake in Bathang. As nearly as can be ascertained there were destroyed two large temples, the offices of the collector of grain tax, the local magistrates' offices, the colonels' offices, the Ting-lin Temple, and nearly 700 fathoms of wall around it, and 351 rooms inside; six smaller temples, numbering 221 rooms, besides 1,849 rooms and houses of the common people. The number of people killed by the crash, including the soldiers, was 2,298, among whom were the local magistrate and his second in office. The earthquake extended from Bathang eastward to Pang-Chahemuth, westward to Nan-Tun, on the south to Lintah-shih, and on the north to the salt wells of Atimtoz, a circuit of 400 miles. It occurred simultaneously over the whole of this region. In some places steep hills split and sunk into deep chasms, in others mounds on level plains became precipitous cliffs, and the roads and highways were rendered impassable by obstructions. The people were beggared and scattered like autumn leaves, and this calamity to the people of Bathang and the vicinity was really one of the most distressing and destructive that has ever occurred in China.

While this fearful loss of life is reported from the eastern world, from the west comes news of further destruction, but this resulting from the bad passions of man himself. That unfortunate country,

MEXICO,

seems destined never to have a moment's rest. No matter what government be established, no matter what its form or who its promoters, some powerful section of the population is sure to be wroth. It would be well if they confined their disappointment to expressions of discontent, however loud; but that is not their way. The cry, "To arms," is raised, a body of insurgents armed and equipped springs up at once, and the rulers find themselves obliged to fight for very existence. Generally the revolutionists succeed in overturning the government; but President Juarez, who overthrew the Emperor Maximilian, is a man of firmness, foresight, and decision, and seems always prepared to encounter the malcontents. At present one of these outbreaks is in progress, and we learn from the American news that the town of Tampico, held by the insurgents, has been taken by storm by the governmental troops, and every one of its defenders either killed or captured. It is impossible that a state could prosper where the unreason of its inhabitants makes such disorder likely; and regret at this circumstance is increased by the fact that the country is rich in soil, climate, and mineral wealth, and under proper guidance and with a temperate people might become one of the foremost in the world. However, Mexico is not the only place in the world where violent crimes take refuge under the name of political expediency; for we find that

PRINCE MILAN OF SERVIA

has had a narrow escape of his life in the town of Semlin.

The Danubian principalities are fond of changing their princes, and revolution is the method usually employed; but assassination is sometimes resorted to. For this reason the attempt on the life of Prince Milan is generally attributed to some underhand political motive. One can hardly fail to be struck at the frequency of these attempts at murdering people in high places. Amongst the peculiar crimes to which the nineteenth century can lay special claim this must take its place; for there is hardly a country in Europe in which it has not been perpetrated during the last ten years.

THE LIFE OF A GOVERNESS,

as a rule, is passed on no bed of roses. Nevertheless, there exist people who think governesses do not enough for their money—who fancy, apparently, that they are encouraged to be nonsensical—who wish them to learn their level—who would fain remove from them all foolish ideas, such as that education required that its possessor should be treated with some show of respect. At least, this is the impression we receive from reading the following communication, which has been received by a governess and transmitted by a friend of hers to the *Echo* :—

“(Copy.)

“— Rectory, Essex, May 17.

“Mrs. — will be glad to know whether ‘Veritas,’ who advertised in this day's *Times*, would like a situation where she would have the entire charge of three young ladies, of nine, eight, and seven years old. She would have to wash and dress them, attend to their hair, *do their bedroom and schoolroom*, and take her meals in the nursery. She would be required to be out with the children once, perhaps twice a day, and give them four hours' lessons daily. Mrs. — would like to hear whether ‘Veritas’ is a member of the Church of England, and a communicant? and what salary she expects? what her age is, and whether she has filled a similar situation as the one described, and what were the ages of the children?”

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

The following letter, signed “One of the Trustees,” has been printed in the *Daily News*: “May I hope, through your columns, to put to a practical test an assertion made by the Rev. William Rogers, given in your report of Mrs. Grey's paper before the Society of Arts? Mrs. Grey had contrasted the difficulty of getting help for girls' schools with the large endowment fund of £60,000 raised by Mr. Rogers for his Middle Class Boys' School. Mr. Rogers, in reply, gave his opinion that, if suitable sites and teachers were found, there would be no difficulty in getting help for girls also.” I wish to draw attention to the fact that it has not yet been possible to collect £1,000 for some new schools opened in Camden-town, where more than 300 girls are now being thoroughly educated. For that sum the schools will be made self-supporting. There can be no doubt as to the appropriateness of the site, of the need of such schools, or of the efficiency of the teaching. The Camden School, after the plan of Mr. Rogers' Middle-Class Schools, was opened at Christmas, and has already 112 pupils, who pay £4 4s. per annum. This school is an extension of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, which has been for twenty years under the management of Miss Buss, a lady mentioned with marked approval in the report of the Commission of Inquiry into Secondary Education. Wishing to place this school, numbering 207, on a permanent basis, Miss Buss has, with true self-devotion, given up her rights in her own school into the hands of a body of trustees, only retaining the position of head mistress. Whilst aiming at a more thorough system of education generally, the schools are specially intended for girls who will be dependent on their own exertions. The fees are therefore made as low as possible, and will just meet current expenses, including high rents. No endowment fund is asked from the public; but the sum of £1,000 is required

to defray the first cost of alterations, and new furniture and other appliances necessary; £300 have been subscribed."

THE EARNINGS OF MARRIED WOMEN.

"A Music Mistress" has addressed a contemporary as follows: "I am a teacher of Music. For years I have supported myself, my children, and—to a great extent—my husband. I have long been anxious to put by some of my earnings, but I have been unable to do so because my husband claimed them as his own. When the law for the protection of the property of married women passed last year, I was under the impression that I should be able to save money for my children. My husband, however, tells me that I cannot teach music without his consent, and that this consent he will withdraw, if I do not hand over to him every week all I receive for my lessons. I know nothing of law, but if this be law, I do not exactly see how my earnings are protected."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON

Is in a highly active condition. The wholesome effect of competition is exhibited in the efforts made to secure patronage by the rival managers; and no true lover of the lyric drama will say with Mercutio,

"A plague o' both your houses."

THE DRURY LANE THEATRE

has gained another immense success through the brilliant vocalism of Mdlle. Marimon in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Our readers will remember our notice of this lady's singing of *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*, and the opinion expressed as to the advantage her accession to Mr. Mapleson's company must prove. Since Jenny Lind in the zenith of her fame, no one has excited such a manifestation of enthusiasm from a London audience—usually so cold and impassive—as Mdlle. Marimon in Donizetti's charming little opera. The cheering for the new *Maria* was again and again renewed, until the *prima donna* had four times reappeared before the curtain. She was well supported by Signor Agnesi as *Sulpizio*. This gentleman gave a new reading of the part of the faithful sergeant; and instead of making it a low-comedy one, as is usual, depicted it as a French soldier of the olden time—a disciplinarian, but polite in manner and noble in bearing. The overture, *entr'acte* music, and the accompaniments were superbly played by the band—the waltz preceding the second act merely escaping an encore.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

produced two of Meyerbeer's operas, *L'Etoile du Nord* and *L'Africaine*, on two consecutive evenings. Madame Patti and M. Faure bore the weight of *L'Etoile du Nord* on their shoulders; for Signor Naudin is not well fitted for the tenor part; and Madame Monbelli, though delightful in a concert room, is one of those vocalists who cannot sing through an orchestra. In the *Africaine* the *Selika* of Madame Pauline Lucca is a splendid conception of the savage queen of an unknown island, and is carried out with a power of voice and dramatic intensity which admit of no rivalry to her in this creation. Signor Naudin's *Vasco* is the perfection of refined vocalization, especially in the fourth act. Signor Graziani's singing is always worth listening to; but he has never been famous for conception as an actor, and in the wild uncouth *Nelusko* his exaggeration was more remarkable than his judgment. Signor Mario appeared in his favorite part of *Ricardo*, in *Un ballo in Maschera*, having Signor Graziani as *Renato*, the assassin of the monarch. Signor Mario now essays by his graceful and powerful acting to make up for the loss of his voice; and though here and there some reminiscence of the old, familiar, unequalled style is given, the operas in which he appears, so far as the music of the leading tenor is concerned, lose much of their interest. Madame Csillag acted well as *Amelia*. It is a

pity she does not sing as well as she acts. Mdlle. Scalchi's fresh charming voice and youthful style had not dramatic weight enough for the part of the witch *Utrica*.

A NEW SOPRANO,

Mdlle. Pollitzer, achieved a decided success at a concert given in the Grand Transept of the Crystal Palace on Saturday week. Mr. Bentham, who sings in the Royal Italian Opera as Senor Bentami, was fairly successful in the *Chi me frena* and *Ah si ben mio* at the same concert. Madame Alboni, however, was the great attraction. The Countess of Pepoli—so long retired from the stage—is still the foremost contralto of the age. The notes flow from her lips like a stream of pellucid water—in fact, she sings as if she could not help it. Mdlle. Titiens created an immense effect in the *Inflammatus* of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—a performance so familiar to Dublin people that we need not say a word more about it.

PRINCE PONIATOWSKI,

who was but lately a senator of France under the imperial régime, has long been a distinguished musician, and some years ago was known in the highest circles as diplomatic envoy from France at St. James's Palace, gave an ambitious but decidedly successful concert at St. James's Hall. The programme consisted entirely of selections from the compositions of the prince, who, like many of his late political colleagues, has to depend now on his own exertions for pecuniary resources. The influence of such men on the musical profession must prove most beneficial. Abroad a man considers it as honorable to be a musician as a poet. Verdi is a member of the Italian parliament. Wagner is the intimate associate and counsellor of his sovereign. It is owing to such men that music as a profession is beginning to take rank with the other arts even in a land so unmusical as England. Prince Poniatowski's Mass in F was heard for the first time on Wednesday, Adelina Patti taking the first soprano. The other singers were Gardoni, Santley, Madame Cora de Wilhorst, and Mdlle. Sauz. The chorus was that of Her Majesty's Opera. Was it possible for the mass to go otherwise than well? It did go well—and challenging, as it of course does, comparison with Rossini's last mass and that of M. Gounod lately produced—it must be said that it is well up to the mark. There is some fine phrasing in the "Et incarnatus," in some parts of which the music is in real affinity with the emotion of the words. There was an attempt to *encore* Madame Patti, but throughout *encores* were judiciously declined, although the favorite soprano was frequently recalled. Indeed Madame Patti was never more charming. Her dress alone was a sight—one of the new dun reds, trimmed with a paler red, and a miracle of a train, which stood and trailed about with all her motions as if it had a separate though sympathetic existence of its own. The dress made its points and gained its applause as much as she.

THE CONCERT SEASON IN LONDON,

though coming to a close, displays marvellous activity. Quite a crowd of concerts have been crushed into last week—besides those we have noticed—of which the most remarkable were Mr. Henry Leslie's ballad concert, and, three days afterwards, the same gentleman's Italian Opera concert. At the former the very best English artists appeared, including Edith Wynne, Mrs. Patey, Sims Reeves, and Santley; and at the latter the Drury-lane opera company. Mr. Charles Hallé gave the last of his pianoforte recitals, assisted by Madame Norman-Neruda with the violin. Seldom, indeed, does classical music receive such true interpretation as at the hands of these two most accomplished artists. ¶

THE DRAMA

offers nothing particularly new to record. In the Lyceum theatre, London, the French company from the Variétés continues to attract large audiences. The arrival of Monsieur Désiré has enabled this company to make as complete

a change of programme as if a third company had come over to the Lyceum. *La Fleur de Thé* was given for the first time last week. Désiré, as Tien-Tien, a Chinese mandarin and chief of the police of Peking, and M. Léonce, as Ka-o-lin, his second in command, kept the audience in a continuous and almost uninterrupted fit of laughter. To those who have not seen Désiré and Léonce it will be impossible to convey any idea of the continuous drollery of their by-play, as well as the sublimely humorous manner in which they speak every word in the play. The singing was very good, and the music by M. Charles Lecocq, always lively, was in some places eminently dramatic, and suited to every varying incident in the drama, which is considerably above burlesque. *La Fleur de Thé* was preceded by a comedy of Edmond About, *Le Capitaine Bitterlin*. To those who have read the author's charming story, "Trente et Quarante," the dramatised version will appear very inferior. Indeed, About is not a dramatist; but *Le Capitaine Bitterlin* was rendered attractive by the acting of Monsieur Lesueur, as the hero, ably supported by M. Cooper (a very French young gentleman with a very English name), and Mdlle. Gauthier.

THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE,

which is situated opposite the Sloane-square Metropolitan Railway Station, London, is one of the most comfortably got-up houses in the world. Each seat is wide enough in itself, and sufficiently distant from the next seat and that in front, to enable one to sit in comfort. There is but one sunlight in the house, which, even in this weather, is cool and well ventilated. The general decorations are tasteful and free from gaud. The boxkeeper presents you with a playbill as if he were your footman; and without stirring from your seat you may have your after-dinner cup of coffee with cream and sugar to your taste. Altogether the house is one where people may go to be amused without fearing to encounter hideous discomforts. If one could hear Shakespeare or Mozart under such conditions, the perfection of earthly delight would be attained. As to the quality of entertainment offered at the Court theatre we will probably have something to say next week.

GOVERNESS ASSOCIATION OF IRELAND.

An examination for the studentship offered by this association for 1871, will be held next week. The candidates will be examined in the junior course appointed by the Board of Trinity College for the examinations for women, namely—religious knowledge, English composition, English language, English history, geography of Europe, arithmetic, and, as optional subjects, French, or Latin, theory of music, or botany. The successful candidate will receive education, maintenance, and training in teaching for two sessions, free.

The Governess Association of Ireland has set in motion a valuable machinery for preparing women for that profession to which they have a prescriptive right; and they deserve the warm support of all who are interested in promoting the higher education of women.

A studentship, offering free education for two years in Alexandra College, will be given at the Trinity College examinations for women, 1872, to the candidate who shall obtain the best marks in the junior course. Any candidate who has a conscientious objection to be examined in religious knowledge, can substitute one of the optional subjects.

Ladies who may wish to know further particulars regarding the work of this association, can obtain prospectuses at 3, Lower Leeson-street, where an office is maintained for the registration of governesses, who can become members of the association on the payment of a small yearly subscription.

Mr. John Green, of New York, is about to erect a library building for Princeton college, to cost 100,000 dol.

FADED.

Dwelt in my heart a gem—
Blossom of beauty's stem,
Fair as a dream!
Flower of the vernal ground,
Flinging spring's essence round!
Pet of the beam!

Sweetly bewitching fay,
Just in her beauty's May,
Radiant sixteen!
Eyes like the crystal dew—
Wit quite as sparkling too,
Playful, while keen.

Dreamed I of perfumed grove
'Mid fruit and flowers I love
Rarest and best—
'Twas in that moment when
Rapturously o'er again
Two lips I pressed!

Why seems the sun so dim?
Why young birds cease to hymn
Spring's happy lay?
Why does each tree look down
With more than winter's frown?
Why call it May?

Winter is not in snow,
Nor in the brooklet's flow
Coldly congealed;
Not in the sunny beam,
Nor in the roses' gleam,
Summer's revealed!

When blew the winter's storm,
Then was her smile as warm
Sunshine to me;
Now, 'midst the summer air,
Frigid has grown my fair
As icy sea!

Oh! for my heart's flower,
Lost to my 'reft bower,
Wasted and bare!
E'en 'midst the sunny glow,
Albeit the roses blow,
Summer's not there!

Welcome the storm again,
Welcome the snow and rain
Arming the blast;
Welcome the clouds above,
Welcome the silent grove—
Love's dream is past!

LEANDER.

THE POETRY OF BERNARD SIMMONS.

(Continued.)

I am pleased to find that the poem by Simmons, which I have already copied for the EMERALD, has excited admiration; and I hope to interest many readers in an author whose genius has been scarcely recognized, and who passed from the world almost unnoticed. The more I study his poetry, the more strange it appears to me that it is so little known. Even amongst literary men the name of Simmons is scarcely heard, and the general public are not aware of his having existed. I am not indeed surprised that the poems failed

of attaining a wide popularity, especially in Ireland. They are, like the poems of Wordsworth, suited to an audience, "fit but few"—but such an audience they certainly should have obtained. Mr. Simmons writes with exquisite taste, and merely on account of the style his poetry will amply repay careful study. The style is however by no means his only merit. It is the vehicle of conveying to his readers beautiful thoughts, grand ideas, touching sentiments. His love of nature was evidently true and deep, and his descriptions of scenery are those of one who has looked upon the loveliness of creation with real insight, and with that genuine poetic sympathy which feels the spirit in all forms of natural beauty, and responds to the infinite love which breathes through "the chanted poem of the universe." The opening lines of a poem on "Knockmeledoon" are so beautiful, both as a piece of description and as expressing this idea, that I copy them here. The poem is too long to give *in extenso* :—

Broad earth below—blue air above !
Vast as the all-creating Love
That looked them into life intense,
And heaved this mount's magnificence ;
While cloud shall burst, or morning shine,
Gann't nature's granite-rifted shrine,
Where her enthusiast sons shall come,
With wonder's awful worship dumb,
Beneath her glittering aisles to raise
Their hearts' unsounding hymns of praise.

Broad earth below—blue air above,
All joy and glory, light and love !
A thousand vales, a thousand hills,
A thousand brightly tumbling rills,
The peasant's cot, the prince's tower,
Affection's jasmine-shadowed bower,
And white-walled towns, and spiry fanes,
Dark moors, deep glens, and green demesnes,
All rimmed in daylight's ductile gold,
Are far beneath me now unrolled ;
While not an echo of the life
Breaks with the breeze upon mine ear ;
I seem, beyond all earthly strife,
To stand a sky-born spirit here !

The mountain of Knockmeledoon is one of the loftiest in the south of Ireland, and forms a conspicuous land-mark in connecting the three great counties of Cork, Tipperary, and Waterford. The poem goes on to describe at length the various scenes that meet the poet's eye from the lofty height to which he has ascended. I select another passage as being full of beauty ; the poet speaks of the sun as being yet high in the sky, and then continues :—

From Upper Ormond's emerald bound,
And Camrah dark, and Galtymore,
To where Kinsale's old headland mound
Shakes back the Atlantic from the shore,
The circling landscapes, spread below
His brow's most blinding glory, glow.
Stupendous circus! stretched and bent
By Architect Omnipotent!
O'er thy mosaic's mighty plane
The shrinking eye would toil in vain ;
Fatigued, it quits the widening scope,
For yon near upland's sunny slope,
Where, girt with all the grace of June,
Lismore's sweet hamlet basks in noon,
With spired cathedral pointing high
In mute direction to the sky.
Still nearer daylight's drapery falls
In folds less warm around those walls
Where stormed rude chief, and revelled peer—
The ducal hold of Devonshire.
With thoughts that shift and vary fast
As clouds of autumn to the blast,
I hail the century-shattered towers,
Within whose levin-bolted bowers
Dark Strafford watched with heart as hard
As his deputed falchion's guard,

While Rapine held her advent feast
Round Munster's fired and famished waste :
How direly just his every vein
Returned that debt in ruddy rain !

A poet who can describe an Irish landscape so admirably should surely be more studied in his own land. I almost wonder that one exquisite poem, "The Song of a Returned Exile," which is given in Mr. MacCarthy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," has not attracted more attention to the author. This poem is so perfect, so full of exquisite descriptive touches, so imbued with the purest and most touching sentiment, and so musical in its flow of language, that it would suffice alone to establish a reputation. As Mr. MacCarthy's book is within the reach of all readers, it will suffice to direct those who wish to read this poem, to the volume in question, which also contains another poem of great merit by the same author, viz., "The Doom of the Mirror." Of this last no less an authority than Mr. Aubrey de Vere has remarked that, except Allingham's "Music Master," it is the only true idyll of peasant life of which he is aware in Irish poetic literature. Mr. Simmons was certainly a loss to Ireland, and it is to be wished that such another genius should arise amongst us. I may here remark that our author is entirely free from the faults of grammar and diction which are frequently observable in our Irish poets, who, with much genius and fervor, often err in these matters. But I have nearly exceeded the limits that must be observed ; I shall therefore conclude with one short poem, which will, I think, also justify the praise I have given to the almost forgotten writer :—

DEPARTURE.

The breeze already fills the sail on yonder distant strand,
That bears me far an exile from my own inclement land,
Whose cloudy skies possess nor balm, nor brilliance, save what
lies
In lips twin-sister with the rose, and blue beloved eyes.

Dear misty hills ! that soon to me shall o'er the ocean fade,
Your echoes ever in my ears exulting music made ;
For with your torrents' rushing falls, and with your tempest's
pow'r,
Familiar voices blent their tone in many a festal hour.

How oft in summer clime afar, in summer's glowing halls,
When on the lonely stranger's head the dew of welcome falls,
His pining spirit still shall hear, mid beauty's thronging daughters,
The fairy steps that glance in light beside the mountain waters.

And memory-prompted hope shall dream that where, amid the
west,
The harp's fair children lull the night with melody to rest,
Some simple strain may then recall remembrance faint of him
Whose heart is with them in that hour across the billows dim.

The rather disparaging allusion in the above charming poem to our "cloudy skies" can be readily understood as the expression of an invalid, who nevertheless loves the "dear misty hills" of his native land. Certainly, despite our frequent-weeping skies, there is to every true Irish nature an inexpressible charm in the landscapes of our Emerald Isle, and in brighter climes our hearts turn fondly to the "green hills of holy Ireland," and in the beautiful words of one of our poets, we say,

"Good land, green land, dear Ireland, though we cannot see
thee still,
May God's dew brighten all your vales, His sun kiss every hill."

And after long years of sojourn in some foreign land, who can forget the delight of beholding once more

"The emerald wall
That guards the Emerald Land."

Certainly not the present writer, whose love of Ireland can only cease with existence.

INTERESTING NOTES.

M. Mirès, the French banker, whose death is announced from Marseilles, was born of Jewish parents, at Bordeaux, on the 9th of December, 1809.

Lord Melgund was, it is said, one of the English residents in Paris who was compelled to take nine hours' work in extinguishing the fires in that city.

General Von Moltke has returned from a visit which he has been paying to Strasburg, and since his return he has been received by the emperor.

Major Way, the British political agent in Persia, has committed suicide. This unfortunate officer shot himself. He was about to be transferred to Zanzibar.

Mr. Stevens, the well-known steeplechase rider, was thrown from his horse near Cheltenham recently, and so severely injured that he expired within twenty-four hours.

The Hon. Charles Hobart, an admiral in the Turkish service, has received her Majesty's permission to wear the insignia of the Medjidie conferred upon him by the Sultan.

The Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt has allotted a piece of ground, upwards of an acre in extent, for the use of the children of the parish of Wadenhoe, Northamptonshire. The playground has been inaugurated with appropriate festivities.

General Cissey, the new French War Minister, is a member of a noble Burgundian family. His father and grandfather were Chevaliers of St. Louis. On October 22, he protested against Bazaine's capitulation at Metz, and voted for a sortie of the whole army.

The Chiefs of the Deccan have given £3,000 to promote education in their districts, in commemoration of the visit of his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. £2,000 go to endow a Female Normal School. His Excellency the Viceroy will visit Burmah in December next, in company with Lady Mayo and a large suite.

General Peter Innes has met with a fatal accident at Simla. He was engaged in pruning a rose-bush in his garden at the edge of a cliff, and, on rising, overbalanced himself. He fell sixteen feet, broke three ribs, and died a few days after. This accident has thrown quite a gloom over Simla, where the gallant officer was greatly respected.

Miss Amy Fawsitt, of the Vaudeville Theatre, was married at Dublin, on the 27th ult., to Mr. Edward Menzies, of Belgrave-square, London.

Miss Braddon is preparing a book for excursionists, which she intends to issue shortly, under the title of "Summer Tourist."

There is now a Russian journal in America the *Alaska Herald*, which is published twice a month, in Russian and English.

The destruction at the Gobelins has not been so extensive as has been apprehended. Only a small portion of the buildings has been burnt, and work has already been resumed in the parts which have been spared. Even in those rooms which have been destroyed not all the works of art have been lost, and especially the "Dead Christ," after Philippe de Champagne, and the portrait of Louis XIV., after Rigault, have been saved.

Messrs. Phelps and Webster will appear in Mr. Watts Phillips's forthcoming drama at the Princess's Theatre, in characters written specially for those gentlemen.

Mdme. Anna Bishop is shortly expected in England.

She son of the late Jullien is now in the United States giving promenade concerts.

Herr Herbeck will be replaced in the direction of the Grand Concerts in Vienna, by Herr Antoine Rubinstein, who will leave St. Petersburg in the autumn for his new post. Herr Herbeck is nominated conductor of the Imperial Opera-house.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, who have been some time absent in Italy, and who have just returned to London, announce three morning performances next week at St. James's Hall, of their songs and impersonations.

Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann has arrived in New York, from San Francisco, accompanied by his wife, known on the English stage as Miss Milly Palmer.

Miss Madeline Schiller, the talented young pianist, is returning to England.

Maria Stuart von Schottland, the first dramatic work of an officer of Uhlaus, Lieut. von Warteneegg, which was very successful at Stuttgart, will be one of the novelties at the Vienna Burg-Theatre.

THEKLA'S LAMENT.

(FROM SCHILLER.)

The clouds are darkening,

The pine trees roar;

The maid reclines

On the verdant shore;

And the waves are dashing with might, with might,

As they waft her sighs on that stormy night,

And carry her tears to the ocean!

The world is dreary,

My heart is dead;

And I've no more

To wish for, she said.

Oh! mother take back thy child to her rest,

I have known what it is to be loved and blest,

I've tasted the bliss of loving.

The sorrowful maiden

Continues to weep,

But she wakes not the dead

In their last long sleep.

Yet say what can solace the breaking heart

When all the bright visions of love depart,

Oh! such comfort should not be denied her.

Let the sorrowful maiden

Continue to weep,

But disturb not the dead

In their last long sleep.

The sweetest relief for the sorrowing heart,

When all the bright visions of love depart,

May be found in lamenting and weeping.

HOFFNUNG.

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CLEANING ROCK CORAL.—Brush the rock coral with clean soap and water, and afterwards place in the sun to dry and bleach. Continue every day for a week.

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TO ALLAY WASP STINGS.—Mix a little common garden mould with water, and make a poultice of it, putting it in a bit of muslin over the stin; it eases the pain in a very short time. It is said to be good for gnats and other bites.

TO REMOVE PAINT-SPOTS FROM SILK CLOTH.—If the fabric will bear it, sharp rubbing will frequently entirely discharge a new-made paint-stain; but, if not successful, apply spirit of turpentine with a quill till the stains disappear.

TO MAKE OLD CRAPE LOOK NEARLY EQUAL TO NEW.—Place a little water in a tea-kettle, and let it boil until there is plenty of steam from the spout, then, holding the crape in both hands, pass it to and fro several times through the steam, and it will clean and look nearly equal to new.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—The subject of your last leading article is so interesting and so deserving of attention, that I am sure you will confer a favor on your readers by giving some further information respecting the Refuge in question. It was only quite recently that I even heard of the institution. Its object is an excellent one, and one that should secure the interest and support of ladies so far as can be. Amongst the many philanthropic and charitable schemes which claim some attention and help, I do think that those that have for their object the benefit of women should have primary consideration. It would be lamentable if so admirable an institution as that of the Brickfield-lane Refuge should be allowed to fail for want of support. It would be certainly only a fitting mark of respect to the memory of its revered and lamented founder, if an energetic effort were at once made to keep it in existence, and to carry it on upon the same large and liberal principles on which he acted. Probably if you notified that you would receive subscriptions for this object, many ladies would be glad to commit a mite to your charge—I shall gladly do so.

June 20th, 1871.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
IERNE.

[Nothing could give us greater pleasure than to become the medium between our charitably disposed readers and those whom misfortune compels to seek refuge in the Brickfield-lane Asylum. We will endeavor to obtain minute information concerning it.—Ed. E.]

DOUBLE ACROSTIC—4.

United in love and united in fame,
And here, in this puzzle, united their name.

1. My first is uncommon,
2. My second's not poor,
3. My third is a woman,
4. My fourth is no boor,
5. My fifth is a sailor
6. Who sailed to this shore
7. In hopes he would nail her,
8. Quoth she : nevermore.

HOFFNUNG.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 2.

E	ni	D
M	achievell	I
E	mm	A
R	equie	M
A	ntoni	O
L	ema	N
D	rya	D

Emerald—Diamond.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 3.

S	ennacheri	B
T	ai	L
A	labam	A
N	o	R
N	ankee	N
E	leganc	E
S	all	Y

St. Anne's, Blarney.

Mr. Robert Browning's new poem, called "Balaustion's Adventures," will be published, we hear, in the course of the present month.

ON GEOGRAPHY.

Geography is still, as ever, a science of marvels. Those that cross great countries, no less than those that go down into the sea in ships see things marvellous We have meted out the earth, and we possess its fulness. The Cape is ours, and the North Sea is ours. We have cast out our shoe over China, and have triumphed over India. Africa has yielded up her secret ; we know the source of the Nile ; we have cut Suez, and have run a railway over Panama. The North-west Passage is at last discovered, and we have made it possible to journey over the great western Prairies from New York to San Francisco without even changing carriages. Parts of the South Sea, with its magic circle of fog and ice, are, it is true, still unknown. China and Japan have not told us all they contain. But, none the less, there remains for us no new world to conquer full of gold and bdellium ; no El Dorado to sack, or Prester John to lead in chains. There are, as Lord Derby pointed out, no new seas to plough, no new continents to traverse.

And yet geography is a greater science than ever. She has extended her borders, and made clear her close relationship with the other sciences, her sisters and handmaidens. Of old, a "geography book" was a dry thing of names, a mere enumeration of latitudes and longitudes. Now we learn and are told not only the name of a country and its position, but also its history and its nature The "atlas," at least, if not the globe, is now within the reach of every household ; and the lad who cannot point out Chicago, deserves as little pity as does the Philistine who cannot conjure up along Ilissus the ghost of its old associations. And together with the knowledge of geography, the knowledge of the cognate sciences has kept pace. As a man is but a speck in the world, so is the world but a speck in the vast Cosmos. New sciences have grown up, the very names of which were of old unknown. Geology, and astronomy, and palæontology are, for all their important truths, things of to-day. Physical geography, the geography of nations, comparative philology, the theory of the distribution of plants and animals ; all the knowledge that these imply, inaccessible to the wisest of the ancients, is now the study, or rather the pleasure, of each of us. From the wealthy devotee of science, who belongs to every British and foreign learned society upon the globe, to the poor student in his garret, we all of us are interested in these things, and love to see the great web of mystery which cloaks the secret of our one common mother the earth, patiently unravelled. For to speak of our knowledge as if it were finished with the mapping out of the globe, were the idlest of all boasts. We have, in sober truth, been but picking up shells at random by the great sea of knowledge, which rolls at our very feet, ever murmuring of the secrets which it hides, ever prompting us to put out upon its bosom and sail in quest of new and golden continents, in which one El Dorado stretches out behind another. Such is not the knowledge which puffs up. Rather, as knowledge grows, doth

"more of reverence in us dwell,
And mind and soul, according well,
Make but one music as before."

Geography is entering upon a new phase. The age of discovery of the primary features, the rivers and rocks of continents, seems well-nigh fulfilled. But this work, great and interesting though it be, is yet only a step towards the perfection of the science.—*Echo.*

Captain Remington, who turned *jaqueer* several years ago at Lucknow, and who has been living as such in filth and squalor, has turned up at Roy Bareilly, where he began to inculcate his extraordinary ideas to the crowds in the bazaars. Having been interfered with by the police, he revenged himself by smashing the windows of the magistrate's court with stones. Thereupon he was arrested, and it is now hoped that he will be sent to a lunatic asylum.

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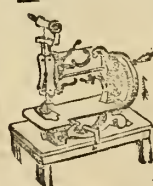
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THE EMERALD:


THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 4.]

SATURDAY, JULY 1st, 1871.

[Vol. II.

MEMORIAL TO DR. SPRATT.

HE meeting held on Sunday last, to take steps for perpetuating the memory of the late Very Rev Dr. Spratt, was in many respects remarkable. It is not often in Ireland that a man can hold and uphold firmly his own religious convictions without exciting the dislike or forfeiting the good-will of those who do not share his beliefs. It is not often that a man lays the foundation of esteem so deep in the hearts of all, that his death is mourned as a great national loss, and those who would have felt it a duty to oppose him on some points share in the general regret. Nor is it often that a man lays down his life for the poor—if not in bloody offering, yet by a sacrifice as worthy—the devotion of thought, and energy, and what should have been leisure, to their service, and this during an active career which embraced more than the ordinary years of man.

These things are indeed not often done; but they have been accomplished by the lamented Dr. Spratt. And in consequence events that as seldom happen have followed. For it is not often that members of one religious body join with those of another to do honor to the memory of a departed dignitary of an opposing Church; not often that men who glory in their Protestantism are seen side by side with Catholics in the church attached to a convent, at a public meeting held specially to consider the best way of doing that honor. We hail it as a healthy sign. If we must differ on some points, let us agree to differ so far; but outside the well marked line of division, let us be Christian, and love one another.

This is at once the mainspring and the offspring of charity. It was Dr. Spratt's lifelong devotion to that holy cause which assembled so many admirers on last Sunday; it was its spirit which inspired him with that broad benevolence which took in misery of every hue, nor bounded its influence by any narrowing test. And again the great principle bears fruit in the broad and generous spirit in which the idea of a memorial has been taken up.

Hardly one of the many speakers at the meeting failed to allude to the Brickfield-lane Night Refuge, or to signify in emphatic language their sense of the benefit that institution confers, not alone on those to whom it gives shelter, but on the whole city of Dublin, and on the cause of morality. Our readers will remember that on more than one occasion we referred to what we considered the crown of Dr. Spratt's beneficent career, and endeavored to interest them in a work so useful. One of the speakers at the meeting

justly said that it was the poor women of Dublin who had most cause to regret the loss of the philanthropist; those who would feel it most deeply and adore his memory were the wives, the widows, the mothers, who sought him in their hours of anguish, and agony, and despair, to ask advice and assistance in the case of a son's disgrace, or it might be a daughter's dishonor. And in illustration of his ardent charity, Mr. Sullivan relates how, in the year 1832, while yet young, with the prospect of a long life before him, Dr. Spratt risked it to rescue a Magdalen dying of cholera, lifting her with his own hands into a turf-cart, in which he conveyed her to the hospital. In truth, in every way, he was the truest friend of woman. He devoted himself incessantly to the inculcation of temperance, whereby many a wife tasted of comforts she knew not previously, and many a mother was spared the pain of seeing her children destitute of bread. He was one of the most active of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, the merits of which are too well known to need enumeration here. He was a father, and a tender one, to the little ones whom death had robbed of theirs. He was the friend of knowledge, and did much to advance it in every way; nor will his labors in connection with the education of the unfortunate blind be soon forgotten. And not the least of his works, nor the one for which women have least reason to be grateful, is the Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children; for, as was well remarked by Mr. Dix Hutton, in a country like this, in which outdoor relief was almost unknown, a public institution like the Night Refuge was *invaluable*.

It is, then, with a glad recognition of its peculiar fitness, that we bring under the notice of our readers the suggestion of a respected correspondent who is fertile in beneficence. She says: "It would be lamentable if Brickfield-lane Refuge were allowed to die; and I do think Irishwomen ought to unite to keep it up, and make it a Woman's Tribute of reverence to the memory of the admirable man who planned it."


Here is the shape the monument to such a man should assume. It is redolent of healthy sentiment and usefulness. Long as the institution should stand—and unfortunately the world can never hope to see the day when such an institution will be unneeded—it would carry the name of its projector down to future generations, and stamp it with an indelible patent of worth, which no mere inscription on a block of stone—carved deeply as it might—could ever convey to the mind of posterity. And all this while the young girl destitute of home—the domestic servant or

the needlewoman without friends and without work—would find shelter not only from the severity of winter, but from the more dangerous inclemency of temptation; and the orphan youth who, supported by the innate fire of self-dependence, determines to work his way up from the miserable pittance his unskilled labor brings, will be removed from the contagion of filthy association, and the vile example of the pariahs of society who nightly seek the warmth of the convenient lime-kiln.

The tendency of our age is towards the practical, as distinct from the sentimental. Either extreme is faulty, and perfection is the union of both. In the proposal of our correspondent we have that unity in its highest form, under its most attractive guise, recommended by the divinest qualities of humanity. By it charity would be honored, usefulness consulted, virtue recompensed, sentiment propitiated. Does it require eloquence to recommend it? We deem not. It wants merely will and action. Ladies, under the existing arrangements of society, seldom have large sums to spare; but many could find a small sum to invest in so beneficent a project, if they had but the will. Our correspondent says, "I would give whatever I could spare for it, and I do hope that many more would do the same." We are sure they would, and with this expression of our conviction we commit the project to our readers.

THE MARKET-WOMAN.

BY M. G. R.

OME of the pleasantest of the many pleasant reminiscences of my childhood are associated with the recollection of a very ugly uncouth woman, with a very ugly uncouth name, "Moll Miskellagh," our market-woman. If the cognomen "Moll" was intolerable to "ears polite," what was it to the euphonious appellation of her better half, "Mogue Miskellagh?" The English groom of an Irish gentleman once overheard some person calling Mogue Miskellagh! "Mogue Miskellagh! Mogue Miskellagh!" he thrice exclaimed, voice, eyes, and hands in their various ways expressing astonishment, "does that 'ere name belong to a Christian?"

The home of my early days was situated five miles from the nearest market-town; and as it was not always convenient to send a servant and horse for the various commodities necessary for a tolerably large family, a regular drudging market-man or woman was deemed indispensable. Moll Miskellagh heard of "the lady's" wants and wishes, and believing her own limbs to be stout, and her memory retentive, offered herself as the "beast of burden."

"Misthress, jew'l," pleaded Moll, with the most persuasive brogue imaginable, "sorra sitch a pair of legs in the whole country; an' for my back, it bangs Banagher for the strinth! As to my karrather, thank God! I need say nothin' about it, as I may safely lave it to my naburs for its honesty."

"And honesty must have its reward," returned the amiable and well-beloved "misthress," whose business it was to engage the market-woman. "But do you read?"

"Augh! sorra bit of me, yer honor," quoth Mrs. Miskellagh with a groan; "larnin' wasn't the fashin in my young days, or I s'pose I'd have got a lick ov it like the rest. But what ov that, misthress?"

"Why it would be better for all parties that you did read, as you will have so many notes to carry to different shops, and you cannot fail to be sadly puzzled."

"Augh, lave out the notes, ma'am," interrupted Moll, somewhat impatiently, "an' give me yer commands by word ov mouth, an' I'll engage for it. I'll go to the four quarters ov the town, an' do your errands widout a single mis-

take: bekase why, if I wud happen to forget one or two, I have a way ov me own to make me remimber agin. So, for God's and me childher's sakes, yer honor, give me the berth, an' I'll sarve ye faithful. Troth I'll drag as much as an ass!"

"Well, I believe I shall try you, Molly," said the lady, smiling kindly, the appeal of distress never lost upon her. "Thursdays and Saturdays are the days we send to town; be you ready to attend me at ten o'clock on next Thursday."

I was present at this engagement, and though I was very young at the time, never shall I forget the frightful grins with which Moll Miskellagh graced her exuberant thanks, nor her extra-extraordinary curtseys! I have seen an elephant attempt such movements since, and I can declare that the quadruped was the more graceful of the two. The "quadruped!" do I say? I would not avow that our market-woman was not akin to a camel: she was as enduring as one, I am sure, and seldom have I seen her without her burthen behind.

Well, on Thursday Moll Miskellagh was punctual; she came with eyes, ears, and hands all prepared for "town."

"I am sadly afraid"—began the lady, pausing, and looking doubtfully at her messenger.

"Of what, yer honor?" inquired Molly briskly.

"That your memory cannot retain all the commissions I must entrust you with, and not only me, but every one in the house."

"Thry me, ma'am—go on, jew'l! Never fear me! Give me a hundred ov them if you like, for I have a way of me own to remimber."

"Well, I wish to serve you, at all events. Then you must first carry this post-bag to the post-office."

"So I can, ma'am; and I need say nothin' there, as the bag will tell what it wants ov itself. Go on, darlint!"

"Then you are to go to the baker's in New-street, to the butcher's in Market-street, to F——'s for groceries, to Mrs. R—— of Church-street with this note, and to Mrs. L—— of Castle-hill with this other. And here is a list of articles you are to purchase for me at any shop you please. But what operation are you performing on your fingers?"

"Augh, there's my saieret!" quoth the market-woman triumphantly. "You see, misthress, I have three sorts ov thread, black, white, an' grey; an' when I am not sure that I'll think ov a thing perfectly, I tie one of those threads on one ov me fingers; an' whin I am at a loss, I keep lookin' at the thread till I remimber what I tied it on for, an' so at last it comes into my mimory. Go on, misthress, if you please; the day is gettin' late with us."

"I have no more commissions, Molly; but here comes your master with his."

"Well, Mrs. Miskellagh, have you got all your *commandments*?" inquired the "ministhur," smiling.

"Augh, be lanient, yer rivirince! the misthress has given me a power to-day."

"Well, Moll, I will be lenient. I have only two or three trifling commissions to give you. First, you must go to the post-office, and then to B——'s for my boots; neither parson nor priest can do without them, you know. Did you ever hear of the 'priest in his boots,' Moll?"

"Troth I have, an' danced it too, sur. Go on, your rivirince; what next?"

"Next you are to go to Mr. W——, the attorney, with this note, and be sure to wait for an answer. I have no more commissions to-day. But now, Moll, take care of the youngsters; and here they come, ready to overwhelm you!"

"Ogh! Lard help me!" ejaculated the poor market-woman, as a troop of laughing, romping children bounded into the room and surrounded her.

Now, grandpapa, for a little innocent mischief, privately slid silver to each of the youngsters, to gratify their various tastes in toys, purposely to test poor Moll's system of mnemonics. The eldest boy was about to give his orders in a loud key, when Moll Miskellagh, with a proper reverence

for her own sex, pushed him aside, and desired the "young Miss to spauk up first."

"A sixpenny doll, and two dishes for my baby-kitchen," squeaked miss.

"Now, young masther, yours?"

"A top, Moll—not a pegging-top, but a humming-top, I want."

"A hummin'-top!" cried the market-woman impatiently; "arrah, what the dhioul is a hummin'-top?"

"Why, a humming-top is a—a—a humming-top," quoth young master, somewhat posed. "It makes a noise this way—hum, hum, hum—for all the world like a droning beetle."

Poor Moll had no acquaintance with any beetle but a sort of wooden instrument with which peasant maidens pound their coarse clothes when washing them at a stream or river; and "a dhronin' beetle!" she ejaculated, opening wide her small grey eyes, and looking from one to the other for an explanation; while grandpapa, his face bathed with tears from excessive laughter, prepared to make matters clear, but in reality to make "confusion worse confounded." But the hero of the humming-top thought no one knew its peculiarities so well as himself, and he ended the dilemma by describing a humming-top to be "a great deal larger than a common top, had a square hole in one side, and it is always painted red."

"That'll do," said Moll Miskellagh, trying to be satisfied. "I'll inquire about sitch a thing, any how. An' now little masthers, what's your pleasures?"

One chose "a whip," and the other "cakes," and then we thought poor Moll had her quantum, and that she might proceed on her journey. But so thought not Moll. Confident of her retentive powers and strength of frame, she seemed determined to test herself to the utmost; and before she left the house, she decended to the lower regions to offer her services to the dignitaries of the kitchen. She was expected, it seemed, for the cook had a lot of "kitchen stuff" to be disposed of in town, the butler to send for a new razor, the housemaid to have a letter put into the post-office, directed to "John FitzGerald, at Mr. Crosbie's, esquire, Dublin, Great Britain-street, Ireland," and the kitchen-maid to send for a wire comb to support her redundant tresses.

"Any thing else, now?" demanded the messenger, her foot on the threshold of the outer door.

"No! no! no!" exclaimed all the voices at once; "away with ye, an' God speed ye!"

"Amin!" muttered the market-woman, striding up the steep stone steps, through the yard, and down the avenue, without "casting a longing, lingering look behind."

I will not say how often we children teased our dear, good, angel-tempered grandmother with "When will Moll Miskellagh return?" Suffice it to say, we thought of nothing but Moll, looked for no one but Moll; and until we actually beheld Moll panting up the steep avenue with a prodigious load on her back, a huge basket on one arm, and the post-bag on the other, her two pockets or rather wallets filled to the brim, we never gave ourselves or others rest or peace!

But the market-woman was triumphant! Not one single commission did she forget, and every one was satisfied with her dealings and bargains except the butler, whose razor was base metal, instead of steel, or even iron! But who could blame Moll Miskellagh? Abler persons, and of the sex that used such scrapers, had been imposed on ere then. Witness—

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began with grinning face to scrub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze;

'Twas a vile razor! Then the rest he tried—

All were impostors! "Ah!" Hodge sighed,

"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse!"

Yes! our market-woman was triumphant! and for many years she retained her situation, exhibiting the same strength of memory, fidelity, and honesty, to the last. But I must mention how nicely we nicked our grandpapa for his

indiscreet attempt to puzzle our purveyor on her first essay. Ever after, we regularly called upon him for "means to test the market-woman's memory," and he good-humoredly always complied with the demand. Then, oh! what an interesting object Moll became to us! How we used to watch for the first glimpse of the huge white load resting on her back, and rising considerably above her head! And how often in our eagerness we mistook white cows, ladies dressed in white, and white horses, for our dearly beloved Moll Miskellagh!

One evening we expected some particularly nice things by our market-woman. It was somewhere about Christmas, when our means swelled considerably by the addition of Christmas gifts. Many times during the evening we had seen things very like Moll in the distance, but which turned out most bitter disappointments. All four were stuck in a window that commanded a full view of the road to E—; and never did the unfortunate lady of Bluebeard put more earnest eager inquiries to her sister Anne, "Is there any body coming?" than we did to each other on this momentous occasion. At length, oh, sight of joy! we beheld a white object descending the opposite hill. "She is coming! she is coming!" screamed a quartette of young voices, and down we flew to the avenue gate. Alas and alack! it was not Moll, but a gentleman on a white horse! We gazed on each other in breathless dismay; but one of the party, though sadly confounded, resolved to hear of our messenger if possible, since he could not see her, and, boldly advancing, demanded of the traveller "if he were coming from E—?"

The gentleman, for he was a gentleman, appeared somewhat surprised at this address, but observing a group of rosy merry-looking children, he reined in his horse, and smiling good-naturedly, replied that "he was returning from that town."

Emboldened by this condescension, the next query was, "had he seen Moll Miskellagh?"

The stranger laughed outright. "Really, my dear," said he, "I have not the pleasure to know any one of that name. Pray who and what is Moll Miskellagh?"

"Our market-woman, sir," quoth our spokesman.

"Ha! What sort of person is she, pray? Perhaps I did see her."

We looked at one another doubtfully, the look plainly expressing "How shall we describe her?" when at last the first speaker, with the air of an incipient judge of female beauty, took on himself to reply, "that Moll Miskellagh was a very ugly woman indeed, that she had a pale yellow face, and a great wart near her nose; that she wore a dark blue cloak, an old black bonnet; and that she carried a prodigious, oh! a very big load on her back."

"Never was description more graphic!" exclaimed the traveller, still laughing. "I did indeed see your market-woman. I passed her about a quarter of a mile from this; and if you have patience, my dears, you will soon see her. You expect some nice things by her, I am sure—eh?"

"Oh dear, yes, sir"—and thereon we eagerly enumerated all that Moll was charged to purchase. The kind gentleman seemed to enjoy our delightful anticipations, asked us our names, and various other questions, and charitably kept us employed till poor over-laden Moll actually came in sight, and until he witnessed our clamorous welcomes, and saw us in possession of our treasures. Nay, he lingered to laugh at our expedient to facilitate Mrs. Miskellagh's tardy movements up the very steep avenue—one and all of the four juveniles getting behind her and pushing her up (much in the way the venerable Captain Kearney's fair but fat cousin was sent up the companion-ladder, as described in "Peter Simple"), the boys shouting "Yo heave ho!" as the good ship Old Moll got into port.

Peace to the poor market-woman! In some lone and humble churchyard she now rests after her life of labor—in the memory of those who knew her, her only epitaph,

"Simple, faithful, honest, much enduring Moll Miskellagh!"

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN

MADAM DUDEVANT.

Having continued our biographies of eminent women with Madame de Stael, we follow the order of time less than of merit in presenting our readers this week with a hurrygraph of the life and literary achievements of the French lady so illustrious by her *nom de plume* of Georges Sand—certainly the greatest female novelist the world has seen, almost equally eminent as a dramatist, and a very remarkable personage in many other respects, whose political, social, and philosophical writings, livres du voyage, souvenirs, anecdotes, and biographies, as well as fictions, render her not only luminous, but voluminous—the number of her books exceeding those of Sir Walter Scott, being only surpassed by those of Calderon, De Vega, and of course the renowned Alexander Dumas.

Amantine Aurore Dupin, afterwards the Baroness Dudevant, is the daughter of the Marquis Maurice Dupin de Franceuil, a noble possessing a considerable estate in the department of Berri. She was born in Paris, July 5th, 1804, and is therefore now in her sixty-seventh year. Branches of her family trace their descent from several high dignitaries, monarchs, and warriors, among them a king of Poland, and the famous Marechal Saxe—that greater Peterborough—general, tactician, and hero, who conducted and fought through so many campaigns with success, and who is for ever associated with Irish memories by his presence at Fontenoy. When his friend, the author of "The war of 1741," met him in Paris just before he set out for that famous field, and expressed his astonishment that one so broken down by illness was about to take the conduct of the campaign, Marechal Saxe replied, "The question now is not one of living, but of departing." Aurore Dupin was brought up in the family seat, Nohault—whose neighborhood she has so charmingly depicted—by her grandmother, the Comtesse de Horn, an old lady distinguished for her wit, but who, as regards her "religion," followed that of Rousseau; and to her influence is doubtless attributable some of the erroneous social theories with which her granddaughter was impressed in her early years. At the age of fifteen she had already, without any other guide than her fancy or appetite for reading, become possessed of a wide range of reading; the library at Nohault being an intellectual Eden, where the trees of good and evil flourished; and she was mistress as well of many accomplishments, some of them even martial, for she could handle a sword or a gun with the same ease and delight as the pencil. About this age she was sent to the Convent de la Dames Anglaise at Paris, where the new religious training she received resulted in developing in her soul the most passionate feelings of devotion. Every new change in life she experienced impressed her susceptible and splendidly imaginative mind, which, judging from several of her writings, has never lost the impress it received during this epoch when the Saint was her ideal. The death of her grandmother, which occurred shortly after this time, removed the friend to whom she was most attached, and her family compacted a marriage between her and the Baron Dudevant, who is represented as many years her senior; a man of harsh manners, and wholly devoid of those elevated tastes which had become a part of the existence of the greatest female genius then in France. Her fortune, which amounted to twenty thousand pounds, was an important item to the baron, who was absorbed in agricultural improvements. A few years passed, during which two children were born. Then the monotony of her existence, varied only by the antagonism which had arisen between the noble pair, seems to have induced a severe illness, threatening her life. By the advice of her physicians she visited the waters of the Pyrenees. On this tour, an escape from illness, cruelty, and ennui, Madame Dudevant set out alone; then went to reside at Bourdeaux, and thence to Paris, where she surrounded herself by those arts to which she was so passionately attached. Here she resumed her acquaintance with

Jules Sandeau, a young law student, who had passed a vacation at her seat, Nohault, an intimacy to which, subsequently, when she commenced literature, her *nom de plume* was in part attributable. On her return to Monsieur le Baron, we are told that the harshness of his conduct rendered a home under his roof intolerable. Madame Dudevant accordingly returned to Paris, leaving her fortune and her children in his care. Here she lived for some time in extreme poverty, occupying a garret on the Quai St. Michel, and supporting herself by painting little ornaments, in which she was an adept. At length, having contributed some articles to the *Figaro*, its editor, M. Latouche, suggested that she should select literature as her profession. Her first work, "Rose and Blanche," was rapidly written, and for this she received 400 francs, with which sum, small in itself, but of great importance in her then position, she made a trip to Berri for the purpose of instituting proceedings against her husband. This was the period when Madame Sand assumed, for a short time, male attire, the object of which was to escape observation, and the better to execute the purpose she had in view. On her return she had already completed the first of her novels which made a stir, "Indiana," for which she received 600 francs. In 1836 the proceedings instituted for the recovery of her dowry and the restoration of her children ended in her favor; and she resumed her residence in the chateau of Nohault, where the greater part of her life appears to have been passed. Between 1835-7 was one of the epochs of her greatest literary activity, during which she wrote "Leone-Leoni," "Jacques," "Simon," "Mauprat," "Le Dernier Aldini," "Les Maitres Mosantes," "Pauline," "Un Hiver a Majorque," etc., etc. In 1848 Madame Dudevant became one of the chief leaders of the extreme republican party; in that revolution she appeared as an orator, and many of the most stirring circulars then attributed to Ledru Rollin, were composed by her. Since then she has lived chiefly at her chateau, whence have issued so many of those tales which illustrate the purity and tenderness of her genius, as some of those in her earlier life embody its stormy anguish and mental struggles. Those tales in which she paints the life of the peasants of Berri are among the most exquisite prose idylls ever written, better in their way than even the old pastoral of Longus or the Herman and Dorothea. In these rural domains the great Writer is less known than the Benefactress of the poor, and perhaps she also may say with one of her famous forerunners in French literature, "Je fais un peu de bien c'est mon meilleur ouvrage." Besides numerous political and philosophical essays, Madame Dudevant has achieved a high place among the dramatists of France. Her "Francois le Champi," "Clanduc," "Moliere," "Les Vacances de Pandolphe," "Le Mariage de Victorine," "Le Presson," etc., have been highly successful on the stage, and, unlike the plays of so many of her contemporaries, are as distinguished for their literary as their dramatic merits. She is accustomed to have her plays acted in the theatre attached to her residence before they appear before public Parisian audiences.

There are scenes of dramatic passion in some of her novels and romances which, from their conception and execution, are so powerful, that we can hardly think Shakespeare could have surpassed them had he been a writer of prose fiction. Even among her earlier books—which must be classed among *les livres defendus*—there are chapters of eloquence, regarded merely as such, and apart from the crude and false theories which they are designed to expound, which no modern writer in any country has excelled. We need not indicate the novels referred to, which are the expression of a great emotive system in alliance with an erratic fancy; and as, apart from the mere writing, any interest which attaches to the narrative is foreign to the popular taste in those countries. Once, of a hot summer day, a witty French lady who held a glass of cool sparkling champagne to her lip, paused, saying: "Oh, if it were but a sin." In some of G. Sand's juvenile books we have to swallow a good deal of sin with the champagne; but happily in the greater num-

ber the enjoyment of the pure wine is unalloyed with any moral repugnancy. In such novels as "Simon," in "Valentine," where we have the first of her charming descriptions of the rural scenery of Berri; in the "Last Aldini," with its contrasts of patrician and artist life; and those pictures of Venice, which are drawn more in full in the delightful "Letters of a Traveller;" and, among many others, in "Consuello," we listen to a poet creating, grouping, contrasting characters of the greatest interest, and extemporizing scenes of foreign life true to their natural ideal, and animated with high aspirations, moral and imaginative. As a depictr of character G. Sand is a synthetic rather than an analytic artist. Unlike Balzac, she does not work out her effects by a laborious accumulation of details, but by a few conceptive touches which individualize—this is the poetic method. With her the composition of a story seems a growth, not a manufacture: "the art itself is nature;" to be true to feeling and imagination is her leading object. Nor does she indulge in those grotesque extravagances which characterize in parts the works of the greatest of epic romancists—Victor Hugo. Some of her tales, in their pure and touching simplicity, are as "round and perfect as a tear;" and, while an unrivalled painter of natural scenery, and what is called mood landscape, and, above all, distinguished as a delineator of passion, possesses, as might be expected from a mind of such wide poetic affinities, an admirable power of portraying the humorous. Also in dealing with the supernatural, a rare and impressive power is manifested in "Spiridion."

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary gives as follows her impressions of Parisian fashions, now that the city may be said to have woken up to life again:—

"I see more black dresses than colored ones; but how exquisitely some of these would-be sombre toilettes are made! Several are of Chambéry gauze striped with satin; the skirts are covered with a multitude of narrow flounces, which alternate with frills of Valenciennes lace, a long sash tied at the side à la Joinville, with wide ends terminating with rich black fringe; bodice low and square in front, and made with *basques* at the waist. A *fichu* of Spanish lace tied over the dress replaces the mantelet.

"These *fichus* are charming. They cross upon the chest, where they are fastened with a large bow; they are tied at the back, forming two points, and at the junction of these two points there is another bow. Several are made of white muslin, with Valenciennes insertion let in, and are edged with lace to match; guipure is likewise used in a similar manner. They are also made entirely of either black or white lace, but none of these *fichus* are so popular as those for which Spanish lace is exclusively used.

"Many black dresses are embroidered, and the gauze ones with white embroidery are lovely. The deep flounce which borders the petticoat is embroidered, and the two flounces above and the flounce round the tunic are all worked. For example, a plain black Chambéry gauze dress, the flounce embroidered with white marguerites or daisies; gauze polonaise lined with black silk, edged with an embroidered frill. The polonaise is trimmed the entire length of the front with large marguerites made of white silk, with black velvet hearts; these replace the buttons, and similar silk marguerites are fastened at the sides, where the polonaise is bunched up. The same style of toilette is produced in all colors; the hearts of the marguerites are chesnut-brown velvet when the toilette is not intended for a mourning one. In lilac Chambéry gauze this make of dress is very stylish.

"Black and white toilettes may be made in a very inexpensive manner by substituting narrow white fringe, not half an inch in depth, for either Valenciennes lace or guipure. This sort of fringe at the edge of narrow black silk flounces produces a much better effect than would be imagined by description. Whether grenadine, gauze, or silk be the material used for the dress, the same trimmings appear to be appli-

cable to all. Very fine black cashmere is a favorite material this summer for outdoor garments, and I have seen some exceedingly pretty ones trimmed with several rows of the narrow white fringe alluded to above, and the effect was most satisfactory.

"The *élégantes* have adopted for outdoor summer wear a most stylish jacket. It is made of black China *crêpe*, and is bordered with a wide insertion of either Bruges guipure, old Louis XIII. point, or even of old *point d'Angleterre*; this is sewn on flat, without the smallest fulness. If no insertion is to be had, then lace is used; but it is likewise arranged plain, and upon the material, and not gathered round it. The jacket is then further ornamented with gold braid, but for mourning wear white *soutache* is substituted for the gold braid. The trimming is carried straight up the back. The jacket describes large *basques*, gathered at the waist, and fastened there with silk cord, mixed with gold braid or with white *soutache*, as the case may be. A black silk fringe, with either gold or white intermixed, borders the garment. The sleeves, which are very wide, are lined with colored silk.

"The name of this jacket in Paris is *La Vesta Française*, and it is also made of white China *crêpe* for opera cloaks, and in poppy-red China *crêpe* for the seaside.

"As balls are still given, I will indicate a pretty style of summer evening toilettes, which are white over colored silk slips. For example, a bright pink silk skirt is covered with narrow box-plaited frills of either white tulle or tarlatan; if the latter material is used, it should be very thin and clear, so that the colored silk can be seen through it. The toilette is completed with a *tablier* of pink China *crêpe*, which is tied like a scarf at the back, and which is ornamented with a garland of either roses or pink acacias, or else simply bordered with a *ruche* to match the rest of the dress. The bodice is pink silk, covered with either tulle or tarlatan, with a narrow China *crêpe berthe* edged with flowers."

MRS. BELL'S MATINEE MUSICALE.

Mrs. Bell's educational establishment in Kildare-place, Kildare-street, is long and favorably known to the inhabitants of Dublin; and her annual *matinée musicale* and distribution of prizes is looked forward to for months by the pupils of the institute and their friends. That for 1871 came off on Wednesday last before a very large and fashionable assemblage. Mrs. Bell's *matinées* are usually very successful; but this year's perhaps surpasses former ones. The music was given in a way that reflects great credit on Miss Cruise and Mr. Hoffmann, the teachers. Care was taken that the eye should have its enjoyments as well as the ear; for the walls of the spacious apartments were hung with the productions of the pupils in the pictorial art, from the chalk drawing to the oil painting. It may be proper to mention here that at the recent examinations for women in Trinity College, the first place of the first class and the first of the second were gained by pupils of Mrs. Bell.

ABERCORN LADIES' COLLEGE, HARCOURT-ST.

The annual pupils' concert and distribution of prizes took place on Wednesday last in the concert hall attached to the college, in presence of a large assemblage of parents and friends of the students. The instruments performed on were organ, pianoforte, harp, and concertina. Madame Daviez' establishment has earned a solid reputation for skilful teaching of music, and the concert of this year rather adds than subtracts from it. French pronunciation is another strong point of the Abercorn College, as was well shown by the vocalism of the young ladies in that language. Altogether the concert was a great success, and as a gauge of Madame Daviez' skill in teaching the result must have been eminently gratifying to that lady. At the conclusion of the concert the distribution of prizes took place. The recess is announced to terminate in the first week in August.

AN EGYPTIAN SCENE.

Once, when the morning breeze had died
 The green Egyptian vale upon,
 An aged man lay amid the calm,
 While affluently in the sun,
 Like time, the yellow Nile flowed on ;
 A brown papyrus by his side
 Inscribed by some sage of old ;
 While past the palm-enshaded bank,
 The lotus lilies awayed and swam,
 Or raised above the smooth sweet tide
 Their chalices all watery dank,
 Snow-white, with central sprouts of gold.
 In bulrush boats some drifted down
 With corn and fruit in the sails' shade ;
 Or, anchored, fishing on the broad
 Water, anear which, naked, reaped
 Others the river harvest, heaped
 On each side of the hot stone road ;
 Above the wheaten plain a town
 Was seen, whose square towers seemed to fade
 In burning air ; and from a glade
 The song of grape-gatherers was heard ;
 Where, by a ruined tomb, amid
 Palm clsters o'er their shadows drooped,
 A traveller stopped to ask a maid
 A draught ; as she with figure stooped
 Bent him the pitcher, soundless slid
 The lizards through the leaves ; nor bird
 Crossed the blue sky whose burning dome
 Had dazzled all the land to gloom.
 Meanwhile, over his sheaf of prophecies
 And annals old, the sage forgot the hours ;
 When, by a path beneath the sycamore trees
 Which shade the bank, a figure comes that way,
 Pilgriming slow from where vast Thebes o'ertowers
 The level, shimmering in the southern day—
 Salutes the sage, and, stretching by him, cowers
 In the herb ; a figure tall, and thin, and lithe,
 Black as a lightning-charred tree, or bier,
 Whose restless motion, snake-like, seemed to writhe—
 Hirsute, bright-eyed, with apish length of ear,
 And face beneath whose hideous gaiety
 Some sheathed passion waked a sense of fear.
 " Say, traveller, whither wendest thou in the heat ?"
 The figure pointed towards the desert wide,
 And to the sage replied with lively leer,
 The while he twined together his long feet—
 " I wait a boat to reach the other side ;
 I am a charmer—and have yonder sold
 To the great king for a good sum in gold
 My sagest serpent ; never upon one
 Of power so subtle looked our desert sun ;
 For he can recognize the demons, where
 At night or you or I can see but air ;
 Detect all poisons, howsoe'er they're hid,
 And do beside whate'er he may be bid—
 Dance, mimic every movement that you make—
 In sooth, I think there ne'er was such a snake.
 Coil it about your arm if you're in pain,
 Uncoil it, and the thrill is gone again.
 He has a spirit sure—a marvellous elf ;
 In losing him I have lost half myself."

Thus, as he spake, the charmer heard au oar
 Brush the tall sedges near him, hailed the boat,
 Reached it with tiger spring, and, once afloat,
 Coiled in the hold until they reached the shore.

That afternoon, in Thebes, the mighty king
 Ashor had mingled with the banqueting
 Hosts, thronging the long palace hall immense—
 The sovereign star of their magnificence
 And awe ; for he had lately trampled down
 Conspiracy, which sought to grasp his crown ;
 And now, triumphing, bathed in wine a mood
 Which some hours past had borne the hue of blood ;
 Commanding all his courtiers to regale.
 And so, secure in power, unconscious while
 He moved 'mid smiling faces with a smile,
 Some hidden purpose held a remnant pale.

Now on his throne, fronting the palace gate,
 High o'er the throng, the monarch holds his state,
 In columned presence of colossal forms,
 Throned in bright calm above the conquered storms.

Bounteous as summer, and supreme as fate :
 His queen beside him in a golden chair,
 Beauteous, with cheek of rose, and ebon hair
 Enjewelled, like soft starry night withdrawn
 Before the flushing air of fronting dawn ;
 While, coiled around a golden pillar there,
 A serpent tame, whose iridescent coats,
 Shifting in light, changed like the sunny moths,
 The melting rainbow, or the hues which tint
 Some superb shell of the rich eastern sea—

Bends to her ear it fondles amiably
 A head whose eyes flash like the fire from flint,
 While she caresses it in whispers soft,
 And lifts with little olive hand aloft
 A rose for it to smell. And now climbs up
 The throne's o'ersilked steps, holding a cup,
 A dwarf adroit—an ebon atomy—

Baptized in blackness by the blinding light
 Of middle Africa remote, like night ;
 With apish face, and piercing sapphire eye
 Deepset, and splendrous as large Sirius seen

Above the desert levels, when the green
 Streak of the evening sudden leaves the sky ;
 And, bent in reverence, syllables a sound,
 Hollow, uncouth, and vague as, underground,
 A noise of moving water sometimes comes
 Of nights, when, from the earth's abysmal glooms,
 In footless silence, fiends design the dooms
 Of slumbering hosts and cities unaware
 The hour is big with ruin and despair.

The monarch, proudly smiling in his state,
 Without a glance at that dark ganymede,
 Closed round the cup a thumb and jewelled finger,
 And turning to his fair queen, uttered
 Some courteous phrase. Just then a shaft of shade
 Fell from the palace casement on his crown,
 Dimmed like a sickened moon ; why does he linger
 Athirst, ere yet to taste the tempting wine
 In Meroe's vats matured ten golden years ?

Can air vibrate the presence of dim fate,
 Or yield a warning in the dead day's frown ?
 He pauses, as when, still unseen, along
 Far woods the hawk sails toward a bird whose song
 Ceases, it knows not why, the leaves among ;
 But, marking all the company beneath
 Standing, expectant of the royal health,
 Jocund, now raises o'er his diademed wreath
 The cup—when, with a sidelong look of stealth,
 The queen's eye, like a dagger from its sheath
 Half-drawn, has stopped him on the verge of death ;
 And, swift arisen—" Nay, let the health be mine—

Yield me this first of honors which I prize,
 To welcome thus our guests ;" and smiling round,
 While courteous phrases uttering, the wine
 Sidelong has placed anear the serpent wise,
 Which sniffs the ruby surface here and there,
 Then swift recoils, shrilling a sibilant sound,
 With crest erect, swollen throat, and eyes aglare.
 Enough, the queen has given the king a sign,
 And scarcely touching with red lip the gold,
 Bows gracious 'mid applauses manifold.

Then, as the music crashes round the walls,
 With lightning whisper thrills her consort's ear,
 Who stands awhile transfixed as with a spear.
 Then cries, " On let the revels speed along !
 Crown, crown the festal night with wine and song !"

And so it speeds. But hark ! the sound of bars
 Thundrous ! the gates are locked—the guards rush in—
 A blaze of torch and sword—an earthquake's din ;
 The guests are prisoned in their banquet room,
 And there in chains await their trial doom !

While on the throne, lit only by the stars,
 No more are seen in state the king and queen—
 Only the pigmy cupbearer, around
 Whose crackling frame the serpent's coil has wound.

T. C. IRWIN.

CURRENT EVENTS.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DR. SPRATT.

The project of a memorial to the late Very Rev. Dr. Spratt finds great and deserved favor with the citizens of Dublin. A public meeting to inaugurate the movement was held in the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar-street, on Sunday last, when that immense building was filled. The Lord Mayor of Dublin presided, and a great number of the leading men of the city—including members of parliament, baronets, knights, deputy-lieutenants, justices of the peace, clergymen, merchants, barristers, physicians, solicitors, and journalists—were present. The speakers to the resolutions were Mr. Dix Hutton, Mr. William Roche, Sir Dominic Corrigan, Bart, M.P., Sir William Wilde, Denis Canfield Heron, Q.C., M.P., Alderman Tarpey, Judge Little, Henry O'Hara, Q.C., Mr. Alexander MacCallum, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, Dr. MacSwiney, Mr. Keegan, and Mr. Moses Dunne (delegates from the trades), J. T. Lombard, J.P., and Mr. Phelan. The Lord Mayor, Sir James Power, and the Rev. Mr. Hall were appointed treasurers. With such a beginning there can be no doubt of the success of the project. As we have elsewhere given our opinion on the matter in detail, we need make no further allusion to it here.

THE HOME RULE ASSOCIATION

conceived the idea of making their first annual meeting a public one, with the avowed object of placing their programme before the country for adoption. The meeting was held in the Round Room of the Rotundo on Monday night, and in candor we must admit that in numbers, influence, and order, it was the most successful public meeting held in Dublin for a political purpose for many years. The chair was taken by Mr. Shaw, M.P. for Bandon. Rev. Professor Galbraith, F.T.C.D., acted as honorary secretary. Amongst the speakers were Mr. Laurence Waldron, D.L., Rev. Professor Haughton, F.T.C.D., Sir William Wilde, the members for Meath and Westmeath, the Rev. Mr. Quaid, P.P., Dr. Grattan, a near relative of Henry Grattan, and Mr. Thomas Ryan. The report of the association was read and unanimously adopted; and several resolutions for furthering its objects put and carried.

A TRIUMPH FOR TEMPERANCE

has been achieved in the House of Commons. Mr. Ryland brought forward a bill for the closing of public houses on Sunday, which, by an arrangement with the government to change the bill into one restricting the hours for opening, was allowed to pass the second reading. If the discussion of other bills of the session be not unduly protracted, we may have the satisfaction of chronicling a law which can result in nothing but good, before parliament closes.

THE FUNERAL OF DR. GROTE

was a splendid testimony of the respect entertained for that estimable man by those who knew his worth. In private life, as legislator, historian, reformer, and merchant, he won laurels. His industry was as sustained as his ability. His History of Greece alone would have sufficed to immortalize him. But he was also one of the earliest of these statesmen who, by conceding a little to the growing desire for political influence among the unrepresented classes, saved England, in all probability, from the sinister influence of secret associations which afflicts almost all the continental communities, and the disruption of society which in France culminated in the Communal revolt. His services both in legislature and literature have been recognized by an honor conferred only on the few; for his body was laid in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, to mingle with the dust of the untitled nobility of England. The most distinguished of his fellow-countrymen were present at the solemn ceremonial—some as representatives of the University of London, others friends and fellow-laborers of the deceased. The pall was borne by Earl Granville, Lord Overstone, Lord Romilly, Earl Stanhope, Lord Belper, John Stuart Mill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Professor Jowett of Balliol. The

service was read by Dean Stanley, assisted by Lord Thynne, the sub-dean. Mr. Grote reached the ripe age of seventy-seven.

FROM LIVERPOOL

a tale of horror comes, illustrative of the hideous evil of intoxication. A dock porter reels home, and in his mad infatuation sends his daughter for more beer. On her return, in a few minutes, the wretch, reproaching her with being away two hours, strikes her on the forehead with a quart bottle, draws her about by the hair, and ends by lighting a box of matches, and forcing it inside the breast of her frock, causing her frightful injuries. It is hardly credible, even though the newspapers state it, that six months' imprisonment with hard labor was deemed punishment sufficient for the crime of this monster, who seems indeed to have more in common with the gorilla than with man in his nature.

THE SPANISH CORTES

must be a highly excitable body. It certainly includes a quantity of inflammable material, which cannot be surpassed for explosiveness by the French Chamber, or even by the United States' Congress. Some one proposes that the body should congratulate Pope Pius IX. on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate, and, lo! the explosion of an obus would not have created more confusion, nor the anger of fishwives displayed more undignified extravagance. At first the proceedings were confined to hard words, hammering on the desks, violent gestures, and similar parliamentary exhibitions. Anon, however, we are told that the Carlists lost all control of themselves, rushed from their places, vociferating in the most violent manner: Messrs. Cange-Arguelles and Nunez de Arce almost came to blows. General Serrano left the Blue (Treasury) Bench, and precipitated himself among the deputies, passing over the tops of the desks in his haste, apostrophising the unruly members, who turned a deaf ear to him. His aide-de-camp, looking on from the door-way, and seeing him in the midst of the swaying crowd of combatants, thought that some violence would be done him, and hastened to his side, but was summarily dismissed for his pains by the general, and rebuked for infringing the Cortes' etiquette, which permits none but members within the doors of the Session Chamber. He was further so unfortunate as to receive an unintentional scratch on the neck from the cane-head of an over-excited deputy. In the meantime the republicans remained models of good behaviour, quiet and impassible, having anticipated the president, however, in resuming their hats—this act, with Spaniards, denoting the absence of respect. One deputy present drew out a revolver. General Serrano having persevered in his attempts to restore order, succeeded at last in quieting the belligerents; but the session was not continued, the president having already retired. There was a private session at a late hour, when apologies were made on all sides, and matters seemed to have remained as before. What a pity that the destinies of a struggling country should be committed to men who judge by their feelings rather than their reason; and that those should be lawmakers who are unable to impose the laws of decency upon themselves.

THE INSURRECTION IN ALGERIA,

which broke out some months since, while the French nation was in the agony of that great struggle which ended so disastrously for her, does not appear to make much way. Advice from Algeria state that General Lallemande, on the 18th inst., raised the blockade of Fort National, losing eight men killed and thirty wounded. Notwithstanding the undoubted courage of the wild tribes who repudiate French government in Algeria, they can never stand before Chassepots and artillery. Besides, the chiefs are divided amongst themselves, each being jealous if another becomes in any way conspicuous. They are not over-scrupulous either in the means they employ to remove a rival from their path. Mahi-ed-Din, a clever young man, son of the famous Ab-del-

Kader, was suspected of making too much way against the common enemy, so was killed by some of his fellow-insurgents in the province of Constantine. His experienced father, who gave the French so much trouble quarter of a century ago, had advised the young man against taking part in this insurrection, but without effect.

THE HORRORS OF THE SLAVE TRADE,

which it was hoped this age had terminated for ever, are being again renewed, in a different quarter and under another name. The exportation of coolies, or Chinese laborers, from their own over-populated country to every place in want of workers—to California, Australia, Peru, Brazil—has broadened into a regular trade; and if report speaks truly, much care is not taken to secure the assent of the poor wretches to their eternal expatriation. The old deformities which marked the African slave trade are revived in this; and ships take cargoes of coolies as if they were so many bales of wool, pack them up in the hold under close hatches, and in this awfully foul and hideous imprisonment float them across thousands of miles of ocean. News has arrived that one of these floating hells took fire about ninety leagues from Hong-Kong, on her way to Peru; and, no help being at hand, the crew took to their boats, rowed away from the flaming ship, and left 600 of the Chinese to an awful and inevitable fate. If civilized governments do not think this trade in coolies should be altogether stopped, they might at least unite to have it carried on under settled and wise regulations.

AS A CONTRAST

to this, we are glad to be able to announce that the legislature of Brazil has at last taken into consideration the question of emancipating the slaves of that empire. After a protracted opposition from those directly interested in the continuation of the odious system, the government, by a majority of twenty-eight in the chamber, have carried their point, on the basis of payment to the holders of slaves, and gradual emancipation, within six years, without recompense to the government, for the slaves held by them.

THE RED INDIANS

of the Hudson's Bay territory seem to have conceived again the dream of driving out the white men from their hunting grounds. The *Evening Express* of Toronto says: "We have received positive information from a private and trustworthy source, that the Indians have come down in force upon the Hudson Bay Company's buildings at Shebandowan Lake, and have burnt their steamers and buildings, and all the materials, together with all the tools. They have also stolen all the provisions in store. The condition of affairs is most alarming, and it is impossible at present to guess the extent and meaning of this sudden and destructive attack. The people are in a state of utmost terror."

THE REIGN OF SUPERSTITION

is not over yet by any means. One hundred and fifty years ago it would have been deemed correct in England to buru a woman because by being old and ugly she gave rise to suspicions of witchcraft; but at the present day we had fondly hoped that such a thing would be anywhere impossible. Nevertheless, the detestable cruelty of ignorance has placed another of its crimes on record; for in the public square of a town in the province of Guavina, Chili, a woman has been burnt "for being a witch!" And this atrocity was ordered, it is said, by the lieutenant-general and the judge of the province!

A MOST SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE

is reported from the town of Sheffield. A layer of shale, in connection with a seam of coal extending beneath the works of Messrs. Andrews Brothers, cutlery manufacturers, of Sheffield, and passing immediately underneath a large boiler, has been discovered to be on fire. Large numbers of men are endeavoring to remove all danger by excavations. In the meantime the works, which employ more than 400

hands, are at a standstill. It is believed that the fire has been raging for several years.

FROM FRANCE

we learn that the work of reconstruction is being boldly attempted by Thiers and his colleagues in the government. Greatly to their credit, the majority of the National Assembly, among whom he is personally unpopular, and many of whose leading ideas differ widely from his, make no effort to upset him in the government, and, so far as they can, by agreeing to his projects, assist him to lay the basis of order, security, and prosperity once more. It remains to be seen whether they will continue this judicious course, which is the one best calculated to serve their country. For the sake of France and order, we hope no imprudent enthusiast will force on public attention any project for a new constitution until the ordinary machinery of the social state is again in active work. Such a movement now would in all probability re-open scarcely healed wounds, and rouse a storm of angry passions in which the state might be for ever shipwrecked. It is the peril France has most to fear. A project is much talked of which, if carried out, would ward off the danger. We allude to the proposal to continue Thiers for two years at the head of the government, to give time for complete reconstruction previous to considering the form of constitution. But although this proposal has been much discussed, it would seem as if the monarchical majority in the chamber are slow to give their adhesion to it. This, of course, suggests a foregone conclusion to advance their own views before the expiration of the second twelvemonth.

THE POETRY OF BERNARD SIMMONS.

(Continued.)

I think, from the specimens I have already given of Mr. Simmons' writings, that every lover of true poetry will welcome further "readings" from the same author. It is a labor of love to me to make these poems better known, not only on account of their great beauty, but as the works of an Irishman. A little more interest in Irish literature is sadly wanted amongst our educated classes; but till they are educated more in their own land, it is to be feared they will not know or study its writers, except such as attain, like Moore, to a fame and popularity that cannot be ignored. Mr. MacCarthy, in his beautiful "Introduction" to the "Book of Irish Ballads," has well said, in reference to Anglo-Irish poetry, "that there is a distinct character and a peculiar charm in the best ballads of this class, which the highest genius, unaccompanied by thorough Irish feeling, and a thorough Irish education, would fail to impart to them." His charming collection contains, as I have already said, two beautiful poems by Simmons, both so genuinely Irish, as to warrant their being included in a volume of national poems, yet both bearing traces of the influence of English literature upon the mind of the author. I have already remarked the influence of Byron and Shelley upon Mr. Simmons—an influence of which he speaks in several passages of his works. Without any distinct reference to him, the impression made by the study of another great English poet can be seen in the writings of Simmons. The tone of several of the poems show that our author had read and appreciated Wordsworth—that great "High Priest of Nature," whose works will ever retain their pre-eminent place with those who truly love her, and who see in "natural objects a means to an end—that end being the elevation of the heart, and the training of the mind to thoughts of purity and love." In the lovely lines on Knockmeledoon which I gave last week, some feeling of this kind was discernible, and of the descriptive powers manifested in them there could be no doubt. I now copy a poem which, as a beautiful picture of an Irish landscape, and as also expressing deep thought and tender human feeling, is well worthy of careful and repeated perusal. Its beauty will grow on the attentive reader, till each musical stanza fixes itself perma-

nently on the memory, and the mind will feel itself enriched by the knowledge of another poetic "gem of purest ray"—an acquisition the delight of which all those who have a love of, and a memory for, true poetry, will fully appreciate.

FUNCHEON WOODS.

Dark woods of Funcheon! treading far
The rugged paths of duty—
Though lost to me the vesper star
Now trembling o'er your beauty;
Still vividly I see your glades,
The deep and emerald-hearted,
As when from their luxuriant shades
My lingering steps departed.

That wild autumnal morning!—well
Can haunted thought remember
How came in gusts o'er Corrin-fell
The roar of dark September,
When I through that same woodland path
To endless exile hasted,
Where many an hour my lavish youth
The gold of evening wasted.

Oh, for *one* day of *that* glad time!
Say, reckless heart, how is it
There's still so many a cliff to climb
And well-known nook to visit?
The Fiea's spring is gurgling near,
And may I not, delaying,
One moment watch the sparkling sand
Beneath its crystal playing?

No!—"Onward!" cried the mighty breeze,
"From all thy heart rejoices!"
And loud my childhood's ancient trees
Still lifted up their voices,
As though they felt and mourned the loss
(With heads bowed down and hoary)
Of him who, seated at their feet,
First sang their summer glory.

Too like the fair beloved group
From whose embrace I wended,
In vain the pine-trees' shapely troop
Their graceful arms extended;
And vainly fast as sisters' tears
The pallid birch was weeping—
While woke, like cousins' sad blue eyes,
The winkle flower from sleeping.

Farewell—I thought—ye only friends
The heart can trust in leaving,
Untroubled by the primal curse,
The dread of your deceiving;
I shall not see at least *your* fall,
And so, when wronged and wounded,
Still feel secure of peace at last,
By you, old friends! surrounded.

And since in nature's scenes, the grand,
Or beautiful, or tender,
He who invests them with a light
That sanctifies their splendor,
Findeth no one abiding place;
Be his the deep reliance
That he for holier worlds received
The bard's immortal science.

Green Funcheon-side! your sounding woods
Heaved wide as tossing ocean,
When my last glance that autumn morn
Turned from their billowy motion—
Turned where the willow's tresses streamed
Above the river stooping,
Dark as your own bright *Lady's* hair
Magnificently drooping—

Ah, in that wild tumultuous hour
When heaven with earth seemed warring,
And swept the tempest's demon-power,
The landscape's lustre marring,

One gentlest spirit (haply then
Of Funcheon's beauty thinking),
A fading girl—like a tired child—
On Death's calm breast was sinking.

They've made her grave, far, far from all
The haunts she prized so dearly:
Oh, place no marble o'er it—there
Be seen to flourish yearly
Such flowers as in her Bible's leaves
She loved to fold and cherish—
Pansies and early primroses,
That as they blossom perish.

Rave on, loud winds! from tranquil rest
Ye nevermore shall stir her!
And ye, fair woods, now vanishing
From memory's darkened mirror,
Farewell; what meeter time for thought
The lost and loved recalling,
Than in this solemn evening hour
When autumn leaves are falling.

The scenery described with such grace in the above poem, is that of the valley of the Funcheon, a river which has its source in the county of Limerick, but whose principal course is through the neighboring county of Cork, where it falls into the Blackwater a little beyond the town of Fermoy. The beauty of this valley must be very great—even from a guide-book one receives a striking idea of its loveliness; and when through the pen of Simmons the "inspiration and the poet's dream" lends a magic charm to its scenery, it becomes almost a consecrated spot—the same halo of interest is shed over it as has been cast by Wordsworth over the vales and lakes of Cumberland, or by the mighty Minstrel of the North over Yarrow, Katrine, Melrose, and many another scene to which his genius has attracted innumerable pilgrims. Different indeed in this respect has been the lot of our neglected poet, whose sweet and musical strains have awakened so little response. To one possessed of such true genius, it must have been a bitter thought to feel that notes of such beauty were lost amidst the noise and tumult of a discordant world—a world which frequently raves in loud applause over the worthless productions of the hour. It would give me true pleasure if I thought that I could in any way rectify this injustice of fate, and interest a sufficient number of readers in the poetry of Simmons to make it possible that in time another edition of his works might be called for. In succeeding numbers I shall give further specimens from the volume which has been lent to me, and which was published more than a quarter of a century ago.

IERNE,

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL

at the Crystal Palace is the great musical event of the week. The first of these triennial celebrations was given in 1862, the next in 1865, and the next in 1868. The current is therefore the fourth festival. The first was a success. The reputation it gained brought still greater numbers to the second, which in turn added immensely to the success of the third. On this, the fourth festival, the success is positively overwhelming. The attendance far surpassed all the previous celebrations; while the music was never heard to such perfection. The chorus numbered 3673, thus subdivided; sopranos 931, altos 765, tenors 727, basses 785; principal solo singers 13. The instrumentalists were 418, namely: First violins 93, second violins 72, violas 56, violoncellos 58, double basses 57—total string, 336; wood 35, brass 36, percussion 8, organists 2, and conductor 1.

At the general rehearsal on Friday, the 19th inst., the pieces tried were the "Hallelujah" and the "Amen" from the "Messiah;" several numbers from "Solomon" and the "Israel in Egypt;" the "Dettingen Te Deum;" choruses from "Joshua" and "Athalia," and pieces from the operas

"Orlando," "Alcina," and "Ezio," and excerpts from "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Mr. Best also rehearsed the organ concerto No. 1. The chief singers present were Mesdames Tietjens, Sherrington, Sinico, Trebelli-Bettini; Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Cummings, Santley, and Signor Agnesi. Mr. James Coward presided at the organ. It reflects the highest credit on the choralists to record that the conductor had to "pull them up" but three times. The rehearsal, which began at noon, ended shortly after five o'clock.

On Monday very close upon 22,000 persons were in the Glass Palace for the first day of the festival, which, according to the custom at this meeting, was inaugurated by a performance of the "Messiah." Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Kerr Gedge had the tenor solos; Mme. Trebelli-Bettini and Mme. Patey sang the contralto pieces; Mdlle. Tietjens and Mme. Sherrington divided the solo soprano numbers; and Mr. Santley bravely bore the burden of the entire bass part. A storm burst forth whilst Mr. Vernon Rigby was singing the "Behold and see," and the conductor had to pause for a short time until the pelting of the pitiless storm had passed, for the noise produced by the rain on the glass roof was like the rumbling of heavy artillery.

On Wednesday, punctually at two o'clock, Sir Michael Costa's baton was upraised to commence Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," the grandest of the five Te Deums he has bequeathed for thanksgiving. The fine air for the basso, "Vouchsafe, O Lord," so superbly sung by Mr. Santley, made a deep impression; but it is a moot question whether the solo "When thou tookest upon thee" ought not to be assigned to the tenor. There was so much steadiness and certainty in the execution of the eighteen numbers of this Te Deum, that it is invidious almost to particularise any special piece. Mr. T. Harper, the first trumpet, had great responsibility thrown on him; but he got through his arduous task most creditably. The accompaniments generally were admirable. Mr. Best, the organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, and of the Royal Albert Hall, then performed on the organ the first of a set of six concertos by Handel, which were published in 1738. The orchestral accompaniments, in which the strings have prominent parts, as also the oboes, are ingeniously contrasted with the organ part. Mr. Best's execution was remarkably clear, neat, and finished; his pedal playing was as remarkable as his hand facility over the keyboard. He was greatly applauded at the close of the concerto.

The following selections followed Mr. West's performance:

- | | | |
|---|---|--------------|
| 1 Air, "Sorge infausta," Signor Agnesi | - | Orlando. |
| 2 Recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," Mr. Sims Reeves | - | Jephtha. |
| 3 Air, "Waft her, angels," Mr. Sims Reeves | - | |
| 4 Recitative, "Ye sacred priests," Mlle. Tietjens | - | Jephtha. |
| 5 Air, "Farewell, ye limpid springs," Mlle. Tietjens | - | |
| 6 Chorus, "Ye sons of Israel" | - | Joshua. |
| 7 Air, "Verdi prati," Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, | - | Alcina. |
| 8 Recitative and air, "Call forth thy powers," Mr. Vernon Rigby | - | Judas Mac- |
| | - | cabeus. |
| 9 Air, "Nasce al bosco," Mr. Santley | - | Ezio. |
| 10 Air, "Oft on a plat," Mlle. Tietjens | - | L'Allegro |
| 11 Recitative and air, "Let me wander," Mr. Cummings | - | |
| 12 Chorus, "And young and old" | - | Il Penseroso |
| 13 Air, "O had I Jubal's lyre," Mme. Sinico | - | Joshua. |
| 14 Chorus with solo, "The mighty Power" | - | Athalia. |

The singing of the above artists won the applause of the auditory, the special favorites of the choralists, who were very demonstrative, being the two tenors, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Vernon Rigby—although the other singers were equally entitled to eulogium. After half an hour's delay, the first portion of the programme having lasted two hours and three quarters, a selection from "Solomon" was executed, including the overture; the choruses "Your harps and cymbals," "May no rash intruder (the Nightingale)," the

imposing "From the censer," "Music spread thy voice around," "Now a different measure try," "Draw the tear," "Thus rolling surges rise," and "Praise the Lord." Mme. Sinico, Mme. Patey, and Mr. Cummings, were allotted the solos. The performance only ended at half-past six o'clock.

We pass to the last day, *Israel in Egypt*. This is always the best worth hearing at the Crystal Palace. It is almost entirely composed of stupendous choruses. In the first part there are no less than thirteen, eleven of which follow each other without pause. Some of these choruses are very short, as, for instance, "He rebuked the Red Sea," and "Israel saw that great work," "And in the greatness of Thine excellency." The effect produced by these short and august bursts of choral declamation is out of all proportion to their length, and every one of them smites through the soul of the listener with an indescribable force. In a work which may seem to some to want continuity and variety, these fiery blasts keep up the attention and suspense with a kind of driving power not to be resisted. The longer choruses were, on the whole, splendidly given. "The Hailstone" was encored. The delicious pastoral, "As for His people, He led them like sheep," was perfectly given—so was the "He led them," which soon after followed, the great solemn pedal bass, which marches through the piece, indicating, as it were, the mighty and firm tread of the footsteps of God, and the various flowing passages accompanying it reminding one of the more or less undecided haste and blundering of the vast multitude trying to follow the divine leading. We cannot help noticing how, throughout the oratorio, there seems to roll the deep undertone of the sea, now raging in mid-storm, as in "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea"—now heaving with the heavy ground-swell after the storm, when all is over, and the mighty host lie dead upon the sea-shore in "The depths have covered them." Mr. Sims Reeves was great, like his former self, in "The enemy said." He made his old points like a master, and received a proud ovation at the close. Pointing to his throat, he bowed to the audience and the orchestra, but steadily declined the honor of an encore. Signors Foli and Santley accepted an encore in their duet, "The Lord is a man of war," which went splendidly.

CONCERTS.

Want of space compels us to do no more than notify that in London there were several last week, the chief of which was the seventh concert for the season of the Philharmonic Society, at which Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, and Mons. Capoul sang; and Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Strauss played. The other concerts call for no particular notice, being all show concerts for professors.

THE DRAMA

must suffer this week, as we cannot afford to devote more space to this article. Its lovers must not think we have sacrificed it to music; for nothing in the dramatic way at present can compare in importance with the great musical event of the Handel festival.

NEW MUSIC.

"THE GEM OF THE SEASON GALOP." Composed by J. J. Fallon. Dublin: Shade and Son.—Those who like a good dancing galop may invest in this with confidence. Lively original themes, with well-marked bass, are not every day published. Mr. Fallon's galop possesses these essentials of good dance music; and though not too simple, the arrangement presents little difficulty, while the whole lies well under the hand. We commend the galop to our readers, and hope to see further productions from the same pen.

The fine statue of Canova and collection of pictures in the Château de la Muette at Passy, were removed to the town residence of Madame Erard before the revolution, and are now in safety.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

It has often been remarked, that the solid and unanswerable arguments which have been brought forward from time to time in support of the higher education of women, have, in many cases, failed to produce that effect which might have been expected from the force of the arguments themselves, and from the great authority of its advocates. Instead of producing conviction they have been treated with contempt, as if such monstrous propositions were unworthy of serious discussion.

If we desire that our efforts to promote the higher education of women should not share the same fate, we must take care that they be judged on their own merits, and that they be not confounded with other measures with which they have no necessary connection.

Although we believe that women who may own large estates, or manage extensive establishments, and contribute their share to the public revenues of the country, ought not to be deprived of the political franchise, and might, to the great advantage of the whole community, be admitted to take an active part in many public occupations from which they are at present excluded; we do not think that the arguments by which the higher culture of women are to be recommended have any necessary connection with their political privileges.

If highly educated women can show that they may, with advantage to the whole community, be entrusted with higher political privileges, they cannot be long excluded, and may be satisfied to wait.

If women can prove that they are the equals of men in those departments of intellectual labor in which they have equal advantages, no one will refuse to acknowledge their merits. Political privileges will follow political qualifications.

However, we do not desire to forget essential differences of organisation. We do not deny that there are physical and moral distinctions, and broad and impassable lines of demarcation marking off certain pursuits for men and women respectively. Our object should not be to overthrow these distinctions, nor seek to obliterate them by any artificial training, but to give a higher scope and development to the distinctive and indelible characteristics of women. It is not to be desired that women should become inferior men, but that their highest capabilities should be cultivated, and their peculiar weaknesses eliminated by discipline.

It will be generally admitted that women are quicker in discerning character than men; that they frequently form a more accurate judgment of motives, and have a more intuitive perception of the best way to meet any sudden emergency. They are, however, often deficient in the power of forecasting distant results, and of forming and carrying out any plan involving unknown and complicated issues.

It follows that the branches of study which it is most desirable that women should cultivate, are those which will give them the best training in reasoning, which will develop and strengthen the logical faculty, and will enable them to trace the distant as well as the proximate results of human action—that is, the study of moral philosophy, logic, and history. There is another advantage arising from the study of mental science, which has been already pointed out by Archbishop Whately—that acquirements of this kind, while they are most valuable, are the least showy, the least likely to be employed for purposes of display, and, therefore, the least likely to excite the jealousy of men. But, before any thorough knowledge of these subjects can be expected from women, it will be necessary to place within their reach some better system of teaching than they have hitherto enjoyed. The most pressing question for us now is, by what means some portion at least of the advantages which the endowed schools and universities have hitherto conferred exclusively on the stronger half of the community, may be placed within reach of their sisters. Whether this shall be accomplished by the founding of new institutions,

or by strengthening the basis of those which already exist, we may hereafter consider. If it were possible to calculate how much of human culture is due to the great schools and universities; if we could ascertain how much the men of this generation—the scholars, the writers, the orators, the statesmen, the members of the several professions called “learned”—owe to our great educational foundations, we might form some idea of the disadvantages with which they have had to contend to whom the education of women has been entrusted. If such a calculation were made, it would, perhaps, be more difficult to account for the literary eminence of so many distinguished women, than for the alleged inferiority of women in general.

XANTHUS.

THE GARDEN.

ON AZALEAS.

The azalea is a large and beautiful genus of the flowering shrubs, which is securing for itself every year increased attention and patronage. It ranges over a very large extent of the earth, being equally at home in China and North America as well as Asia Minor. In our climate it can be grown according to variety—either in the open air or in the greenhouse. Like what are called American plants, the azalea must be grown in heath-mould, with a greater or less admixture of sandy loam, in somewhat shady and sheltered situations, where it is never either very moist or very dry. In the American bed in the open garden, the hardy species are specially valuable for their handsome bouquets of brilliant flowers, as well as for their early blooming in spring. The azalea bears transplanting (the ball of earth being carefully attached to the roots) and forcing well. The hardy species, though they have unquestionable merits, are not without their blemishes also. They have the defect of being rather thin and naked. They will run up bare and spindle-shanked, and put forth all the glory of their flowering in a variety of shades of red, white, and yellow, before their leaves attain to full development. They can be propagated by offsets, layering, and grafting. Their seeds may be hybridized with facility, and from them varieties almost without number can be obtained. The *azalea viscosa*, *glauca*, *nudiflora*, and *calendulacea* are hardy species of azalea, and all hail from North America. And here we had better remark that all outdoor American plants had best be grown in a department of the garden specially devoted to themselves. The *azalea pontica*, which is another hardy species, bearing magnificent yellow blossoms, comes from the reputed cradle of the European or white-faced family of the human race—the natural stronghold in which freedom abided so long with Schamyl—the Caucasus. The family of azaleas which attract most attention and command the deepest interest are from that over-populated Asian country, which attained a high standard of civilization when all Europe was in comparative barbarism, and in spite of precept, example, or threat, refuses to advance another step on the path of progress. Nevertheless the Chinese azaleas are extremely beautiful—we had almost said dazzling. With us they are greenhouse plants. There is hardly any limit to their varieties. New ones are constantly coming out; and even an imperfect list of those now commonly grown would fill three or four of our pages. Under these circumstances the safest thing for an intending cultivator is to consult the nurserymen or their catalogues; and if he should happen to have an opportunity of attending a flower show, he should take advantage of it to judge for himself what varieties he will order.

Our gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, has ready two new novels, which will both be brought out by the end of the year. One will appear in book shape, published by Bentley; the other has been secured for the serial story of Chambers's Journal.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

INDIAN PICKLE (very superior).—To each gallon of vinegar allow 6 cloves of garlic, 12 shalots, 2 sticks of sliced horseradish, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of bruised ginger, 2 oz. of whole black pepper, 1 oz. of long pepper, 1 oz. of allspice, 12 cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of cayenne, 2 oz. of mustard seed, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of mustard, 1 oz. of turmeric ; a white cabbage, cauliflowers, radish-pods, French beans, gherkins, small round pickling-onions, nasturtiums, capsicums, chilies, etc. Cut the cabbage, which must be hard and white, into slices, and the cauliflowers into small branches ; sprinkle salt over them in a large dish, and let them remain two days ; then dry them, and put them into a very large jar, with garlic, shalots, horseradish, ginger, pepper, allspice, and cloves, in the above proportions. Boil sufficient vinegar to cover them, which pour over, and, when cold, cover up to keep them free from dust. As the other things for the pickle ripen at different times, they may be added as they are ready : these will be radish-pods, French beans, gherkins, small onions, nasturtiums, capsicums, chilies, etc., etc. As these are procured, they must, first of all, be washed in a little cold vinegar, wiped, and then simply added to the other ingredients in the large jar, only taking care that they are covered by the vinegar. If more vinegar should be wanted to add to the pickle, do not omit first to boil it before adding it to the rest. When you have collected all the things you require, turn all out in a large pan, and thoroughly mix them. Now put the mixed vegetables into smaller jars, without any of the vinegar ; then boil the vinegar again, adding as much more as will be required to fill the different jars, and also cayenne, mustard seed, turmeric, and mustard, which must be well mixed with a little cold vinegar, allowing the quantities named above to each gallon of vinegar. Pour the vinegar, boiling hot, over the pickle, and when cold, tie down with a bladder. If the pickle is wanted for immediate use, the vinegar should be boiled twice more, but the better way is to make it during one season for use during the next. It will keep for years, if care is taken that the vegetables are quite covered by the vinegar. For small families, perhaps the above quantity of pickle will be considered too large ; but this may be decreased at pleasure, taking care to properly proportion the various ingredients.

LIZZIE MORANN.

The moment I saw her I loved her !

Her foot 'mid the heather bells brown
Fell as light as the calm summer zephyrs

That play with the soft thistle down.

And never was brighter fair vision

In dreams of delight shown to man,

Oh ! the dawn of a southern morning

Is the smile of young Lizzie Morann.

There is nought but an image of beauty

Where my heart long ago used to be ;

If I gaze in the mirror this minute,

'Tis her face, not my own, that I'll see.

In childhood I loved the soft music

Of the streamlet that by my home ran ;

But it fades 'fore the laugh of enchantment

From cherry-lipped Lizzie Morann.

Come sorrows or pleasures around me,

Her image time ne'er can destroy ;

Not the smiles of an angel from heaven

My heart from my love could decoy.

Through my frame runs a tremor of gladness

If a moment her breath my cheek fan,

Oh ! if woman was e'er loved to madness,

'Tis beautiful Lizzie Morann.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

INTERESTING NOTES.

It is stated that a winter season of French performances will be held by M. Raphael Felix at one of the West-end theatres.

We understand that two articles will appear from the pen of Karl Blind, in the July number of the *Fortnightly* and the *Dark Blue*, on subjects widely different, viz. :—"The French Republic and the Suffrage Question," and "A Miracle Play in the Nineteenth Century."

It is stated that Mdle. Nilsson had about a fortnight ago received 220,000 dols. in gold as the result of her tour through the United States up to that time.

Mrs. Egerton first played the part of Joan of Arc at Sadler's-wells, August, 1822, in a drama written by Fitzball. The burst of sorrow with which the heroine hung over the body of her father, and the address to her judges at the trial, caused great excitement among play-goers of that date. The drama ran 120 nights—a wonderful run in those days—and was then transferred to the Olympic.

"Armgar : a Tragic Poem," by George Eliot, appears in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin are now publishing, in parts, Doré's celebrated work, the "Illustrated Milton's Paradise Lost."

Madame Arabella Goddard will make a concert-tour in Germany in the autumn.

Madame Adeline Patti and Madame Trebelli-Bettini have engaged to sing at the Italian Opera House in Homburg after the close of the London season.

The little work, "The Sinner's Friend," by Mr. Hall of Maidstone, father of the Rev. Newman Hall, has just reached its 413th edition, or 1,850,000 copies.

The Marquise del Grillo (Mdme. Ristori) has just signed an engagement with the Bucharest Theatre.

M. Vieuxtemps has recently arrived from his eight months' tour with Mdle. Nilsson. Letters from Paris announce that his residence is uninjured, although in the vicinity of Rue Blanche, where the battle of the Reds raged for several hours.

A performance of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's pastoral *Ruth* is about to be given at the St. James's Hall, in aid of the funds of the Society entitled "Friends of Foreigners in Distress." Madame Lind-Goldschmidt will sing the soprano part, assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Herr Stockhausen will sustain the other parts.

The Vienna Opera House closed on the 15th inst., for an interval of six weeks ; but Herr Carl Adams, the tenor, has just signed an agreement at a yearly salary of 15,000 florins, about £1,250.

Plotow's comic opera, "Ombre," is in rehearsal at Vienna.

Miss Minnie Hauck is engaged at the Imperial Opera, Vienna, for the next two years.

Miss G. Ridgway has made a successful *début* in Italian Opera at New York.

Girdharee Lall, a baboo, is reported to have designed a scheme for pioneering Hindoos to Europe after the pattern of Mr. Cook, the great leader of British excursionists.

Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks, authoress of several works, has nearly ready for publication a volume of poems, entitled "Ripples and Breakers."

Charles Alexander Bruce, the discoverer of the tea plant in Assam, died in Assam on May 23, at the age of 78. In 1839 he was presented with the thanks of government, and in 1841 the Society of Arts conferred on him a gold medal "for discovering the indigenous tea tracts, and for cultivating and preparing tea in Assam." This is, the *Pioneer* believes, all the reward he got for making a trade which was last year valued at 10,296,362rs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. F. R.—Some of your communications got astray. One of them has turned up, in which you ask the price of a copy of the *Billet-Doux* in paper wrapper. The publishers will let you have one for 4s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We received the following letter after our leading article was in type.]

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—I have read with great interest in one of the daily papers the report of the meeting held last Sunday in Dublin, for the purpose of proposing that some memorial to the late excellent Dr. Spratt should be established. It was gratifying to observe the unanimity with which men of various creeds and opinions joined in offering a tribute of respect to the character and labors of the venerable and holy clergyman, who for more than half a century had followed so truly in the steps of the Founder of Christianity. Of Dr. Spratt it may be well said, that, like his Master, he went about doing good. And, even in a selfish world, such a life of unselfish benevolence cannot but have its effect. Such men as Dr. Spratt are indeed true benefactors to humanity. Their lives are a testimony to the nobler and higher feelings of which there are sparks in almost all human beings—though it is only the few who carry out in continuous and unwearied action the principles of divine love and goodness. But we can all testify in some way our respect and admiration for such a life. And I feel very sure that the dearest wish of the good man whose loss we lament, would be to see the institutions which he founded for the help and welfare of others, efficiently supported, and carried on in the same spirit in which he organized them. It was, therefore, fitting that the meeting should come to the conclusion that the best memorial to Dr. Spratt would be a subscription for the purpose of upholding the orphanage in which he took so deep an interest. But I hope that the movement will not end here. There is another admirable institution which was equally dear to Dr. Spratt, and which will not, I hope, be neglected—I mean, of course, the Night Refuge for Women, the claims of which you were foremost in advocating. Now this is an object which especially claims the sympathies of women, and I think it would be only a fitting woman's tribute to the memory of one who, in the true spirit of Christ himself, ever sought to help and support our sex. If Irishwomen would unite in aid of this institution, and by their subscriptions maintain it in the same efficiency as it had attained under the management of its founder, I would propose that a subscription list be opened in your columns, and I hope there is no reader of the only Ladies' Journal in Ireland who will not give a mite in support of an object that has been of so much benefit to her sex. Ladies who, in the security of their own homes, never encounter the perils and miseries of the poor and homeless, should be especially anxious to help their less fortunate sisters, and by upholding this Refuge they will be affording the best aid to many a woman struggling with the difficulties and terrors of poverty. I think one of the great objects of a Ladies' Journal should be to diffuse information respecting all efforts of a philanthropic kind—especially such as have reference to women. You, sir, have shown yourself peculiarly solicitous on this point, and I can only hope that your labors will be appreciated by the ladies of Ireland, and that your journal may meet the support which I think it deserves from them. There is no doubt that something of the sort was needed, and I hope that such Irishwomen as desire an organ that will persistently advocate every movement calculated to benefit the poor of their own country, and that will afford them accurate information respecting such, will be helpers of, and readers of the EMERALD.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

IERNE.

June 28th.

[A subscriber sends us the following from England.]

People give you the most *irrational* reasons (if I may say anything so paradoxical), for their adherence to particular rules. There is a conservatism which is beautiful, but of that I am not going to speak. I refer to conduct defended

on the ground of principles that are unsound, though often the fallacy remains unseen or unheeded. For instance, when "the summer has set in with its usual severity" (as Sydney Smith described it when writing from Yorkshire), you sometimes find a friend shivering with cold, and you ask pityingly, "Why have you not a fire?" Your starved and blue-visaged friend exclaims, "Have a fire in June! how ridiculous!" You feel sorry for the sufferer, knowing that even discomfort will not reduce the stronghold of prejudice, and you are, perhaps, a shade out of patience with the speaker. Dr. Pennington, a minister, was obliged to endanger his health by walking great distances in all seasons in his parish in New York. He was not allowed to go in the omnibus. And what do you think was the reason for his exclusion—a reason considered perfectly legitimate by scores of educated people? Dr. Pennington was *black*. The lowest of white men, on paying his fare, might avail himself of the omnibus, and escape sun-stroke. The minister, though a good specimen of humanity, must walk! Whether it be December or June, fires do us good service if we are cold, and street-carriages are equally useful in locomotion whatever may be our complexion.

You will find abundance of this fallacious reasoning applied to the discussion of women's claims. You may prove to demonstration that a woman is thoroughly suited to a particular post; perhaps you can go on to show that she is better able to discharge the duties than some of those who have held the office, but you will be told, "It is impossible. We don't accept women as candidates for that place!" It reminds one of what we used to read often, and still see occasionally in advertisements for servants, "No Irish need apply." The Hibernian may be a paragon among cooks, butlers, or housekeepers, but is disqualified by something quite beside the question—by nationality. Let us join our voices with the many who have said wisely, that half the grievances in the world will disappear, when capacity and fitness are made the tests of the labor-market (and all other things), to the exclusion of considerations of sex and caste. Precedent and routine are often excellent guides, but let us say with "Ellesmere," "Hurrah for exception!" No one will have a right to be discontented, if judged by his own merit—by intrinsic, individual worth.

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HOFFNUNG.

M. Francisque Sarcey, in the *Gaulois*, referring to the terrible events of the era of the Commune, says: "Men of cool judgment, and whose words may be unhesitatingly accepted, have related to me scenes which they themselves had witnessed. Young women, handsome and well dressed, rushed into the streets, revolver in hand, and fired into the mass of combatants. Being seized, they exclaimed in fierce tones and with haughty looks, 'Shoot me at once!' One such being captured in a house, from the windows of which shots had been fired upon the soldiers, was being bound prior to being sent to Versailles for trial, when she cried out, 'Stay, pray, save me the trouble of that journey!' and placing herself against a wall, with her arms extended and her breast bare, seemed to solicit or provoke death. All the women who were summarily executed by the infuriated soldiers died with insults on their lips and with a smile of disdain, as martyrs who sacrificed their lives as a noble act of duty."

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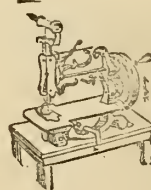
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THE

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SATURDAY, JULY 8th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]

MAGICIANS AND THEIR DUPES.



SUPERSTITION in England has not been wholly exorcised even yet. To say nothing of the frantic folly which supports the spirit-rapping imposture, and which allows itself to be duped into beliefs as preposterous as the mythology of the Hindu—and which, by the way, finds votaries among the wealthy, though we can hardly say the educated—the fortune-telling imposture has an immense mass of believers. Every odd week the police intelligence of the sister isle exhibits this peculiar weakness. If we reflect that only when the cheat has been carried on without art, or assumed the aspect of systematic swindling, the matter falls under the notice of the police, we can recognize the full significance of these occasional exposures, and make a guess, even though in the dark, as to the magnitude of the evil which remains behind, concealed.

The latest news on this vexatious subject is the descent made by the London police on no less than four dens in one corner—almost in one street—of the English metropolis. These dens were offices of “professors of the magical art.” In one of them between thirty and forty young women were assembled in the ante-room, awaiting their turn for an interview with “Professor Zendavesta,” when the detectives made their appearance. Alarmed at sight of the police, they made a collective rush for the door, overturned the officer stationed to guard it, and ran into the street and away screaming. What was the loadstone that attracted them to the office of Professor Zendavesta? One may guess after reading a catalogue of the peculiar articles found therein. There were “Books of Fate” on the tables, “nativities” ready to be filled up, photographs of young men, apparently for use in connection with the “magic mirror;” and besides these paraphernalia of wizardry, there were a case of medicine bottles and several boxes of pills. Why medicine and pills? Obviously the “professor” did not confine himself to the quackery of magic.

Professor Zendavesta did a flourishing trade on the credulity of the dwellers in one at least respectable neighborhood; and with this single fact before us, we might easily glide to the conclusion that the number of silly persons in that neighborhood was rather startling. But we find that another “professor,” with an equally outlandish name, likewise drove a flourishing business in the street sacred to Zendavesta, *alias* George Smith; and in the immediate vicinity—within a quarter of a mile indeed—two more “professors” plied their odious trade, cast up their “nati-

ties,” displayed their “magic mirrors,” read from their “books of fate” the words of doom, and dispensed their philters to the credulous women whose ignorance is the sole reason of the existence of these impostors. Now if the fact of one professor of duplicity doing flourishing business day after day argues a startling number of dupes, it is but a sum in proportion to arrive at a notion of the number of fools on whose credulity four impostors can live in comparative affluence. If forty be found during a half-hour in the ante-room of but one magician, one-hundred-and-sixty may fairly be assumed as the number of customers applying for the services of four wizards. As there are a great many half-hours in the day, and the magician will naturally endeavor to turn them all to account, even though he may not do business to an equal extent in each, it is not too much to assume that he is consulted by at least one hundred dupes daily. Assume that number as an average, and we have four hundred wickedly credulous people—chiefly women—seeking foolishly to pry into the secrets of the future every day. And if we multiply that number by the number of days in the year, excluding Sundays, we get the astounding result of one hundred and twenty-five thousand and two hundred people who voluntarily submit to be duped in a twelvemonth.

Here is matter for reflection for all who are not wholly engrossed in the getting or spending of money. One hundred and twenty-five thousand people in London, with all its advantages in the way of wealth, churches, and schools, may not unfairly be presumed to seek the services of these lying professors of magic within a year, and as a consequence be considered believers in revelations through the medium of the black art. What a commentary on the boasted civilization of England! Superstition of the most repulsive kind, unexcused by any redeeming feature, dwells under the shadow of St. Stephen's and within hail of the dome of St. Paul's. A credulity so loathsome, that we might well shrink from it even in Bosjesmen, grows up and gathers strength in the heart of London, as unenlightened by the emanations of Paternoster-row as unawed by the thunders of Printinghouse-square.

The point that concerns us most, however, is the one fact that those poor dupes are chiefly women, and the moral we would draw from it is the baneful effect of neglecting their education. The state, for centuries, while devoting immense sums to the intellectual development of males, ignored totally the requirements of females in that respect, as if they were as destitute of mental faculties as a horse or a dog.

What is the inevitable result? The pall of ignorance which for ages was spread over Europe, though through the zealous efforts of the state now lifted in a great measure from the minds of men, still envelops the mass of women in its blinding folds. The education, so called, imparted in nominally high-class schools for young ladies is too often of the flimsiest description; so that it is not uncommon to find a woman who can dance gracefully and play the pianoforte well—nay, chatter French and even know something of geography—a slave to her imagination, and, because she knows so little, a daring intruder on the domain of what in this world can be never known.

It is some comfort to think that even now a beginning has been made towards remedying this blight of ignorance. The compulsory education laws for England ensure the attendance of children at some school at least; but the efforts of educational reformers must not stop there. The greatest attention must be paid to the matters in which children are educated; for, after all, it is the mental discipline of a good system which is the really valuable part of a school education. If the mind be strengthened and its judicial powers developed in earlier years, maturer ones will complete the process by the natural action of reflection and decision in the ordinary affairs of life. Again, the whole system of middle-class teaching must be revised—if, indeed, it can be said to possess any system whatever. For it is chiefly in the ranks of the middle classes that dupes are found on whom the impostors of magic can live and fatten. It is of no account as a preventive that Zendavesta and his rivals receive occasionally three or six months' imprisonment. The punishment will not deter such men from practising on the folly of those who can afford to pay them so well, that in the end they are able to retire from the dangerous profession of magic with funds sufficient to put them in the way of making fortunes in the liquor traffic.

A LEGEND OF CLARE,

BY J. GERAGHTY M'TEAGUE.

The land of Kylestafeen extended in former ages more than a hundred miles to the westward of the present boundary of Ireland. There was also contiguous to it, to the northward, the far-famed island of O'Brassil, besides others of inferior note. But Kylestafeen surpassed them all not only in superior extent, but in fertility of soil, and in the number and capacity of its magnificent harbors; near which, under the wise and gentle sway of its beneficent monarch, flourished splendid cities. Its lovely valleys were watered by the clearest rivers, and in the grandeur of its mountains, and the beauty of its plains, by no other country under heaven could it be rivalled.

We have mentioned the character of that king who at the period of our tale ruled in Kylestafeen. At this time King Loydann was extremely old, and wished to relieve his mind, for the remainder of his life, from the cares of royalty. So, on a certain day, he made a formal abdication of his throne and power to his two sons, pursuant to an old-established law in that country, which ordained, that in case the king should leave behind but two sons, they were to reign conjointly.

But ere the king finally gave up the important charge to his sons, he called them to him, and bound them by the most solemn vows to conform to the following promise: That if at any moment one of them should by any act of his own incur the just displeasure of his brother, he should at

once be chained, and his side pierced by two daggers. "This dreadful oath I now exact from you, my sons," said Loydann, "in order that you never may be liable to the slightest disagreement, for the remembrance of it will for ever hold you both united; and if, in whatsoever you do, you consult each other, the most remote possibility of such a contingency will be avoided."

Though the strict propriety of this act may be considered questionable, Loydann did it from the best motives; and this too will be apparent, if we consider the respective characters of the two brothers Fahue and Niall; the elder, Fahue, being of a remarkably fiery, and, as his father feared, unforgiving disposition, whilst the younger was famed for gentleness; both were brave and impetuous, yet of dissimilar tempers and habits.

Now, at the time this act of abdication was performed, a series of rejoicings took place at the court of Kylestafeen, which were conducted with great magnificence. The days were spent in the manly recreations of the chase, while the dance and the strains of music enlivened their evenings' entertainments.

Amidst a number of lovely forms which graced the court of Kylestafeen, the daughter of the Prince of O'Brassil was peculiarly conspicuous. The inhabitants of both countries had ever been on the most amicable terms, and by the request of Teartha, the young and graceful sister of the princes, Corgeana had been invited to pass the pleasant hours of summer at Kylestafeen, and to be present at the festivities.

Corgeana was dangerously beautiful. Both brothers had frequent opportunities of converse with her; both admired her, struck with the elegance of her manner, and her many accomplishments; each, in short, wished her for his own. Yet it was only towards Niall, that, on her part, a corresponding affection existed; the imperious spirit of Fahue was uncongenial to her. But unfortunately Fahue thought even now that she was his, and that he had but to signify his intention, and her compliance would succeed, while at the same time she had already listened to and favorably received the solicitations of his brother.

But now the dreary winter approached, and the time came when Corgeana should depart from the hospitable shores of Kylestafeen. Their galleys were prepared, and all being ready, they took their farewell of her, and she sailed for the island of O'Brassil.

Not many days elapsed, ere from the distant horizon a vessel was seen approaching the harbor. It anchored, and bore the distressing intelligence that a horde of northern pirates were daily expected to land at the island of O'Brassil, while the messenger delivered a most earnest request that both the brothers would immediately send assistance to his master, and help to drive away the treacherous Northmen from their coasts.

But this duty the brothers resolved to execute themselves. Accordingly, the numerous galleys of war belonging to the Kylestafeen were speedily equipped, and the full number of warriors allotted to each. The evening before the fleet set sail, a conference was held, and the plans of action arranged, after which the brothers separated, each to his galley; for it had been determined at the council that the larger number of the ships, commanded by Fahue, should scour the seas in pursuit of the enemy, while that portion headed by Niall should proceed at once to O'Brassil, to join forces with the king. This duty too did Niall undertake the more willingly, as it gave him hope of a more speedy meeting with his beloved Corgeana.

On the third day after the last-mentioned division of the fleet had sailed from Kylestafeen, two strange sail were plainly observed from the deck of Niall's galley, and it soon became too evident that the ship in which Corgeana had sailed had been taken by the Northmen, and that she was even now in their power; for one of the vessels was hers, and the other was also well known, for it was the favorite

galley of Froskos, the most rapacious and cruel savage of them all.

Fearful was the suspense and agony of mind which Niall endured, till he had overtaken this hostile ship and its prize; for though sure of success, and that the pirate would be captured, yet he knew not what the crafty chief might have previously perpetrated. However, having surrounded them with his vessels, the pirates at once perceived the futility of resistance, and accordingly surrendered to Niall. And who can imagine the mutual joy experienced by those lovers, when they saw that each was safe. In triumph did Niall at once make sail for O'Brassil, and land with his precious freight, where he was received by the old king with every demonstration of gratitude and joy.

"And why," said Niall to Corgeana, "why now should we delay our nuptials? Shall not they at once be celebrated? Oh! return with me as one of the queens of Kylestafeen."

But the king her father would have overruled this, in his opinion, too precipitate determination, and would at least have waited till the arrival of Fahune and his squadron; but Niall would not listen, and it was then determined that if Fahune made not his appearance for the space of seven days, the marriage should take place.

"And surely," said Niall to himself, "the vow which I have made can never interfere with this. How could my marriage, at which he would rejoice, possibly be displeasing to him? When he considers the circumstances of the case, he will, even though I do infringe the strict letter of the oath in not consulting him, cheerfully forgive me."

Seven days had now passed, but Fahune was even then chasing and capturing numerous ships of pirates. At length the day arrived, and the ceremonies of marriage were performed amidst banquetings and joyful celebrations.

And now it was judged prudent that they should set sail for Kylestafeen, and a great feast having been given to Niall and Corgeana, and to the whole of the squadron, they took their departure and put to sea.

O'Brassil was but three short days' sail at farthest from Kylestafeen, and they hoped soon to reach their destination, when lo! a dreadful tempest suddenly sprang up, which dispersed the fleet in all directions. The most expert seamen were completely foiled in all their efforts; the vessel labored and creaked as if she would each moment fall to pieces, and was driven, being quite unmanageable, far away out to sea, and for many days and nights were they drifted onwards with irresistible fury.

But at length the storm abated, the waves gradually subsided, and after another day the wind was completely gone. The gallant vessel, which had heretofore been impelled with terrific violence, now, with all her sails unfurled, hardly crept along; and the men who had been almost all constantly employed during the hurricane, had retired below.

And now the gray dawn was just apparent in the east, when all on board were suddenly aroused by the cries of the watchman, who proclaimed that a vessel with the flag of Kylestafeen was rapidly approaching, and would almost immediately be alongside. Niall arose, and looking forth, saw with the rest that it was the galley of his brother, while he fondly anticipated a joyful reunion with Fahune, when they could relate their several exploits and dangers. But how were these hopes about to be realized?

The vessels neared each other, and greetings were exchanged. A boat was now lowered from the side of Niall's galley, and he went on board that of his brother. After some inquiries and salutations, Fahune questioned Niall concerning his voyages and adventures. This Niall commenced, and Fahune seemed to rejoice, and a smile, as if of triumph, crossed his features when he learnt that Corgeana was safe; but when Niall proceeded and told of the nuptials, the countenance of Fahune became as pale as death.

"Miserable man," said he, "prepare to die! You have broken through our solemn vow; you have taken this step without having consulted me; this alone would have condemned you, but to this dreadful dereliction you have added

a still greater insult—you have supplanted me in the affections of one to whom I was engaged. But she"—he could utter no more; he was convulsed with passion. Niall was about to reply, but Fahune shouted, "Let him be gagged; let me not hear a word from him whom once I loved; for the sound of his voice might tempt me to relent. Executioners, at once bind him to the mast!" It was done, and in another moment, by Fahune's directions, his sides were deeply pierced by the fatal daggers.

When the dreadful tale was related to the bereaved Corgeana, she lay for some hours insensible; but when at length she awoke, it was but to be compelled to endure still greater miseries. The sentence of Fahune was at once put in execution, namely, that Corgeana should be turned adrift in a small open boat, with a scanty supply of food, and left to perish, while the body of her husband should also be cast along with her into the boat.

But whilst the implacable Fahune was sailing towards the shores of Kylestafeen, and even now repented of his cruelty and rashness to those who were once beloved by him, Corgeana was wafted over the trackless ocean in her frail bark, alone and wretched; yet still that bark was guided by myriads of fairy beings, who were even then conducting her to a haven of safety.

When the seventh weary night had passed, and daylight appeared, Corgeana found herself quite close to shore, but in what part of the world she was, she knew not. Her little boat was quietly drifted to the beach. She landed, and walking forth, soon found herself in view of a palace of magnificent appearance, to which she bent her steps.

Now, on entering this beautiful structure, which appeared to be ornamented with the utmost splendor, she was surprised exceedingly when she heard sounds of lamentation and loud wailing issuing from the apartments and halls. Advancing, she discovered an immense multitude of chieftains of noble mien, together with a number of youths and attendants, who, wearied, exhausted, and covered with wounds, reclined on couches; many, who seemed more severely hurt, uttering piercing shrieks, while others appeared binding up their wounds and administering the comforts of medicine.

She watched these proceedings, unnoticed, for some time, and her attention was more particularly attracted to one venerable personage, who, going round to all, and bathing their wounds, at once relieved them from their agony; and, strange to say, she remarked many who appeared to possess but few signs even of existence, at once restored to the use of their faculties.

At length she was perceived by him, who was apparently a king or chief, who demanded her history, and an account of her adventures. This she commenced. Her great beauty, the violence of her grief, as well as the interest which the relation of her sufferings occasioned, caused the emperor (for so he was) to take compassion on her, and he listened intently to her narrative. But when Corgeana came to that part of her mournful tale in which she spoke of the cruelty of Fahune, and how her husband had been, as she supposed, inhumanly murdered, the emperor manifested signs of extreme impatience, and summoning his attendants—"Hasten," said he, "to the beach, and bring hither, without delay, the body of the prince." This was at once done, and they returned, bearing Niall in their arms.

"And now," said the emperor, "we will leave him with our venerable physician, whose skill was never known to fail, and whom we have remembered often to recall to existence many who have been considered for ever as lost to us."

When the physician was taken to the apartment in which the body of Niall lay, a smile of hope might have been seen upon his countenance, and he proceeded to exert his utmost skill. After he had himself applied his far-famed remedies, he left for a moment, to deliver his opinion to the emperor his master.

But in that moment had Niall recovered! Faintly and slowly his eyes opened, and he looked around. But what were then his thoughts? Remembering the dreadful scene

in the galley of his brother, even *then* he saw the executioners plunging the daggers into his side, and the words of Fahune still rang in his ears : again he looked, and thought he was in another world—that region, where he had often head the spirits of the brave would congregate. And then of Corgeana !—but was this her voice he heard ? Was she too murdered ?

The physician now entered, and all was soon explained ; his great skill had indeed been successful. Who can picture the joy experienced by Niall and Corgeana when they found themselves so unexpectedly re-united.

The recovery of Niall was exceedingly rapid ; he frequently expressed his gratitude to his benefactors, and on one particular day, being engaged in conversation with the emperor, he ventured to address him thus : “How comes it, O king, that you, the undisputed sovereign of this magnificent and powerful empire, are so frequently dejected, and that the nobles of your court give way to melancholy in your presence ? Your very musicians appear to have forgotten the strains of gladness, and the raven of despondency seems to overshadow the royal court with its foreboding wings ! Is it thus, O king ? No ; it must be my own gloomy thoughts which possess me, and render me insensible to happiness !”

“That which you now remark is but too true,” said the emperor ; “how can we be otherwise, when our dominions, though extensive, and our army, though possessed of courage, are each moment assailed by a cruel and still more powerful enemy, who live in an adjoining island and against whom we have never been able to obtain any decided victory ? If we attack them, we are repulsed with disgrace and shame, while they are continually making inroads, and devastating our beautiful country. Even the day which brought you in so extraordinary a manner to our shores, was the last of our encounters with them, and on which most of our bravest commanders were dreadfully mangled by our cruel opponents, and I myself was wounded ; to-morrow, however, we intend to renew our armaments against them ; but alas ! all will be unavailing, for ever since I came to this throne, and even in the reign of my father, have we been thus oppressed. It is true, we possess an elixir of inestimable value, the effect of which is almost immediately to heal the most dreadful wound, and to which, applied by our chief physician, you doubtless owe the preservation of your life ; but, on the other hand, our enemies have on their side auxiliaries still more powerful ; so that, while we are all but invulnerable, they are completely invincible ; and though our commanders are preparing with all possible alacrity, and seem confident of success, I for one already too well know the result !”

“Nay, speak not thus, O king !” said Niall ; “I myself, for I am now recovered, will accompany you ; I perhaps was accounted brave in my own country, and will not spare my blood, if occasion require, in your service ; allow me then a number of men under my command, and, with the help of the gods, we will certainly cause these formidable foes to yield to our superior prowess.”

“Niall,” answered the emperor, “your words are as those of the brave ; but did you know, or could you catch a single glance of our enemy, your utterance would be frozen with dread ; horror would be on your countenance ; and if you were not immediately overwhelmed, you would turn and fly as we do.”

“And wherefore, O king ?” said Niall.

“Listen !” said the emperor. “These giants, for they far exceed us in ordinary stature, are commanded by one who excels them in even a greater degree in height, in strength, and in the awfulness of his appearance : he marches at the head of the army to the accompaniment of music—O accursed music !—the first sound of which, though at a distance, has the dreadful effect of at once stupefying us, and causing an unnatural drowsiness to come over us ; we fall, and he, marching up with his men, cuts us to pieces

like sheep. But, O Niall ! how can I describe or give you the slightest idea of the horrid hag, this giant's wife ? One sight of her is sufficient to unnerve the most courageous mortal ; afar off she is seen ; her eyes are as glowing coals ; her feet like enormous ploughshares, tearing up the earth before her as she walks ; whilst her hair, trailing far behind her, is like as many harrows following in her track ; lurid flames issue from her nostrils ! Frightful indeed is she to behold ; but should a glance of her accursed eye meet yours, no earthly power could for an instant save you from immediate death ! She is followed by a horde of demons, who, I hear, are her children, imps that spare no life, but revel in slaughter and mischief. Such are our enemies !”

“Your description horrifies me,” said Niall ; “nevertheless, let us summon all our energies to the encounter, and I trust I may bear my part in the struggle with fortitude.”

And now the day arrived when this resolution was to be tested. The emperor himself took Niall into his armory, and bade him choose any kind of weapon which that place could afford ; but of all the implements of war collected there, none seemed to suit his purpose but one small sword with a sharp point, with which having equipped himself, he prepared for the engagement. They embarked, and soon reached the hostile island, where immediately the giants collected, headed by the chief and his wife, who now seemed invested with double their usual horrors. As they advanced, his friend the emperor frequently called on Niall to retrace his steps, but this he firmly refused. The fatal languor was now fast overcoming him, but, drawing his small sword, he continued pricking himself in various places, which prevented his sinking altogether to asleep. Meantime the giant came on, trusting as usual for conquest to the power of the music ; however, he was for once mistaken. Feigning sleep, Niall lay still, in the best position for his purpose ; and when the giant, confidently marching on, had come up, and stooped over to kill him, he seized his opportunity, and at one blow severed his head from his shoulders.

Fortunately this brave act was not witnessed by the old hag his wife, who had delayed by the way ; it is enough for us to know that the same success here also attended him, and she fell a sacrifice also to his valor. Nor was this all, the emperor came up with his army, and an easy conquest soon decided the long-continued hostilities. Niall was immediately given by the emperor the sovereignty of the island, and took possession of the giant's palaces, where he and Corgeana long lived in mutual love, and, crowned with the enjoyment of all happiness, dwelt in perfect amity with the emperor their benefactor. He built an immense number of the most beautiful galleys, and maintained an army disciplined and instructed in all the arts of war.

But we must now hasten to the conclusion of our legend, though volumes might be filled with a recital of the well-remembered acts of Niall the good, and Corgeana his queen.

They held, then, frequent conversations about Fahune, and were accustomed to recount the many dangers they had experienced, when on a certain day Niall appeared to be engaged in the deliberation of some affair of more than ordinary importance. His brows were bent as in earnest thought, and even tears were observed on his cheek. This was remarked by Corgeana, who gently demanded what new design he was arranging.

To this Niall answered, “O Corgeana, my awful parting from Fahune my brother frequently recurs to me ; I begin to fear his life is most unhappy ; he thinks me dead, and the injustice of his mad decree must certainly be fearfully apparent to him also ; it is therefore my intention, shouldst thou approve of it, to prepare an expedition to revisit the land of my birth—my beloved Kylestafeen—and wouldst thou not also wish to see again the lovely O'Brassil ? I am now powerful, and would go attended by a large fleet ; so that if Fahune should still be vindictive, I might be supported ; nor should I dread his power, or that of any other monarch.”

To this Corgeana most willingly assented, and resolved her-

self to accompany the squadron, which having been made ready in an extraordinary short space of time, put to sea.

Niall well remembered the direction that dreadful tempest had taken which had conveyed him from Fahune, and accordingly sailed onwards. Not many days elapsed ere the men reported with joy that land was in sight. It was true; and all assembled on the decks of their galleys, hailing with shouts their near approach.

But lo! what is that which now rivets their attention, and causes them to stand like men bereft of their senses, gazing on the mountains of Kylestafeen? And nearer and nearer they approached, and fixed their eyes in silent wonder on the awful scene; those hills, the shapes of which were at once recognized by Niall and Corgeana, were too apparently sinking into the ocean. Still nearer they sailed, and the noble bay, at the head of which was the city, lay before them. They came close to the shore, and now was their astonishment intense. That beautiful valley, through which the gentle stream took its course, was quickly enlarging its boundaries; and while it sank, the waters from the ocean were madly rushing in, causing devastation to all. Hundreds of human forms were wildly rushing to and fro, and those who were able to reach the shore screamed loudly for assistance, or for boats to carry them away; while all who could not profit by this mode of escape climbed the summits of the highest mountains and escaped immediate death, only to endure a protraction of their sufferings.

In the midst of this confusion and these dreadful scenes, many galleys, densely crowded with beings, put off from shore. Niall anxiously looked for his brother; nor was he destined to be disappointed, for Fahune, observing the strange ships, immediately directed his course to the galley of his brother, where a reconciliation having at once taken place, all reassembled to witness the consummation of this most dreadful catastrophe.

Gradually, yet continually, did the waves close round thousands of the helpless inhabitants, and innumerable multitudes of animals were buried beneath them, while all who could avail themselves of boats took to the sea, though these could hardly tell in what direction to proceed, and hundreds miserably perished.

Soon did night veil the awful vision from the eyes of the fleet; and next morning a wild waste of turbulent waters was all that could be perceived where once was the glorious and happy land of Kylestafeen, and a long dark line of frowning cliffs was the only boundary visible in the direction of that lovely country.

EMINENT WOMEN.

MADAM ROLAND.

Having presented our readers with brief sketches of two among the famous Authoresses of the modern world, we shall now, for variety sake, trace the lives of some of its Heroines—an exalted type of character which has been exhibited by woman long before she became celebrated in the domain of literature. History abounds with examples of women who have won the highest of titles by their devotion, animated by a high motive, sometimes to an individual, sometimes to a cause or an idea. Hero, like so many other words, has its conventional and its essential sense. It signifies commonly one who performs some great action in the face of difficulties which are either conquered, or over which the individual, even when subdued, triumphs, in virtue of some manifestation of vital force or spiritual ardor which renders him superior to circumstances. Of such there have been many whose merit was solely of this nature, while the motives of their actions were in no way admirable. Originally, however, hero, derived from the Greek *eros*, love, signified one who executed supreme achievements, inspired by that passion. Here we have its essential sense and import, which is that of the Divine manifested in life; and wherever we find it embodied in the

arenas of war or politics, in the varied conflict of existence, in a book or a battle, in series of actions or thoughts, originated amid difficulties, for the purpose of exalting the status of the human race, we recognize the presence of "God in history." A Charles XII., possessed of an iron will and system which propelled him through events like a piece of machinery, typifies one sort of hero. We delight in reading the career of one whose internal force rendered him superior to circumstances; but other feelings intervene when reflection estimates the result of a life which was ruinous to the nation he governed. Then with the vulgar chivalry of mere conquerors, no matter how brilliant the elements of character their career develops, contrast that of a Howard, the voluntary pilgrim of benevolence, visiting the prisons of Europe, and everywhere encountering death, in order that he might alleviate human sufferings. Here we have an example of true heroism—that of civilization—another word for progress toward perfection. Women, from their nature, and judging from many distinguished examples in history, seem indeed even more than man destined to realize the heroic element in life in the high sense above indicated. The being who represents intellectualized love in an exalted degree unites both the sublime and the divine.

The maiden name of Madame Roland, who became the soul of the Girondists, the most enlightened of the parties who inspired and sought to direct the French Revolution, and who was destined to become one of its most exalted victims, was Manon Jeanne Philipon, the only surviving child of an engraver of that name. She was born in Paris in 1754. The very moderate circumstances of her family did not prevent their giving her a sound education, which, as she grew up, her intense appetite for knowledge embellished and enlarged to a degree only possible with one possessed of a mind so apprehensive and capacious. In the quiet old house on the Watchmaker's Quay, in which her early youth was passed, the grave, active, diligent, and affectionate young girl, without permitting her studies to interfere with her domestic duties, appears to have gone through a very extensive course of studies, including theology, philosophy, even geometry; devoting herself to all such subjects as were calculated to enlarge and clarify her intelligence. Old Cato has said that "women judge better of tastes than of truths;" but from Madame Roland's letters and memoirs it is evident that while she assiduously cultivated the tastes, her special delight was the analysis and reception of truth, and of all great ideas, which, when they become a part of the recipient mind, and react on life, elevate their possessor to the level with their originator. It may, indeed, be said of her, that she sought for truth as girls of the same age sought for love, although few in Paris were so formed by nature to inspire it as the beautiful Manon in her twentieth year—a maiden tall and exquisitely moulded, with her animated face and brunette complexion—*pale comme un beau soir d'automne*—her magnificent chevelure and eyes black as starry night, yet soft as spring. At this period she was surrounded by suitors, attracted by her physical charms, as bees are by the full blown rose; but she who had long made Plutarch, the painter of heroisms, her chief companion and friend, and had lived in an atmosphere of Greek and Roman magnanimity, had already formed for herself a type of character too august and aspiring to receive any pleasure from the amiabilities or frivolities of an age when love and gaiety are generally supreme. She rejected all her admirers, and when her father remonstrated with her for thus turning, as it were, fortune out of doors, she replied: "It is not a position that I want, but a mind." The only personage among her intimates who realized her ideas of a life companion was Jean Morel Roland de la Platiere, inspector of manufactures at Amiens, a grave, middle-aged man, "worn with thought as others with toil," a philosopher who worshipped the stoic sect like numbers in France in the days when Montesquieu wrote, and a patriot intrepid and obdurate as Cato. Her marriage with M. Roland in her twenty-fifth year, illustrated the force of

those spiritual affinities of which there have been so many memorable examples in France and Germany ; and despite the disparity of their ages, their union appears to have continued one of exalted and serene happiness to its tragic conclusion. The advent of the Revolution was hailed by both those kindred spirits with a sort of antique enthusiasm. For some years they resided in Lyons and other places in the south, from which Madame Roland's letters to her friends in Paris, Bonsal, Brissot, etc., while intermingling business details with those noble ideas which the Revolution was creating in all thinking minds, are diversified with the purest pictures of domestic happiness, as they are with others of natural scenery, and in painting of which she was almost as great an adept as Mrs. Radcliffe.

In 1792 Madame Roland returned to Paris, the people of Lyons having sent her husband thither to represent them in the National Assembly. Here the heroic-souled woman assumed her natural position in the front rank of the Reformers of the Girondist party, of which a cabinet having been formed, M. Roland was made minister of the interior—a post for which he was admirably fitted by his profound acquaintance with the finance and industry of the country. Madame Roland presided at the dinners which were given twice a week at the hotel of the minister, where she appeared, to use the words of a contemporary, as a natural queen of beauty and genius, inspired enthusiasm for her political views, moderated the tendency to excess already apparent in the representatives of the sections, and exercised for a time a powerful influence over the tide of events. Already, however, she began to recognize in the conflict of opinions the rise of the storm which silenced by its terrors so many of those spirits who had initiated the revolution of '89 for the advancement of the human race, but who could not calculate that its direction thus given would be turned into one ruinous to the apostles of freedom as to those whose condition they desired to elevate. Madame Roland, however, has the high honor of having been the soul of the most advanced and most rational of the parties who gave movement to the greatest political event of modern Europe. She took the lead in the advanced guard of liberty. "In creating an epoch for the birth of freedom," she says, "fortune has placed us like the forlorn hope of the army which ought to fight for her and conquer. It is for us to learn our duties well, and thus prepare for the happiness of future generations."

The fall of the Girondists was the ruin of the Revolution ; after that came anarchy, bloodshed, and finally despotism. Amid the scenes of monstrosity and madness which followed, so noble a figure as Madame Roland could not escape. She typified the enthusiasm for excellence, the moderation of reason, the heroism which has its source in a pure heart and high thought. She was thrown into prison by the triumphant Jacobins, but she possessed the *mens aqua in arduis*. Her spirit was equal to the duties as the horrors of her situation, from which the only escape was death. As Condorcet occupied the last months of his life in composing his sketch of the progress of the human mind, so Madame Roland, alike inspired with a love of perfectability, composed, while in prison, those memoirs of a life of self sacrifice and patriotism, and recalled the noble deeds and deaths of Plutarch to animate her nation to an equal heroism. But although her stoic soul at this period preserved much of the sublime calm of some elevated mountain summit, the thought of her little daughter, left without her care in the awful world outside her prison, and of her husband flying from his tyrannical enemies, often elicits a burst of anguish in those memorable pages. Frequently, however, she addressed the other prisoners from the bars of her window, kept alive the passion for liberty in their hearts, and so sustained them amid their despair, that they used, we are told, to return to their cells shouting "Vive la republique !"

The concluding scenes of her heroic life are so well known as to need but the briefest reference. On the 8th of November, 1793, when sentenced to death, she thanked her judges for sending her where so many of her friends had

perished for liberty—that old and sacred rebel, as Beranger calls her. So eager was she to quit a world which had grown intolerable, as it was no longer fit for her spirit, that she hurried away from the tribunal to her cell to prepare for execution—to escape, as it were, from hell to heaven. In the death cart she appeared attired in white, the image of her pure life and soul ; her raven hair flowing in thick ringlets to her girdle. In the Place de la Concorde the hooting of the vast ignorant and besotted crowd terrified an old man, who sat crying like a child. She stooped down and offered him some words of comfort. On the scaffold she asked for a pen, to note the thoughts which were rising within her, and then turning to the statue of Liberty, which rose near hand, she exclaimed, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in your name !"—last words, which echo has often since repeated.

Some days after her death the corpse of M. Roland was found in a wood near Rouen. He had stabbed himself to the heart ; and near the stiletto, with which the modern Cato had released his spirit, was found a piece of paper, on which he stated that, "After his wife's death, he would no longer remain in a world stained by such crimes !"

THE TUNELESS HEART.

My heart is out of tune ; its broken strings
Yield nought but discord where before most sweet
And thrilling music issued from its core.
Played by felicity, each responsive chord
Vibrated, even as the Æolian harp
Answereth the wild whispers of the wind
That wakes it into life ; or, like the birds,
Which in the sunshine of a summer morn
Pour out their bliss in notes of fervent glee,
Rejoicing in their being. Yes, my heart
Is out of tune ; for happiness has fled
Far from its precincts, and the only strain
That finds an echo in its gloomy depths,
Is one of sadness ; mute are all its chords,
Or, if they waken into life, the sounds
Which issue from them are like mournful cries,
Or wailing notes such as are sometimes heard
Moaning through dismal caves, or borne along
The crest of foaming waters in the night.
The heart whose music now is hushed, was once
Gladsome, and light, and tranquil as a child's ;
But o'er the sunshine of its joy there fell
A heavy sorrow, which has darkened life,
And thrown its shadow o'er the future path
Which fate, relentless, marked for me to follow
To its dreary end. Not one sunbeam breaks
With its bright lustre through the darksome veil
Which covers, but yet hides not, destiny.
Not one flower blossoms on life's rugged road
To yield its passing tribute of delight
To my most weary soul. Not one pleasure left
To wrestle for a moment with fierce care,
And lure her from her prey. All, all is dark,
And strange, and cold as ice within ; without
There looms a cloud so dense that it obscures
All save itself. My heart is out of tune.

C. B.

The gold medal of the Royal Artillery Institution has been awarded to Lieut. H. W. L. Hime, R.A., for his prize essay on "The Duties and Position of Artillery." Lieut. Hime passed into the corps from the Royal Military Academy in June, 1860, having received his earlier education at Trinity College, Dublin. He is the author of "The Mobility of Field Artillery, Past and Present," and of some other kindred works.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN IRELAND

Great excitement has been caused by a barbarous murder, of a nature unusual, if not unprecedented, in this country. In the town of Newtownstewart, near Omagh, the cashier of a bank was found stricken to the ground by a blow of some ponderous weapon from behind, and weltering in a pool of blood. This deed of horror was perpetrated in the middle of a summer's day, in the cash room of a bank in a busy town. Over £1,600 were found to have been abstracted from the cash-box, which gives a sufficient clue to the motives of the murderer. A sub-inspector of constabulary is at present under suspicion, though we must say as yet on slight grounds. One little ray of comfort for those who love Ireland is derivable from the fact that no trace of agrarianism looms up in connection with this shocking murder—a promise, we trust, that the old troubles in relation to land are at an end: we mean, of course, as regards deeds of blood; for

THE SYSTEM OF CLEARANCES

will always create a wide amount of discontent, as is evidenced by the monster meeting held on the hill of Mullagh to protest against the threatened eviction of solvent improving tenants from the townland of Mullagh, in Meath county. Notwithstanding the protestation, the passing of resolutions, the making of speeches, and the presence of twenty thousand of the farming class, as we write the action for ejectment is being heard at the Meath assizes.

THE BRICKFIELD-LANE ASYLUM

bids fair to be settled on a permanent basis. The premises in which it has been up to the present located have been purchased by some benevolent gentlemen in trust for the institution, for the sum of £1,100, with the consent of the Master of the Rolls. So far, then, the shelter itself is secured for some of the many destitute women and children who are homeless in Dublin. What remains now to be done is to secure as many annual subscriptions as possible, to pay for the working expenses, procure food for the inmates, and, in time, enlarge the premises and extend the power of the Refuge for good.

FROM ENGLAND

we are startled by the narrative of a trades' union outrage in Manchester which seems to have been closely imitated from the International Society pattern. A builder had erected some houses, the bricks of which were made in defiance of the union; and when the houses were almost ready for tenancy, a body of men entered them at night, strewed petroleum over the woodwork, and set fire to the horrible liquid. Their movements, however, had been watched, and a body of police entered in the nick of time, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, and captured some of the incendiaries.

A REMARKABLE ACTION

has been lost by the North Eastern railway company of England. An inspector of schools named Lynch was killed on that line some months ago; and his widow claimed heavy damages from the company for her loss. On the trial a valuator estimated that but for violence Mr. Lynch had in all probability twenty-three or twenty-four years yet to live on the day he entered the carriage in which he met his death; and his probable earnings for that period were calculated at £10,691. The jury, on the other hand, estimated the loss to the widow at £2,500, and to her son at £2,000, and gave a verdict accordingly.

A CASE OF POETIC JUSTICE

is reported from Maidstone. A man named Welsh, walking by the banks of the Medway, had a disagreement with a woman who was walking with him. Seizing her by the throat he threw her head foremost into the river. She held on to his coat and dragged him in with her. The keeper

of a public-house near, heard her screams, and, jumping into the river, succeeded in rescuing her, but the man was drowned.

THE ANNUAL BOAT RACES

at Henley came off before a vast crowd of excited spectators. Last year the Trinity College Dublin crews succeeded in winning two of the races; and hopes were entertained that this year they would have added to their laurels by winning some of the great matches. Never were hopes more falsified. Though they struggled gallantly, they failed in all. One race, however, they might have won but for foul play on the part of the Eton boat, which four times barred their way. The umpire admitted the foul play, and allotted them precedence of the Eton crew, which had arrived at the winning post before them.

AN EXTREMELY MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE

is reported from Kingsbridge. At three o'clock in the morning the body of a lady named Blackwill was found on the Erlestons Sands, near Kingsbridge, by a Coast Guardsman. The only garments on the body were a night-dress, shawl, stockings, and boots. The deceased lived about a mile distant from where her body was found, and it is supposed that she walked in her sleep and fell over the cliff into the sea. She was 25 years old, and only returned from her wedding trip last week. The affair has thrown great gloom over Kingsbridge, as both deceased and her husband are well known.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY'S

seventh annual meeting was held on Monday week at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, London, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. Mr. Chaplin, the secretary, read the report, which stated that during the past year 98 ladies had attended the classes of the college as students, of whom 51 were single, 26 married, and 21 were widows. They were for the most part the wives, widows, and daughters of professional men. Of the lady students who have passed through the examinations in midwifery, many were now settled in practice, and succeeding admirably, and had attended a large number of cases without any casualty having occurred. Two of the lady students were filling situations at the Birmingham Lying-in Hospital, and two others were attending the general medicine classes at Edinburgh University prior to taking up their degrees. The progress of the society was generally satisfactory. There had been a slight decrease in the annual subscriptions, but there had been an increase in the students' fees. The noble chairman, Miss Emily Faithfull, Sir John Bowring, Professor Murphy, Dr. Edmunds, Dr. Drysdale, The Marquis Townshend, etc., having addressed the meeting, the report was adopted.

IN FRANCE

the prospect brightens. The great loan required to pay off the first instalment of the German indemnity, and to provide for the conduct of public business—about the ability of France to raise which there were serious doubts—has been more than twice subscribed for. The grand review at Longchamps, so often postponed, and which it was asserted M. Thiers dare not hold on account of the strong Napoleonic tendencies of the troops, has at last come off with the utmost success. And lastly, the supplementary elections have been held, and resulted in returning a large majority of moderate men, who will support M. Thiers' authority, and resist the efforts of extremists of all parties—thus securing to the public mind of France a much-needed rest from excitement, which will enable men to turn their thoughts to profitable industries, to set the wheels of the machinery of life again in vigorous motion, and heap together that wealth which will now be required to meet the enormous taxation induced by the war.

EASTERN TRAFFIC IN SLAVES.

The Turkish authorities (says the *Levant Herald*, of the 21st ult.) have just given another proof of their sincerity in

enforcing the laws against the traffic in slaves. On Sunday week the Minister of Police received information of six young negresses, in charge of a guardian, being patrolled about certain quarters of Stamboul in a mysterious manner, and, suspecting a transaction in slaves, his excellency ordered the immediate arrest of the party. This was done, and, interrogated by Husni Pasha, the women stated that twenty-seven negresses had been brought by two slave-dealers from Tripoli in Barbary, in a Turkish ship, which, on arriving at San Stefano, had cast anchor there, and that the six girls then present were sent to Stamboul to be sold, the others remaining on board to await their turn. Police officers were at once despatched to San Stefano, where the vessel was found as described. She was ostensibly loaded with salt, but in an obscure part of the hold were discovered the twenty-one other negresses in charge of the second slave-dealer. They were thereupon conveyed to Constantinople, and formally declared free by the authorities, and have since been placed out as paid servants with different Mussulman families. The two slave-dealers, meanwhile, together with the captain of the ship, are in prison, awaiting trial, and we trust that they will receive their deserts. This prompt action on the part of the Minister of Police, entailing the punishment of the offenders in addition to their heavy pecuniary losses, will, no doubt, be speedily heard of in Africa, and will serve to deter other Tripoli slave-dealers from their traffic with Constantinople.

WHILE ON THE SLAVE TOPIC,

it may be interesting to state that the first real step towards suppressing the slave trade on the east coast of Africa was made in the House of Commons by Mr. Gilpin a few nights ago. As England is, to some extent, answerable for the trade, our readers may like to know how it is managed. When slaves are wanted, a party of Arabs goes up the country—a long way now, for the shore districts are depopulated—with a supply of arms and ammunition. They make friends with a tribe of natives, whom they furnish with arms for a raid on a neighboring tribe. The firearms secure an easy victory, and a good haul of slaves is the result. Then the slaves are driven in gangs to the coast—a distance of 200 miles—men, women, and children together. Those too weak to keep up have their brains knocked out and are left on the road. Perhaps one in five gets to the coast, but it is calculated that in the end one slave made implies nine lives taken, exclusive of the losses in war. Arrived at the coast, they are shipped, some to Zanzibar—which England officially permits—but many more, under cover of this license, to Muscat. Such is, very briefly, the system Mr. Gilpin proposes to destroy.

THE PLAGUE IN BUENOS AYRES,

which lasted during the five months of January, February, March, April, and May, has committed appalling ravages. Twenty-three thousand people are reported to have died from the plague during that period out of a population of seventy thousand. The plague seems to have reached a climax in April; for, within the nine days from April 3rd to 12th, 3,985 deaths took place; and the Board of Health, on the 11th of that month, issued an order that every one who could leave the city should do so. Of course the great mass of the working population were unable to leave; and consequently among them the ravages have been awful.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO

remain still in a most unsettled state. In consequence of the insurrection, the *Nile*, which has arrived at Plymouth, brought no mail from the port of Tampico. A civil war throughout the entire country was imminent, and many towns and districts besides Tampico were in open revolt. The approaching presidential election would be the occasion of a struggle between the three parties of Juarez, Diaz, and Luerdo. The latter is the present prime minister. Vera Cruz was quiet.

THE PATAGONIANS

have been guilty of another revolting outrage. There is a story told of a missionary among them who had the good fortune to have a cork leg, and when the Patagonians were anxious to try the flavor of roast European, he cut a slice off the timber limb for an experimental steak. The story says that since that time Europeans have been allowed to go and come unmolested. Unfortunately, however, this is not so; for the captain of a ship and three of his sailors, landing on Terra del Fuego for the purpose of cutting wood, were unceremoniously butchered by the gigantic cannibals. The captain was partly eaten, and the bodies of his men were thrown into the sea. No matter how indignant we may feel at the atrocity of the savages, we must express our sense of the imprudence manifested by Europeans landing on these hostile shores in little parties of three or four half-armed men.

TURKEY AND EGYPT

are certainly drawing towards an issue in which blood will be spilled and wealth wasted to gratify the personal ambition of Sultan or Khedive. The latter is the viceroy of Egypt, which fertile land is nominally a portion of the Emperor of Turkey's dominions. For many years, however, the Khedive has been practically an independent sovereign, totally irremovable from his position by the Sultan; and of late he is fortifying the shores of Egypt, particularly on that side most convenient to the troops of Turkey for a hostile visit; mapping out places for the laying down of torpedoes; storing up arms and munitions of war; and training the whole male population of the country to the use of arms, by drafting them into the army for a short-service period, and, when disciplined, discharging them back to civil life ready for the trade of war at any moment. These things have come to the Sultan's ears, and created of course a most disagreeable impression; but whether that sovereign will think it prudent to spill blood and waste treasure in perhaps a vain endeavor to retain a purely nominal supremacy, remains yet to be seen.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK

has issued the following statistical account of that wonderful fast grown city: "New York or Manhattan Island has an area of twenty-two square miles and twenty-nine miles of water front. The streets, roads, and avenues measure four hundred and sixty miles. Two hundred and ninety-one miles of these are paved; one hundred and sixty-nine miles are unpaved. Nineteen thousand gas-lights are burned every night at the public expense to light this area, water front, and extent of streets. Beneath the surface of the city there are three hundred and forty miles of Croton water-pipes, and two hundred and seventy-five miles of sewers. The population is nine hundred and forty-two thousand two hundred and fifty-two. One thousand horse railway-cars, two hundred and sixty-seven omnibuses, about twelve thousand licensed vehicles, and quite as many more private vehicles continually traverse the thoroughfares. Forty thousand horses are constantly stabled or used within the city limits. During the ten months preceding May 1, 1871, two hundred and eighty-four million dollars' worth of foreign merchandise, exclusive of specie, was imported into this city. During the same period, New York city paid the government one hundred and twenty millions of dollars for duties on imports, and the value of exports, exclusive of specie, was two hundred and fifty-one millions."

The exhibition of pictures and other works by Holbein, announced last year as about to be held in Dresden, and postponed on account of the war, will be open in that city from the 15th of August to the 15th of October next. It is stated that her Majesty has agreed to lend certain works by the master from Windsor and Hampton Court, including "Sir H. Guildford," "The Duke of Norfolk," "Reskimer," etc.

OLD COUNT UGENSTEIN.

A SCENE IN THE VAUDOIS.

Through the autumn's sombre evening air,
 Gusting from the sullen sunset's glow,
 Toward a graveyard, high amid the glare
 Of a mountain country, wide and bare—
 Norward girt with woods and crests of snow,
 O'er whose drear demesnes life everywhere
 Seems stunned to silence by some mighty blow—
 Three horsemen ride; two side by side;
 He with the lead, on a strong white steed
 Dashed on the flank with crispy gore,
 Who holds, his saddle-bow before,
 A corpse—a boy they late have found,
 Slain in the smoky vale below
 Upon the cumbered battle ground
 In the morning's fight—a piteous sight
 For such as can see his gold hair flow,
 And his dead face white in the slanting light.

One of those behind who ride together
 Up the path amid the breezy heather
 Is a plumed and armored knight,
 Who holds the bridle of the horse
 That bears the father of the corpse—
 An aged man, distract in mind,
 Silent, desolate, and blind;
 Who comes at least to weep above
 The ruin of his hope and love—
 Count Ugenstein;—whose turrets high
 Among the woods and mountains, soon
 Fired by the foe, the cloudy sky
 Will mirror ere the rise of moon.
 As the fierce blaze of sunset plays
 Upon them, now as they ascend
 The steep path to their journey's end,
 Hark! upon the wildering blast,
 In the twilight growing gray,
 The old grave-digger's song swoons past
 The rocks that skirt the rugged way:—

“Nature, sooth, befriends our trade
 As that of Charon at his ferry;
 But, War! without you I'm afraid
 Poor folk scarce had more to bury
 Than would yield them salt and bread,
 And we to death himself would fag on,
 Pinched with want; while battle red
 Fills the cupboard, fills the flaggon,
 Makes a palace of the hovel
 Where our sceptre is, the shovel;
 And our subjects who have paid us
 Their last tax cannot upbraid us
 For the obolus which buys us
 The strong drink each delver prizes;
 For as damp oft gives the cramp,
 And cough that aches the aged head,
 Oh! nothing's better for a whetter
 Than good wine, for us whose line
 Of life is—burying the dead.”

In the little burial ground
 Rises many a fresh green mound,
 By a ruined chapel, wan
 As an image of old grief;
 Only a casement's skeleton
 Standing like a withered leaf,
 Through whose threads you see the sky,
 Deep and blue, as they can through
 The wasted ash that shivers nigh
 Yon broken wall, that seems to fall
 And rise again as from its knees;
 And among the waving grasses,
 Where the wave-like bending breeze
 Sadly o'er their sere tops passes,
 A grave behold, brown, deep, and cold,
 With its rugged banks of mould.

The group have left their steeds, and one has led
 The old man on to where his dear one dead
 Must now in haste be buried:

And, spade in hand, the diggers stand,
 Awaiting but the knight's command.
 “Good, my lord, the moment's come
 To place him in the grave; the gloom
 Already shrouds the lower land,
 And as the foe are on our track,
 'Twere well in time to hasten back.”

“Then let me take one last embrace,
 One last kiss from his dead cold face,
 Which I no more can view, than he
 That of his aged sire can see.
 Alas! that ever I should hold
 Thus on the grave-brink dark and cold—
 This precipice of eternity—
 My life's last flower and fruit of gold!
 That even here—O misery!—
 Must I for ever part from thee?
 Still to my heart I hold thee—yes,
 Close to my heart, the while I bless
 Thy love, and curse the destiny
 Which thus has rent thy life from me.
 But fate is feelingless, and heaven,
 Which brings the sun to glorify
 The wilderness of earth and sky,
 Is by the ruthless lightning riven—
 Sends the rude storm upon the deep,
 Leaving the wreck-strewn shore to weep—
 Without our will it gives us breath,
 Crowning us for an hour with thought,
 Whose sorrowing empire ends in naught;
 And little else worth thanks, save sleep,
 Except its best of guerdons—death:
 Well, take him, as ye must; he's gone,
 And I for ever am alone.
 Now let life's joys, which die with him,
 Be even as heaven unto those dim
 Orbs—a huge blank. Now let me share,
 With night, thy company, Despair!”

The wind had risen, and shafts of rain
 Came driving o'er the darkening plain,
 Where the heavy lurid roof
 Of night, a little held aloof
 O'er the dead long sunset red,
 Glimmered ghastly far away,
 Ere it joined with the black round
 Of the distant desolate ground,
 Like the earth's forlorn Last Day.
 The old Count knelt upon the clay,
 And heard the mould fall heavy on
 The vanished figure of his son,
 Gazing below with blank intense
 Look, lightened by another sense.
 “The grave's filled up, our work is done.”
 “Lo! night comes on apace, my lord!
 The castle's many a mile away—
 Back let us ride; and, take my word,
 Hither I'll lead thee many a day,
 To soothe thy sorrow by the side
 Of him who has so bravely died,
 And for his soul's repose to pray.”

“Ah! but to leave him in the cold
 And tempest driving round us! Heaven,
 At least I thank thee I am old!
 Come, let's again unto the road,
 Where we may chance to meet the foe;
 But yet a little ere I go—
 One kiss, O earth which holds below
 My son!” Then plucked a blade or two
 Of the dim grass that round it grew;
 With trembling hand, in tender quest
 Of spot securest, in his breast
 Placed it; mounted his steed, and slow
 The winding hill descended, till
 On heathy levels widening round
 They swept in gallop the dim ground.
 The storm had risen with the night,
 The rolling clouds roofed out the sky,
 Tumultuous and starless, save
 Where on the hill side of the grave

A red star moved—the delvers' light,
 Turned to their home in the vale anigh.
 Dark is the world, where they only hear
 The roar of woods and waters near.
 Miles pass; and now, as from a ravine
 They sweep in the blinding blast and rain,
 Through which, above the distant plain,
 Fire, like a ruining dawn, is seen,
 There's a tramp of horse approaching! Lo!
 They come—are upon them—the foe, the foe!
 The red flame of war lights their swords from afar.
 "Yield ye!" "Not so!" Then blow follows blow;
 And the blind old man, with a fierce hurrah,
 Brand in hand, has mixed in the fray.
 But his knights are beneath, on the bloody heath,
 And he is alone with his last friend, death.

T. C. IRWIN.

THE WORK TABLE.

The pleasant and useful occupation of needlework will naturally claim attention in the columns of a ladies' journal, and I hope the same sort of communication on the subject may take place between Irishwomen in the pages of THE EMERALD, as does between Englishwomen through the medium of *The Queen*, a journal which admits any number of queries, and which through its correspondents is generally able to return speedy answers. One indefatigable and kindly lady, known as "Lady Lambswool," appears to be inexhaustible as a referee. The mysteries of knitting and crochet work are as familiar to her as A B C, and it is very rarely that she cannot provide a recipe for any one wishing to make a shawl, neckerchief, slipper, petticoat, vest, or any of the other useful and elegant articles that ladies manufacture with their own fingers, and that have the advantage of being far more durable than woven goods, besides affording an agreeable occupation—one which will never be despised by any thoughtful woman, for such will feel the truth of the remark that has been made by that delightful writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, "that women are seldom more at home with their own thoughts than when engaged in needlework."

It is quite true that the pursuit may be (and has, I think, constantly been), carried to a foolish and injurious excess, but this is no reason why it should not always be an essentially feminine occupation, and I hope that THE EMERALD may be the means of giving much information on this point. There are some kinds of needlework, viz., lace work and crochet work for which Ireland is famous; and I must express my regret that some articles on the former industry, which were promised for THE EMERALD, are not yet forthcoming. Lace work is becoming more and more in vogue amongst ladies, and is a species of work which admits of really artistic treatment. Our Irish peasant girls excel in the production both of crochet lace and of that made with an ordinary needle. I recently had the pleasure of seeing some lovely specimens of lace work at the Ladies' Industrial Institution, 74, Grafton-street, the manager of which receives specimens from most of the lace schools in Ireland. Excellent lace work from original designs is likewise made at the Queen's Institute, in Molesworth-street. I cannot pretend myself to any skill in lace work, much as I admire it; but of the simpler kinds of crochet and knitting work I have some knowledge; and without assuming to be an Irish "Lady Lambswool," I may perhaps in some small degree fill her place in THE EMERALD. I have, therefore, much pleasure in sending a few recipes for its pages. I begin with an easy crochet edging, which will be found very useful for trimming linen.

CROCHET EDGING.—Make a chain of 12, work back on it 4 long in the 9th chain, 2 ch. 1 D C in the 8th ch., 2 long upon the 5th ch., 4 ch., 1 D C in the 1st ch., turn, 2nd row, 2 ch. (this is to form the first long stitch), 1 long upon the next D C 4 ch., 1 D C just between the two long stitches, 4 ch., 1 long in the next D C, turn, 3rd row, 3 ch., 4 long upon the 1st long stitch of last row, 3 ch. 1 D C upon the

same long stitch, 4 ch., 2 long upon the next D C 4 ch., 1 D C between the long stitch at 2 ch., at the commencement of the 2nd row; turn and repeat from the 2nd row.

A FANCY HANDKERCHIEF, KNITTED.—2 pins (large sized), five shades of colored German wool; five skeins of each; begin with the darkest shade up to the lightest, then to the dark again, etc., doing one pattern of each shade.

Cast on 240 stitches, and for first row knit two together; knit one, continue to "take two together, and knit one" to the end of the row.

The pattern; first row, plain knitting; second row, bring the wool forward, knit two, pull the loop over the two, continue bringing the wool forward, knitting two and pulling the loop over throughout the row. Third row, bring the wool forward, take two together, *dividing* the two over which the loop was pulled in the last row; fourth row, purl.

TO SHAPE THE SHAWL.—In the first row decrease 4 stitches in the centre of the pin and one at the end; second row, decrease two in the centre and one at the end; third row, no decrease in the centre but one at the end; fourth row, decrease two in the centre and one at the end. The decrease is to be effected in this manner in each of the first eleven rows of patterns (that is the 44 rows after the first) in the twelfth pattern decrease four in the second row in the centre, and one at the end, and in the fourth row decrease four in the centre and one at the end.

Always *slip* the first stitch, and knit three or four plain stitches at each end of your pin.

SMALL SCARF OR NECKTIE.—Although only plain knitting, this little scarf has a very elegant appearance; the size of the pins giving it a light effect, scarcely anticipated on reading the recipe. Two pins, No. 1 (not smaller), six shades of German wool, three skeins of each. With the lightest shade cast on 115 stitches, and knit two rows; knit two rows of each of the next in succession, to the darkest of which knit four rows; two of each of the next down to the lightest, of which four; two of each again to the darkest, and four of that; two of each of the rest; cast off loosely and join the commenced and cast-off edges together. A shaded chenille tassel is required for each end of the scarf, and a slide ring to match.

CROCHET INSERTION.—Evans' crochet thread, No. 70 or 80, chain of 500 stitches per yard.

1st row. Treble in every stitch of foundation.

2nd. 1 Treble, 2 ch., miss 2, 3 treble, 2 ch., miss 2, repeat, finish with 1 treble, 2 ch., to turn the corner.

3rd. 2 treble, 2 ch., miss 2, 1 treble, 2 ch., miss 2, 1 treble, repeat at the end 1 treble, 2 chain.

4th. Same as 2nd.

5th. Same as 1st.

I hope to send more recipes in succeeding numbers; meantime, I trust that these may be acceptable to some readers, and I hope other ladies will send such recipes as they may possess to the EMERALD. By degrees, I hope that our united contributions will make it a useful repertory of needlework patterns.

IERNE.

The many copyrights of well-known English authors possessed by Messrs. Moxon, Son, and Co., have passed into the hands of Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler. The new works already announced by the Dover-street house will be proceeded with, and amongst those approaching completion are:—Keats' "Endymion," with steel engravings from pictures by Mr. Poynter; and, in Moxon's Popular Poets, Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," illustrated. Mr. Arthur Moxon, the son of the late Mr. Moxon, continues his superintendence of the commercial portion of the business; and the literary management will be under the control of Mr. S. O. Beeton.

Mr. Gilmore's History of the Boston Peace Jubilee is in the press.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN DUBLIN

the event of the week was the laying of the foundation stone of the new theatre—the Gaiety—which took place on Saturday. By laying the foundation stone is not to be understood the first stone of the new building; for the walls are already above ground, and the foundations thoroughly laid; but simply lowering into the place prepared for it a particular cut stone, which the Lord Mayor of Dublin tapped with a silver trowel, on which was an appropriate inscription. After the ceremony was gone through, the company partook of a *dejeuner* provided by the lessees of the Gaiety, Messrs. Gunn of Grafton-street. The new theatre has been designed by Mr. Phipps, the architect of the London Gaiety, who will superintend the building in all its stages. The plan adopted is one combining the utmost degree of comfort, light, ventilation, and facilities for seeing and hearing, inside the theatre, with the most perfect freedom of ingress and egress at the doors; and is patterned chiefly on the model of the London Gaiety, whose erection has already caused a revolution in the construction of theatres—all those since built having been, more or less, close imitations of the original. If the entertainment afforded be on a par with the comfort ensured, the Dublin Gaiety theatre will never have to lament a "beggary account of empty benches," nor its managers a void in the theatrical exchequer.

ITALIAN OPERA

still flourishes at Drury-lane under the management of Mr. Mapleson and the conductorship of Sir Michael Costa. Rossini's grand opera, "Semiramide," second only to his "William Tell," was revived on the 23rd ult., and repeated again and again. This great work was first produced in the Fenice opera-house in Venice in 1823; and was the last work written by Rossini for his native land—as he shortly afterwards left it to settle in Paris, where he died. The opera has been rendered famous by Pasta and Grisi, who were unequalled in the assumption of the Assyrian Queen. Pisoni, Malibran, and Brambilla are recollected as *Arsace*, and in 1847 Mmc. Alboni took the town by storm in the character, when she made her *début* on the opening night of the Royal Italian Opera in April, 1847. Galli had a great name for the florid music of *Assur*, and his successor, Signor Tamburini, for years marked his supremacy therein. Lablache created a sensation in the small part of the High Priest *Oroe*. The current generation, which has no antecedents to refer to, will consider that the present performance is remarkably grand and imposing, and that the chief characters are nearly all admirably portrayed. Certainly, for power of voice, for untiring energy, and for dignified bearing, Mdle. Tietjens in the guilty Queen cannot be approached. *Arsace* as depicted by Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, with her sympathetic tones, is very attractive. Sigor Poli, as *Oroe*, has a noble organ, which in the concerted pieces tells powerfully. Mr. Bentham was careful, but he has not acquired the faculty of singing as yet Rossinian melodies. The most remarkable display of executive skill was that of Signor Agnesi, who as *Assur* commanded the admiration of the audience. The duets in which he took part, and those in which Mdmes. Tietjens and Trebelli sang, were enthusiastically applauded, the "Giorno d'orrore" of the latter being redemanded. The excellence of the orchestral execution is beyond all praise, and the choralists had some very fine movements. The revival evidently has created a marked sensation, the melodies are so exquisite and ear-catching, the harmonies so rich in the concerted pieces; the whole opera, in fact, is so thoroughly well voiced, that it seemed as if one were listening to a new opera instead of a work nearly half a century old.

THE RIVAL HOUSE

is not making so much way. Although Patti, Lucca, Miodan-Carvalho, Scalchi, Faure, Graziani, Cotogni, and Baga-giolo, are the vocal leaders in the troupe, it somehow does

not compel popular favor, probably because, notwithstanding the undoubted excellences of the *artistes* named, the company as a whole has some striking defects. In the first place it is not easy to find a second conductor of the Costa stamp, and consequently the band and chorus of Mr. Gye's company are not brought up to the high state of efficiency which at present distinguishes Mr. Mapleson's. In the second place a first-class tenor is an essential to success in any Italian opera company, and Mr. Gye's does not possess one. Signor Mongini had voice, but not style; Signor Mario has style, but not voice. A union of the two would have given Mr. Gye an incomparable tenor, if such a union were only possible. Signor Naudin is a really artistic singer; but he does not happen to have been gifted with a first-rate voice. Signor Mongini and the manager contrived to have "a scene," which was not enacted before the public, whereupon the irascible tenor threw up his engagement, leaving Mr. Gye one voice the less. Now the final and most positively the very very last farewell of Signor Mario is announced for the 19th inst., and most certainly not before it was necessary; for the voice that charmed two generations is amongst the things that were, and the undoubted skill of the favorite could no more reclothe his tones with beauty and power, than that of the physician can put flesh back again on the dry bones of a skeleton. Taking advantage of Mario's popularity, the tariff for the stalls has been raised to thirty shillings instead of the usual fee of a guinea; and if the money will really go into the favorite tenor's pocket, and not into Mr. Gye's, few will grumble at the increase. At all events Mario's defection leaves Mr. Gye still more short-handed for principal tenors; and unless the season soon closes or he has some trump card as yet unplayed, a collapse may not unreasonably be expected.

CONCERTS

crop up in London like daisies in a field. Our readers will surely hold us excused from going into details anent them, when we inform them that there were no less than sixteen in a week.

THE DRAMA

in London has for a long time past been sadly degenerating from the lofty and pure standard raised by the Elizabethan dramatists, and even from the sprightliness and sparkle which characterised so many of the productions of the Augustan age of English literature. The legitimate drama, like the dove from Noah's ark, finds no rest for its feet in the English metropolis; and burlesque, with its nonsense and folly, has driven wit and poetry completely out of the field. Music seems now to be an essential feature of every entertainment; and we could hardly find it in our hearts to blame this, provided always that the music were good of its kind. As a high-class specimen of the kind of entertainment favored most in London, we put before our readers a notice of a performance at the Globe theatre.

It began with an extravagant little musical piece, composed by M. Hervé, consisting merely of a dialogue between himself and M. Gaudel, half in French, half in English. "Le Compositeur Toque," as it is called, created a good deal of amusement, and the raptures of the mad composer and the comic foil of his man servant were very good, while M. Hervé's execution of his own symphony on the piano-forte with orchestra accompaniment showed through all the burlesque that the master was there.

After a very brief interval the curtain rose upon Offenbach's grand opera bouffe "Fal-sac-ap-pa." This extraordinary title is only the name of the hero, a brigand chief, whose profession rather than his patronymic supplies the title by which the piece is known in France, "Les Brigands." The music is spirited and appropriate throughout; but there is rather a want of decided melody, such as made "Orphée aux Enfers" and "La Belle Hélène" so universally popular. The management of the Globe Theatre has, however, brought together an extremely efficient company for

"Falsacappa," both as regards acting, singing, and appearance. Signor Anghyalfi (however he may pronounce his name), who plays the part of the hero, combines all these advantages, as does also Mdle. d'Anka, who has an agreeable voice and acts with considerable taste.

The plot of "Falsacappa" is as simple as it is fantastic. The brigand chief receives intelligence that the Prince of Boboli is about to be married to the Princess of Grenada, and that the Princess is to be met by the Boboli ambassadors at a certain inn, and conveyed in state to Boboli, when a sum of three millions sterling is to be paid to the ambassador plenipotentiary—apparently as a species of purchase-money for the Princess. The robbers waylay the ambassadors, who arrive first at the inn, and having secured their escort, disguise themselves in the diplomatic and military uniforms of Boboli, and receive the Princess, whom they then take prisoner, and, once more changing garments, appear at Boboli as the Princess of Grenada and her suite—Falsacappa as the commander of the military, Pietro as minister plenipotentiary, Fiorella as the Princess, and Fragoletto as her page. A good deal of amusement is created at this juncture by the endeavor of the Boboli chancellor of the exchequer to compound for the payment of three millions by an immediate donoucur to the minister plenipotentiary of a ten-pound note, which M. Pietro, however, refuses. The appearance of the real ambassadors, who have escaped from their confinement in the cellar of the inn on the road, discloses the brigands in their true colors; but moved by the beauty and entreaties of Fiorella, the Prince graciously pardons the whole band, and the curtain falls amid general satisfaction. It must be premised that part of the fun of the piece is the exceedingly absurd and confused nature of the plot; and we may then say that there is also a species of by-plot concerning Fiorella and a certain young shepherd of the name of Fragoletto, who joins the band for love of the chief's daughter, and who plays a conspicuous part in their felonious proceedings. Fiorella, whose beauty makes everyone madly in love with her at first sight, appears to be about equally partial to Fragoletto, Pietro, and the Prince of Grenada, who meets her alone in the mountains, and, proposing a rendezvous after a few moments' conversation, receives the now famous reply, "You are very English to ask me so cold!" Now, while "Fal-sac-ap-pa" is being played in the Globe Theatre, it is also being played at the Lyceum Theatre in French, under the title of "Les Brigands." Our readers can thus see what it is that wealthy London amuses itself with.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

GREENHOUSE AND STOVE.—Greenhouse plants for late blooming should be shifted, and grown on to a good size before blooming. This direction applies to camellias and cinerarias for winter flowering. Ericas should be pruned and cleaned of dead flowers and seed pods. Ventricosas should be put out in open air, and sheltered from heavy rains; the woolly-leaved kept in cold pits, in the shade. Re-pot leschenaultias. Hard-wooded plants out of bloom may be also re-potted. Keep amaranths near the glass in a moist atmosphere. Those plants which have been re-potted are to be moderately supplied with water. Care is to be taken to ventilate, so that the atmosphere should always be fresh and genial. Cut ixoras done blooming close, and allow them to break afresh on bark beds. Look that the plants for winter blooming are doing well.

FLOWERS.—Dahlias require special care this month as they bloom. The operation of budding is to be performed now, early and late—not in the middle of the day—the morning being preferable. Pinks, carnations, and picotees, may be layered, and pipings put into gentle bottom heat. Cuttings of all descriptions will now shoot in the shade if struck properly. Bedding plants and hardy evergreens are included in this operation. Vermin must be destroyed; earwigs are very prevalent and mischievous; trap them in pots, with wisps of hay stuck on stakes, and empty them

out, whenever necessary, into salt and water. Chrysanthemums of stamina should be got into borders, that they may get the benefit of the heavy rains when they come on.

FRUIT.—Bush fruit should not be overburdened with too much wood; only sufficient should be left on to secure a good crop next year. Currant and gooseberry bushes should be kept open in the centre; and you may now strike their cuttings in moist and shady ground. Apply dung to raspberries, and see that the strawberry is well attended to. Strong runners are to be pricked out into well-manured beds, or laid in small pots, to root for the later season. Wall fruit should be thinned of weak shoots. To train maiden fruit stop it, so that it may bud out with side shoots. The syringe should be applied to wall fruit, and it must be tied when trimmed.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Mr. Tennyson has accepted an invitation to attend the banquet in Edinburgh on the occasion of the Scott centenary.

Of the first number of the Household Edition of the works of Charles Dickens, 80,000 copies have been issued.

The Milo statue of Venus, which was buried during the siege, has been dug up and replaced in the Louvre. It was deposited in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police, in a triple case, out of the reach of bombshells.

At the summer commencements held on Wednesday, the 28th inst., in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, Dublin, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Mr. Charles Lever, *honoris causa*.

Mr. Halliday is dramatising "Ivanhoe," the character of Rebecca being intended for Miss Neilson.

Signor Mario is announced to take his farewell of the lyric stage on the 19th inst., at his benefit, at the Royal Italian Opera.

M. Alexandre Dumas's letter on the present state of things, entitled, "Sur le Choses du Jour," will shortly be published in a complete form by MM. Michel Léveé Frères.

The "Hon. Mrs. Yelverton," or "Lady Avonmore," is residing at Saucelito, some ten miles from San Francisco. She is busily engaged in writing her American experiences, and will shortly depart for the Sandwich Islands, Japan, and China.

We hear of a translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost" into Hebrew Verse as about to be published by a continental firm.

The Amateur, a monthly record of amateur events, is the title of a new magazine first issued on Saturday last.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

TO MAKE BANDOLINE.—1 oz. of gum-tragacanth, $\frac{1}{2}$ piut of cold water, 3 pennyworth of essence of almonds, 2 teaspoonfuls of old rum. Put the gum-tragacanth into a wide-mouthed bottle, with the cold water; let it stand till dissolved, then stir into it the essence of almonds; let it remain for an hour or two, when pour the rum on the top. This should make the stock bottle, and when any is required for use, it is merely necessary to dilute it with a little cold water until the desired consistency is obtained, and to keep it in a small bottle, well corked, for use. This bandoline, instead of injuring the hair, as many other kinds often do, improves it, by increasing its growth, and making it always smooth and glossy.

AN EXCELLENT POMATUM.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of olive-oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of castor-oil, 4 oz. spermaceti, bergamot, or any other scent; elder-flower water. Wash the lard well in the elder-flower water; drain, and beat it to a cream. Mix the two oils together, and heat them sufficiently to dissolve the spermaceti, which should be beaten fine in a mortar. Mix all these ingredients together with the brandy and whatever kind of scent may be preferred; and whilst warm pour into glass bottles for use, keeping them well corked. The best way to liquify the pomatum is to set the bottle in a saucepan of warm water. It will remain good for many months.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

Le Follet says that although we have not been favored with the genial weather which custom has led us to look for at this period of the year, and, consequently, there has not been the opportunity for the display of the many elegant *toilettes* which had been prepared in anticipation of fine weather, our leading *artistes* have not relaxed in their exertions to devise new designs, as a further proof, if necessary, of the exquisite taste always exhibited in their productions.

China crape and *foulard* seem to be the favorite materials for those occasions on which muslin would be too cool, and silk too hot. Costumes made of these two beautiful fabrics are much sought after, as they are capable of very elegant combinations. The *foulard* is used for the under-skirt, the tunic and *corsage casaque* being made of China crape. The most fashionable manner of trimming these costumes is with several *biais* heading a handsome fringe. The tunics in these and all other materials are never permanently fastened up, but tied with strings, or arranged with patent hooks and eyes, enabling them to be unfastened when the tunic is worn, and thus giving a renewed appearance of freshness and novelty.

Costumes of different color are not nearly so well worn as those of different tints of the same, though some ladies have great taste in these combinations. The upper part should always be of a neutral tint, the petticoat being the brighter hue. If striped and plain materials are worn together, the fashion at this moment is to make the upper portion of the fancy pattern.

Brocaded silks are very much worn, and those submitted to our inspection are very elegant. They should be made up with a waistcoat of the principal color in the brocaded pattern—for instance, a very pale grey silk, with moss-rose buds, has a pink silk waistcoat; while a black silk, with white wheat-ears, has a white silk waistcoat embroidered in black, and fastened with onyx buttons.

The elegant fashion, so thoroughly in vogue, of wearing open bodices, has been the means of producing most charming habit-shirts and *fichus*, worn either over or under the *corsage*, according to their form and style.

Silk embroidery, either worked in the material or in the guise of *passementerie*, is every day coming into greater favor. We have seen some silks exquisitely ornamented in this manner, color on black silk being very effective.

Flounces of all kinds, sizes, and dispositions are worn. One very elegant arrangement is several narrow flounces at the edge of the skirt; above these is one wide one, either cut in deep scallop, so as to show the narrow flounces underneath, or looped up in festoons, producing a still richer effect.

For the "Pompadour" style of dress, of course *ruches à la vielle* are the most correct and *recherché* trimming. These are either made in the material or with the predominating color.

Nothing can be more suitable for morning costume than the white, drab, or buff *percale*, or Mexican cloth, so much worn just now. They may be trimmed with velvet or braid either black or white. The buff *piqué* is, perhaps, prettier trimmed with brown than with any other color. The costume complete is now *de rigueur*. The black *taffetas* jacket or *pardessus*, though always preferred by elderly ladies, is scarcely suitable for the warmer days we now expect, and will be but little seen until the autumn.

There are some ladies who do not like to venture out of doors without something warmer than their in-doors dress; they must, then, have the jacket of the same material as the dress, and without sleeves, or, if with sleeves, they must be loose and hanging.

Grenadine and *foulard* make more dressy *toilettes*. It is easy to make a great variety in these dresses, even without the aid of ribbon, *passementerie*, or velvet. Either material is so very suitable for forming *ruches*, *biases*, *plissés*, etc.; but of course they produce a more *distingué* effect when

trimmed with fringe or lace, etc. Muslin or *grenadine* over color is still very much in vogue; there is at once a simplicity and elegance about this combination.

The *chemisette* with *corselet* body or bracelets, fastened to the band, so long a favorite, is far from out of favor. The very low square body, with *épaulettes*, is that most suitable over muslin or *nanook chemisettes*, but the dress must be of a light shade. *Chemisettes* of *percale* or *foulard* can only be worn for morning *deshabille*.

For out-door wear, a very pretty little *paletot* is made to accompany this *toilette*. It is half-fitting, and cut in points, trimmed like the skirt; pointed sleeves with lace and fringe. Black lace hood. Black lace hat, with tea-roses.

Bonnets, although but very slightly altered in shape from those of last month, are decidedly larger and more ornamented. For visiting or *fête toilettes* great care should be taken that the colors or flowers should agree with the rest of the *toilette*, but on less dressy occasions the black lace or straw bonnet, trimmed with black ribbon and wild flowers.

Blonde is in great favor this season. A very elegant bonnet of the Glengarry or "Lorne" shape is trimmed with black velvet bows and a long spray of tea-roses and buds. A veil of *blonde* at the back, and wide lappets of the same, fastened by a bow of velvet.

Another bonnet of the same shape (which is much in favor), also of *blonde*, was trimmed with a long trail of large blue convolvulus.

Tulle bonnets are very stylish trimmed with colored velvet, a bow of velvet across the front, over which falls a curled white feather; strings of velvet, with a long scarf of *tulle* tied loosely. This style is very useful, as by simply altering the velvet bow and strings the bonnet may be made to suit any *toilette*. Mauve, maize, and the new pink are the favorite colors.

WAITING.

"Only a little weary,"

She said with a tired sigh—

"Weary waiting and waiting

As the sorrowful years go by;

Weary dreaming and dreaming

A dream that seems to be vain,

Of the passionate joy in the future,

When he shall return again."

"But is he true?" I asked her—

"Do you know if his love endures?

Is he worthy the pure devotion

Of so constant a heart as yours?"

Then she smiled, but somewhat sadly,

And murmured in reply:

"Ah, friend, if I dared to doubt it,

My prayer would be to die!"

Then I left her with words of blessing,

Though my heart was wrung with pain,

For a nameless sadness filled the place

Where a cherished hope had lain.

But I thought: "God reward this woman,

Whom I fain would have made my wife,

For her noble endurance and patience,

With the joy that shall crown her life."

THOMAS F.

Mr. Frederick Martin, author of the "Statesman's Year-Book," is preparing for publication a "History of the French Commune, from its First Appearance at Mans in 1074, to the End of the Paris Revolt of 1871." Mr. Martin's history is founded on original documents.

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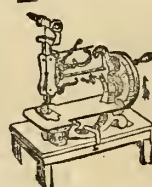
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THE EMERALD:

THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 6.]

SATURDAY, JULY 15th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]



PROGNOSTICATORS NOT PROPHETS.

PROGNOSTICATION is an amusement very commonly indulged in. Great minds as well as little are not insensible to the fascination of prophesying. Betting men are ready with wagers on the strength of their own belief in their powers of reading the future; while non-betting men occasionally go as far as Polonius, and express a willingness to have their heads and shoulders severed if hereafter confirm not their auguries. Ladies, too, are on equality with the ruder sex in this regard, and have as little hesitation in deciding the Tichborne case at a moment's notice, as the greater part of masculine Europe had in predicting the issue of the tremendous war which a year ago this very month ushered in. In fact, give but the prospect of an issue in the future—let there be a something which has yet to be tried—and one of the most eccentric of human peculiarities asserts itself; for nine people out of ten are ready to pronounce judgment without waiting for evidence and speculation assumes the form of prophecy, laying down the course of events, and pointing as with the finger of destiny.

It is hard to conceive a motive for this very general eccentricity. The uncertainty of human affairs ought, one would think, to make sensible people chary of prejudging; but that it does not anyone may satisfy himself by a little observation among his acquaintances. People who are cautious in everyday affairs become dogmatic when there is every element of doubt; and this without the smallest prospect of benefit to gain or risk to avoid. And though their prognostications be falsified, at the next opportunity they assume the mantle of the prophet with all the easy self-possession of custom, and presage as dogmatically as at the bidding of an angel. How comes it? We suspect that at the bottom of the peculiarity lies a dim hope that some time or other something will turn out just as predicted; and then will not the prophets assume imposing attitudes, and with the consciousness of inspiration astonish their acquaintances with a triumphant "I told you so."

There has been no question of late years which evoked the spirit of vaticination so powerfully as the Woman Question. Over and over again the prognosticators presaged horrible things if the feet of women should tread ever so little of the path of progress. We were assured that if once the veil of conservatism which wraps the sex were lifted, respect would fall away from women like friends from a

man in misfortune. The world would come to grief suddenly if women were educated; society and Christianity both be overturned should ladies adopt professions; the death-knell of matrimony be rung the moment they studied physiology; and, above all, confusion made worse confounded, whenever—if it were even possible—they should by any chance have a voice in the direction of public affairs. On this last note the chants were loudest and longest. We were forced to listen to twaddle about the eminently unpractical nature of woman, and to gross allusions to an "unruly member," whose exercise would put an end for ever to wise discussion and calm debate; and this was repeated with vehemence both in private and public, more especially when a direct issue was raised by the permission the Schools Act gave to women to take places on the school boards. Nor were the forebodings of evil prompted only by the jealousy of the sex which feared rivalry. Ladies in plenty disapproved of the permission, and expressed fears that the business of the school boards could not be carried on while people of both sexes sat at the same table.

Many indeed were the prognosticators, but few the prophets. The school boards have been established, ladies have been elected to sit on them alongside men, and yet nothing very startling has happened. Those boards set about a difficult task in right good earnest, whose beneficial effects will be very perceptible in ten years. But the point to which we wish to call particular notice is, that, instead of being obstructives, as the prognosticators cried out, women have been discovered on trial to be the most efficient members of their respective boards; instead of being expounders of flighty ideas, they have proved themselves embodiments of the practical; instead of displaying the folly which was foretold, they have made themselves remarkable chiefly for good sense.

A recent meeting of the London School Board furnishes admirable illustrations. Professor Huxley wished that all girls as well as boys should be taught to draw. Drawing was of great use, he said, to artisans; and, as regarded girls, he thought that if women had more art-teaching, the world would not behold the style of dress now prevalent, in which a woman's form was converted into that of an extinguisher turned upside down. Considering that most of the ladies who set the example of changes in fashions, and are responsible for their introduction, whether tasteful or the reverse, have already been taught to draw elaborately, the professor's argument can hardly be regarded as either practical or sensible. Mr. Green, who may be held to represent

the direct utility view of education, vehemently opposed Mr. Huxley's plan of teaching drawing to girls, and proposed as an amendment that it should be taught in boys' schools only. The Board should consider, he thought, whether it were wise to teach girls what would not be useful to them in after-life. As the girls to be educated under it were, as was assumed, to be servants or wives of working men, it would seem that learning drawing would be, to say the least, a superfluity. But Miss Davies brought some common sense to bear on the question ; and as she could not see that boys should have any advantage over girls in their own class of life, she said so, remarking at the same time that the way to improve women was not by narrowing their education. On which Mr. Green's amendment being put to the vote, it was lost by a majority of twenty-six to eight.

This was not the only instance, however ; for Professor Huxley further proposed that all girls should learn plain needle-work and cutting-out, to which Mr. Green added that in the senior schools they should also be taught laundry work and cooking, "in order that they may be fitted for their immediate and more remote future." But again Mr. Green—backed this time by Mr. Smithies, who "dwelt upon the necessity for educating girls in the essential duties connected with home life"—was destined to defeat. With the knowledge of common affairs, to which, perhaps, Mr. Green could not descend, Mrs. Anderson remarked that, however desirable, it was simply impossible to undertake the teaching of cooking and washing to children of such tender years as those with whom the Board was concerned. Extra premises for kitchen use and for laundry use would need to be attached to every school, for it was obvious no school-room could be turned into a kitchen or laundry. Then an expensive staff of skilled cooks and skilled laundresses would need to be kept for teachers. When this was all provided, the food cooked by the children would involve waste beyond contemplation. Parents would hardly have enough confidence in the cooking to purchase articles at whatever rate they might be sold. As to the laundry, as only poor people would send their clothes to be washed by learners, the children would run perpetual risk of receiving infection from the linen of fever and small-pox patients. And if all such obstacles should be conquered, what would be the result ? The knowledge acquired with all the facilities of a large institution would be almost useless in a little home such as that to which alone the pupils could aspire. This practical reasoning had its natural effect, for thirty-four members against four voted with Mrs. Anderson, that "domestic economy should be included in the discretionary subjects to be taught in the Board Schools."

Now when we see the exact position taken by women in the first public matter with which they have had connection, and when we remember all the predictions that were uttered as to their inherent unfitness for dealing with business, we cannot forbear a smile. But we do not by any means expect that the prognosticators will refrain from their folly on the first opportunity. On the contrary, let the next issue in the Woman Question be what it may, we expect confidently to see the same people ride their old hobby again, in the same spirit, and with the same hope, that hereafter they may have the ineffable pleasure of exclaiming, "I told you so."

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A young man sat reading in the deep embrasure of a window in B—College, his head supported on his hands as he bent with intense earnestness over a large folio which lay before him. Evening was closing in—the evening of a dull November day, and the words were gradually becoming indistinct on the pages of his book, when suddenly he looked up. It was not, however, the waning light which attracted his attention, but the sound of a rapid step ascending the stairs leading to his room. He looked eagerly towards the door, his eyes brightening, and his face, which, though thin and pale, was glorified by the spiritual beauty of intellect, flushing with sudden excitement.

In a moment there was a sharp, quick knock at the door. An answer as rapid—"Come in," and the visitor entered.

"I thought I knew your step, Seymour. Is it possible ! How glad I am to see you."

"How are you, old fellow ?—all right, I hope ?" And they shook hands warmly.

The new comer was a tall, fine-looking man, several years older than his friend, and evidently very different both as to *morale* and to *physique*—he was strong, broad-chested, and muscular ; his features, which were handsome, though somewhat too large, were relieved by his thick brown beard and moustache, and he had just the face and figure calculated to win admiration from the generality of persons.

Those, however, who looked deeper into this fine mould of living clay, could have told at once that the man was governed by the animal nature, rather than by the subtle unseen spirit. The full lip, the flashing, impatient eye, the haughty expression of face—all indicated the existence of violent passions.

Seymour could, however, look very pleasant when he smiled, as he did most cordially on the young man before him.

"Well, Thorold," he said, "you little thought to see me here to-night."

"I should think not, indeed. Why, I imagined you held in enchantment in a certain castle in Yorkshire, with neither the will nor the power to leave it. Is it not true, then, that you are to be married next week ?"

"Quite true. And I only wish it were to be to-morrow."

"Then you have merely come to take leave of your old haunts, and of *liberam juventatem*."

"Just so," said the other, shortly, as if he did not care to have his motives inquired into.

"Well, come and sit down," said Thorold, drawing forward his easy chair, "it is inconceivably jolly to have you here."

Seymour threw himself into the chair, and seemed for a moment so deeply preoccupied by his own thoughts, that he did not hear Thorold's next remark. Then starting, he said—

"I beg your pardon ; what did you say ?"

"Only that I wish you had let me know you were coming."

"I only decided to come five minutes before I got into the train, so I could not ; but why do you wish it ?"

"Because then I might have had some of our fellows here to meet you. There are so many who would be glad to see you again."

"Spare me that, Thorold !" exclaimed Seymour, hastily. "Remember, while I am here, I wish to see no one but yourself."

Thorold looked surprised, but he remained silent, quietly scanning the countenance of his friend.

"You look more than two years older since we last met. What have you been doing to yourself to get such a care-worn expression ?"

"Is it only two years since I was here ?" said Seymour, evading his friend's question.

"Yes, don't you remember ? I was keeping my first term as freshman when you left college in consequence of your

brother's death. It would have been your last term anyhow."

"Ah, I remember. And I can see how you have been spending your time since," said Seymour, pointing to the open books on the window-seat. "Reading yourself to death, as I always thought you would."

"Not I. I shall do myself no harm. Only this is my last term, you know, and I am going in for honors."

"I understand it all," said Seymour. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Would to heaven that my university career had been such as yours!"

Thorold made no answer. George Seymour was his cousin. They had been fast friends from childhood, and he was much attached to him; but he was too sincere to deny that rumors had reached him respecting his friend's college life, which were anything but creditable to him.

"Come," said he at last, anxious to change the subject, "you must tell me about this beautiful Ermance of yours. Is she really as charming as the world says?"

"Charming! She is the very essence of all that is lovely and bewitching. I would give half my life that she were less so!"

"Well done, Seymour!" said Thorold, laughing; "I can easily imagine that the prospect of matrimony must change a man greatly: but I certainly never expected to hear you give voice to such a rhapsody as that. Why on earth should you wish her to be less bewitching? Since she is certainly yours, the more charming she is, the better, I should say."

Seymour rose and walked to-and-fro through the room in evident agitation.

A somewhat awkward silence ensued, till Seymour resumed his chair and began to talk of his college days, and to inquire after the men he had known and the state of mind of the dons on various matters of interest to undergraduates. It was evident, however, to Thorold, that he was not thinking of what he was saying, and that his mind was pre-occupied with some subject of great moment to himself. A conversation of this nature soon dropped, and at last Seymour began to occupy himself in stirring up the fire with great energy. While thus engaged, he said, in a careless tone—

"By the way, Thorold, what in the world is the meaning of the cock-and-bull story of a vision—a ghost appearing near F—— Bridge, which Goldwin, of Q——n's, wrote to me about?"

"Ah, that is a strange affair, of which I can give you no explanation."

"But who has seen it—what is it—who is it that is said to appear?" exclaimed Seymour, pouring out his questions with strange fierceness, which startled Thorold. Seymour caught his look of astonishment. He threw the poker out of his hand impatiently.

"Such a story in the nineteenth century is queer enough, you will admit; come, tell me what you know of it?"

"I can only repeat to you what I have heard," said Thorold. "I have never gone like the rest to see this apparition, whatever it may be; my opinion is not yet formed as to the possibility of the spirits of the dead returning to earth, and I did not like to go with a sceptical mind to see what *might* be an awful reality."

"How cold it is to-night," said Seymour, shivering; "go on, Thorold."

"I will tell you, therefore, what others say; but remember, I have seen nothing myself. I was told, that about a month ago, a laboring man was walking home late at night over F—— Bridge, when his attention was attracted by what appeared to him to be a light on the bank of the river below. Thinking, as he said himself, that some of the gentlemen were out larking, he leant on the bridge and looked steadily at it; presently he saw that what he took to be a light, was really the form of a woman standing on the bank opposite the meadow, with an infant in her arms. The night was dark, and under ordinary circumstances he could not possibly have distinguished her at that distance; but he affirmed

positively that he saw her as well as if it had been daylight, by means of a luminous atmosphere which appeared to surround her—he described her minutely—he said she seemed very young and fragile, and that her dress, which was of a light gray color, clung to her as if it were dripping wet, while her long hair fell over her shoulders streaming with water; he said she looked exactly as if she had just risen out of the river. Why, how cold you are, George! You shiver as if you had the ague; let me put some more coal on the fire."

"No, no, go on; why do you stop? Tell me, exactly, on what part of the bank she was standing."

"A little way below the bridge, just opposite the meadow; and the man said that she was gazing intently at one particular spot on the walk, as if she saw some one standing there."

"You don't mean to say he said that?" exclaimed Seymour, starting.

"Of course he did, or I should not tell it to you."

"Did he not think it might be a girl waiting for some one—preparing, perhaps, for a romantic walk?" said Seymour, laughing noisily.

"A romantic walk on a cold autumn night, with an infant in her arms, was not very likely. No; he said, that not for one moment did he believe it to be any thing on this earth, nor if he had, could he have continued in this belief, for as he looked, she began to move slowly; with an almost imperceptible motion, she advanced over the water seeming to rest upon it. She held the child with one hand, but the other was raised, and with it she seemed to beckon some one to come to her, still gazing on the same spot. He watched her glide on and on, till just in that place where you know the river is very deep, below the willows, she suddenly sank. He saw her hand still beckoning above the water after she had disappeared, then it vanished also, and a faint wailing cry, in which he thought he could distinguish a name, rose from the waters, and sighed away over the trees."

"What name, what name did she say?" said Seymour, bending forward, while his hands seemed to grasp, convulsively, the arms of the chair on which he sat.

"He could not hear the name," said Thorold, who was not looking towards him; "only it seemed to be a call on some one."

"Well, and what followed? how slow you are, Thorold."

"Why, Seymour, I never expected you to take so much interest in a ghost story!"

"Of course I am interested; it is not every day one hears such a tale—come, go on."

"There is not much more to tell; the man staggered home almost beside himself with terror, and when he told his tale, as he did at the public house that same night, the natural inference was, that he had been drunk and fancied he saw a ghost. However, in a day or two it got wind, that the very next night the same appearance was seen by several other persons, and since then it is said to have been witnessed, from time to time, by hundreds."

"But, Thorold," said Seymour, grasping his cousin's arm; "who is it that is supposed to appear—who—tell me?"

"Oh, as for that, those who believe it to be really a supernatural apparition, have no doubt on the subject. It is a fact, that about a year since, a young girl was found drowned in that very spot with an infant in her arms, and there were strong suspicions that there had been some foul play in the matter."

"How so—why? There could have been no ground for suspicion."

"On the contrary, there were very sufficient grounds. She was the orphan niece of a respectable farmer in the neighborhood, and a month or two previously had become a mother, greatly to his consternation. She, however, constantly affirmed that she was secretly married, and that she was soon to leave England with her husband. On the day of her death she had gone out towards evening, taking her

child with her, and looking unusually pleased and happy. She was last seen walking with a man on the meadow-walk, and next morning her dead body was found in the river; the man was never identified."

Seymour started up, and began once more to pace the room.

"Do these appearances continue?" he said.

"Yes, I heard some of our fellows proposing to go there to-night. I believe, however, that the numbers who assembled on the bridge at first have greatly diminished, because it is only occasionally that the vision is seen, and the wet weather we have had lately has deterred many from risking a disappointment."

Again Seymour walked up and down in silence; and he suddenly stopped behind his cousin's chair, where his face could not be seen.

"Tell me, Thorold," he said, "truly, honestly, what is your opinion of this marvellous story?"

"Why, to tell the truth, I have been too much occupied with my classics to give much thought to it; but my impression certainly is, that some silly fellow has taken advantage of the fact of the poor girl's violent death, to perpetrate a most unseemly hoax."

For one moment Seymour's face brightened with an expression of unspeakable hope; but the next, the gloom which had gathered on it during Thorold's story, returned with a deeper shadow than before. He went to the window and stood looking out—then he turned and said, in a tone of affected carelessness—

"I say, Thorold, let us go out and take a walk."

"Out, on this dismal evening! My dear fellow, what fancy has possessed you? Why, you were shivering with cold just now."

"Yes, and you have made such a roasting fire, that I cannot stay in the room." Then, as if ashamed of his irritability, he added, "No; the fact is, I have taken a great desire to go and see this appearance, whatever it is, and you must come with me. The evening is lost for your work now, you know," he added, seeing that his cousin hesitated.

"It was not that which made me pause," said Thorold; "but after all I do not object to go; the very fact of having told you the story has made me feel anxious to solve the problem for myself." And in another moment the cousins, arm and arm, had crossed the quadrangle, and were out into the street.

There had been clouds and gloom in the sad autumn sky all day, and now as the twilight fell, dark masses of vapor swept towards the western horizon, like strange weird shapes in trailing funeral garments, and grouped themselves round the death-bed of the expiring light—while the deepening shadows stole down and crept stealthily over the fair green meadows and the tranquil river that lie round the grand old city of O—, till they gathered dark as the grave beneath the massive walls and sombre gateways of its time-worn colleges.

One last gleam of day there was—faint and sweet as the smile of a dying saint—that flashed from the setting sun as he sunk to rest, and lit up every tower and spire of the noble buildings with a golden transitory light. It vanished away, and as it faded, a sighing wind rose from the river and passed through the shuddering trees with a low wailing sound that was strangely mournful.

Both young men seemed to feel the influence of this scene, and they walked on in perfect silence. It was quite dark by the time they reached the bridge, where a few persons were assembled, gazing down into the river.

The cousins stopped close to an old man in the dress of a fisherman, who was leaning on the stone balustrade. He touched his hat to Thorold, who recognised him at once, as he had often used his boat on the river.

"So, David, you are here too, are you? Have you come to see the ghost?" said Thorold, lightly.

The old man frowned; then took his pipe from his mouth, and said, "Sir, I aint come to laugh at it."

"Nor I. You mistake me if you think I have; unless, indeed, it be a trick of some rascally fellow, which I quite believe it is."

"So did Ned Cowley," said the fisherman, deliberately; "and he took a gun and fired a shot at her—worse luck—and it passed through her as if she were made of air; but Ned, he fell down in a fit, and has never been hisself since; he lies in his bed raving awful. You may trust me, sir, there's more things in this world and in kingdom come, too, than you young gentlemen thinks of, with all your larning," added David, unconsciously quoting Hamlet.

"Then you believe in it, David?"

"Seeing's believing."

"What, you've seen it, then?"

"I've seen it, and I've spoken to it."

Seymour started violently. He turned to the old man, and put a coin in his hand.

"Tell us the whole truth, word for word."

"Thank ye, kindly, sir," said David, not a little surprised; "I'll tell ye and welcome. It was one night afore ever a word had been said about it, I was acoming down the river in the boat, pulling as hard as I could to get home, for it was late, when what should I see on the bank down there but a woman standing on the edge of the water, with a babby in her arms. The moonshine looked very bright all around her, and I seed quite plain. She seem all wet and sorrowful like, and thinks I, it's some poor creature tramping into the town, and she dunno how to get across, so I lies on to my oars, and I says, says I, 'Ma'am, was you wanting to get across? I'll give ye a lift and welcome,' so she never makes no answer, but moves forward, slow like and soft, so as I never knew a mortal woman walk, and afore I knew where I was, she was into the boat and sitting down in the stern. I felt taken aback like, but I began to pull away, and by-and-by I took a look at her; but, sir, I wouldn't have looked again if you had given me a hundred pounds. She was wringing wet, just as if she had been took out of the river, and her hair was dripping down all round her—and her face—oh, sir, her face was for all the world as white and stark as our Biddy's when she lay in her coffin—and her eyes, they was a staring past me on to the meadow-walk there, and they was the eyes of a dead woman, as sure as I am a Christian! I was all of a tremble, and I couldn't see what I was doing, so that one of the oars got wrong, and when we came to the deep water, I had to stop to put it right; and, sir, what I'm telling you's nothing but the livin' truth, when I looked up from sorting the oar, she was gone! There was only my old red handkerchief lying in the stern where I saw her sitting a moment afore, and neither sign nor token of her in the boat or in the river either, only a cry from the water—may I never hear such a sound again—a fearful cry, shrieking out a name—the name of"—

"Thorold, I can stand this frightful cold no longer," suddenly gasped out Seymour; "come away, come quick, I will not stay another moment—what are you waiting for?" And he tried with all his strength to drag his cousin from the spot. Thorold somewhat angrily resisted.

"Leave me alone, Seymour; I want to hear the end of David's story. Don't interrupt the old man so; it is rude."

Seymour stamped on the ground with impatience, and uttered an exclamation. He grew more calm, however, as the old man said—

"There aint no more to tell, sir. I turned as cold as a stone, and did not come to myself like till I was in bed with the childer. This is the first time I've come anigh the place since."

"Well, thank you, David, we are much obliged to you; it's a strange business altogether," said Thorold.

"Now, Seymour, I will go if you like." And they walked rapidly away.

Seymour instantly began to talk with the utmost volubility, apparently quite unconscious that his sentences, which bore no reference to the account they had just heard, were incoherent and scarcely intelligible.

Thorold, however, was not surprised. He had thoroughly understood by this time that Seymour was in a state of intense mental disquiet, and that this condition was somehow connected with the mysterious appearance on the river.

Arrived at Thorold's rooms, Seymour sat down, and fell into a fit of abstraction, from which his cousin made no effort to rouse him, and which lasted till it was time to go to bed. Then he looked up—

"Thorold, I have rooms at the Star, but I wish you would let me stay here to-night; I can sleep in this chair by the fire quite well."

"You shall have my bed."

"I shall have nothing of the kind; if you make any such offer I leave you at once. Why can you not let me be comfortable in my own way?"

"You shall do just as you please, Seymour. I wish most sincerely I could do more for your comfort than may be done by simply giving you your own way; but remember if there is *any thing* a true friend can do, you will not fail to find one in me."

He looked fixedly at his cousin as he spoke, and their eyes met. Seymour held out his hand.

"I understand you, Thorold, and I thank you." And with a simple good night they parted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MRS. BARRET BROWNING.

We select for notice this week the greatest poetess, all things considered, which England, Europe, nay, perhaps, which either ancient or modern times have produced—Mrs. Barret Browning. Of female singers in both epochs there have been many; and one, at least, according to tradition, mighty in her way. All antiquity applauded Sappho; the Greeks, who worshipped everything beautiful, external and internal, paid her divine honors, and her countrymen, the Lesbians, impressed her image on their coins. Love was her theme, and she wrote a large number of compositions, all of which have perished, except a fragment of one of her epithalamiums, notable for its appropriate imagery, and the famous verses known as "Sappho's Ode," which Catullus and Horace have translated and paraphrased. From the admiration it elicited in old times, there is reason to conclude that this poem was one of her best; for Pericles, who exhibited as good a judgment in poetry as in military and political affairs, is recorded to have said, that "he would not be content to pass into another life if he could not bear it with him in his memory"—assuredly an elegant pagan compliment. This ode has been translated into many languages, and served as the key-note of innumerable echoes; but the best original poem, instinct with its spirit, equal in fervor, and superior in fancy and color, to which it seems to have given rise, is Tennyson's "Fatima." It is only from this solitary marble, this Corinthian capital, that we can form an estimate of the beauty of the temple which the genius of the Lesbian poetess erected to Aphrodite.

It would occupy too much space were we even to enumerate the names of the poetesses who in various modern countries preceded Mrs. Browning. In France, whose language is better suited for poetry in prose than in verse, her only rival is Georges Sand; and in England of the age before hers, Johanna Baillie, whose plays, though written in a systematic manner, which gives them somewhat of a didactic air, certainly exhibit a grasp of mind once supposed to be peculiarly masculine, and frequently a subtle penetration which reaches the profoundest springs of passion. This is also one of Mrs. Browning's chief characteristics; but her genius was far more various, her imagination far more ethereal and truly poetical. Her fancy and feeling, as displayed in her shorter compositions, delight us as much as her powers as a thinker in her greater efforts, illumine and exalt. Collectively estimated, her works are certainly the noblest instances of poetical

"inspiration" which feminine genius has ever embodied in verse.

Such details of Elizabeth Barret's life as we are acquainted with, are few in number. She was the daughter of a West Indian proprietor whose income was greatly diminished by the emancipation of the negroes. In the last edition of her works (5 vols.) her portrait may be seen—a face less handsome than expressive, soft dark eyes, and a profusion of waving hair. The sweetness and goodness of her nature charmed all who possessed her acquaintance. Her acquisitive powers were as great as her productive, and among her other accomplishments were a perfect knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues. From her childhood she had been of a delicate constitution, and in her youth a tragic incident had the effect of shattering her health for years. She had a brother to whom she was intensely attached, and who, during a boating excursion off Torquay, was drowned under her very eyes. The shock thus produced was so great that she never left her room in Walpole-street (for her father had removed to London) for twelve years, during which she studied deeply as she thought, of which so many evidences are seen in her writings. The "marriage of true minds" was never better illustrated than that of Elizabeth Barret and Robert Browning. After this event they appear to have resided abroad until her death.

In reviews we often read of Mrs. Browning's masculine cast of mind, chiefly on account of some strong writing in "Aurora Leigh;" and if the power of comprehending and expounding abstruse themes connected with life, art, philosophy, is a masculine attribute, she possessed it to a greater degree than most men. But it appears to us that from first to last her poetry is essentially the expression of a feminine nature; by which we mean one whose reflection and ideation have their roots in the moral instinct. The most perfect being is one who unites what is best in both sexes; sympathy for the good and true underlying all manifestations of the creative faculty, as we find in the highest illustration which we have in literature of the above combination—Shakspeare. Mrs. Browning's earliest publications were, we believe, translations from the poets of Greece, in whose ancient, energetic, and musical tongue, she was a proficient. Thus in her first volume appears her metrical version of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, finely rendered. In its early essays the artistic mind is necessarily imitative, the most vigorous imagination displaying in its tentative efforts somewhat of the color and form of that on which its instinctive tastes have fed; and books are its models before it selects them from life or moulds them from itself. Hence in some of Mrs. Browning's early poems, as in those of so many eminent writers, we recognize, however faintly, the influences of a precedent literature, either in the selection of subject, or in some reflex, albeit original, of style. The theme of her poem, the "Seraphim," is somewhat the same as that of "Paradise Lost," although its treatment is wholly different. Like Dante's "Paradise," her Eden is more ideal than Milton's, in which, as is customary with him, the garden has the localization and definition of painting, while that of the modern poetess partakes of the vagueness and beauty which imagination associates with the tracts of primeval time. The tendency to embody abstract thought in musical and ideal forms, which characterises so much of her writing, is manifest in the conversations of her Adam; but the poem taken altogether is a fine spiritual conception, and seems as though it were imbued with the solemnity and splendor of some early summer dawn. In a "Vision of the Poets"—after its charming prelude—the greater bards from Homer down are characterised in compressive verse—in some cases too Dantesque in its brevity to afford a satisfactory image of the great geniuses referred to. This poem is written in the same verse as Tennyson's "Two Voices," but has nothing else in common except the concentration of original thought and fancy. The influence of the old romance literature in suggesting the tone of composition, is seen in the "Romaunt of Marguerite;" "Isabel's

Child;" "The Lay of the Brown Rosary;" "The Romance of the Swan's Nest," with its lovely sketch of little Ellie; "Bertha in the Lane;" and others; all delightful in their poetic simplicity, their tenderness, and art. But all these are eclipsed by that fine piece of passion and picture, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which holds the same high place in Mrs. Browning's first books, as "Locksley Hall" in those of Tennyson. This fine poem was written off in a single day, to supply matter which her publisher required to complete one of her volumes, what was sent being insufficient—written, too, when her physical weakness was such that she had to be carried from her bed to her sofa. Her fame produced her many eminent friends, among them Mary Russel Mitford, at whose house Miss Barrett first met her future husband, the great poet, Robert Browning. A deep attachment was the result of this intimacy. Unfortunately, however, her father, for whom she had an intense affection, was a man of stubborn prejudices, and averse to the match. Conscious that she could never obtain his consent, she consulted some of her friends, whose advice took the direction of her happiness. She accordingly left her house one day for a neighboring church, where the ceremony was performed, and the union, though dimmed on one side by this unpropitious shadow, was, nevertheless, one of felicity.

We now come to another class of Mrs. Browning's poems—those which give expression to some of the miseries either inherent in modern life, or arising out of its as yet imperfect organization. To this section belong "The Cry of the Human," and "The Cry of the Children," in which latter the hopelessness and degradation of the old system of mining and factory life are expressed in a wail of passionate agony, which gives the reality of life to evils, which it was the purpose of the poem to popularize in order to abolish, and which, by making the intelligent public feel, became a motive power stronger than the reasoning of leading articles. We cannot omit reference to Mrs. Browning's dedication of the volumes published in 1840 to her father, which, though a short piece of prose, we profess to consider more beautiful than even some of her poems. So much more divine is that which springs directly from the heart and its associations than that which comes to us even through the heart at the call of the imagination.

After producing so many noble and beautiful compositions, Mrs. Browning's genius, marshalling all its *armamentaria cæli* for a supreme effort, culminated in "Aurora Leigh," a large work, which, regarded as the original and spontaneous expression of a modern poetic mind on the problems of life, religious, philosophical, utilitarian, æsthetical, is unique in its way—its only approximate parallels being Wordsworth's "Excursion," and "Posthumous Poem," and Baillie's "Festus." It is a psychological novel in verse, a life poem with a strong dramatic element, human, and even we would add philosophical, for the conversations, with which it abounds, between Romney and Aurora, although condensing the substance of essays on various themes, are so animated and contrasted, and deal so strongly with human interests and aspirations, as to realize the subjective conditions of dramatic movement. "Aurora Leigh" is the only attempt on a large scale to make an epic on modern life, with its complex phases and possibilities, and, as such, it has been a success. The heroine and hero, poetess and philanthropist, are the highest types of existence, representing separately subjective and objective philosophy; and, in the moral of the work, the incompleteness of life without the union of the two. The characters and incidents which represent the tragic element are powerfully, and in some instances revoltingly worked out, as some have conceived, considering the poem that of a woman. Here, as occasionally elsewhere, we perceive a certain effort and strain both in conception and language, but nothing in the situations and emotions which are not compatible with the requisitions of art. The descriptions of external nature are as true, eloquent, and sometimes magnificent, as are the re-

flections and aspirations of the characters, who are designed to incarnate the high thoughts of the century, and especially those of the soul of the poem, its heroine Aurora. In fine, it is one of those few "life works," either in a poetic or prose form, possessing the double merit which attracts one class of readers by its story, another by the great ideas and questions with which it deals, and generally speaking satisfies the critic as a work of art. Among its few imperfections, the versification, which in the finer scenes is distinguished by great vigor and diffusive melody, becomes in other parts prosaic; perhaps for contrast sake, perhaps as the effect of so long an effort; there are also some instances of extravagance in the imagery and phraseology. But regarded in its *ensemble*, "Aurora Leigh" is a noble effort of spiritual inspiration, the most ambitious which the female mind has produced in a poetic mould, and one which, considering the aim of the modern genius by which it is animated, has few rivals among the works in verse produced by man.

Of Mrs. Browning's later poems, originated during her residence in Italy, "Casa Guidi Windows" appears to us the most perfect as a piece of composition. It contains her impressions both of the country and of the scenes she witnessed there in 1848-51. There is no finer contrast picture in the poetry of this epoch than that in which the mother turns from her sleeping infant to watch the pitiless procession of the Austrian army through terror-silenced Milan. There is much thoughtful and impassioned writing in the "Poems before Congress," and others which relate to Italy. Many also of her shorter and latter compositions, full of natural truth, fancy, and feeling, evince a maturity of mind as of art. But perhaps the verses of her latter period by which she will be longest remembered are the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which only a woman could have written, and which no singer of love has ever surpassed. There are few fine sonnets in the English language; though, perhaps, collectively as many as in the Italian—such as Sir P. Sidney's to Sleep, Keats' on Chapman's Homer, one of Coleridge's, and some of Rosetti's, which latter have a more Italian air than any in our language. Generally speaking, the sonnet has been the frame for a limited amount of misty thought, and some of Mrs. Browning's are cloudy and incomplete. Such true and deep music of the heart, however, as she has breathed in those which assume to be from the Portuguese, have a higher value and are destined to endure longer than many a high strain of imagination. In the literature of England, the only poetry of Human Affection beside which they can worthily be placed, are the sonnets of Shakespear, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

SONG.

All my life is filled with sunshine,
And the glory of its beams
Make my days and hours more golden
Than a poet's brightest dreams.

Would ye know whence comes the sunshine
Which the world thus glorifies?
Marvel not—its rich effulgence
Streams from one soft pair of eyes.

All my life is cheered with music—
Sweetest music ever heard—
Softer than Æolian murmurs
Of a harp by zephyrs stirred.

Would ye know whence comes the music
That all other doth eclipse?
Friends, it flows in all its sweetness
From a pair of rosy lips.

"Ah," you say, "the old, old story!"
Yes, but it is new to me;
And upon this earth none other
Ever half so sweet can be.

THOMAS F.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN DUBLIN

A strike for increase of wages of nearly all the building trades is a lamentable fact. Though we admit the cogency of the arguments used by the men, that the prices of necessities and the scale for rents have gone up greatly since the standard of wages was last agreed on between them and their employers; and though we feel that the standard leaves no margin for savings to men with families, and that such a margin is imperative to those whose occupations are dependent on the fluctuations in demand for buildings, whereby constant employment can be assured to comparatively few; we must, nevertheless, express our opinion that a strike is but a clumsy method of adjusting the difficulty. It is our opinion that the state might safely and easily make arrangements for the settlement of such questions by arbitration; but, in the meantime, why should not both parties agree to submit their differences to impartial arbitrators, binding themselves to accept without question the decision, and thereby avoiding the enormous loss to both sides of a total suspension of work?

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION

of Constable Talbot, in Hardwicke-street, on Tuesday night, startled the citizens of Dublin. The unfortunate victim was conspicuous in giving evidence on many of the Fenian trials, which makes it a probability that the act was another of the political assassinations to which we called the attention of our readers a few weeks ago as having become rife in nearly every country in Europe within the past ten years. We little imagined then that Ireland would be the locality of the next. It seems indeed that the nineteenth century, with all its boasted civilization, must be handed down to posterity as an era of frightful and peculiar crimes.

THE NEWTOWNSTEWART MURDER,

notwithstanding a protracted coroner's inquest, not yet finished, remains a mystery. Sub-inspector Montgomery is still under detention in his own quarters, though, as we stated last week, the evidence affords grounds for merely the loosest suspicion against him. A great number of witnesses have been examined; but the evidence of most is of the vaguest kind. We are strongly of opinion that if the law officers think they can make out a case against him, they should detain him in gaol, and if they do not think so he should be immediately set at liberty. His present position is an anomalous one, and from no point of view can be considered satisfactory.

IN ENGLAND

the event of the week which has aroused most interest is the presence of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany in London. Their highnesses are staying in the mansion of Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Most English people look on this as an arrangement which lacks hospitality; and a member of the House of Commons has given notice of an intention to ask a question, whose only meaning is to give expression to the dissatisfaction so generally felt at their imperial highnesses not being invited to and entertained in one of the royal palaces.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

to the national competitors of the various schools of art came off last week in London. The number of works delivered in for adjudication was 137,000. It is gratifying to find that the majority of the prizes were won by ladies. Except in the simple section of modeling, nearly all the best works were by female hands. The London Female School of Art has greatly contributed towards this end—thus affording another proof of the advantages to women of special training, as well as of their capability for high-class work. It is pitiable to have to record that amongst the male artists of London a strong feeling of jealousy induced them to throw every obstacle in the way of feminine progress in art; so much so, that for a long time it was found difficult to get a gallery wherein to exhibit the work of the lady artists. Even now

only two months are allotted to them for exhibition, it being understood that when the Royal Academy doors are thrown open those of the Conduit-street gallery are to shut. And yet, in spite of all, the female competitors carry off the majority of the prizes.

THE CHILDREN IN THE BRICK-FIELDS.

The Earl of Shaftesbury moved an address praying her majesty to take into consideration the state of the children in the brick-fields, with a view to their being brought under the protection of the Factory Acts. He stated that there were 3,000 brickfields dispersed over the country, and the number of children and young persons employed thereon was 30,000. The ages of those employed in the brick-fields varied from 3½ to 17 years, a large proportion being females, especially in the midland districts. The hours of work were from 14 to 18 each day. The noble earl read extracts from the evidence given before the commissioners of 1864 with a view of showing the hardships suffered by the children, and the immorality resulting from the mode in which young persons of both sexes were employed together; and having supplemented the facts thus stated by pictures of brick-field life drawn from his own observations—one of them respecting a number of children he had seen as being so covered with clay that when he first saw them he could not recognize them as human beings—concluded by moving the address of which he had given notice. After some observations from a few other peers in corroboration of Earl Shaftesbury's assertions and in support of his motion, their lordships unanimously agreed to the address.

THE SPIRITUALIST DELUSION

still finds supporters. Several people have written to the London newspapers attesting the veracity of a most absurd story which is briefly given thus in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Mrs. Guppy, described by her friends as one of the biggest women in London, was carried through the air from Highbury to Lamb's Conduit-street, in the course of a few minutes. This remarkable event took place on the 3rd of June, 1871; eight witnesses, not counting the transported lady and the two mediums, testify to it." How is it that respectable and tolerably intelligent people can permit themselves to be duped so? It is quite clear that all the fools and madmen are not in idiot or lunatic asylums.

IN ITALY

the long-projected and often-postponed entry of King Victor Emmanuel into Rome as the capital of his kingdom has taken place. The civic dignitaries, in conjunction with some high Italian officials, received him. The streets were lined with military and a vast number of the populace; and the king was received with much cheering, and without disturbance. In the evening he was entertained at a sumptuous banquet, at which 1,600 people sat down.

IN FRANCE

disturbances are becoming very common between the German soldiers who still remain and the inhabitants of towns. At Amiens and Vichy the riots were very serious; while in Alsace more than one German life has been sacrificed. The commandant of the emperor William's soldiers has, in consequence, issued orders to reply to volleys of stones by showers of bullets. It is unnecessary to make any remark on the folly of those who provoke their conquerors without object, and run the risk of entailing bloodshed and misery on their already much-tried country. As regards the French government, it seems to have arrived at a position of stability which gives a promise of repose to the excitable people of Gaul. Of the 32,000 prisoners supposed to be Communists, who were arrested indiscriminately on the capture of Paris, the committees of investigation have ordered 16,000 to be discharged as persons against whom there is not the faintest shadow of evidence. So much for doing things hastily. The remaining 16,000 will soon be tried by court-martial, beginning with the most prominent offenders.

FROM NEW YORK

the telegraph sends tidings of an awful riot in connection with the Orange celebration of the 12th July, in which twenty people were killed and a very great number wounded. The Orange procession, under the protection of the police and military, paraded at two o'clock; but was assailed several times, and a riot ensued. The military fired on the rioters, killing and wounding many; and it is reported that in return several soldiers and police were killed—a report all the more probable in a city where it is not uncommon for men to carry revolvers in their pockets as here they carry pen-knives. The rioting went on in different parts of the city, until twelve regiments were put under arms. No words can reprobate sufficiently the wickedness and folly of both parties to this most wretched affair; and to us in Ireland it is inexpressibly grievous to see our own countrymen eager to slaughter each other about events which took place two centuries ago, and in another hemisphere than that where now is their home. A Corsican vendetta is a harmless trifle beside such wholesale perpetuation of deadly feud. Ignorance, no doubt, lies at the root of this non-intelligent hate, which knows neither why nor for what it exists, and at the sound of a shibboleth plunges into bloodshed—possibly under the impression that it is (to use the famous expression of Napoleon III.) “fighting for an idea.”

IRISH MUSIC.

We have great pleasure in reprinting, with the permission of the authoress, the following most interesting article on the ancient music of Ireland. It was originally published in an English periodical, several years ago, as a notice of “The Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland.” The writer was peculiarly fitted for the task she took in hand; both by knowledge of and love for the subject, and by the fact that she was for years on terms of intimate friendship with the lamented Dr. Petrie. The following essay may be found almost entire in that delightful book—“Life of Petrie,” by Dr. Stokes; a book that should be in the hands of every Irish reader. It is to be greatly wished that the ladies of Ireland would, like the accomplished writer of the following essay, study the beautiful music of their own land, and imbibe the spirit that breathes in it. The pre-eminent merit of Irish music is universally admitted. “No enemy speaks slightly of it, and no friend need fear to boast of it.” “Alas!” said Dr. Petrie, with equal truth and feeling, “for those who are insensible to its beauty! It is amongst them that the dull and ungenerous bigots will be found who spread poison on the land which they tread. Could music penetrate their stony hearts, the melodies of Ireland would make them weep for the ill they were the means of perpetrating on this unhappy island; and they would embrace that ill-treated people with a generous affection, anxious to make reparation for past injuries.”

We now commend to the attention of our readers the essay of which we have spoken—Petrie’s Ancient Music of Ireland:—

“Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song—
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times.”

It was once observed by a celebrated woman that “those who are able to express powerfully and simply the music of different nations, and know how to listen to it as it deserves, need not go round the world in order to visit different nations, to visit their monuments, to read their books, or to traverse their plains and mountains, their gardens, and deserts.” The amount of truth embodied in this remark will be acknowledged by those only who think of music as a language—who feel all true art to be, in one point of view, the handmaid of history. The spirit that characterizes Scandi-

navia, Poland, France, Italy, and Spain, is discoverable in their respective national melodies; and by becoming imbued with the poetry and life of these expressions of natural feeling, we may identify ourselves with every phase of the existence of the people by whom they were respectively produced. But it is not only on account of its historic interest that we plead for the study of national music. Our loving care is justly claimed by the pure and beautiful melody to be found amongst the still surviving relics of ancient song. Arising, as this music has done, from the breast of man in his untutored state, these songs, at first the improvisation of some unknown artist, caught up by his children or companions, and chanted from place to place, have gradually taken the form of the purest melody, in which natural feeling speaks forth simply, unfettered by rules, and unrestricted by conventionalities.

Time has borne witness to the truth of the assertion, “that it is by the force of melody, and not harmony, that a work endures successfully throughout all ages.” And yet how little is the truth acknowledged in the present day, when it is the complaint of all who think and speak truly on the subject, that the great value placed upon the technical and mechanical part of the art, has brought our composers to a strange state. “Their productions are no longer music; they wander far without the compass of human feeling; and we can give them no response from the mind or from the heart.”* This tendency in the present day to substitute mechanism for thoughtful work, and the mere show of truth for truth itself, is to be lamented in other arts besides that of music; for the spirit, be it good or evil, which animates one art, will tell in all, and on the truth or fallacy of this animating spirit it is that the greatness of art depends.

But with music especially we have to deal at present, and if we would still keep among us that melody which can soothe and strengthen, we must seek to stem the current which flows so rapidly, bearing away the art from all pure sources of inspiration. By the study of pure melody, and national melodies especially, more may be done for this end than by any other means; and in the apparently inexhaustible stores which remain to us of Celtic music, we find airs so rich in beauty, that few of modern times will bear comparison with them. We should treasure these airs for other reasons also. Let us remember that of their art the Celtic nations have left us no memorial so perfect as their music. Of their painting, their sculpture, and their architecture, we have but few traces, and these are often faint and rude; but their music bears all the highest attributes of art. So it is that we would now bring before the notice of our readers the work above-named, which has issued from the press under the auspices of a society formed in Dublin for the preservation of the melodies of Ireland. The volume already published contains one hundred and forty-seven airs, mostly collected by Dr. Petrie, one of the most learned antiquarians of our day, who, from a strong conviction of their archæological interest, and a deep sense of their beauty, has been all his lifetime a zealous collector of these Irish melodies, gathering them from rich and poor, in town or country. Many have been sent him by friends, who, knowing his ardor in research, have themselves collected for him. Poets like Thomas Davis and William Allingham, sculptors and painters, physicians, students, parish priests, college librarians, have all aided in the good work. But most of Dr. Petrie’s airs have been noted by himself from the chanting of some ballad-singer or emigrant, the singing of peasant girls while milking their cows or performing their round of other duties, from the playing of wandering harpers, pipers, and fiddlers, or from the whistling of farmers and ploughmen. Some tunes, too, have been obtained from manuscript collections. These airs, so collected from every part of Ireland, Dr. Petrie is inclined to rank as the most beautiful national melodies in the world; but justly adds, that the people of every race and country will prefer their own national music, as it is expres-

* Goethe.

sive of their own musical sensations, and is associated with the songs and recollections of their youth. We have as yet found no air amongst the martial music of Ireland that we can rank as high as "The March of the Men of Harlech;" yet there are many which approach it in vigor and majesty of expression. Such airs amongst the Irish were usually of a lively quickstep character, such as "The King of the Rath," given in Dr. Petrie's collection. And here we may remark, that it would be well if the commanders of our regiments, and directors of our military bands, considered the advantage of giving our soldiers opportunity of hearing their own national music more frequently. In Mr. Chappell's collection may be found many remarkable specimens of old English military music. Amongst the Gaelic airs of Scotland we know what fine martial tunes there are, and how much greater to an Irish heart would be the exciting power of such an air as the "March of Brian Boroihme," or "The Return from Fingal," than all the selections from Italian operas or Julian's quadrilles we so often hear played by our bands. National distinctions should be precious in the eyes of all men, and England should seek to cherish, not extinguish them in those nations that have passed beneath her rule. It is a great truth asserted by Mr. Ruskin as regards the art of painting, "That generalization is unity, not destruction of parts; and composition is not annihilation, but arrangement of materials; and the masses which result from right concords and relations of details are sublime and impressive; but the masses which result from eclipse of details are contemptible and painful." This high principle should be greatly carried out in the art of government. It is not by obliterating all national distinctions, and melting them into one, that true unity is obtainable, but by respecting them and raising them to fullest life. Thus the way may be opened to self-respect in each nation individually, all that is good and great in each may be drawn forth, and, then united, form true harmony.

(To be continued.)

THE GARDEN.

ON FUSCHIAS.

Fuschias are flowering shrubs from the central and southern regions of America, and from New Zealand, with pendent flowers, combining grace of form with the charm of rich coloring. The first arrivals, from the end of the eighteenth century, were shrubby, twiggy plants, with a certain degree of hardiness; such as *F. globosa*, *virgata*, *coccinea*, &c.; but in 1837 came *F. fulgens*, of quite a different character, with larger, tenderer leaves, longer blossoms produced in terminal clusters, and more delicate constitution. This was soon followed by *corymbiflora*, *cordifolia*, and *serratifolia*, from which, amongst themselves and with the older sorts, very numerous hybrids have been obtained, and are still being obtained anew every season. The list of beautiful varieties now on record must amount to several hundreds. *F. splendens* and its nearest relatives, with the offspring which have originated from them, are scarcely fitted for the open border, as their large leaves and fragile stems render them the victims of gusts of wind, besides requiring a more greenhouse-like climate than even that of our most genial summers. The twiggy Fuschias may be regarded as herbaceous plants in the inland counties of England: many of them stand the winter, and form strong stools: although the frost may cut them down to the root, they shoot and flower well the following summer. In the south, and by the sea, they will form permanent bushes or coverings for walls. They are better suited to make single, than bedding plants; their habit is so decidedly different, as to give them the look of "a very odd lot" when collected in varieties to make masses in the parterre. Any light rich mould suits them, with no stint of water, or the weakest possible liquid manure, during their period of growth. They strike readily from cuttings under a hand-light. They are good plants for the amateur to amuse himself with, by hybridizing and raising new varieties; as the parts of fructification are easily come at, they seed freely, and the result has not to be waited for long.

THE WHITE ROSE.

She stood in her girlish beauty,
One rose amid her hair,
Watching to see the king pass by—
Louise de la Vallière.

The royal train came nearer,
And in the midst rode one
Upon whose golden armor
Glittered the morning sun.

She took one step more forward—
Ah, she has seen him now!
What a power of glorious beauty
Is on his regal brow!

He of the knightly bearing—
He of the joyous glance—
The idol of his mighty host!
The hope, the pride of France!

But the glance that ruled the battlefield
Is fixed, in mute surprise,
Where she stood in her girlish beauty,
With deep and wondering eyes.

Once seen, but ne'er forgotten!
A lingering glance—while low
He bent in knightly greeting,
E'en to his saddle-bow.

She saw no train, she did not hear
The shouts that rent the air,
But she cast before his horse's feet
The rose from out her hair.

One moment, and the train swept on—
The rose lay trampled there;
She raised the blossom from the ground,
Louise de la Vallière.

* * * * *
She stood at the convent window—
Shouts far off rent the air—
The trampled, withered white rose,
Louise de la Vallière.

Years had but brought him glory,
Honor, and noble fame—
Hark to the people's welcome!—
Her lot is lonely shame.

Thus she stood at the convent window—
His triumph rent the air—
The sad, cold, withered white rose,
Louise de la Vallière.

H. B.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON ON THE LAWS.

The following vigorous letter has been addressed by the Hon. Mrs. Norton to the Editor of the *Echo* :—

SIR,—In your impression of Wednesday, May the 3rd, you had a remarkable article on the Women Suffrage Bill. I am not about to advocate, or even to discuss, that smothered measure. I believe, if it were to pass to-morrow, the majority of women who had brothers, fathers, and husbands whom they respected, would vote according to those male opinions; and I also believe that men whose own profligacy of life, or whose ill luck in female family connections, may have habituated them to a contemptuous judgment of women, would be quite unmoved by any argument in favor of the sex. Notably, according to the example of a deceased judge, who first married his cook, and then made an eloquent speech against the possibility of women being fit to train or educate their own children. In the article to which I refer, allusion is made to the flagrant and wonderful Hawkesworth case, in which, at the very moment that stringent laws are put in force against even the semblance of Popery (as in the Voysey and Purchas decisions), a Protestant mother was ordered to educate her child in all the errors those decisions are supposed to resist. You also incidentally mention that change in the law of infant

guardianship, known as Talfourd's Act, and, in a letter immediately following your article, notice is called to the patent fact that in obedience to certain prejudices even women engaged in literature were formerly fain to conceal that innocent trespass on the path of man's intellectual estate. I will bluntly endorse the assertion, not only for a former, but the present time. I have written much during a long literary career, and I have received indulgence, more or less varying, from my critics for *all* works published with my name. But I never yet published *without* my name that I was not greeted with showers of compliments. I claim to be the originator of Talfourd's Act. Knowing what would be the result, if my writing were declared to be the product of a female brain, I wrote at first anonymously, and afterwards under the name of "Pearce Stevenson." The moment the halo of a masculine pseudonym glorified the execution of my task men were satisfied. They lauded the book and its argument. Members of parliament may laugh and may rail at female presumption, but nothing can alter the fact that, where they did not *know* it was a woman's work, passages from its pages were quoted by a Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords, and remain on record there. I wished no credit for my task. On the contrary, I dreaded being known. I altered my title pages, so as to make it appear that the pamphlets had followed, not preceded, the debates on Talfourd's Bill. I worked like a lawyer's clerk in selection of cases. I have read my own words over and over again, in debates in Parliament, in the Commons and in the Lords; and holding, as I do, that power is a better thing than fame, I hold such success to be preferable to the credit of authorship. I wrote again during the Chartist trouble. What I wrote then was republished at government expense, and attributed to more than one member of the actual Cabinet—men noted for ability and literary distinction. I wrote, on another occasion, a long argument on a legal case—a case of murder—sifting very difficult evidence. I had the satisfaction of seeing that argument attributed to two of the most eminent lawyers of the day, and copied at length in one of the most influential of our journals. I will not multiply instances. Whenever my work was not known to be "woman's work," it was crowned with praise. I put my name to my novels and verses. Men admit that women can write novels and verses. I would not rebel so openly against the judgment of the superior sex as to put my name to better things. And, now, having made this boast, not in triumph, but in dull sadness of heart, what of it? What does it lead to? Why, this—that, whether the baffled attempt at securing female suffrage be a wise method or not for obtaining the ulterior object in view; whether the female cry for help be too shrill, as such cries are apt to be; whether measures intended to be useful, such as the Married Women's Property Act, be marred by men in the making or not; that foolery of lop-sided legislation, which prevails with respect to women, will, sooner or later, have to be amended. We have plenty of such anomalies even in matters that do not affect them. We put old women and hungry young lads in prison for stealing a handful of turnips, and men for poaching a shot pheasant; but we fine rich butchers and fishmongers who deal wholesale in diseased food, and bakers who cheat the poor by false weights, in a nominal sum. We send to jail the daring delinquent, who, with a baby in her arms, is convicted of selling "winkles" on a Sunday; but the whitebait of Greenwich and the stewed eels at the Star and Garter swim through no such troubled waters. We stop the bawling of our own petty itinerant traders in our streets, and put to the "labor test" the pauper who is "found begging;" but we allow foreign vagabonds, who merely turn the handle of a toy instrument, to wander unchecked beneath our windows, gathering in an hour the day wages of an English laborer, or the keep of ten paupers for a week. It is the same with social rules of conduct. We applaud the Lord Chamberlain's moral effort to lengthen the fringes of a dancing girl's petticoat, but we

meekly accept the next—Lord Sydney's last—proclamation, commanding all ladies, young and old, to come to Court with bare shoulders and necks, or they will not be considered in "full dress." Ridicule and reverence cannot co-exist; and there are some contradictions in the laws and rules for women, and in their supposed *status*, which, but for the deadly pain inflicted, would merely inspire a smile of contempt. When that hotch-potch was cooked which goes by the name of the Married Women's Property Bill, one of the arguments against too much interference was, that almost universally in the upper classes there were "marriage settlements," which were ample protection to the women. I give you a brief sketch of one such marriage, and the result of the supposed *status* of the lady. Within six weeks of the honeymoon the bridegroom indulged in violences such as happily are more familiar to us in police reports than in genteel life. He flung books and furniture at his bride's head; poured boiling water over her hands; steeped a letter she was writing to her mother in spirits, and set fire to it; took her by the nape of the neck and dashed her to the ground; refused medical assistance for her when she was dangerously ill; burst the door of the drawing-room off its hinges, and dragged her out of it, flinging her on the stairs—she was then just about to become a mother—on the plea that "it was disrespectful to lock him out of any room in his own house." Her family interfered, and she left him. He expressed the deepest penitence, and she returned to him. The same scenes were repeated. Renewed separation, followed by an immense scandal, in an effort to prove the husband wronged instead of the wife. Children had been born of this marriage. The mother had nourished them without the aid of a wet-nurse, taught them without the aid of a governess, clothed them without the aid of a sempstress, and in all respects done a mother's holy duty by them. There was no Talfourd's Act then. The "head of the family" sent his little one to a woman with whom he was on disgraceful terms of intimacy, and set his wife at defiance. He threatened to sell her trinkets, clothes, and books, which remained at home. Finding afterwards that the money in settlement required mutual signatures of husband and wife, he sent to propose different terms, and signed an agreement for so much a year. Having raised the trust money, he notified that such agreement was waste paper, and he discontinued payment of the allowance. If I am told that this is an exceptional case, and that women with the like hard positions are also exceptional cases, I answer that all legislation is for exceptional cases. All legislation is intended to remedy a wrong arising out of divergence from a just and natural order of things. It is not women who should blush for mistaken struggles or disputed methods of attaining justice. It is men—Englishmen, English gentlemen—who should blush to know the laws they make, and mend, and mar, are still so imperfect. In my unhappy and tormented youth, it was with tears, and sobs, and passionate pleadings, I urged these things. In these my declining years, it is with quiet scorn that I repeat what I said at the beginning of this letter, namely, that all the angry quotations from Scripture which balance "He shall rule over her," with "Husbands love your wives, be not bitter against them,"—and all the jeering, light and heavy, at female incapacity, cannot alter my knowledge that difficult work was held to be good work in the parliament of Great Britain when it was not confessed to be woman's work, and that my grandson, who (providing hereditary peerages endure so long) will be one of the hereditary legislators of England, is at present being educated for that position on a woman's literary earnings and the alms of friends, all for lack of better laws for women, or of that universality of merit in the heads of families which shone forth in visionary splendor—like the San Graal on the pure knight's eyes—during the speeches of Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Hope on the suffrage question.

I am, sir, etc.,

CAROLINE NORTON.

OLD COUNT UGENSTEIN.

A SCENE IN THE VAUDOIS.

PART II.

"Onward!" the captain cried; "we've lost
More than we reckoned of to-night;
Defeat had tutored them to fight,
And desperately have fought those three,
As we, methinks, know to our cost."
The troop of horsemen galloped on
With the sweeping wind that roared among
The woods and hills; their trampling rung
Awhile in the dark ravine, where through
The rolling rainy vapors blew—
Reached a turning, and were gone.

Upon the torn and sodden mould
Eight men lie dead and growing cold;
Darkness and storm awhile pervade
The desolate spot, made darker by
The presence of death's dreary shade;
Only the wind, so loud on high,
In lessening gusts sweeps sadly nigh
As if to look—then down the glade
Passes slower and pityingly.
But now in the lull comes a long-drawn sigh,
And something stirs, and rises then
Among the corpses of the men—
Stands in the distant-dying flame
Of the castle, and calls his knights by name;
But the silence of earth and the moan of the storm
Alone reply to that blind old form,
Who, with arms upflung, in a mood forlorn,
Totters along, like a Samson shorn,
Where, he knows not, but anywhere
Swift death may swallow up despair.

Wildly along he winds his way,
Swift or slow, as the path may sink
Or rise along the mountain gray,
Blown about by the blustering stress
Of the maddened gale, but feelingless
Save for the grim desire each next
Dark step shall be where some chasm of air
Shall end his pain in nothingness;
But, as he proceeds in safety, vexed
At the torture of a Tantalus path,
Which tempts but to turn him off from death.
But yet much longer it cannot be,
He thinks; and his maddened mood has grown
To one of a strange, wild gaiety,
In which he talks to the winds that brood
Above the roofs of the mountain wood
Amid which now he wanders, lost,
Stumbling against trunks and branches tossed
By the weight of the storm, as a bird with wing
Broken; amid its buffeting,
Wounded alike by sword and bough,
Drenched with the wet of rain and swamp;
Yet, in his wilderment, pausing now
To mingle his soul's wild sympathies
With the world-wide wrath, the sonorous pomp,
Of roaring cataract, raging blast,
Amid the gorges antheing
To the unseen powers of the desolate vast,
Which waft their mighty agonies
To perish in the endless skies,
As he, whose soul a thousand fires
Impels to ruin, now desires.

The wood that prisoned him awhile
Is passed, and stronger beats the storm
Upon his dim and desolate form,
Now trampling through a dark defile
Nigh to the summit of the hill,
Where lightnings flash and torrents dash
From bleak impending rocks, until—
Darkness and deluge left behind—
The rough path takes a sudden wind,
And the drear moon, risen o'er peaks of ice,
Illumes the old man, tottering blind

On the narrow mountain ledge, where below
Yawns a mighty precipice,
Dark as his fate—deep as his woe.
Unconscious of its terror, lo!

He treads that brink of blackness now—
Totters—stumbles—he is gone
O'er the abyss for ever! No!—
Stunned by the shock, his figure tall
Lies on the edge of the mountain wall,
Like the crest of surge that hangs on the verge
Of some winter-hardened waterfall.

The eagles, wakened by the gale,
Above him this and that way sail,
With clashing beaks and rigid claws,
In hungry joy; and the wind, grown still
Under the shelter of the hill,
Passes away in lessening swoon
Over the valleys, over the plains
And lowlands flooded by the rains,
Toward the cloud-crossed, dreary moon.

Hours pass over the old man blind,
Living in body, dead in mind,
Stretched on the edge of life, and death
Awaiting him in the void beneath;
But with night the winds have died away,
And, through ethereal glories sailing
Where the morning star is paling,
Goldens the wide blue peaceful day
O'er glittering snows and glimmering floods,
And ruined gold of the autumn woods;
And now on a little child who treads
The grassy paths and torrent beds
Of the mountain, slanting a cheerful ray,
As she plucks the rain-wet flowers, and sings
A simple song, like the sound of springs
Bubbling up in sunny play;
Till she comes where the senseless warrior lies—
Starts—stands—draws near, with wild surprise
In her large blue innocent eyes;
Then bending her gold-curbed head to his dim
Cold face and forehead, touches him,
And whispers—"Good old man, arise."

He awakes from his dream by her touch, like a beam
Of morn, the while his hand she takes,
And with serious care conducts him where
Danger is past, and down the road
Through sunny trees to her sire's abode—
No more the desolate old man, wild
With grief, but like himself a child;
For nature in pity has swept the past
Away from his soul, like clouds on the blast
Of the late dread night, and left him only
The memories of his morning hours,
Sunny and fresh, as ere the powers
Of gloomy fate had left him lonely.
And down in the chalet a little while,
Tenderly tended by good folk round,
Lived the old count, relieved of cares,
With his little friend, 'mid songs and prayers;
Till a kindly death, through April airs,
Approached his couch-side with a smile.

T. C. IRWIN.

INTERESTING NOTES.

It is stated, on good authority, that the author of the
"Battle of Dorking" is Sir Francis Head.

Mr. Henri Drayton, the baritone, has been stricken with
paralysis in the United States.

Mr. Phelps will play Isaac of York in the version of
"Ivanhoe" forthcoming at Drury-lane Theatre.

Mr. Bayle Bernard is engaged upon an exhaustive memoir
of the late Samuel Lover, R.H.A.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is engaged on a new work.
Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe is about to publish "Old Town
Fireside Stories," with illustrations.

Mr. J. G. Whittier is engaged on a book for children, to
be called "Child Life."

THE FORTHCOMING KINGSTOWN REGATTA.—The fireworks to be displayed at the forthcoming regatta are to be produced by our celebrated pyrotechnist, Mr. Thomas Kirby, of Tritonville-road, Sandymount, and this privilege has been accorded to him by the vote of the Royal Irish Yacht Club. The superiority of the plan of arrangement submitted, secured his successful candidature, as the display is to be shown in the form of a crescent, similar to the appearance of the Spanish Armada when proudly sailing from the shores of Spain. A large steamer is to be in the centre of an elongated arc of a circle, and will, as it were, form the key-stone of that arch. The flank boats at either end, being already prepared, will, at a given signal, send forth their fire, moving inwards to culminate in the centre by a brilliant thundering in the centre. The special selection of Mr. Kirby for this season is perhaps owing to the success of his new invention for saving lives and property from shipwreck, by the casting of a rope coil, through the medium of machinery, over 500 yards—this consists of an apparatus for throwing line from ship to shore, or other ship at sea, with signal and other rockets and lights; and the magnesium light for burning in the water with such an intensity, that the smallest object can be distinguished at a considerable distance.

In Prospect Park, Brooklyn, New York, a statue of Washington Irving is to be put up.

The *Philadelphia Ledger* states that Professor Agassiz, having had a coast survey steamer placed under his control, is about starting upon an expedition to examine the waters of the Pacific Ocean along the coast of North America, and in connection with deep-sea soundings will collect specimens of natural history.

The committee representing the proprietors of Dury-lane Theatre has, with the consent of the lessee, Mr. Chatterton, accepted a proposal made by the friends of the late Mr. Balfe, to place in the vestibule of that theatre a statue to that eminent and popular composer.

The *Musical Standard* hears that the Directors of the Philharmonic Society of London have just presented to Madame Arabella-Goddard the gold medal struck as a souvenir of the festival which was given last year to commemorate the centenary of Beethoven's birth. Madame Goddard played the choral fantasia at one of the concerts.

Herr Bandmann and his wife (*nee* Miss Palmer) are engaged at the Grand Opera House, New York, for eight weeks, to commence September 4th. They will produce an entirely new drama, by Tom Taylor, who is at present completing it.

An American speculator has offered an engagement to Mr. Sims Reeves. The terms are not yet settled.

Miss Marie Wilton and Mr. Bancroft will shortly start for an American tour. Rumour adds that thereafter Miss Wilton intends to take leave of the stage.

The friends of Mr. James Grant, late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, have presented him with the sum of £1,100 as a mark of their esteem.

The *Athenæum* has the following :—Mr. Morris started for Iceland, the country that has given him the subject-matter for some of his finest poems, on the 5th of July. He was accompanied by Mr. Magnusson.

A notice in Monday's obituary columns of the *Times* recorded the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Abell; in her maiden days, the Miss Balcombe, known to every reader of the memoirs of the First Napoleon's career, as the young lady whose sprightliness and sympathy were among the few things which rendered his latter days in exile at St. Helena supportable.

The Society of Friends have published a report of their Committee for relieving the sufferings of the French and German "War Victims," by which it appears that no less a sum than £75,681 were distributed in less than four months in the provinces desolated by the conflict. Of the noble and philanthropic labors of the Friends who personally undertook the relief of the unfortunate sufferers from the war, we spoke some time ago in the journal which preceded the EMERALD.

Most of them undertook the work as volunteers, without any remuneration whatever, going at their own expense, and devoting much time and labor to the excellent object which they were engaged in. Such truly self-sacrificing benevolence is worthy of all admiration, and sheds a gleam of light over the horrors and miseries of the frightful conflict. It was with sincere regret that we noticed that one lady fell a victim to the fever which raged in the districts visited by the Friends. Peace to her memory. She was a martyr in a noble cause, that of disinterested charity.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO MAKE HOME-MADE BREAD.—MISS ACTON'S RECIPE.—One quarter of flour, 1 large tablespoonful of solid brewer's yeast, or nearly 1 oz. of fresh German yeast, $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm milk-and-water. Put the flour into a large earthenware bowl or deep pan; then, with a strong metal or wooden spoon, hollow out the middle; but do not clear it entirely away from the bottom of the pan, as, in that case, the sponge (or leaven, as it was formerly termed) would stick to it, which it ought not to do. Next, take either a large tablespoonful of brewer's yeast which has been rendered solid by mixing it with plenty of cold water, and letting it afterwards stand to settle for a day and a night; or nearly an ounce of German yeast; put it into a large basin and proceed to mix it, so that it shall be as smooth as cream, with $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of warm milk-and-water, or with water only, though even a very little milk will much improve the bread. Pour the yeast into the hole made in the flour, and stir into it as much of that which lies round it as will make a thick batter, in which there must be no lumps. Strew plenty of flour on the top; throw a thick clean cloth over, and set it where the air is warm; but do not place it upon the kitchen fender, for it will become too much heated there. Look at it from time to time: when it has been laid for nearly an hour, and when the yeast has risen and broken through the flour, so that bubbles appear in it, you will know that it is ready to be made up into dough. Then place the pan on a strong chair, or dresser, or table, of convenient height; pour into the sponge the remainder of the warm milk-and-water; stir into it as much of the flour as you can with the spoon; then wipe it out clean with your fingers, and lay it aside. Next take plenty of the remaining flour, throw it on the top of the leaven, and begin, with the knuckles of both hands, to knead it well. When the flour is nearly all kneaded in, begin to draw the edges of the dough towards the middle, in order to mix the whole thoroughly; and when it is free from flour, and lumps, and crumbs, and does not stick to the hands when touched, it will be done, and may again be covered with the cloth, and left to rise a second time. In $\frac{3}{4}$ hour look at it, and should it have swollen very much, and begin to crack, it will be light enough to bake. Turn it then on to a pasteboard or very clean dresser, and with a large sharp knife divide it in two; make it up quickly into loaves and dispatch it to the oven; make one or two incisions across the tops of the loaves, as they will rise more easily if this be done. If baked in tins or pans, rub them with a tiny piece of butter laid on a piece of clean paper, to prevent the dough from sticking to them. All bread should be turned upside down, or on its side, as soon as it is drawn from the oven: if this be neglected the under part of the loaves will become wet and blistered from the steam, which cannot then escape from them. To make the dough without setting a sponge, merely mix the yeast with the greater part of the warm milk-and-water, and wet up the whole of the flour at once after a little salt has been stirred in, proceeding exactly, in every other respect, as in the directions just given. As the dough will soften in the rising, it should be made quite firm at first, or it will be too lithe by the time it is ready for the oven. To be left to rise an hour the first time, $\frac{3}{4}$ hour the second time; to be baked from 1 to $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour, or baked in one loaf from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[A Subscriber sends us the following thoughtful remarks on the necessity of a healthier tone in public opinion on the Woman's Question] :—

It was said by a heathen writer that the gods gave us a fearful power when they gave us the faculty of being accustomed to things. Mrs. Stowe quotes this saying *apropos* of slavery, and of the apathy with which thousands of good people viewed the "peculiar institution." They were used to it, and they saw no harm in it, though it curdles the blood in our European veins merely to read the so-called Protective Statutes: they were framed in the interests of the slave, and were conceived (as many thought) in a most liberal spirit. In America, the Abolitionists sought, as a first measure, to kindle a proper feeling about the slave question in the public mind, and, at length, by great zeal and earnestness, a righteous indignation was aroused in their behalf. Thank God, they are free now.

It seems an exaggeration to talk of "woman's wrongs" in the same breath as Negro bondage; but I believe it only seems so because we are accustomed to the one and not to the other. I have been painfully struck with the resemblance between the slavery of the plantations and the condition of many women in these enlightened latitudes. In their own defence, the American slave-holders said that the negro had not a hard fate when he belonged to a kind master; he was well fed, well clothed, and well lodged, and had not to take thought for himself about these matters. He certainly had no political privileges, but, then, he did not care for them. We also hear in Europe that men are kind masters, and that women are unable to take care of themselves. Both these propositions are true as regards many of each sex, but untrue, also, in many cases. Numbers of women are now loudly demanding aids to self-helpfulness, educational advantages, etc., but many of us, on the other hand, have grown accustomed to our position. We bear, by force of habit, burthens that weigh heavily upon us, chains of conventionality that sit uneasily. It is less difficult to become reconciled to the *sight* of suffering than to the suffering you yourself experience; and in this way men, the lawgivers, have come to think it is the "natural position" of women to be tongue-tied on subjects of importance to her, bound hand and foot when she might, if free, be successful in the active business of life. But, before woman can hope for political privileges or choice of professional career, there must be a new tone in public opinion; people in general (women more particularly) must be led to think seriously about the question. At present, anything entitled "Woman's Rights" is received, at best, as half a joke, whereas the subject merits the attention and consideration due to a very serious matter.

A SUBSCRIBER.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—May I ask you to allow me to avail myself of your columns to seek some information.

Will some one competent to do so, tell me if it be true that women come to a standstill in things intellectual soon after they attain the age of twenty? On what authority has this statement been made? I have heard it quoted as a strong argument against colleges for women, and all efforts after greater educational advantages than are at present ours. Have women yet had such a trial as to enable any one to pronounce decidedly against their fitness for higher culture? I should like to hear what can be said in favor of the more hopeful view of our case.

I am, sir, etc.,

L. L.

DRESS AND FASHION.

In Paris a decided change has taken place in the arrangement of a lady's toilette. Instead, as formerly, of the petti-

coat being made of one material, the bodice of another, and the tunic of another, the bodice is now made to match the petticoat, and the tunic, which is between the two, is alone different. All bodices are made with *basques*, with sometimes a sash worn above the *basque*, but more generally without one. Some ladies wear a band underneath the *basque*, with the ends falling on one side. This may perhaps be made more clear by the following description of a toilette: A demi-train skirt of white *poult de soie*, with violet satin stripes, bordered with wide flower *ruche* of violet silk, ravelled at the edge; tunic of violet *faille*, trimmed to correspond with flower *ruche*, and well draped at the back; at the left side a scarf sash of violet *faille*; bodice of white *poult de soie*, striped with violet satin, made with large square *basques*, edged with violet silk flower *ruche*; the sleeves only violet, to match tunic—not of the pagoda form, as they have been, but loose coat-shaped sleeves. This is a very stylish toilette.

Novelty is the very life of fashion, and sometimes outrips taste; but in the following pearl-grey cashmere costume, they go hand-in-hand. The novelty is that the bodice is made quite differently from the remainder of the toilette. The petticoat is trimmed with seven narrow cross-bands of narrow *faille* stitched with white; the cashmere tunic also bordered with three cross-bands; the bodice of *faille* of the caroubier or bright claret shade, made with large *basques*, and at each side of the back there falls a wide scarf sash of claret *faille* fringed out at the end. The hat which accompanies this toilette is a charming *béret* of claret China *crêpe*, tied under the hair with a *faille* bow of the same shade.

Mantelets are now very popular, made either of muslin or white striped leno. The toilette is made entirely of leno, or the mantelet and tunic are leno and the bodice and petticoat silk. The most elegant mixture is that of pearl-grey silk and white. The petticoat is covered with narrow grey flounces scalloped cut at the edge, and bordered with an extremely narrow frill of white silk. The open tunic is trimmed with a flounce to match, headed with a row of black velvet, and looped up on the hips with black velvet bows. The pearl-grey bodice has *basques* ruched with grey and white silk, and over the bodice a mantelet of white leno, tied with black velvet ribbon, and studded with black velvet bows. This very short mantelet has pointed ends.

Buff muslins and cambric dresses are mostly made with *polonaises*; they are trimmed either with ruches to match, edged with Valenciennes at each side, or with silk ruches pinked out at the edges. The silk ruches are generally worn of a different color from the dress.

The prettiest style for a muslin toilette is a plain pink muslin petticoat, the shade *rose de Bengale*, trimmed with three flounces plaited *à la Russe*, separated by very full ruches of narrow silk; pink muslin *polonaise* fastened in front, trimmed down the centre with a marron silk *ruche*, and at each side with narrow Valenciennes lace; a *ruche* with less fulness and deeper Valenciennes lace sewn round the throat; pagoda sleeves, with muslin and Valenciennes sleeves beneath; marron *faille* sash tied at the back, and marron bows and ends looping up the *polonaise* at each side.

The Princess Dora D'Istria, who for some time has been residing in Florence, has published in the *Indépendance Hellénique* a new chapter of "Excursions en Italie," which treats of Florence. Many of her former articles on Italy have been translated into almost every European language; the article on "The Gulf of Spezia" was translated into eleven languages.

The death is announced of the young vocalist, Mdlle. Chamerozow, victim of the prevailing disease (small-pox) after a few days' illness. She sustained the principal parts in the selections of operas at the Società Lirica, and at the winter lectures on dramatic music, delivered by Mr. Ella, at the London Institution.

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
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THE EMERALD:


THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 7.]

SATURDAY, JULY 22nd, 1871.

[Vol. II.

THE BOTTLE FIEND.

NTEMPERANCE in the use of intoxicating liquors means everything that is foul and hideous. The most grotesque imagination must fail to conjure up scenes of defilement so abject, of horrors so loathsome, as drunkenness draws unconsciously with palsied hand—not mere sketches of degradation which the brush of the passing hour may wipe out, but pictures of moral leprosy indelible as mosaic—pictures in which human beings idiotized are the revolting foreground, and rags, wretchedness, misery, ruin, and even death the accessories.

This is strong language, no doubt, but will anyone who reads what follows say it is too strong?

In a well furnished cottage, situated in the town of Ilford, in Essex, lived a man named William Preston, with his wife, and two children—the eldest a girl ten years of age. The man was a railway clerk, of ability so conspicuous, that though he had forfeited his position five times through drunkenness, his employers thought it their interest to reinstate him as often on promise of amendment. A slave to the infatuation of intoxication, instead of meeting aid to reform, he was encouraged and abetted in the hideous vice by his wife. She joined him in every debauch, and carefully trained her little girl to the secrecy and cunning necessary in the messenger for the alcoholic poison. When the nerveless hand of the husband was unable to lift the cup with sufficient steadiness, the loving wife held it to his lips. When both lay in the helplessness of ebriety, the little one was Ganymede as well as Mercury to her wretched parents. What an awful picture! How must it end?

About three weeks ago William Preston received from his brother a legacy of £140. His circumstances had all along been easy. He had never felt the chilling breath of poverty. Hunger passed him and his by, while it seized on many and many a one more worthy. The pale face of sickness haunted not his chamber. Happiness held out both hands to him, but, tempted by the fatal poison, he turned aside and refused the proffered embrace. At last this legacy comes. Will he now put it to use—reform his household, send his children to school, correct himself, and strive to reclaim his wife? Will he make at least one struggle to become respectable—one effort to rid himself of an enemy whose influence blasts and blights as never spell of Merlin did? Will he wrestle with the Bottle Fiend, and overthrow him?

It began to be remarked by neighbors that for a whole

week neither William Preston nor his wife were seen to cross the threshold of their cottage; while at the railway office the efficient though unsteady clerk was absent. At last, the police of the town were communicated with, and early on a Sunday morning they forced the door of the cottage. What they saw when they entered appalled even their rude and not too sensitive natures. In one room William Preston's body, bearing a frightful gash on the brow, and far gone in decomposition, lay dressed, and covered with a sheet. In another bedroom the wife lay in her night-dress, in a state of indescribable filth, in a stupor of drunkenness, surrounded by the empty beer cans which explained her condition. The well furnished cottage was in such astounding disorder that the police at first concluded that some deadly struggle had taken place therein. Pools of blood were lying about clotted, or oozing through the floor to the chamber below. The wretched children hovered between the dead and the drunken parent, fetching drink constantly to their mother. Such is the statement of the police of what they saw and heard when, on that bright Sabbath morning, they entered the foul den that had been consecrated to orgies as disgusting as the filthiest that stain the records of paganism.

The miserable woman has since died in the West Ham workhouse. Before her death, however, she explained that her husband, on the Monday of that awful week, was in an utterly self-helpless condition; that she had tried to put him to bed, and failed; and that afterwards he fell heavily on the fender, from which, in all probability, he received the wound in the forehead which caused his death. The little girl "with fair hair and blue eyes," in whose jacket the "mother made a pocket to hide the gin-bottle in," said she saw her father fall on the fender, and "cut his eyebrow." She added that "mother put the sheet over father." The poor child had lived in an atmosphere that reeked with the fumes of intemperance. Her existence was passed in buying strong drink, seeing it consumed, and observing the consequences. The neighbors of this abandoned pair knew nothing of them but that they were grossly addicted to drinking, and that this was not the first occasion on which they had deliberately shut themselves up in their home, to indulge unrestrictedly and in secret in the most loathsome sensuality which even the depraved heart of man—ever fertile in wickedness—has conceived.

We may be blamed for using strong language. We may be blamed also for hinting at such horrors in a ladies' journal. For the first we have only to say that we think no language

sufficiently strong to employ in reprobation of intoxication. Granted that the case of William Preston and his wife is extreme ; are there not every day cases occurring which differ only in degree ? How many homes are made desolate—how many workhouses filled—how many life-long domestic quarrels engendered—how many violent deaths heaped up by the demon of intoxication ? All this is more than a twice-told tale. Everyone is familiar with it ; and yet the evil proceeds, grows, gathers strength, and has become a power in the land. It is not by squeamishness we can hope to combat a disease which—more dangerous than small-pox or cholera, because it eats into the very heart of society, and dries up the very sap of a nation—spreads with a power of sustained contagion before which the worst of plagues must pale. The most strenuous efforts should be made to stamp out a pitiable weakness which is also a deadly crime. Since the state takes care of those who in some respects are unable to take care of themselves or their property, until they are certified as cured of mental disease, there seems no reason why habitual drunkards, for instance, should not be taken care of in the same way, until the blood becomes pure again, and the system ceases to crave morbidly for alcoholic excitement.

To those who think that the mention of such matters is out of place in a ladies' journal, we have a word to say. It may be very pleasant to act on the poet's dictum, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise ;" but, in the first place, it is hardly possible to shut out these things from the knowledge of ladies, seeing that the daily papers take cognizance of them, and in the most objectionable way, viz., as mere items of news, without, perhaps, a syllable of condemnation. In the second place, ladies are at present the salt of society ; their purity saves it from general corruption ; and if they ever do fall generally into the grosser vices common enough among men, modern civilization will soon be as much a thing of the past as Egyptian. They cannot possibly do anything towards applying a remedy if they know nothing concerning the disease. And in this matter of drunkenness a great deal lies in their own hands. Is it not a fact that at all our social entertainments, in every rank of life, from the highest to the lowest, our hostesses take care to provide alcoholic poison for their guests ; ay, and in the warmth of their hospitality press the dangerous "refreshment" on the unwilling—on the weak one who is afraid of his own weakness, on the youth to whose untainted palate water is as nectar, on the young matron in some hour of bodily languor ? There are pitfalls for the unwary in these things ; and the eager hospitality of a kind heart may dig them unawares. It is but right, therefore, that women should have brought before them betimes to what this indiscriminate custom may lead ; and if the horrible picture of the Ilford cottage should start up suddenly in their minds at times, even though it do not make them set their faces sternly against the habit of "refreshments," it may at least warn them against pressing temptation against the very lips of the guests whom they would honor.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from our last.)

Thorold lay sleeping—the sleep of a pure heart and a good conscience—when suddenly a light flashing in his face awoke him with a start. He looked up and saw Seymour, with a candle in his hand, leaning over him.

"Thorold, forgive me for disturbing you, but I must speak to you. I can endure this no longer."

"I shall be only too thankful if you will, my dear fellow ; it pains me to see the state you are in. There, sit down, and make what use of me you can."

Seymour put down the light, drew a chair close to the bed, and sat down,

"Thorold, I have come to unburden myself to you of a horrible secret, and in so doing, to put my life in your hands."

"Where will I keep it safe at the risk of my own,"

"I knew you would say that, true friend indeed ! but I wish you to understand that I bind you to no promise of secrecy. When you have heard the truth you shall be free to do what you please."

"Agreed. Now tell me all."

"Thorold, you have known me from childhood, and you know what my one great fault has been—a passionate, indomitable self-will, which has ever resisted all contradiction, and been ready to move heaven and earth for the attainment of its object ; this has been the origin of my crime and of my misery—by this I sinned, and by this I suffer. You know, also, that when I was at college I was in a very different position from that in which I now am. My two elder brothers were alive, and I was the penniless younger son of a proud family. My parents treated me, as I conceived, with great injustice. They did not choose to diminish the family estate by awarding me a suitable provision, and therefore they determined to expatriate me. I was to have enough to buy a sheep farm in Australia, and not one penny more—with that I was to be left to fight my way to a living as best I could.

"Just at the time when this decision had filled my whole soul with bitterness, I chanced to come across Annie Maynard, Farmer Brown's orphan niece. Poor, pretty, gentle Annie ! little did she dream that I would be her deadliest enemy when she first raised her blue eyes to my face. Her girlish beauty took my fancy. It was no violent passion—she had neither mind nor education to have inspired such, but I felt for her the passing affection which every young man feels half a dozen times before he has seen that one who alone can teach him what it is to love in the true sense of the word. As usual, I saw no reason why I should not indulge my fancy. It seemed to me that Annie Maynard would be a more suitable wife for an Australian sheep-farmer than a lady, if even a lady could be found to go with me there ; and the poor child loved me—she loved me with all a woman's devoted, confiding love, the more precious to me then, because I was smarting under a sense of neglect and injustice. It ended in my being secretly married to her at the Registrar's Office in this city, according to the law, but the marriage, though legal, had no blessing from the Church, and, truly, it was unblest.

"I kept it secret, because I doubted whether my father would have given me even my promised portion had he known it, and I really think I was partly induced to take the step through the wish to revenge myself for my compulsory exile by showing my family that it had led me to disgrace them by an alliance with a peasant girl.

"But a very short time elapsed, however, before I repented my rash act. The momentary fancy had passed away, and I found myself bound for life to an uneducated child for whom I felt no love. In the course of the six months which followed, my two brothers died, and I suddenly found myself no longer the sheep-farmer, but the heir and hope of our ancient family. My mother wrote to me to leave college and return home immediately ; and in her letter she opened out before me a prospect of future prosperity to which, probably, I should have paid no attention at all, had it not been for the irritating sense of bondage in which I was held by my rash marriage.

"My mother had a cousin who had been left sole heiress of a large estate in our own county. She had married a French noble and had always lived in France, though bitterly regretting her fine old castle and park, which had remained desolate ever since. She had now one child, a daughter—

Ermance d'Aboville—to whom, of course, the estate would descend, and it was her great desire that the heiress should marry an Englishman and settle in her own home. Her husband was, however, equally desirous that Ermance should become the wife of a certain powerful Duc de Limours, who had expressed himself willing for the alliance—my mother was the confidant and ally of the Marquise the more readily that she was bent on securing the heiress for my eldest brother, Henry; finally, after the fashion of French matrimonial arrangements, a compromise was effected, and it was decided that Ermance should spend a summer with my mother, and she might, if she pleased, accept my brother during that time; if, however, this marriage could not be arranged, she was to return to France and become Duchesse de Limours. Just before she was expected to arrive, my brother died. My mother was too good a diplomatist to let this interfere with her scheme. Ermance and Henry had never met, so she simply substituted my name for his, and wrote to me to come at once and carry out her plans.

"Had I been free I should have utterly scouted a marriage arranged by my parents; tied for life to a peasant girl the prospect seemed very alluring, even before I knew what an ideal of all beauty and fascination was offered to me in Ermance; but when I saw her, oh! Thorold, I could have strangled myself for my insane folly.

"I was driving in an open carriage from the station on the day of my return home, when suddenly, as we drew up at the door, a face looked out at me from one of the windows. I can never describe to you its exquisite loveliness—it was the sweetest, sunniest face full of witchery and archness, with fair, floating hair like a golden mist around it. I had seen it—never to forget it—and the next instant it was gone.

"I hastened up to the drawing-room, where I expected to find my mother. She was not there, and I sat down to wait. The door leading into the next room was ajar, where I caught a glimpse of Amelia Hartley, a young lady who was visiting at the house.

"Presently I heard a light footstep pass into the inner room, a burst of musical laughter, and a voice like the carol of a wild singing bird—

"*'Amelie, Amelie, je l'ai vu ce beau prétendant et je t'en fais cadeau, si tu as envie de te marier! Je te le cède, ma chère volontiers. Oh! mais bien volontiers,'* and the sweet, merry laugh rang out again.

"*'Ermance! what a capricious child you are,'* Amelia answered. *'Why should you give him up?'* George Seymour is very good-looking.

"*'Good-looking! he is one great brown bear,'* she said, in her pretty broken English; *'par exemple! le gentil epoux qu'on me donne là!'*

"*'You may say what you please, Ermance, but I expect you to fall in love with him.'*

"*'Moi! l'idée! I love that great rough bear? Ah! bien ça sera la semaine des deux dimanches.'*

"Amelia laughed; and after talking some time in the same strain, I heard them go out together. They left me half mad with pique and annoyance, and full of a settled determination that I would have my revenge by making this contemptuous girl love me, and then revealing my marriage to her.

"I devoted myself to this effort, and you may guess the result. In a very short time I was delivered up to the most violent passion for this girl which ever a man felt for woman. Oh! Thorold, who could have helped it! You can never guess the charm of her marvellous grace, her beautiful voice, her fresh, original mind. She soon began to show that she liked my society, but she was shy and timid as a wild fawn. I would coax her out to walk with me, and then, suddenly, she would fly away on her fairy feet, with steps light as falling snow. I would catch the gleam of her glorious hair through the trees, and for hours I might seek her in vain, only her sweet voice would come back at times on the wind,

singing some mournful song which thrilled my heart; but I must not talk of her. The time came when the decision must be made. I must offer myself at once, or she would go back to France to marry a man she hated; and I felt that she must be mine, cost what it would; and, besides, she also had learned to love me; and, can you believe it, Thorold, I persuaded myself that I should now be acting dishonorably by her if I did not try to break the tie that held me bound to Annie.

"It was this vile delusion which lured me on to a depth of evil I never could have contemplated in my fiercest hours of passion.

"Our marriage was settled.

"Ermance was to return to France for a few months, where I was to accompany her on a visit to her parents, and we were to be married in the course of this present autumn, at her own castle. These arrangements have all been carried out; the wedding is fixed for next week.

"It became then, at that time, an absolute necessity that I should free myself from Annie before I left England with Ermance. I came down here the week before our departure, determined to effect this. Do not shudder at me, Thorold; I had resolved on an evil deed, it is true, but it was one of which the crime was light compared to that I actually perpetrated.

"I knew that the only evidence of my marriage with Annie was the certificate which I had left in her own possession; and my plan (sufficiently iniquitous, you will say) was to persuade her to let me destroy this proof, and consider our union null and void, on condition that I made her a large allowance for her life. I believed that money was all-powerful with persons of her station, and that the low-born girl would willingly sell her good name for an independent income; but it was not Annie alone who was to be sacrificed. She had recently become a mother; and my own child was to be involved in this cruel disgrace.

"I wrote and appointed Annie to meet me on a certain evening in the C— meadow, and bade her bring the certificate with her. Thorold, I wish with my whole soul the railway train had crushed me to death that day instead of bringing me safely to this place.

"Annie was waiting for me on the walk by the river, with a moaning, puny infant in her arms. She had lost all her early comeliness, and was now a faded, common-looking woman. I thought of Ermance, the beautiful, and perfectly loathed her. I lost no time in making known my wishes to her. To my astonishment and rage, she utterly refused. She upbraided me in the strong language of her class, and declared she would remain a concealed wife no longer; her child should have his rights, happen what would; and she would compel me to acknowledge him.

"Thorold, I can never tell you the blind fury that filled my whole soul as she spoke. Every evil passion of my nature seemed to rise up like madness within me. This woman—this base-born woman—to come between me and the darling of my heart, the hope, the joy, the very life of my life! Ermance, my own Ermance who loved me! It was too much. I swore a terrible oath that nothing on this earth should keep me from my purpose. I grasped the girl by the arm, and tried to tear the certificate from the breast of her dress, where she had it concealed; she struggled violently, shrieking out—

"*'You shall not have it, you shall not have it; I will go to our clergyman to-morrow, and give it him to keep—he will see me righted fast enough.'*

"Thorold, at that moment the fierce, implacable will that drove me on, seemed to rise a very living influence within me. I felt myself grow rigid as iron. I tightened my hold of her arm till she cried out with the pain, and told her I would have that certificate at any cost. She tried angrily to shake off my hold, and said—

"*'I'll die first before you have it; I will see my baby righted.'*

"*'Then die,'* I said. The very devil himself got posses-

sion of me ; with one powerful effort I flung her into the river. Far out into the deep water she fell, and sank like a stone."

Seymour stopped, buried his face in his hands, and shook from head to foot. Thorold fell back on his pillow, overpowered with horror.

"Seymour, Seymour, could you not save her?"

He lifted up his ghastly face, and looked at his cousin.

"I know not if I could—I *did not*. I stood on that spot where they say the eyes of the dead woman look, and saw her rise, her and the child—my child—once. She held up her arm, and shrieked out my name—'George! George! George Seymour, save me!' then the head fell back, the hand disappeared, the voice ceased, the waters closed over her, and I fled away from the spot a two-fold murderer!"

"I must hasten to the end. You must not breathe the same air with me now one moment longer than I can help. I have lived since then a life half rapture, half agony. When with Ernanice, I was in a rapture of joy ; absent from her, in an agony of remorse. The agony increased as my marriage day drew nearer. Annie's last cry has mingled with every sound I have heard of late. Yesterday I received a letter from Goldwin, describing this awful appearance on the river. From the moment I read it, a conviction fell like molten lead on my soul that the spirit of my murdered wife had come to earth again, and come that I might meet her—I know not for what purpose.

"The horror with which I thought of meeting *her* dead eyes—of seeing *her* again upon the very spot where I destroyed her—was beyond the power of words to tell ; and yet I felt a dreadful, mysterious fascination, which I had no power to resist, dragging me to this place. I told Ernanice I must leave her for two days, and impelled by some awful power foreign to myself, I came here with my utmost speed.

"And now, Thorold, I will not keep you another moment in the presence of a murderer, but I ask you to remember your offer of help, and to grant me one favor in this my terrible extremity. Will you?"

"I will."

"Do this then for me. To-morrow night I go to the meadow-walk to meet that apparition—to respond to her call—to fulfil the purpose for which she has come to seek me, whatever it may be ; but I cannot go alone—I *am afraid*. Yes, it has come to this. I shudder with horror and fear at the very thought of seeing what that old man saw ; yet I must go. Will you come with me?"

"Can you doubt it?" said Thorold.

"Then to-morrow evening meet me at the College gate ; till that hour I relieve you of my presence." And before Thorold had time to stop him, he had left the room, and had rushed down stairs at a pace which rendered pursuit impossible.

* * * * *

Next evening, in the shadowy twilight, Seymour and Thorold slowly paced the walk by the river-side together.

Thorold had passed his arm through that of his cousin ; for deep as was his horror of the dreadful crime he had committed, he could not help now feeling the greatest compassion for him.

Is it not, indeed, the most terrible of all the agonies which human nature can endure, to bear about the consciousness of a deadly crime, once committed, and never, never, in all the eternal ages, to be recalled ? And besides, the appalling presentiment of coming evil which seemed to hang over Seymour, and the strange fascination which had drawn him to witness the sight he dreaded above all others, affected Thorold very painfully. Yet he found not a word to say, as he walked to-and-fro with his cousin, during that time of dread suspense. What consolation was it possible to offer in such a case as this ?

Once only the silence was broken by Seymour muttering these words to himself, which Thorold overheard—

"No doubt, this man is a murderer, whom though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live."

And then silently again their terrible walk continued, within the limits of the few yards which faced the spot where the apparition appeared.

As the moments dragged heavily on, Thorold began to hope that, after all, nothing might be seen ; when suddenly he was startled by Seymour letting his arm fall, and stopping short abruptly where he stood facing the river. Thorold's heart seemed to cease beating, as he followed the direction of his cousin's eyes, and saw on the opposite bank the form of a woman, with a child in her arms, emitting a strange white light, which, while it rendered the figure perfectly distinct, seemed yet to veil it in luminous vapor. Had Thorold never heard a word concerning this extraordinary appearance, he would have felt the conviction in his inmost soul that he was gazing on that which was not of this world. So entranced was he by the awful sight, that he could not withdraw his eyes from it, or even give a thought for the time to Seymour, on whom, nevertheless, he saw that the gaze of the apparition was fixed ; but as he looked upon her, slowly she began to move. Breathlessly he watched her, as she advanced over the water, and the cold drops stood on his forehead, as he saw her raise her wan hand, and beckon to Seymour. Then, for the first time, he cast a hasty glance on his cousin, and a horror unspeakable gained possession of him when he saw what was taking place.

In proportion as the figure advanced over the river, Seymour proceeded with measured steps down the bank to meet it. He walked as if by a power not his own—stiff, rigid, with his arms hanging motionless at his side. His countenance was ghastly beyond description ; his eyes staring wide open at the apparition ; his jaw fallen, and a sound like the death-rattle in his throat. Already he had reached the edge of the river—already his feet were dipping into it—when Thorold, suddenly seized by an appalling fear, rushed down the bank, and caught him by the arm.

"Seymour ! Seymour !—come back, come back ! What are you doing ?"

Not a word did he answer ; not an instant did his eyes move from the corpse-like face of the apparition. He shook off Thorold's grasp as if the fascination that drew him on had given him supernatural strength. The dead woman drew yet nearer, and her murderer plunged into the water to meet her ; at the same moment she sank, but her head, and the hand, which still beckoned him on, remained above the water. A wailing, unearthly cry rose up, calling upon George to come, and with strong, powerful strokes, he swam towards her.

Thorold saw him reach the spot ; he saw that white, wan arm clasped tightly round his neck. One instant the manly head, warm and glowing with life and youth, appeared touching the livid dead face of the woman, and the next both had vanished beneath the water, leaving no trace behind.

In a moment Thorold had flung himself into the river, and reached the spot ; he swam round it again and again, and dived repeatedly, without the smallest success. There was nothing below or around, but the dark chill waters. At length his strength became exhausted, and he was compelled to regain the bank, and seek assistance.

But all was in vain.

The body of George Seymour was never found, nor did the mysterious apparition ever again appear on the bank of the river.—*From Dub. Univ. Mag., Nov. 1861.*

The *Orchestra* hears that Mdle. Emma Albani is engaged by Mr. Gye for five years, the terms being 250 per month for the first three years, and £300 per month for the rest of the engagement. This Mdle. Albani is a Canadian by birth, her real name being Emma La Jeunesse ; her father is of an old French Canadian family, and her mother is of Scottish descent.

A scheme is on foot for holding a native art exhibition in Constantinople next autumn, and is said to be favorably entertained by the Grand Vizier.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MRS. JAMESON.

This week we select Mrs. Jameson—having already noticed some eminent women, writers and heroines, of foreign birth—partly because she was a native of this island—a fact of which we have good reason to feel proud—chiefly because she is one of the most delightful writers on literary ethics and those of art which any nation has produced; and inasmuch as few have addressed themselves so intelligently and earnestly to the problem of elevating the social status of her sex, and rationalizing their educational system.

Anna Murphy was the daughter of an Irish artist of that name,—who was Painter in Ordinary to the Princess Charlotte—and was born in Dublin at the close of the last century. Facts are few in the biography of this lady, whose life is in her writings. She evinced very early a taste for, and acquired an extensive acquaintance with literature, in which she made her earliest essay in the "Diary of an Ennuyée," which soon became a favorite among the visitors to lending libraries. Her father was accustomed to reside for a few months annually in some of the provincial towns, where his skill in portraiture was much in requisition, and Miss Murphy made many tours in this way, during which she had the opportunity of exercising her acute powers of observation on places and persons, some of the results of which, chronicled in her diary, the young girl blended with sentiment and imagination, and produced in the above-mentioned book, whose inexperienced anonymous sketches awakened comment, while they excited interest. Every one recalls the anecdote of Fanny Burney listening to her father's criticism on her secretly printed "Evalena." An event and *eclaircissement* somewhat similar occurred at a party at Norwich, when the "Diary of an Ennuyée" became the subject of conversation, and where at length the surprised company, who had been very free in their critiques, elicited the fact from Mr. Murphy that the authoress was his daughter. This book, which appeared in 1826, much pruned, was afterwards published in 1836 under the new title of "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." Indeed, the eager haste with which this work was printed arose from Miss Murphy's filial desire to recover her father from one of those attacks of impecuniosity to which artists of all orders and in all ages have unhappily been subject.

Shortly after this date, occurred Miss Murphy's marriage with Mr. Jameson, a gentleman distinguished for his talents and accomplishments, legal and other, and who occupied the post of Speaker of the House of Assembly in Upper Canada, where, as in England, he was much esteemed. But, however instrumental Cupid may have been in producing such early affinities, the results of the marriage proved it was a blind fortune which ministered on the occasion, for they separated shortly after, for a period, and permanently after 1836, never to see each other more, for the thirty years which constituted her remaining life. To this event the biographers of Mrs. Jameson attribute the color which some of her views assumed respecting the social position of her sex, and life generally, of which profuse allusions are found in her writings.

Mrs. Jameson's first book was not a success, but she determined to write others which should command interest and applause—and she succeeded. She united an ardent and active temperament, essentially Irish, with a discriminative care almost German, and a love of labor quite Saxon; understood perfectly and selected the class of work adapted for the exercise of her faculties, which she steadily improved, alike in subtlety and breadth; so that (what can be said of few so voluminous authors) their development held pace with her great and well deserved popularity. Thus, the "Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns" is superior to the "Lives of the Poets," and the "Characteristics of Shakspeare's Women," which appeared in 1832, an advance on both; indeed, it is one of the most charming books in English literature, as a specimen of female insight and sympathetic criti-

cism, ethical and æsthetical—although not without some errors of judgment, possibly the result of haste on the part of an authoress, the demand for whose works gave her pen no rest. The oversight in the case of Lady Macbeth, whom she supposes possessed of a stronger mind than Macbeth, arose from the idea that the intelligence which impels another must be stronger than that moved, and overlooks his foregone incitements, aims, and ambitions, stimulated by supernatural agency. But it does not appear to us correct, as some have stated, that there is a sameness in her analysis of the characters of Shakspeare's women, into which she enters with such feeling, fancy, and delicate discrimination. Character signifies strong impression; and in this respect those of Shakspeare's women are necessarily not so striking as his men; nay, if they were so they would be unnatural; though nothing—despite of Pope's satire, and Thackeray's partial endorsement of it—can be more delicately varied than the great poet's female delineations; respecting which, if Mrs. Jameson's criticisms, which spread her name over the civilized world, are more of a piece than they would have been were male characters her subject, the fault, if it were one, was in her subject, not in her.

How much Mrs. Jameson has done in popularizing a knowledge of pictorial art has long been patent among the multitude of her readers, who are chiefly indebted to her books for an appreciative acquaintance with the works of the great masters at home and abroad. For many years her life was a pilgrimage from one continental gallery to another, pursuing those studies and collecting that mass of information which she has so charmingly elaborated in her "Legends of the Madonna," as her "Legends of the Monastic Orders," in reading which we travel with the cultivated authoress through so many interesting localities—so many palaces of genius, rendered sacred both by the subject and the divine art of the painters; listening to her lucid explanation, her sympathetic comment, and enlightened by those flashes of insight, so valuable to ordinary observers or mere students of detail, which seem to connect the work and its maker by a new life. The last mentioned works are abundantly illustrated by her pencil, so that the untraveller reader, aided by visible images of many *chef d'œuvres*, can thus thoroughly estimate the excellences of design expounded in the authoress's copious, penetrative, and sensitive critique and disquisition. Extremely useful also are her Handbooks and Companions to the public and private galleries of England, and her notices of the rise and succession of art types arranged chronologically. Among her other works are "Winter Sketches and Summer Rambles in Canada," in which we are presented with so many impressive pictures of scenery and of wild Indian life. Mrs. Jameson was received with enthusiasm in the States, where her conversation delighted, while the opinions of one of the foremost women in Europe, on social and other topics, were so much in accord with those of the society of a new country, where reason takes the side of liberty, and where the desire for progress is so vital, and—with some extravagances, essential to novel conditions—its true spirit apparent in so many directions. Her last works, which occupied her between 1848-1852, were "Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies," a most companionable and instructive book, in which she has condensed much of her experience of life and literature, and her ethical and artistic conclusions. Mrs. Jameson, whose friends enabled her to pass her latter years independent of the continued literary exertion she had displayed in her active maturity, died 17th March, 1860. The labors of her cultivated mind and earnest life may be classed in two departments: her books popularized a knowledge of art; and did much in creating and directing opinion with respect to those disabilities under which women have suffered and suffer, and their educational system. In both respects her efforts have been productive of important results. Before her time there were few readable books on literary ethics. Commentaries on Shakspeare abounded, and great writers had illustrated his dramatic and poetic excellences, and

placed in strong lights his male characterizations chiefly. But Mrs. Jameson's work on the female delineations of the "myriad-minded" bard were still needed to complete the circle of appreciation. Criticism applied to both pictorial and poetic art, had long been didactic and perceptive merely—the larger and necessary part, to be sure—whereas a more complete blending of sensibility with intelligence was essential to the thorough comprehension and estimation of the living, creative embodiments of the mind, which constitute Art. Even as it is, indeed, the study of *Æsthetics*, or system of principles on which the beauty of all objects or subjects—in external nature as in thought and imagination—which create *emotion*, depend, is far less diffused than those who desire to see this species of knowledge, so necessary to the perfection and happiness of life, would wish it to be. The works of Ruskin have exercised a large influence in this way; and although we cannot place our authoress on an approximate pedestal with the greatest critic England has produced on the poetry of pictorial and structural art, the writings of Mrs. Jameson, instinct with delicate female intuitions, as they are with information, have been an important and delightful addition to the true literature of *æsthetics*. Finally, not women only, but the aggregate of both sexes have reason to hold her in grateful remembrance for her endeavors to equalize their rank in intelligence and rational liberty—which are but other words for mutual happiness.

THE BAND OF ROSES.

(From the German of Klopstock.)

Dreaming in the shade I found her,
With a rosy chain I bound her,
Yet slumber floated still around her.

I gazed : my warp of life then hung ;
Aye woven her life's threads among !
I spoke not—feeling chained my tongue.

I whispered faintly, but in vain ;
I softly stirred her flowery chain :
Then sleep his airy flight hath ta'en.

She gazed on me ; that glance's sway
Then linked her life on mine for aye !
Around us shone elysian day !

GEORGINA.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR LONDON SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

In London the fashionable world has enjoyed an unusually good season, and consequently the elegancies of the toilette have been displayed with lavish extravagance and luxury. At no period in the history of costume has the toilette of women generally been of such an expensive and fashionable style as at the present moment, when both short and long skirts are masses of frills, puffs, and bows, and above these paniers, which run into all kinds of monstrosities, and are, in their turn, excuses for more trimming; so that the quantity of material that once served to make a dress, at present is scarcely available for the petticoat. The first impression of any one unaccustomed to the fashions of the day, on moving along a fashionable promenade, would be that he was in the midst of a fancy ball or a dramatic fête, with the ladies attired in character. Many of the toilettes displayed by ladies of rank and wealth are exceedingly elegant, but not a few, although costly and rich, are very absurd. The same marked distinction in taste pervades all classes; for whilst some contrive, whilst following the fashions, to preserve a modest and becoming exterior, many are droll enough to provoke a smile. The humbler classes, down even

to the work girls and some of the servants on their day out are attired in paniers and high-heeled boots, chignons, frills, furbelows, veils, and parasols. As for the chignons, the largeness and grotesqueness with which they are arrayed seem to be in an inverse ratio with the size of the wearer's purse and the eminence of her position.

Irish poplins and Irish tabinets are very much in favor here; and ever since the Princess Louise Marchioness of Lorne set the fashion, a white Irish poplin has been the most *distingué* wedding dress which a bride can assume. *Crêpe de chine* or China crape is a very favorite material; as is *foulard*, the soft washing silk which was once called "Bandana," or "pocket handkerchief silk." Many dresses are composed of a petticoat of foulard, and a bodice and tunic of China crape. The latter material drapes elegantly, and cleans and washes well. Bodies and tunics of white foulard are worn over colored silk, and even velvet or velveteen petticoats, when the weather permits of the assumption of so thick a material.

It is more fashionable this season to make up a light body and tunic over a colored or dark skirt than to wear a dark tunic over a light one.

One deep flounce at the hem of a dress is now considered more stylish than several deep ones. It may be worn alone with a pretty heading, or with a wide *ruche*, or a few bias bands above it. The pinked-out, fringed-out *ruches* are very effective, and are distinguished by the appellation of "*chicorée*."

Most bodies are cut square, or heart shape, open at the neck in front, and high behind; some are only slightly cut out, others are open to the bosom or even the waist. Chemisettes of tucked muslin, net, and insertion, or handsome lace are worn inside. But still it is quite possible to wear a plain high body.

The open bell sleeves are most in favor, large or small, with handsome lace frills inside, and with or without muslin or net coat sleeves, with handsome lace cuffs covering the arm. Coat sleeves are sometimes cut open at the back nearly to the elbow, and lace worn inside.

Lace is much worn on every part of the dress as trimmings to all kinds of materials, and a great deal of handsome lace is worn in *lingerie*.

In my next article I will give you particular descriptions of a few pretty toilettes.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUSTRATION OF THE LATEST FASHIONS.

No. 1.—Costumes of rich *poult de soie* in the new sage color, trimmed with flounces of *gauze de Chambéry* one tone lighter; a box-plaited flounce edges the skirt, with reverse box plaits, to fall over flounce of *gauze de Chambéry* to finish top and bottom; panier trimmed to match, draped at the sides, and parted up the back to form two large puffs. Jacket fitting with *basque*. This costume has been greatly admired, and is quite an original design.

No. 2.—Train robe of rich gray *poult de soie*, with darker shade box-plaited flounces, with reverse box frill, edged with handsome white silk Maltese lace and fringe; front robing of lace and fringe, finished with bows of darker shade of *poult de soie* at the sides; handsome train of tunique falling nearly to the bottom of skirt, with revers of silk of a darker tone; low bodice trimmed with white lace. This forms one of the most elegant and graceful costumes of the season.

No. 3.—Costume of rich *poult de soie*, gray and blue; skirt kilt plaiting of blue silk, with a deep flounce of gray silk, vandyked all round bottom, bound with blue, and small gores of blue inserted at spaces, finished with bows; jacket trimmed to match, with vandyke trimming carried up back, points nearly meeting and showing the blue silk through. A charming costume, of great beauty of design, and quite exclusive in its originality.

THE EMERALD'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF LATEST FASHIONS.



Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN

have taken an important and a significant step on Tuesday last, by assenting to a proposal of the Home Government Association to be heard at the bar of the city parliament, through their delegates, while expounding the meaning they attach to the phrase "Home Rule," and inviting an expression of opinion in favor of its principle from the first municipal body in Ireland. The City Hall had been fitted up for the occasion, and the assemblage was very imposing in appearance. The red robes and furs of the corporators contrasted with the black and white of the delegates and their friends, as well as with the delicate shades which marked the elegant toilettes of the numerous ladies who graced the scene. The most prominent citizens of Dublin were present, as well as some of the principal members of the Home Government Association, delegates from a great number of the provincial corporations, and delegates representing the various trades in the city. The Lord Mayor having asked if the Corporation were willing to hear the delegation from the Home Government Association, and having been answered in the affirmative, gave the required permission to speak. Whereupon O'Neill Daunt, Esq., J.P., rose to deliver a speech of great length, in which were many eloquent passages. Mr. Martin, M.P., followed; and the delegation closed with a very able speech from a very able man, Rev. Professor Galbraith, F.T.C.D. In the course of a few days the Corporation will have pronounced its decision on this question—the agitation concerning which is assuming great magnitude; and it is very generally asserted that that decision will be in favor of the movement. Certainly, if the proposed arrangement between England and Ireland, as explained by Professor Galbraith, were carried out quietly, and without disturbing the minds of the people by a long and perhaps bitter agitation, it does seem as if no harm could accrue to either country from it, while it offers a probability of good to both. However, the fate of this question does not depend in the smallest degree upon Irish opinion. If the majority of Englishmen think the arrangement not beneficial to their part of the empire, no change will be made; whereas, on the other hand, if they deem it beneficial to England that the change should be made, made it will be, even though every man, woman, and child in Ireland petitioned against it. This is a natural result of government by majorities.

THE DEATH OF TALBOT,

the retired head-constable, whose attempted assassination we reported last week, took place on Sunday last. As far as we can gather, the surgeons in attendance cut an artery to enable them to make search for the greater portion of the bullet, which lay somewhere at the base of the skull. The artery was then compressed for a time with a compressing pin, until the hemorrhage had ceased; and subsequently two attempts were made to extract the bullet, both resulting in failure. The surgeons then agreed to postpone the operation till the patient had recovered strength; but the severed artery got opened again, hemorrhage set in, and then inflammation, followed by exhaustion, during which the soul of the unfortunate man at length parted from his body.

THE FINDING OF THE MONEY,

or at least the greater part of it, for which the barbarous murder of Mr. Glass was undertaken in the bank at Newtownstewart, has created immense excitement in that town and neighborhood. £1,338 were discovered under a stone in a field not far from the road which Sub-inspector Montgomery was seen traversing backwards and forwards within an hour of the time of the murder, as near as can be ascertained. This circumstance seems to have had a visible effect on the officials acting for the crown; as the suspected officer was removed to Omagh jail after the evidence as to the finding of the money was given at the coroner's inquest; instead

of, as heretofore, enduring a mild captivity in his own quarters. Public feeling is so highly wrought on this atrocity that a large mob, with the utmost want of good taste and good sense, while exclaiming against Sub-inspector Montgomery as if he had been convicted of the murder, endeavoured to attack him, and assuredly would have done so but for the strategems and determination of the large police escort which was fortunately present. Nor was their indignation levelled only at him. Efforts were made to maltreat his solicitor, Mr. Rea, for venturing to take any part in defending him. Mr. Rea in turn had to seek the protection of the police, and was guarded, amid savage hootings and yellings, to his hotel. Making every allowance for excited feelings, we cannot say the disgraceful scene was in the least creditable to those who took part in it.

THE NORTH

has been earning an unenviable reputation for deeds of violence for some time past. At the Cavan assizes, an old farmer named Williamson, aged 70, was tried for poisoning his wife with arsenic and strichnine—a woman with whom he had lived in conjugal intimacy for forty years. The evidence against him was chiefly given, with natural reluctance, by his children and other relations; and the jury acquitted him. The judge, when discharging him, informed him that he owed a great deal to the way in which his relatives had given their evidence. At the same assizes Hugh Fay was tried for the murder of his sweetheart Mary Lynch, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity and cold-bloodedness. The girl was found in a field adjoining a fair town, not far from the public road, with her head lying in a ditch, and the marks of death from suffocation plainly on her. The motive ascribed to the prisoner for this diabolical deed was to rid himself of the consequences of an improper intimacy. Shakespear says that "following crimes on former wait," and every one that studies life knows that Shakespear is right. Whether this were the cause of the violent death of Mary Lynch we cannot say, as the jury in the case disagreed after a long locking-up; although one of the witnesses swore he saw Hugh Fay strangle a girl with a strap in the very place where the deceased was found, and heard her scream. It is hard to believe, though, that a man—an Irishman—would look on without interference at such a scene, or that its only effect on him would be to make him run away in fear. If the witness told the truth, we fear "the age of chivalry is gone" in Cavan.

PROPERTY IS SAFE ENOUGH

in our day; for never, at any period, was robbery so little practised or on so paltry a scale, regard being had to the proportion of population and wealth. But if property be fenced round with protections, life does not seem to be. We are just after noting no less than four violent deaths in Ireland; and when we turn to one assizes in England we are met by the records of seven. Agnes Norman is suspected of having murdered no less than five babies under her care; but of course it was sufficient to convict her on the charge of killing one, which was done. Mrs. Hannah Newington, *alias* Flora Davey, was convicted of the manslaughter of Mr. Frederick Moon, in punishment for which she was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. Her case is an example of the links that exist in the chain of sin! But though it be bitter punishment for a woman not without education and a certain sort of refinement to herd with the refuse of the prison population of England, it is impossible to refrain from saying that there is poetic justice in it. The more education and refinement were hers, the less excuse for straying from the path of right. Now, those which should have been her safeguards against temptation, if she had chosen to use them, will be the scorpions of her punishment. As for the other case, tried at the Central Criminal Court, London, there can be no doubt that a barbarous murder was committed on Mary Jane Clousen at Eltham, near Greenwich; but the jury declined to say that Edmund Walter

Pook was the murderer, and as far as we can see they exercised a wise discretion, in the face of palpable false swearing by some of the witnesses, and little disingenuousnesses on the part of the police. Nevertheless, the verdict pleased not the Greenwich mob, who gathered in their might on several occasions before the door of Pook's father's house, with an effigy of a young man slaughtering a maiden with a plasterer's hammer, which effigy was drawn about in a cart, and paraded all over the town, ruffianly bands of several thousands accompanying each procession. The shouts and cries which added horror to those hideous exhibitions must have been harrowing in the extreme to the liberated young man and his relatives. In fact, we can only say that the whole proceeding surpassed in brutality the Newtown Stewart one to which we have alluded above.

THE ARMY BILL

has been thrown out by the House of Lords by a majority of twenty-five. What the government will do under the circumstances is not known up to the time of the present writing. It is confidently said, however, that they will propose an address to the crown to abolish the purchase system for officers in the army, without any reference to the House of Lords—which it seems is perfectly within the prerogative of the crown. One thing at least appears settled—namely, that the government will not resign.

THE FRENCH

are still pursued remorselessly by fate, though now on a comparatively small scale. A powder and shell factory and store blew up at Vincennes, which committed awful havoc. Many workmen and women, as well as some soldiers, lost their lives; while two Sisters of Mercy and several members of an ambulance, who went to attend the wounded, met their fate by a subsequent explosion of shells. The fire is not yet burnt out, nor is the danger wholly over. Sentries have been placed all round to prevent people from getting near the scene of the explosion. The lamentable occurrence was the result of an accident. Again, at Rheims, a similar explosion took place, killing and wounding a great many. At Nice, a riot took place, which resulted in at least one violent death, while several came seriously damaged out of the fray. The cause of this riot was a collision between the Italian and French parties in the town. It will be remembered that after the Franco-Austrian war of 1859 Venetia was ceded by the Austrians to the King of Sardinia; and in return for the French help which had enabled him to gain so important an advantage for Italy, Count Cavour, the then prime minister of Sardinia, gave up the provinces of Nice and Savoy to France. As might naturally be expected, the patriotic Italians of these two provinces were dissatisfied with an arrangement which separated them from the country with which they had always considered themselves identified; and this dissatisfaction has been greatly increased since the unification of Italy. Hence the riot.

THE TERRIBLE SCOURGE

cholera has again made its appearance in Europe. Poland seems to suffer most from it, as many as ten on an average dying daily from cholera in one city only. In several Russian ports also the disease has burst out; and the government of the Czar are taking active precautions against its spread. They are under the impression that it was imported by ships from southern climates; and their efforts are chiefly directed to the establishment of quarantines and suitable supervision at the ports.

THE RIOTS AT NEW YORK

proved even more sanguinary than was at first reported. Thirty dead bodies lay for identification in the morgue, and over one hundred persons were wounded. Amongst both killed and wounded there were several women—mere spectators of the procession. This sanguinary affair was the immediate result of demoralization and insubordination among the men of the 84th state militia regiment, which fired into the crowd of lookers-on, in defiance of their officers.

We know not what action the American authorities may take; but we certainly think that every man who thus fired should be tried for manslaughter at the least.

VIGNETTES FROM A YEAR-BOOK.

A MAY SUNDAY.

Summer vapors, soft and white,
Sleep round the airy, sunny Sabbath sky,
O'er full-leaved orchards, blithe with dewy light,
And the blue sea anigh.

The fresh, new smell of grass
Is blown from the long meadows inland, where
From stile to stile the quiet figures pass
In twos and threes from pray'r.

At times the wind brings down
The breath of blossomed woodlands on the ridge,
Whose ruined turret's crown
Looms with heroic frown
In the long red light mirrored by the bridge.

When crows are winging home,
The shadows deepen, and one solemn star
Flames through the pale space west, and in gray gloom
The sea begins to sound along the bar.

JULY RAIN.

All through the many-houred
Close midsummer day
The rains, from ocean risen, have showered
From a sky of gray.
We have fed, and talked, and read
Indoors; and o'er the bay
Expectant from the window look
For a parting ray
Redly piercing through the west,
Ere the great sun goes to rest—
As we soon; but deeper grows
The gloom; and only fuller flows
Through dripping trees the brook.
Once, though drear, it seemed to clear;
But now the rain grows thick again,
And only scents of flowers that close
In darkness blind, drift on the wind,
Like earliest dreams from night's repose.

Come, ere we call for candles, play
A song or two to harmonize
With those humid odors of the skies,
And tune the nerves, depressed by this long rainy day.

EARLY WINTER.

Dim clouds along cold light-lakes in the west,
One wintry planet sparkling o'er,
And frosted woods, with many a bared nest,
Front our cottage door;
Within, the room is gaily dressed,
The crisp fire lights the pictured wall,
Where frolic shadows flash and fall,
And table, piled with fragrant cheer—
The last gold apples of the year,
Sweet pears, and mitted filberts gray,
Wherewith Dot filled her lap of late
In the thicket at the gate,
Among whose parched leaves we hear
The rousing, rustling, shivering breeze
That rose when it had ceased to breeze,
From the dead line of the day—
Which comes and goes, and level blows
The chimney smoke in whirls away.
Over the sea the sad moon in the wane
Gleams on the surge, whitening the friths and beach;
At times we hear the seagull's plaintive screech
Unto its nested young in the windy rock,
Where the long, earnest billows beat with ceaseless shock;
And as the gust veers by, hearken again
To drifts of leaves against the darkened pane,

Where some—who think the frost will end in rain—

Turning, behold their faces on the gloom,

Mirrored in shifting forms, distorted loom,

Fantastic now, now fearful, as in pain ;

And on the silence comes a sense of doom
From the vast dome of darkness and the main.

But, o'er the rounding space of earth,

Each cottage door shuts in its cosy hearth,

And under silver-frosted roofs of straw

Reigns quiet housewifery and twilight mirth,

Albeit the broad air from the north breathes raw.

The wearied goodman, in his chimney nook,

Half dozing, shoots a heavy-lidded look—

Now on his wife, upon the dresser clean,

Flashing with delph, festooning ivies green—

Now on his girl of twenty, fair and strong,

Turning the griddle-cakes, humming a song

Lowly toed, in innocent deceit,

Through which to listen for her lover's feet

When the gust passes from the roof, for he

This Hallow Eve has promised, certainly.

Hark, the gate shakes—he comes! Not yet—too soon;

How slow the clock-hand moves! it wants repair,

And must be oiled. And she resumes the tune ;

Then rises to get supper. But the moon,

Down the caves slanting o'er her ribboned hair,

Finds her still watching at the window there.

T. C. IRWIN.

PETRIE'S ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND.

[By a typographical error, the introductory paragraph prefixed to the following essay was printed with the beginning of the essay without any distinctive mark to show where the introduction ended. No one who read with any care could mistake the commencement of the essay in question : but it may be as well to say here that it began with the quotation from Shakespeare. The original title is that given above.]

(Continued from page 69.)

To return from this digression. Ireland, we are inclined to think, stands pre-eminent among the Celtic nations in beauty and power of expression in her *caoinés*, or lamentations, and her love songs—the latter by their strange fitfulness and sudden transitions from gladness to pathos and longing, are marked with a character peculiarly her own. It may be well supposed that some of these delightful song-tunes are accompanied by songs of corresponding simplicity and pathos. Doubtless, originally, in every case, the perfect music was set to noble words in the native language. But the destructive course of time, coupled with the bias of popular lyricism to politics, has, within the last century, caused the words of many of the best of old Celtic love chants to disappear utterly from the memories of the peasantry. A few years more, and probably none would have been left for the delight of the literary antiquary, the philosopher, and the lover of popular tradition. Petrie, then, and his friend Professor O'Curry, have high claims to gratitude for the exertions they have made to preserve the words usually sung to the melodies in this collection.

In every country in Europe, save Ireland, the examples of Scott and Percy have been successfully followed ; but of the dying-out poetry of the Irish people, whose songs, as numerous, sweet, and pure as the wild flowers, are still to be gathered from the peasantry, no such collectors have arisen. Of the exact date of the airs to which these songs are chanted, it would be impossible to form an estimate approaching to accuracy ; but we know that, even so early as the eleventh century, the Welsh bards sought for and received instruction from those of Ireland, while Giraldus Cambrensis mentions the attention of the Irish to musical instruments, and their skill in using them, as beyond all comparison superior to that of any nation he had yet seen. He adds, speaking of their playing on the harp, "They delight with so much delicacy, and soothe so softly, that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it." Handed down from father

to son, and grand-dame to grand-child, these airs have lived on from year to year, and century to century. Perfect in beauty as many of them are, we still believe they do but survive as the wreck of better times—the broken voice which tells of a life that has passed away since it gave them birth—of a people who are fast becoming scattered and lost.

But for the researches of Edward Bunting, and a few who have followed in his track, Dr. Petrie remarks that "the memory of our music would have been but little more than a departed dream, never to be satisfactorily realized," and that, notwithstanding all that has been done by those persons, it never has been collected, truly and perfectly, and never can be so now.

"I could not but feel," he goes on to say, "that what must have been at no distant time the inevitable result of the changes in the character of the Irish race, which had been long in operation, and which had already almost entirely denationalised its higher classes, had been suddenly effected, as by a lightning flash, by the calamities which, in the year 1846-7, had struck down and well nigh annihilated the Irish remnant of the great Celtic family. Of the old, who had still preserved as household gods the language, the songs, and the traditions of their race and their localities, but few survived. Of the middle-aged and energetic, whom death had yet spared, and who might, for a time, to some extent have preserved such relics, but few remained that had the power to fly from the plague and panic-stricken land ; and of the young, who had come into existence and become orphaned during those years of desolation, they, for the most part, were reared where no mother's eyes could make them feel the mysteries of human affections, no mother's voice could soothe their youthful sorrows, and implant within the memories of their hearts her songs of tenderness and love, and where no father's instructions could impart to them the traditions and characteristic peculiarities of feeling that would link them to their remotest ancestors. The green pastoral plains, the fruitful valleys, as well as the wild hill sides, and the dreary hogs, had equally ceased to be animate with human life. The land of human song was no longer tuneful, or if a human sound met the traveller's ear, it was only that of the feeble and despairing wail for the dead. This awful, unvoiced silence, which during the famine and the subsequent years almost everywhere prevailed, struck more fearfully upon their imaginations, as many Irish gentlemen informed me, and gave them a deeper feeling of the desolation with which the country had been visited, than any other circumstance which had forced itself upon their attention."

Dr. Petrie goes on to state that it was the consideration of the circumstances of which this fact gave so striking an indication, that, more than any other, induced him to accept the proposal of the Irish Music Society, and secure to the public his long-hoarded stores of melody. Many collections, it is true, have already appeared of the melodies of Ireland ; nevertheless, scarcely one of the airs in the volume before us had been published. The collection of Sir J. Stevenson, in which the melodies are set to words by Moore, is the one with which the English people are most familiar. Beautiful as Stevenson's arrangements are, variations have been necessarily made which too often destroy the national character of the air, and which will always be lamented by those who are acquainted with the original. Holden's and Bunting's collections are more correct, and many of the finest airs in them have been supplied by Dr. Petrie himself ; but the present publication stands alone as being the work of one who is at once a musician and a profound archæologist. The importance of this latter qualification has never been insisted on sufficiently. Deep researches are now being made as to the extent of the civilization of the Aryan family before it separated ; as to the situation of its abode ; and as to the relative periods at which its members left their common home. The groundwork for such researches is supplied by the words common to the various Indo-European languages, and it may be well asked whether the natural music of which we have spoken, in itself a language of all others most subtle and refined in expression, should be passed over without investigation. If the study of philology be invaluable as a means of increasing our knowledge of the development and progress of the intellect, so should music be equally prized

and studied as the language of the emotive faculty. Considered in this way, each new melody will be to us as a new word, a fresh revelation of the history of the human race. The student of European national music may trace the characteristics of our great branch of the Aryan family. By observing what airs are common to different nations, he may discover curious evidences in some cases of such airs having been produced before the separation of the Aryan race; in others, of the subsequent intercourse of the peoples that possess them. He may learn somewhat of the idiosyncrasy of nations, by studying the changes that took place in such melodies as have passed from people to people, and by finding what airs were peculiar to one.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLEFIELD.

I wandered far, until I stood
Upon the glorious plain
On which was shed the bravest blood
That ever ran to swell the flood
Which flowed from heroes slain.

Whilst list'ning to the rushing sound
Of wind and ocean wave,
I gazed upon the scene around,
Where rose full many a daisied mound,
To mark a soldier's grave.

A soldier's grave!—what shadows fall,
Of woe, across my heart,
When, pausing now, I think of all
The braves who, at the trumpet call,
Died from their kindred part,

To go and fight on foreign shore!
For glory's sake to die!
In freedom's cause to nobly pour
On alien soil their true hearts' gore!
'Mongst foes in death to lie!

I thought of him—the hero brave—
Who led his thousands on
To glory! O'er the ocean wave
He lies beneath a lowly grave—
He too, alas! is gone.

I said it seemed too high a cost
To pay for liberty,
When lives like his, like theirs, are lost,
And hearts at home, which loved them, must
Be torn with agony.

I said that Mars himself would grieve
To see such heroes slain;
That each bright chaplet Fame should weave
To deck the victor's brow, must leave
An impress deep of pain.

But still I knew each heart which there
Lies cold within its grave,
Would rather pulseless be, than wear
The stigma of disgrace, or bear
The loathsome name of slave.

So rest ye, soldiers!—leave to me,
The sorrow—keep the fame
Ye gained on battlefield! 'twill be
A guide-star to posterity—
The glory of your name!

Rest ye, warriors! may the right
To liberty you've won,
Kindle in other lands the light
Of hope, to guide them through the night,
Till bursts their freedom's sun!

C. B.

THE GRATTAN STATUE.

The illustrious name of Grattan is one that occupies in our annals the perhaps unique position of being honored by every creed and party in Ireland. It has been truly said that "he died as a patriot might wish to die—with the love of friends, and the admiration of opponents, leaving a nation to

deplore his loss, and not an enemy to obscure his fame." The wildest bigot, the most anti-Irish Irishman, could scarcely attempt to detract from the fame of one who united in himself most of the qualities and gifts that secure reverence and love, and command homage. Pre-eminent as an orator—his splendid eloquence the channel through which the noblest, grandest, and most profound ideas were conveyed to his hearers—a patriot of the highest and purest stamp—he was at the same time one of the most earnest, the most stainless, and the most amiable of men. Calumny itself could find nothing on which to fasten either in his public career or in his private life. His marvellous genius is the glory of his country—his exalted character her pride; and it has been well said that "he will be for ever one of the very elements of Ireland." What truly Irish heart that does not thrill at the very mention of his name, and that does not re-echo the desire of the poet that another may arise amongst us,

"To live as Grattan lived, in the glow of his manly years—
To thunder again the iron words that thrill like the clash of
spears."

His memory must live for ever in the heart of his country. Would that his honored dust rested in his own land and among his own people! But the great Irish patriot and orator sleeps in a London grave; and in his own island—that country that he loved with a warmth and earnestness which never failed or grew cold, no public monument has been raised to his memory. Half a century has rolled by since he passed away; and in the streets of the capital of Ireland, no statue as yet commemorates the career of one of Ireland's most illustrious sons.

But a dawn of better times seems approaching; and the national feeling has determined that some outward symbol of honor shall attest the veneration and love in which his countrymen hold the name of Grattan. About two years ago, a number of patriotic Irishmen subscribed a sum of money for the purpose of erecting his statue in the city where his matchless eloquence had so often thrilled the listening senate. The site selected for the proposed monument is the one which naturally suggests itself—in front of that old Parliament House which is inseparably associated with his name.

But delays have unfortunately occurred, and the hoped-for day when the statue of Grattan should stand in the sight of all, both as a reverential remembrance of the past, and a pledge for the future, appeared to be indefinitely postponed. The delay naturally awakened some anxiety, and Mr. Martin, M.P., in an eloquent letter addressed to one of the daily papers, says, "Why is not the statue yet chiselled and cast, and standing in College Green? I think many of your readers will sympathize with me in regretting that this good work is not already done, and will join me in saying there ought not to be any further delay in setting about it."

These words have produced an explanation of the delay, by which it appears that Mr. Foley, to whom the execution of the statue was entrusted, was unable, from an accumulation of work, as well as from ill health, to undertake the order at present. It has been therefore proposed that the work shall be placed in the hands of Mr. Farrell. Under these circumstances, we may hope that ere long Ireland may rejoice in seeing a life-like resemblance of her illustrious son before that senate house, "made famous to all time by his glorious voice." Though dead, he yet speaks; and standing there in homage to his memory, every patriotic Irish heart will recall his last words in the parliament which his devoted efforts could not save—"Yet I do not give up my country—I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty—

"Thou art not conquered—beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

IERNE.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Regnier retires from the Theatre Français, after forty years' service, being one of the longest careers on record for an actor in the same house. His pension is fixed at 9,000 francs a year.

"A Terrible Temptation," by Mr. Charles Reade, will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall next week.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is now engaged upon a new serial story, which will be published in *Cassell's Magazine*.

Carpeaux, the sculptor, is at present engaged on a colossal work, destined for Auber's tomb, representing the composer surrounded by his *chefs-d'œuvre*: *La Muette*, the *Domino Noir*, *Fra Diavola*, and the *Ambassadrice*.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has discontinued public readings under medical advice. It is stated authoritatively that they can never under any circumstances be resumed by him.

The Countess von Bothmer, authoress of "A Poet-Hero," etc., etc., has a new novel in the press, entitled "Cruel as the Grave."

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has a new comedy, entitled *Cupid in Waiting*, in rehearsal at the Royalty Theatre. He is, it will be remembered, the author of *Cool as a Cucumber*.

Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn has completed a new novel, which will be published in the approaching autumn, under the title of "Die Glöcknerstochter."

Mr. W. D. Christie, formerly minister in Brazil, has been elected one of the three trustees of the London Library, in the place of Mr. Grote. The other two trustees are Earl Stanhope and Lord Lyttleton.

The *Creation* was performed on Monday evening in the Royal Albert Hall by the National Choral Society, numbering nearly 1,000 members, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. The principal vocalists were Miss Matilda Scott, Miss Anne Buckland, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. J. F. Cook, and Mr. Lander; organist, Mr. J. G. Boardman.

Mr. Robert Hardwicke announces "Ripples and Breakers," a collection of poems by Mrs. G. Linnaeus Banks, authoress of "God's Providence House," etc.

The *Musical Standard* says that the municipality of Milan have voted a subvention of 180,000 francs to the La Scala Opera House.

Owing to the precarious state of Mdle. Marimon's health, Mr. Mapleson, in terms honorable to himself, withdraws her name for the present from the announcements.—*Orchestra*.

Mr. John Francis Barnett has been solicited to compose two songs for Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas; to be sung at the next Gloucester Festival.

The direction of the Comédie Française has changed hands—M. Perrin, formerly manager of the Opera, having replaced M. Thierry, who returns to his old post at the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal.

The Homburg season will witness the presence of Mdme. Patti, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mdme. Volpini, Signori Trebelli and Ferency, Signor Medini, and Herren Wilhelmj and Karl Tausig. Two performances of Italian opera a week are announced.

Mr. George Honey has left the Vaudeville company, and returns to the Prince of Wales's. A revival of *Caste* is in prospect.

Mr. J. B. Buckstone will immediately commence a short engagement at the Philharmonic Theatre, where he will appear in several of his popular characters.

The Paris journals announce that the French opera, or whatever it is now to be called, re-opens on the 14th inst.; and it is proposed, not without reason, that the first performance shall be for the benefit of the *corps de ballet* and other dancers, male and female.

Lieut.-Colonel Francis Cunningham has in the press three volumes of a "Handbook for London." This work is an enlargement and continuation of the well-known book by the Lieut.-Colonel's late brother, Mr. Peter Cunningham.

Mr. Murray will publish, in November, Mr. Grote's "Aristotle," on which work the author had been engaged for many years. It will be published as Mr. Grote left it.

The publishing house of Ricordi, in Milan, have lately purchased the copyright for Italy of the works of the popular composer, Mr. Brinley Richards.

Mr. W. G. Wills's drama, "The Man o' Airie," originally produced by Mr. Hermann Vezin at the Princess' Theatre, has been given successfully at Booth's Theatre, New York.

Mr. Bain is engaged on a sketch of the late Mr. Grote's life, which will, we believe, appear in one of the magazines.

It is stated that Mr. Millais sold his landscape, "Chill October," in this year's academy, to Mr. Agnew for £1,500. Mr. Agnew has resold it to Mr. Mendel, of Manchester, for £2,500.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To MAKE COFFEE.—Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or 1 tablespoonful, of ground coffee to each person; to every oz. of coffee allow $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water. To make coffee good, it should never be boiled, but the boiling water merely poured on it, the same as for tea. The coffee should always be purchased in the berry—if possible, freshly roasted; and it should never be ground long before it is wanted for use. There are very many kinds of coffee-pots, but the method of making coffee in each is nearly the same; namely, pouring the boiling water on the powder, and allowing it to filter through. There are, however, some hydrostatic urns which are admirably adapted for making good and clear coffee in the following manner:—Warm the urn with boiling water, remove the lid and moveable filter, and place the ground coffee at the bottom of the urn. Put the moveable filter over this, and screw the lid, inverted, tightly on the end of the centre pipe. Pour very slowly into the inverted lid the proportion of boiling water mentioned above, and when all the water so poured has disappeared from the funnel, and made its way down the centre pipe and up again through the ground coffee by hydrostatic pressure, unscrew the lid and cover the urn. Pour back direct into the urn, not through the funnel, one, two, or three cups, according to the size of the percolator, in order to make the infusion of uniform strength; the contents will then be ready for use, and should run from the top strong, hot, and clear. The coffees made in these urns generally turns out very good, and there is but one objection to them—the coffee runs rather slowly from the tap. This is of no consequence where there is a small party, but tedious where there are many persons to provide for. A remedy for this objection may be suggested; namely, to make the coffee very strong, so that not more than $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cup would be required, as the rest would be filled up with milk. Making coffee in filters or percolators does away with the necessity of using isinglass, white of egg, and various other preparations to clear it. Coffee should always be served very hot, and, if possible, in the same vessel in which it is made, as pouring it from one pot to another cools, and consequently spoils it. Many persons may think that the proportion of water we have given for each oz. of coffee is rather small; it is so, and the coffee produced from it will be very strong; $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cup will be found quite sufficient, which should be filled up with nice hot milk, or milk and cream mixed. This is the *café au lait* for which the French are so justly celebrated. Should the ordinary method of making coffee be preferred, use double the quantity of water, and, in pouring into the cups, put in more coffee and less milk.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Can anyone tell me from what source are the following lines?—

"The best beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day—
So music past is obsolete;
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away."

IERNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—I think the idea which L. L. speaks of, viz., that at twenty years of age, or thereabouts, women come to an intellectual stand-still, results from the fact that, after a girl's education (such as it is) is over, and she "enters into society," she receives little encouragement or help to study, or to exercise her faculties. On the contrary, all kinds of obstacles are put in her way—she is probably taught to dread the idea of being "a learned woman," or, to use the vulgar and offensive slang term, "a blue-stocking." The atmosphere in which she lives is very likely one not at all conducive to intellectual growth; if she has any interest in the work of self-education, she probably loses it ere long, and begins to be immersed in the frivolities and superficialities around her; dress, shopping, visiting, gossip, flirtation, occupy her time and thoughts. After a while she marries, and having lost all intellectual tastes and habits, she does not resume them when the charge of a household and the care of children devolve upon her; and as it requires an extremely powerful mind to maintain its tone without study and exercise, the natural consequence is that we see such numbers of women whose minds appear permanently stunted. The only wonder is, when we take all things into consideration, that so many women do give evidence of the possibilities that were in them. So far from anyone having a right to pronounce decidedly against the fitness of women for higher culture, I should say that everything goes to prove that the female capacity is susceptible of indefinite development. When a woman has any scope for her intellect, we do not find that she comes to a stand-still at the age of twenty. Witness the numbers of celebrated authoresses, whose works display an increasing power as they advance in years. The objection that L. L. mentions, reminds me of the old ordeal for witches—the supposed witch was bound hand and foot, and thrown into water, when she naturally sunk. Opportunities for intellectual exercise and improvement are carefully closed against women; and it is then triumphantly stated that their minds are incapable of growth. Very little has as yet been done in the great cause of female culture; but, so far, the results are most encouraging. The establishment of ladies' colleges is a most important step forwards—these institutions providing a sound and thorough education, which serves as a basis and stepping stone to future efforts on the part of the pupils; instead of wasting many of the best years of life in a lifeless routine, miscalled education—which, so far from strengthening the faculties, "leaves girls without the most elementary notion of how to conduct a course of study by themselves." The principals and professors of these colleges unite in bearing witness to the capacity of girls for receiving and profiting by a really large and liberal course of study—one that stimulates and braces their mental energies. The many distinguished men who have worked nobly in the cause of higher education for women, seem to feel that their work is amply rewarded. The Dean of the Queen's College for Women, London, who was likewise one of the professors of King's College, used to say that he found it a positive relief to turn from his duties in the latter, to those at the former institution; so much more apt and willing at receiving instruction were his female than his male pupils. Once raise the whole tone of women's education—give them opportunities for improving their minds, and let them have some scope for the use of their faculties—and it will be seen that their intellectual powers will not come to a stand-still soon after leaving the school-room. Another cause that prevents the intellectual growth of women is the foolish idea that a woman ought to a great degree to reflect the opinions of her male relatives—that it is rather "unfeminine" for her to hold and express convictions differing from those of her father, husband, or brother, as the case may be. Such an idea, of course, interferes with original thought, and keeps the mind dwarfed and enfeebled. Till this absurd notion dies away before larger

and nobler conceptions, the minds of women cannot expand naturally and healthfully. Nothing is more likely to cramp the intellect, than the feeling that one's ideas are to be modelled on those of some one else; that person, perhaps, being so differently constituted that no great coincidence of opinions could be expected between the minds in question. The most perfect freedom of thought, and great divergence of opinions, is compatible with deep and strong affection. Indeed, the highest affection cannot subsist, unless between those who recognize the inalienable right of each individual to think for himself or herself. I hold it to be a sacred duty for woman, as well as for man, to use freely the faculties with which the Creator has endowed her; and I utterly repudiate the false and derogatory notion, that it is *womanly* to stifle her intellect, to abdicate the privilege of a reasonable being, and to receive her opinions at second-hand. Mgr. Dupanloup, in his admirable book, "*Femmes Studieuses*," makes some weighty observations on this point. "Woman," he says, "is a reasonable creature, created like man in the image of God; and if she has received from the Creator the most sublime of all His gifts, intelligence, it is that she may make use of it." The whole chapter from which I quote is so deserving of attention, that I should wish to reproduce it almost entire; fearing, however, that I have already trespassed too far on your space, I will reserve the passages in question for another time, meantime merely remarking that through the artificial compression and restriction of the female mind humanity is seriously injured. I conclude for the present, hoping to resume this important subject soon. I am, sir, faithfully yours,

IERNE.

THE TULIP.

Beauteous flower! thou seemest
Mirroring the sun,
Robed in fire-clouds, redd'ning
All he looks upon.

Thou hast ta'en his semblance
Ere he sank to rest
'Mid the waves of ocean,
Crimsoning its breast.

Brightly hast thou ta'en him;
As when there did part
From me my beloved,
Still upon my heart

Rested her bright image:
Years may onward roll,
Still each trait of beauty
Rests within my soul.

Thou seem'st as a chalice
Grateful Nature brings
To the bard who loves her
And her graces sings;

A fair golden chalice,
Richly crusted o'er,
Traced with fairy letters—
Nature's magic lore.

I have sung of Nature—
Mine her crystal draught;
From your gold-rimmed goblet
Soon it shall be quaffed.

Nature is our mother—
She alone doth give
Draughts of beauty on which
Poesy doth live.

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JULY 29,
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VOL. II.
No. 8.
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The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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THE EMERALD:


THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 8.]

SATURDAY, JULY 29th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

FEMALE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

T is a common belief that the young men who devote themselves to the study of medicine—no matter how unqualified for the responsible office of physician in other respects—are at least gentlemen. We ourselves were among the number who shared implicitly in this popular belief; and it is with unfeigned regret that we are compelled by recent circumstances to modify our opinion. The position held by a medical adviser in a family brings him into close relation with perhaps every member of it; and makes it imperative that, in addition to skill, he should possess the breeding and the feeling of a gentleman. The want of these even towards other men would be odious in the young physician; but what are we to say when he deliberately offers gross and continued insult to women?

And yet some medical students of Edinburgh have disgracefully distinguished themselves in this way; and by so doing have done more to undermine the citadel of exclusiveness which they were attempting to defend, than all the efforts of Miss Jex Blake and Miss Pechey, combined with the whole Female Medical Society, could achieve by the arduous and persevering labors of half a century. By placing themselves in the wrong these young men have strengthened the hands and sharpened the weapons of those they would have disarmed; and while invoking on themselves the indignation of the right-minded, have forced public sympathy violently into a channel, which might, but for them, have been entered slowly and with much caution.

Our readers will remember that on a previous occasion we directed their attention to a display of gentleness on the part of some Edinburgh students, which was modelled on the refined and elevated pattern of an English "black country" mob. Some lecturers of Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, expressed themselves willing to accept lady pupils in medicine, and obtained the permission of the governing body of the Hall for the purpose. Several Scottish ladies, who had previously been prosecuting medical studies under great difficulties, at once availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. The sensitive morality of the male students received an electric shock, the effect of which on their nerves was such, that when the lady pupils approached the Hall to attend the lectures for which they had arranged, some of their masculine competitors banged the door in their faces (in the name of morality); pelted them with mud (in the name of morality); and made use of nasty and immoral

observations (in the name of morality likewise, it may be supposed).

Miss Jex Blake, speaking of the last, which she rightly considered the gravest offence, suggested that the influence of strong drink should be taken into account in estimating the responsibility of one whom she named; whereupon he indignantly denied that he had acted under such influence; on hearing which Miss Blake responded that he might take his choice as to whether he should be regarded as sober or otherwise on that occasion.

The alternative thus suddenly put before the gentleman, it may be presumed, had an irritant effect; for he applied to a jury of his countrymen for a salve in the shape of a pecuniary award, to heal the blister Miss Blake's observation had raised on his feelings. Alas! twelve of his hard-headed countrymen, to whom his application was confided, were insensate enough to consider the weak spermaceti application of one farthing a sufficient balsam for the irritation. But as the jury had manifested such apathy for the interests of professional men, the judges, in deciding the question of costs, proved—without malice prepense, of course—the truth of Shakespear's profound observation, "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." The whole of the costs (about £600) have been saddled on the lady. Two of the jurymen, however, have written to the *Scotsman* to express their great regret at this judicial award, and to say that at the time they gave their verdict they were under the impression that a farthing damages could not have entailed the costs on Miss Blake.

The result of the judicial decision has been—we learn from a letter of Miss Pechey to the editor of the *Scotsman*—to embolden the male students to fresh outrages. That young lady, who last year gained the position of gold medallist in chemistry, complains that a knot of young men follow her and her companions in the streets, addressing them by the foulest epithets, and "using medical terms to make the purport of their language more intelligible."

After this can there be the least surprise, if many besides ourselves modify their opinion as to the character of some at least of the young men who study medicine? The plea urged on the former occasion, that the objection to feminine studentship was made in the interests of morality, the male students will scarcely have the hardihood to repeat now. They have themselves, by the conduct Miss Pechey describes, deliberately flung off the trammels of morality and good breeding together. They have laid bare the paltry nature of their motive—the selfishness which is the spring of their

intolerance. They have conjured up a power which will in the end put them down ; for intolerance never succeeds finally—persecution calls up the spirit of self sacrifice—martyrs make more converts than preachers. Already an indication has been given of what is to come. A lady, “moved by indignation,” has sent Miss Jex Blake £200 as a beginning towards a women’s hospital, to save her sex from the attendance of advisers of the pattern of those who insult Miss Pechey and her companions ; and there can be no doubt that her example will be followed widely and speedily.

Those who are interested pecuniarily in the present exclusiveness of medical knowledge may regret this movement, but most certainly few others will. The propriety of female medical advice for women cannot be so much as disputed ; and since this is so, it follows that every aid must be given to fit ladies who adopt the profession for the proper discharge of its responsible duties. We cannot help pitying those who, like the Edinburgh lady students, not only have to sacrifice their feelings of delicacy to acquire the necessary knowledge in institutions presided over by men, but are besides subjected to unmanly insult, and forced absolutely to fight their way in the teeth of organized opposition. How fierce this opposition is may be gathered from the fact, that at a meeting of the lecturers of Surgeons’ Hall, Edinburgh, held little more than a week ago, the permission given to those lecturers who desire to admit women to their classes was rescinded—with the singular and significant proviso, that the prohibition should not apply to women who were not “registered students of medicine.” From which it clearly appears, that women who do not intend to apply the knowledge thus gained to practice are welcome to the lecture-room ; while those who do are inexorably debarred from acquiring that knowledge. And yet, in spite of all this opposition, it needs no prophet to foretell that the system of exclusion is condemned, and that the next generation of women will be attended very generally by practitioners of their own sex.

THE DEAD MONK’S FINGER.

A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

By J. D. DALY.

[The first portion of this legend originally appeared in a short-lived London Irish paper, of limited circulation. Even that first portion will be quite original to most of our readers, and of course the rest will be wholly so to all our readers. The story is reproduced with the special permission of the author.]

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INTRODUCTION.

The tourist who is bent on “doing the Rhine” had better remember that there is the possibility of having too much of a good thing. I and a couple of comrades made that discovery, to our cost, a few seasons ago. We had resolved upon seeing the Rhine, and in order to make sure of missing no portion of it set out by steamer from Rotterdam. In vain had we been warned that the journey up to Cologne, or even Bonn, was tedious, and that the river so far was about as interesting and attractive as some of those great sluggish, muddy rivers which meander through the boundless swamps of the southern states of America—we did not care ; we had resolved to see the Rhine, and we meant to see the whole of it. The railway was suggested to us as a means of completing a journey in a few hours which would take us a couple of days’ hard steaming against the current to perform ; we scorned the railway, and took to the river. Bitterly did we

repent our choice. Hour after hour passed without a single incident, or a single object on land or water, to break the dull sameness of our progress. We had smoked cigars until smoking became nauseating ; we had opened all the doors about the deck, and peeped down all the hatchways a hundred times and knew every nook and corner in the vessel with a wearisome familiarity ; we began to know the look of everything on deck and in the saloon as if we and they had been acquainted for twenty years. We knew the precise characteristics of each odorous herring barrel or case constituting a portion of the deck cargo, and the faces of the lubberly-looking sailors and slovenly captain and officers were as the faces of our oldest friends. The wart on the captain’s nose was so accurately observed that we could have drawn a plan of it on any scale, and the progress towards convalescence of the damaged eye of the yellow-haired sailor was watched and noted with interest.

Not to particularise further, or prolong the vain attempt to give an idea of our misery, I will simply say that the completion of the journey as far as Dusseldorf, the excitement of changing to another steamboat there, and the privilege of going on shore for a short time, afforded us the greatest relief, and enabled us to meet with more courage the remainder of the dreary journey from that town to (say) Cologne, although the sameness of the river and its scenery is really unbroken until Bonn is reached. At the latter place we had intended to break the journey for a day or two, in order to see the town and its pleasant environs, but we found it would interfere with our general plan to adhere to this detail ; and after a short stay on shore, just enough to enable us to dine leisurely, we again embarked. One of the sights about Bonn which we had desired to see was the Kreutzberg, a monastery some distance outside the town, and reported to contain in its underground vaults some curious mummified remains of deceased brethren of the community, and we were considerably disappointed at not being able to pay the contemplated visit.

As our steamer slowly made her way from Bonn against the strong current, the Kreutzberg and its mummies were the subjects of our conversation. Suddenly a stranger on board, who had quietly taken his place near us, joined in the conversation. He knew the monastery well, he said ; he had just come from it, and he sympathised with us for having missed seeing it. He was a singular-looking man, with a wild eye and an air of great mental preoccupation. He might well pass for a latter-day example of the “knight of the sorrowful countenance.” His dress was somewhat shabby, yet there was about him an atmosphere of silent sorrow which made him interesting. Nevertheless, and strange and inconsistent as it may seem, there was in his light blue eyes a curious suggestion of the “jolly,” the fading reflection as it were of days gone by, but a decided reflection all the same. The manner and look of the man excited my curiosity to a high degree, and evidently had the same effect upon my comrades. After a short conversation on Bonn and the Kreutzberg, I thought our acquaintance sufficiently established to permit me to say : “You seem low-spirited, sir ; have a glass of wine with us ?”

The melancholy stranger raised his head, thanked us for our courtesy, and drew up to the table. Having thus opened our trenches, I commenced my designed bombardment with the question—

“What are you so downhearted about ?”

The stranger looked into his glass, and shook his head dolefully. I hardly liked to go on, fearing I had touched some sensitive chord. After a rather awkward silence of some minutes he confronted me with the blunt observation—

“You are curious to know who and what I am, and all about me ? I see you are.”

With some confusion I expressed a hope that he did not take my observation as an impertinence, and begged his pardon.

“Not at all,” the stranger replied, rather cheerfully than otherwise ; “no liberty in the world ; it is quite natural on your part. See ; we have many hours before us ere we reach Coblenz, where I disembark, and I will help you to pass it

by telling my history. There, by the paddle-box, is a quiet corner; let us order our table and wine there, and I will satisfy your curiosity."

The offer was made and accepted frankly, and soon we were all seated on camp-stools round the table by the paddle-box. There I heard the story of this remarkable man—a story told in all seriousness, but with an occasional expression in his features and look which made me suspect a "loose screw" in the mental mechanism of the narrator. When we had comfortably settled down, the stranger observed, addressing myself:—

"Although the subject is a painful one to me, I am not sorry to have the opportunity of unburthening my griefs to sympathetic souls, such as I already perceive you to be. I perfectly understand what has been passing in your mind with regard to me. You have been struck with my deeply melancholy air, and you are curious to know what is my affliction. Gentlemen," he continued, looking round the table, "I once committed a great sin, and have undergone a terrible penance. I am now, and have been for years, a monk of that very Kreutzberg of which you have been speaking."

"How!" I exclaimed, "in that dress?" for he wore the ordinary garb of a layman, without the slightest indication in it of the clerical calling of the wearer.

"Never mind," replied the stranger with an impatient movement of the head, "I am a monk of the Kreutzberg for all that. I am an Englishman, and my name is Smith. I was once in a large way of business in Fleet-street, London, as a pickle merchant, but, owing to the awful series of occurrences which I am about to relate, I abandoned fortune, relatives, friends, country and home, and joined the community of the Kreutzberg. I am now, if you like, on a journey for the collection of money for the wants of our monastery and for the poor whom we feed and clothe."

At this observation, and with the silent concurrence of my two friends, I begged the monk's acceptance of a five-thaler note, as a contribution towards the funds of his monastery. He took it with alacrity and profound thanks.

"How came you," said I, "to undergo such a singular change in opinion?"

"Allow me," said he, "to tell my story in my own way. Have patience, and you will hear all. I am," he repeated, "a monk of the Kreutzberg. Strange, no doubt, that I, an Englishman, bred and born, should be a member of an ascetic foreign community, but such is the case. Permit me," said he, "to refresh my memory in the course of my narrative by a reference to some MS. notes, for I like to be particular."

Saying this, he pulled a roll of paper from his breast pocket, undid the string which bound it, and laid the sheets out before him.

"To avoid interruption," he observed, glancing at the fast diminishing bottle, "perhaps it would be as well to order some more wine now."

This prudent suggestion was at once acted on, and we ordered a couple more bottles from the waiter, in that ready German dialect which we found so easy, and which the good-tempered waiter thoroughly understood—viz., "Kelner, bringing see mear zwei andre bottles Niersteiner." to which the Kelner proudly replied, in equally good English, "Yas, mein sars gentlemen. O yas! Ver' goot! Yas so!"

The stranger began to look a little cheerful at these preparations, but the gloom again descended upon his brow as he turned to his MS., and in doleful tones went on with the following story of

John Bull radiated from every point of his figure. He was a burly, florid-complexioned, ginger-whiskered Anglo-Saxon; and the cut of his garments, which were of the tweed so favored by British tourists, was as British as himself. He swung a stout stick in one hand, while the other was carelessly thrust into the pocket of his short coat. He progressed along the well-gravelled road with a swing and a roll in gait, as if he was lord of all that part of the country, whistling on his way "Rule Britannia." The begging children on his road had evidently some faith in his goodness of heart, and a great idea of his wealth, for they pestered him incessantly with the aggravating whine which the German beggars are wont to employ. Provoked from time to time by their importunities, the traveller either threw a handful of groschens at their heads or made a feint of desperate chastisement with his huge stick. They picked up his money or beat a retreat from his stick, as the case might be, but never failed to crowd round him again, as birds of prey return to the feast from which they have been driven. At length he got well clear of the village of Poppelsdorf and his tormentors, and strode along the country road, inquiring in doubtful and imperfect German his way to Kreutzberg. His inquiries, in fact, consisted of a liberal use of the word "Kreutzberg?" interrogatively put, accompanied by a movement of his hand in the direction he was going. The frequent "Ja, mein herr," assured him that he was on the right road, which indeed at length led him to the foot of a tolerably-sized hill, crowned by some buildings of a monastic aspect. This was the Kreutzberg—the Holy Hill, or, more literally, the Hill of the Cross—a rather common name on the continent for eminences occupied by religious edifices.

The Briton traversed the steep road to the summit with considerable distress (for the day was very hot), and with many an ejaculation to which, it may be presumed, the surrounding echoes were quite unaccustomed. On the summit he paused to take breath, with his complexion considerably more florid than usual; and as he chafed his forehead, he leisurely viewed the magnificent scenery visible from his position. The town of Bonn lay at his feet and seemed as if near enough to cast a stone into. Beyond it lay the glorious Rhine, visible for many miles of its length. Looming darkly, as a background to a portion of the panorama, the "Siebengebirg" arose to the sky in massive grandeur. Refreshed by the spectacle and the bracing breezes of the hill-top, the traveller turned his attention to the object of his journey—viz., a visit to the locally celebrated monastery. Approaching the great door of the edifice, he applied himself to the bell-handle (which bore the familiar aspect of a great kitchen poker) that hung by the door-post. After a decorous delay on the part of the inmates, and a quiet survey of the visitor through a small grating in the door, the heavy portal was slowly opened by a meek-looking monk. A few words of broken German, helped out by a little bad French and a disproportionate amount of English, at length enabled the grave janitor to comprehend that the Briton desired to inspect the monastery. He made a slight inclination with his head, and turned round almost like a statue moving on a pivot, wended his way along the dreary and dark stone corridor, leaving the visitor in doubt as to whether his request had been declined or acceded. His doubts were soon set at rest by the reappearance of the monk in company with an equally silent and grim-looking brother, who, with a bunch of keys in his hand, gave an intimation to the visitor which he interpreted to mean that he was at his disposal, but which might just as well have signified that he was quite prepared to allow himself to be burned alive if any one particularly desired it. They wandered for some time about the building, and then about the grounds (which were in an extraordinary state of cultivation and neatness), in perfect silence, and indeed until the impatient representative of the Bull family had formed the decided opinion that the affair was rather a bore, and that, after all, there was not much to be

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER.

CHAPTER I.

On the — day of —, in the year —, at twenty minutes after — o'clock in the afternoon (let us be precise, by all means), an individual whom the most cursory observer would at once pronounce to be an English milord passed through the gate of the Poppelsdorf Allee at Bonn.

seen at the Kreutzberg. He had not, however, seen that which he had chiefly come to see—viz., the preserved remains or mummies of certain past generations of dead monks, which he had been informed were deposited in vaults somewhere about the place. They at length got, in their round of inspection, to the little detached chapel of the monastery, where there was nothing whatever worth a second glance, before the insular gentleman broke through the restraint he felt, and tried to make his conductor understand his wish in respect to the mummies. After several wild verbal efforts, only attended with the result of conferring on the monk an air of mild bewilderment, he tried to suggest the idea of death by closing his eyes, throwing back his head, and stretching his arms stiffly by his side. An air of increased bewilderment on the part of the monk, slightly tintured with amazement, and the faintest ghost of a smile on his grave face, was the only observable result of this pantomime, which was probably set down as a peculiarity of English manners having some formal and polite significance, very amiable no doubt, but very peculiar, and, on the whole, not worth troubling about.

Vainly the bold Briton essayed over and over again to make himself understood—he gesticulated, he bawled his wishes into the monk's ear—under the vague impression that he must be deaf if he could not understand English. All in vain; he could just reach the point of getting into the monk's mind the idea that he wanted to see something else, but it was clear that the puzzled monk could not make out what he wanted. At length Mr. Smith abandoned his efforts in despair, and was just thinking of making his way back again to Bonn, when he became conscious of a sudden liveliness on the part of his companion, who, touching him on the arm, uttered a few incomprehensible German words, raised his eyebrows in an inquiring sort of way, imitated the Englishman's previous pantomime intended to represent a dead man, and said a few additional words, evidently in the nature of a question. It was clear that, after some reflection on the singular proceedings of the Englishman, the thought suddenly flashed upon the friar that perhaps the visitor wanted to see the defunct monks. Mr. Smith perceived that he was at length understood. "Exactly so," was his prompt exclamation, given in reply to the inquiring looks and signs of the guide; "the very thing I meant, only you did not understand me. Just show them to me, old boy." Now thoroughly comprehending the desire of the visitor, the monk, having first procured a lighted lantern, conducted his visitor down a flight of steps into a subterranean passage, and by manipulating an enormous key, and undoing certain heavy bars and bolts, succeeded in opening a door leading into a species of miniature catacombs. A damp, sepulchral air issued from the place, and the door groaned on its rusty hinges as if the dead monks had broken out into a subdued groan by way of protest at the silence of their resting-place being disturbed. As the Englishman's eyes became accustomed to the darkness, barely rendered visible by the feeble light from the lantern, he discovered that certain ominous looking stone coffins along the floor of the chamber were each occupied by a ghastly figure, habited in the more or less peaceful uniform of the monks of the establishment. The nature of the soil in which these galleries are excavated, is such that the remains placed in them are free from the usual rapid progress of decay, but still the bodies are very far from being perfectly or permanently preserved; corruption is less rapid, that is all. The visitor perceived that the exposed parts of the bodies presented the appearance of being shrivelled, dried up, and hard, but in some cases, where the torn and rotting habit indicated an occupancy of many years, the bodies were little more than sharply-defined human skeletons, covered with a tough integument, showing that a slow but certain decay was going on. Whilst the visitor wandered from coffin to coffin, surveying the grim sentries as they lay in their boxes waiting and watching for the last great trumpet blast, his guide was piously employed on bended

knees praying for the repose of the souls of his departed brethren.

Now, this Briton was at first struck with considerable awe at the place and its tenants; but being one of the great and well-known family of the Smiths of London, his veneration soon began to subside, and such expressions as "a rum-looking lot," "queer place," etc., arose to his lips; and, finally, he began to think whether he could not turn his visit to a profitable account. Like all of his numerous family, he had a perfect craze for "mementos," and if he could not carry off such a thing as (say) a trifle like an Egyptian pyramid, or some other ponderous monument, he was always pretty sure to accomplish the "memento" business either by chipping off a piece and thrusting it into his pocket, or inscribing his name thereupon in indelible characters. This was the individual who, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, and much cost and labor, succeeded in accomplishing the noble feat of cutting his name in enormous letters on the topmost stone of the pyramid of Cheops. The adventurous tourist may still see, and (if he is a Briton) read with bosom heaving with noble emulation and national pride, the magnificently simple name :—

John Smith,
London."

But alas! an atrocious interpolation and addition have somewhat marred the brief sublimity of the words. Mr. Smith, unhappily, left a good broad space between his name and the word "London" beneath it, and a recent inspection of the inscription has demonstrated that some moral assassin—some malignant enemy of Britons in general—some deadly foe to the great family of the Smiths—actually took an equal amount of trouble to reach the place whereon the simple and noble inscription had been made, and inserted in the vacant space the word "tailor," adding, too, other words which made the whole read as follows :—

"John Smith,
Tailor, 112 Cheapside,
London.

N.B.—Repairs neatly executed.

However, his name, undefiled by villains, still survives in red paint on the highest course of stones of the ruins at the Drachenfels, on the walls of the Coliseum at Rome, and on various other monuments in Europe and the East, and may be seen by the tourist flourishing by the side of "Holloway's Pills," "Crawford's Snow-white Starch," "Warren's Blacking (one trial only solicited)," and other similar inscriptions.

At this point in the manuscript our friend, whose countenance had been slowly brightening up through the foregoing reading, paused, heaved a sigh, and muttered something about vanities and follies of life.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I hope you will not draw any erroneous conclusions from this light and trivial style of writing. You will afterwards understand its object, and I am sure that when you know all, you will be more disposed to sympathise deeply with me than to smile at the contents of my paper."

Saying this, he again took up the manuscript, and resumed its reading with a gloomy and dejected air.

It may easily be imagined that a man of such predilections, and of such an energetic and persevering character as Mr. Smith, would not be insensible of the advantages of securing a memento of his visit to that singular chamber of horrors of the Kreutzberg. It therefore happened, as the monk continued to pray for the souls of his departed brethren, that the Englishman—his first feelings of awe fading away—was thinking to himself: "If I could but 'nail' a head, or hand, or foot of one of those old snuff-colored gentlemen, what an acquisition it would be to my private museum! How well it would show beside the little

mummy from Egypt, or the big elephant's leg-bone from St. Petersburg. I'll have something, at any rate, and—here goes!" With this latter remark, and perceiving that his guide was deeply absorbed in his devotions, he seized a finger of one of the dead monks, and gave it such a strong and vigorous twist that it broke off like a piece of dry wood. His guide turned his head at the sound, but not quick enough to detect anything wrong, for when he looked the Briton was leisurely sauntering about with the Dead Monk's Finger safe in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DEATH OF HOOD.

Of all the poet sang—his fancy shed -
His sparkling wit, o'er countless pages spread—
Nor tuneful line, nor brilliant page,
Shall bear beyond the passing age
His name familiar—and that name ally
To words like those he breathed in agony.

Around his couch see mourning friends attend—
To every murmur anxiously they bend ;
Each lingering breath, with languid effort spent,
Affection eager searches the intent,
And fondly hopes some word of comfort might
Be mingled with it, could they hear aright;
The failing tongue some wish doth surely bear,
Some hope, some blessing, or some holy prayer—
Oh ! for a little strength to make it heard,
To leave to sorrowing hearts that parting word.

One gaze intent around the group is cast—
Such gaze as could not be but 'twere the last;
And then the voice is heard—the muttered cry
Rings through each tortured breast—"I cannot die."

Yes, such the harrowing sounds—the last
Which fell from lips so late could cast

Gay mirth around ;

Yes, such the mind's absorbing thought,
From whence, the soft'ning influence caught,
Thousands have comfort found !

Peace to the riven hearts, e'en from that cry
So startling and so dread !

Believe those words, "I cannot die."

He sleeps—he is not dead

He sleeps the mortal sleep, to rise

When thunders wake the cry,

"He comes ! He comes and rends the skies !

He who alone *could* die."

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Now that we have warm weather amongst us, ladies may safely indulge in the elegance of muslin toilettes, which are always fresh and becoming in appearance, and, even considering the expense of the laundress, by no means an extravagant style of dress. Quite plain muslin dresses are perfectly admissible and in good taste, whether white or with a pattern on them. If plain, they should be rather long and full in the skirt. One flounce on a muslin skirt is also very pretty, and this flounce may be set on with a narrow heading and edged top and bottom, with a narrow Valenciennes lace. A white muslin, with a flounce at the edge, is often worn with a long train. But it is not every one

who knows how to wear a muslin dress, hence every lady does not look well in that style of costume. Under the muslin dress, and as long, within half the width of the hem, another skirt of clear white book-muslin should be worn. It need not be so wide as the dress, and it may be coarser, or white muslin dresses that have been worn a little may be made to serve the purpose, but it is best generally to have these skirts new. One such skirt must be always worn under a muslin dress, and under that again either a long thicker muslin skirt, or a petticoat almost reaching the ground. As the usual white petticoats for walking are now made so scanty, it is a good plan to run up a long, rather wide, white cambric skirt on purpose. Young ladies may safely wear as summer toilettes perfectly plain white or colored muslins, with Garibaldi bodies and colored waist-bands or sashes. With a white dress, colored bows to close the front of the body, are pretty. A more dressy toilette is a white muslin, with one flounce in the skirts, a Garibaldi body edged with lace, with close sleeves, and over it a tunic, low square body, and shoulder straps of some pretty-colored silk or foulard. Round the neck and armholes of the silk body put a wide *ruche* of the same colour, and loop up the tunic with bows. The tunic may be only plain hemmed, or trimmed with rows of satin bands or fringe, or lace at the edge. Short muslin dresses have generally one or more flounces on the skirt and tunics of the same material if colored ; if white the tunics may be either of the white muslin or of pink, blue, mauve, or pale green silk.

A pretty style for a white muslin dress is as follows :—Long skirt, with two seven-inch deep flounces, the upper one put on with an additional heading of an inch-and-a-half above an inch wide band of deep pink ribbon. The lower one has a similar band of ribbon, with a frill like the heading of a flounce both sides of it. The lower frill falls over the flounce. The tunic is made of two plain widths of muslin run together, and trimmed with a pink ribbon and an inch-and-a-half wide frill each side of it. This is looped up at the back with three wide pink bows, above which at the waist is a larger bow and two ends. The front of the dress is trimmed across to represent the front of a tunic. The body is cut open, heart-shaped in front, and in a peak or point behind, as low as the petticoat body, and trimmed with a band of the ribbon, with an inch-wide frill above it and a fall of lace below it. There is a tucker of lace inside the body drawn up round the neck. The sleeves are long, made with three puffs to the elbow, a strap of ribbon round each drawing. Below this a frill twelve or fourteen inches deep, and graduated away to five inches deep in front of the arm. It is edged with wide lace laid on it, not beyond the edge. The hair is dressed with a bow of pink ribbon. Bands of plain pink muslin may be used on the skirt instead of ribbon. They are cheaper, wash with the dress, and look lighter. A more elaborate and very beautiful muslin dress is made as follows : A moderately long skirt ; on this a plaiting of mauve muslin, six inches deep, immediately joining a plaiting of white muslin the same depth. (To make these, run the mauve and white together, and make the plaiting in one.) The join of the mauve and white is covered by a narrow Valenciennes lace. Above this a band of mauve muslin ten inches wide, with a *ruche* of white muslin edged with lace in the centre. Above this again a plaiting of mauve and white muslin like the first one, only the white part is at the bottom and the mauve at the top. To make the tunic, take two plain breadths of muslin for the back, join them and round the corners ; trim them with two finely plaited white flounces, seven inches wide, edged with Valenciennes lace, and head each flounce with a plaited band of mauve, four inches wide, divided in the centre by a white muslin *ruche* edged with Valenciennes. When the panier is trimmed, take the sides and gather the flounces right up to the hips ; the trimming of the front covers the join of these. The front is trimmed square like the front of a tunic, with a flounce and heading precisely similar to that at the back. Over the panier at the back is a deep rounded piece of muslin called a *basque* ;

it is mauve, and is edged with a frill and heading like those on the tunic, but both narrower. At the back of the waist is a handsome bow of mauve muslin and ends of white edged with lace. The body is heart-shaped in front, and high behind, trimmed with a four-inch wide mauve *ruche*, with a narrow white *ruche* in the centre. The same kind of trimming is carried round the armholes and edges the hanging sleeves. The bonnet is mauve with white flowers.

Dresses are now very generally made with jacket bodies ; the jacket tails or tabs are called *basques*. For evening dress and ball toilettes the round waist is preserved and ornamented with either a waistband or sash. Some persons consider that the jacket bodies give an appearance of greater age to the wearer, and therefore still retain the round waist. A few coat-sleeves are still worn ; these are generally trimmed on the upper side, and along the seam half-way to the elbow. Sometimes they are cut open half way to the elbow and trimmed with lace, and a lace under-sleeve worn with them.

THE WORK TABLE.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS.)

Fig 1.—Chemisette to wear under a heart-shaped bodice.

The portion in which the tucks are visible is first made in fine muslin in three pieces, long enough for the purpose, and wide enough to allow of tucking, or else joined under the tucks. Make two pieces with hems for the fronts, and one double the width for the back. Less fine muslin will serve for the lower portion, which is plain. Cut out this, and tack it to the tucked part, laid over, and both edges raw. Hem-shape the upper part by the pattern of a high bodice, stitch the shoulder seams, and cut a narrow strip of muslin in the cross ; hem in the edges, tack it over the join of the tucks to the plain muslin, stitch it on by both edges. Hem on a similar band at the back, set on the collar in the same way, hem the chemisette all round, and fix two tape loops at the back and two in front. A string slipped through these will secure them to the waist, and by being easily removed and inserted, obviates the probability of getting it lost in the wash.

Fig 2.—Gentlemen's crochet and knitted braces.

Materials.—Walker, Evans, and Co.'s beading cotton, No. 000, Walker's penelope needle, No. 2. If this cotton cannot readily be procured, use the coarsest that can be had, and make more rows round the braces until they are large enough ; but the coarser the cotton the handsomer they will look, and the quicker they can be worked. Scarlet single Berlin wool and a small bone needle. Commence with the cotton. 1st row, 10 chain, passing over 9 stitches of the foundation, 6 double, then alternate 1 chain, missing 1 foundation stitch, 1 treble, and on the last 20 stitches of the foundation 1 chain, 5 double, 9 chain, 5 double, then 19 chain looped with a slip stitch to the last stitch of the foundation chain. This forms the centre row of the brace. Round this work 4 rows of double, increasing at the ends of the button-hole straps, so that the work may lie flat. Now work on the brace, beginning at the last treble stitch of the middle row, 1 row of double in red wool, carrying it across the work at each end of the brace, as seen in the illustration, and working 2 double on every horizontal stitch. Then make 1 row of double in gray thread, and 1 row of scallops in red wool, working two double between the scallops. Down the middle of the brace work a leaf pattern in red wool, as follows :—Take the back button-hole strap between the finger and thumb of the left hand and work first the right half : 1 double over the first treble stitch above the strap, 6 chain, 1 slip stitch over the 4th double of the 3rd row worked round the middle strip, looping into the upper thread of the stitch ; 6 double over the 6 chain, * 1 double over the next treble, 2 chain, 1 double over the next treble, 6 chain, 1 slip stitch over the 4th following double of the 3rd row,

6 double over the 6 chain ; repeat from. * When the last leaf is finished, work one double over the next treble, 2 chain, 2 double over the next treble, the last of the middle row. Now reverse the work, and make the leaves on the other side of the middle to correspond, as seen in the illustration. Straps for guns, shawls, and railway rugs may be made in the same manner by working over thin string.

Fig. 3.—Gentlemen's Knitted Braces.

Materials.—Walker, Evans, and Co's brass bead cotton, single scarlet Berlin wool ; a pair of steel rubbing pins, and Walker's Penelope crochet hook, No. 3½. Begin at the bottom with a foundation of ten stitches, and knit in double knitting, that is to say, 1st. row, slip the first stitch, purl 1, slip 1, repeat to the end of the row, observing in slipping the stitch to put the needle in as if you were about to purl. Repeat this row 19 times, increasing 1 stitch at the end of each row, then 4 rows without increase. In the 25th row, which should have 28 stitches, knit 14 stitches backwards and forwards 26 times, leaving the other 14, and take them up afterwards, which forms the button hole. Now knit on all 28 stitches 16 rows as above, adding 1 stitch at the end of the last 4 rows. With these 32 stitches knit the brace the required length (say 30 inches), putting in the spots as you proceed. These are done with Berlin wool as follows :—Insert the red wool at the beginning of the 3rd row, and * bring it forward before the 3rd slip stitch of this row, knit 1, slip 1, pass the wool behind ; repeat from. * Knit 2 rows plain, then take up the red wool again ; but as the pattern will now be at the back of the work, pass the wool to the back before knitting the stitch, and bring it forward after the slip stitch ; knit two plain rows and then 1 row like the 1st row. This completes 1 row of spots. Now knit 5 rows plain, then another row of spots, observing to make them alternate with the former row. These spots may also be worked in after the knitting is finished. When the brace is sufficiently long, knit 4 rows, decreasing 1 stitch at the end of each row, then knit a strap with two button holes to correspond with that at the other end of the brace. Work a crochet edging on both sides of the brace with red wool, 1st row, double, 2nd row, scallops of alternate 3 double on the first 2 double of the previous row, 5 chain and 1 double into the first of the 5 chain, missing 1 stitch of the previous row.

Fig. 4.—Cravat End in Point Lace and Embroidery.

Trace the pattern on transparent cloth sold for the purpose. Tack it to the *toile ciré*, or oil skin ; tack a piece of embroidery in the centre, run on the braid. Hem the braid to the embroidery, work the lace stitches, and it is complete. Lace stitches may be substituted for the embroidered centre. This design also forms pretty pockets for an apron. The materials best suited for the purpose are a piece of fine thread, point lace braid with an edge, and Walker, Evans, and Co's., Mecklenburgh thread, Nos. 16-20. Walker's point lace needle, No. 21, or a ridge-eyed needle, No. 7 or 8, is preferred by some workers to the long point lace needle.

Fig. 5.—Corners for Borders of Cushions, Table-Covers, etc.

Materials.—Dark brown cloth which may be applied round a different centre, or worked on the material of which that is composed, light brown cloth, gold braid, blue, brown, black and scarlet purse silk. The design consists of dark brown cloth, with light brown laid over it, the edge being covered with gold braid. The small figures of the pattern are worked in bright yellow, the spots in the centre in blue, and the single stitches crossing the gold braid, in brown silk. The two rows of scallops are worked in slanting stitches with black and red silk.

Fig. 6.—Materials—Dark grey cashmere, light grey cashmere, gold braid, and three shades of violet purse silk. This border is worked on the dark grey cashmere, on which a strip of light grey cashmere is laid, the edge being covered with gold braid. On this light ground the pattern is worked in 3 shades of violet silk.

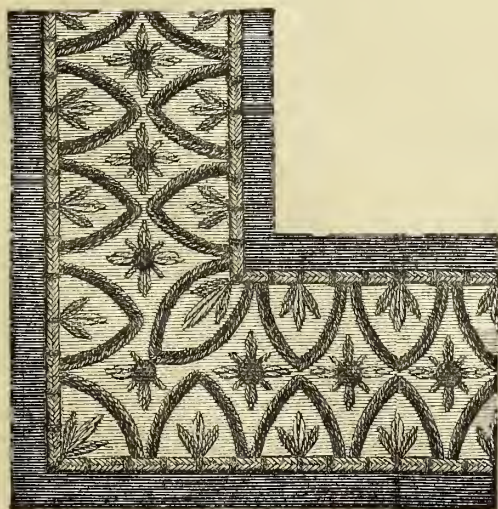


Fig. 5—Corners for Cushions or Table Covers.

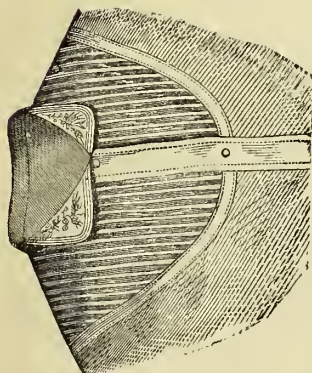


Fig. 1.

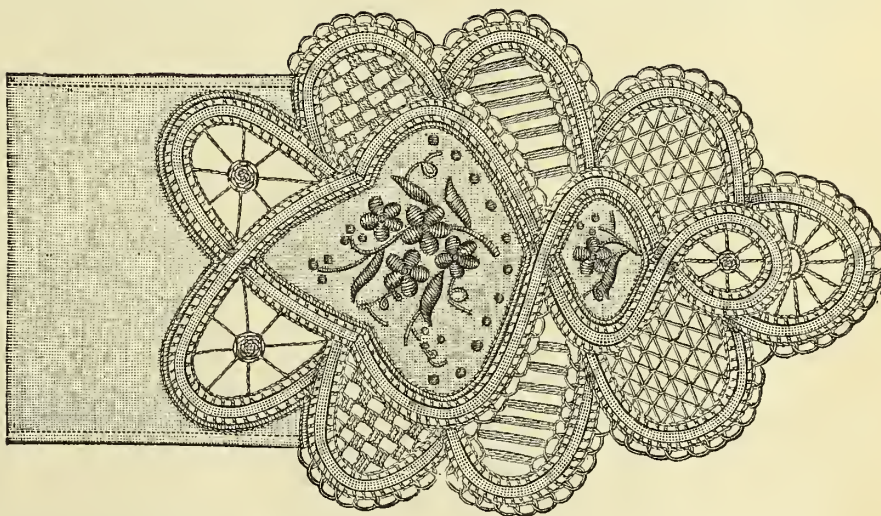


Fig. 4—Cravat End in Point Lace and Embroidery.

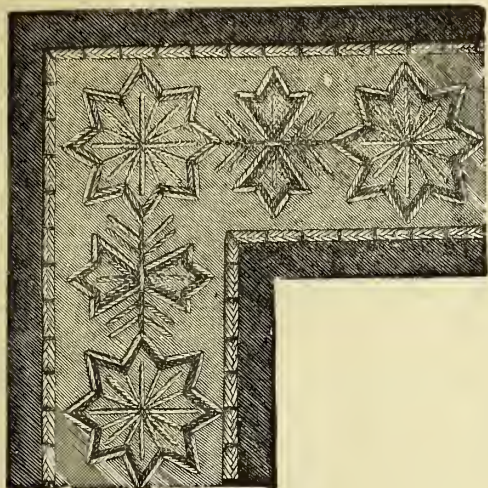


Fig. 6—Corner for Cushions or Table Covers.

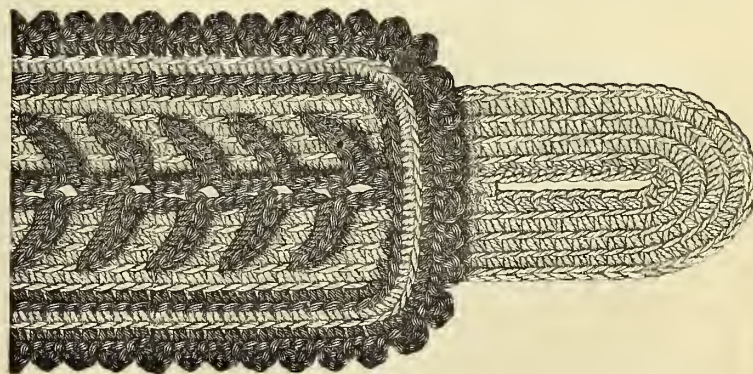


Fig. 2—Gentleman's Crochet Brace.

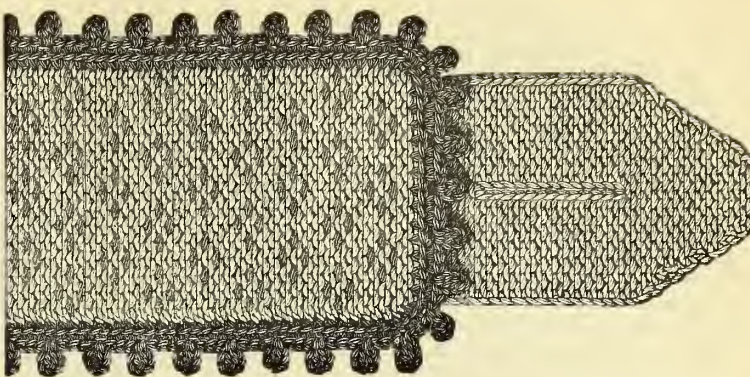


Fig. 3—Gentleman's Knitted Brace.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE CORPORATION OF DUBLIN

Have given their answer to the prayer of the Home Government Association. Twenty-eight members were present, of whom twenty-seven adopted the programme of the Association, and the remaining one refused, because, in his opinion, that programme did not go far enough. It is nearly thirty years since a similar pronouncement was made by the municipal council of Dublin in favor of Repeal of the Union; but then only after a protracted debate of three days, and with an influential dissenting minority. On the present occasion, no attempt was made to discuss the proposition of a federal arrangement between Great Britain and Ireland, even in the speeches of those who proposed the resolutions approving of that arrangement; and the whole matter was treated as a foregone conclusion.

THE MONAGHAN ELECTION

resulted in the election of Mr. Leslie, brother to Colonel Leslie, the late member. The new member, who is a Conservative, is a landowner in the county, and his family have long been popular therein. His opponent was Mr. Isaac Butt, Q.C., who was started on the nomination day only, and, as he avers, without his knowledge. Mr. Leslie had a majority of over 1000 votes.

LAST WEEK

we remarked on the frequent recurrence of deeds of violence in these latter days, when, it might have been hoped, civilization had made some progress in obliterating the fiercer passions. Again we have to call attention to this alarming recurrence. The coroner for Armagh commenced an inquest on Friday last, on the body of a woman named Bridget Casey, who died three days previously under very suspicious circumstances. The supposition is that she has been poisoned; and the coroner directed the stomach and viscera of the deceased woman to be sent to Dr. Hodges, of Belfast, for analysis. On last Friday a farmer named Francis Rourke was found brutally murdered in his own house, at Killafee, county Leitrim, at mid-day. Two stepsons of the deceased are in custody on suspicion. Again, on Saturday morning, a farmer named Paul Roche was discovered dead in a deep pool near his own house at Ballywelland, county Wexford; and when examined his skull was found fractured. In this case two brothers of Roche were apprehended, as on that fatal morning there had been a family quarrel, and they have been held in custody to await the issue of an inquest. As if these were not more than enough, tidings come from the county Limerick that two young men engaged in hay-making having some angry words, one lifts his deep-pronged fork and pierces the head of the other, killing him on the spot. It used to be said that if agrarian crimes were subtracted from the total of Irish offences, deeds of violence would be remarkably rare. Is it possible our people are deteriorating morally?

IN ENGLAND

crimes such as these take an almost extravagant form. For instance, at Nottingham a tailor named John Buchan shot his father-in-law, Reuben Holmes, through the head with a pistol, during a lull in a conversation which was proceeding between them. Immediately after shooting his relation the criminal discharged the pistol at his own head. The father-in-law died within an hour; his murderer lies in a most precarious condition. The double crime, it is said, was the outcome of a disagreement between the men, relative to the distribution of some property which was coming to Holmes. Wild as this way of settling a dispute may appear, it has been surpassed in insane deliberation by a married woman in West Hartlepool, who poisoned one of her own children, a fine boy, aged eight months, with oil of vitriol. The doctor found the tongue partially consumed, and the lips, throat, and chest, dreadfully burned, as also the little hands, which appeared to have been stretched out to push away the burning draught. Will it be believed that the cause of this

awful crime was a small feeling of pique entertained by the woman against her husband?

SUPERSTITION

has more stronghold than is generally supposed. The West of England is remarkable for absence of knowledge, and it is no wonder that the special vice of ignorance there receives full development. Fancy a well-to-do farmer, young enough to know better, persuading himself that he saw an old woman of eighty-six sail in through his window on a broomstick, and coming to the conclusion that he was "hag-ridden." This, however ridiculous, would be harmless enough if nothing came of it; but when the farmer, acting on his belief, proceeds to knock the poor old creature down with a heavy cudgel, and belabors her until she is considered in such danger that a magistrate hurries to her bedside to take her deposition, the joke is taken out of the matter altogether. And yet one John Bird has been sentenced to only six months' imprisonment for this at the last Dorchester assizes.

MARIO'S RETIREMENT

from the lyric stage, though not a moment too soon, excited feelings of regret to an unusual degree even amongst our undemonstrative English neighbors. The night of his farewell benefit was a scene of enthusiasm seldom, if ever, witnessed in London. The greatest tenor of the century was called before the curtain five times during the performance of the opera of *La Favorita*, and bouquets were hurled from all parts of the house in such profusion that the stage resembled a flower-garden. In going into retirement, if it be a satisfaction to him to know that he has left no one behind fit to take his place, he has it.

A CHANNEL TUNNEL

between Dieppe and Newhaven, often talked about as a vague possibility, seems likely to rank amongst the wonders of the nineteenth century. The committee of engineers appointed to report upon the construction of the tunnel have accepted the plan of M. Thomé de Gamond; and the French papers report that the works will shortly be commenced at Dieppe on one side, and Newhaven on the other. The cost of the work is estimated at 225,000,000 francs, and its duration six years—1877 being the date named for its completion.

FROM ATHENS

there is news of a horrible accident which happened to one of the Hellenic Steam Navigation Company's steamers, about 80 miles from the city, about three weeks ago. She left Piræus at six o'clock in the morning, and called at Egina, Poros, and Hydra, but when approaching Spetgia one of the sailors opened the hatch of the powder magazine, which is in the first-class saloon, and by some means the whole of the powder (about 70 lbs.) exploded, blowing up all the after part of the ship, killing and drowning, it is said, upwards of 100 people. The news caused great consternation and excitement in Athens, relatives and friends of many people being on board the steamer—a fine ship.

A TERRIBLE VOLCANIC DISASTER

is reported from Manilla. The island of Camiguin was the scene of this frightful event. For some months back the inhabitants of this island, as well as those of Bojot and Cebri, had been alarmed by repeated shocks of earthquake, and with an increasing anxiety they awaited a catastrophe which would put an end to the general alarm. Camiguin had been gradually deserted by most of its inhabitants, although the fugitives found their position in the neighboring island little less perilous, every district having been more or less affected by the heaving of the ground. At last, on the 1st of May, about five o'clock in the evening, a rumbling like thunder was heard from a mountain near the village of Catarmin, interrupted by a few violent shocks which rent the air with reverberations, and which steadily increased in strength until at last the ground burst asunder,

and an opening was left 1,500 feet long. Smoke and ashes, earth and stones, were thrown up and covered the surface of the ground far and near. Then succeeded a long pause, but only to be followed by a still greater throes of nature. About seven o'clock, as darkness was approaching, the explosion came, followed by a shower of fire. Sad to say, about two hundred persons who, tempted by curiosity, had thoughtlessly collected round the crater, were buried under the matter which fell. The woods, over a large area, caught fire, and the flames, spreading rapidly and with much smoke, drove men and cattle before them. The spectacle is said to have been frightful, and the event is without precedent in the by no means scanty volcanic annals of that archipelago. It is remarkable that the event was not preceded by any meteorological phenomena which might have warned the inhabitants of the approach of danger.

THE CHOLERA

is steadily pursuing its accustomed route. Rising in central Asia, it pursues its course westward through Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, Russia, and Poland, and thence to western Europe. At present it is ravaging Persia, and the deaths in Teheran are said to average ten per day; while cases struck down by its advance-guard occur in Poland and Russia. It behoves us therefore to take necessary precautions against this merciless plague. The most effectual are scrupulous cleanliness and abstinence from alcoholic liquors.

IN JAMAICA

a revolt of the colored people is feared. Nothing indeed ought to be more probable. The recollection of the scenes enacted in Morant Bay a few years ago must have left behind them a strong feeling of suppressed discontent. The suicidal policy of the planters is not calculated to remove or soften that feeling. A case tried before one of the colonial judges established the fact that one of the planters—a magistrate—kept a private lock-up, into which he thrust at will any black person, no matter of what degree—and this after personal chastisement occasionally. Another case exhibits a magistrate encouraging his nephew to commit a grievous assault upon a black man whose horse the nephew was riding recklessly without so much as asking leave from the owner to mount it. In this case the magistrate is represented as bidding his nephew "give it" to the complainant, as he—the expounder of the law—was prepared to pay all the damages. With such provocations and incitements to violence from those who should be the conservators of order, going on under the eyes of the white population, there need be no wonder that they have worked themselves up to the belief that a revolt is imminent. The government, however, who have special means of knowing the state of affairs, aver that there is no foundation for the report.

UNHAPPY MEXICO

is still wading through a slough of dissensions, but the sky appears to clear notwithstanding. With Juarez re-elected as president, a firm hand for the repression of violence would be continued at the head of the government. That this event is probable may be gathered from the following telegram from Mexico:—"The primary elections on the 25th ult. were favorable to President Juarez in the city of Mexico, Queretaro, Pachuca, Jalisco, and Orizaba, Toluca. In Guanaxuato, Puebla, and Vera Cruz the result is probably divided between Diaz and Juarez. The revolutionists are very disquieted. Lerdo has been completely defeated. There was no disturbance in any of the above states. In this capital the re-election of Juarez is almost unanimous. The police and soldiers are very watchful, and all noisy persons are arrested. It is probable the general Congress will be called to meet in the city of Mexico on the 25th of July. The presidential election will be decided in Congress."

While political events keep the republic in a state of chronic disturbance, and the minds of its inhabitants in a perpetual ferment, those who pass their lives in the mines take little heed of the transactions of the upper world.

Nevertheless, even to them, cause enough is given for excitement at times, as in the case of a late dreadful accident, of which the *New York Tribune* reports:—"A dreadful catastrophe is reported from the state of Zacatecas, Mexico. In the Quebradilla silver mine, on one of the three great veins in that famous region, a fire has occurred, by which over one hundred miners were suffocated. The machinery and equipments of the Mexican mines are quite primitive, but fatal accidents from fires are not common there, nevertheless."

INDEPENDENCE DAY

in the United States went off very much as usual. Every one made as much noise and let off as much gunpowder as he liked; and the population generally took leave of its senses according to custom. One improvement, however, was visible. So late as five years ago the list of killed and injured during the celebration of Independence Day in the city of New York alone filled three columns and a-half of the *New York Tribune*; this year the list of casualties does not exceed half a column. While this is ground for congratulation to a certain extent, there is cause for regret at one sad accident which took place on the Nashville and Northwestern Railway, to a passenger train crossing the Harpeth river, some eighteen miles from Nashville. The train was passing over the bridge, which gave way, and precipitated some of the carriages into the river. The result, as may be anticipated, was tragic. Fifteen persons were killed and twenty-three grievously wounded.

LITTLE LURA.

When golden noon looked down the sky,

I saw, amid a seaside meadow,

A circling group of children sit

Beneath a willow's wavering shadow;

They watched an elder one, who wove

A crown, and would have watched for hours;

Their eyes were wonder-wide with joy,

Their tiny laps were heaped with flowers.

And one—her head half bent aside,

Her face one innocent, earnest smile—

Plaiting a dainty daisy wreath,

And singing to herself the while.

But lonely Lura sate apart,

Her sad eyes like the young blue day,

A rosy, mystic, mournful child,

Like a sad evening in May—

Looking upon the wreaths they wove,

But filled with fancies sweet and still;

Then rising, with declined head,

Paced towards the wood 'twixt sea and hill,

Paced by the ruined chapel gray,

The dappled silver beech that stood

In the lone field—looked back, and then

Was lost along the curving flood.

The rosy group beneath the trees

Looked up, but saw not Lura there;

Surprised awhile; then took their wreaths

And walked into the noonday glare;

Then by the stately rows of trees

That shed their leafy lights beneath,

The line of children, hand in hand,

Went up the shadowy, peaceful path.

Along the sun-warmed, sandy shore,

The child's lone form is flitting now—

A place she oft has wandered o'er—

While pretty fancies flushed her brow;

Where stoops she o'er the limpid wells
 That lie within the mossy rock,
 And plucks the sea-flowers' azure bells,
 And gazes on each snowy flock
 Of slow gulls, rising on the waves ;
 Or gathers, by the quiet caves
 Through which the smooth green billow rolls,
 Dry weed, and shells, bell-blossomed brooms,
 And night-grown, peaked mushrooms,
 Like fairy parasols ;
 Till last she comes unto a reach,
 Where lay upon the rising beach
 A brown-ribbed-boat, its prow sunk low,
 Upward half-drawn upon the sand,
 While the keel swung lazily to and fro,
 As it were dallying with the strand—
 Then climbed within, and on the stern
 Built a dome of shells, and fern,
 Long purple heath ; then in its shade,
 Of rosy weed a carpet made ;
 And, tired with fancy, presently
 Lay down, and slept beside the sea,
 Unconscious while the stealthy tide
 Is wafting her from land away,
 Or that she drifts on ocean wide
 Long after the red set of day,
 Till a wind sweeps through the shivering dark,
 Dread as an indrawn breath of pain,
 And she wakes, O God ! in the drifted bark,
 Far on the wide and midnight main.

All through that dread night, and the next drear day,
 They searched each spot where Lura loved to play,
 Bewildered, anguished ; down for miles of coast
 Searched, but to find with labor hope was lost.
 And now, as tired in spirit, homeward slow
 O'er the dumb seabanks desolate wind they, lo !
 From wrecks of clouds that o'er the glaring gray
 Of sunset drove, a wind began to blow,
 And o'er the cottage lone, blank dusk fell down :
 The doors rattled, the window-shrubs shook as in woe,
 And the sad swirling cauld glimmered where
 By the blank hearth stood Lura's little chair.

Alas, that one so sweet, so loved, and fair,
 Alone in desolate darkness should be lost ;
 A child forlorn, when sudden-risen storm
 Shakes the wide earth. Will pitying angel save ?
 A knock !—at the opened door a form !
 Lura ? No ! 'tis an aged seaman brave,
 Who brings the news the drifting child has been
 Taken aboard a vessel which now lies
 At anchor ten miles off. Divine surprise !
 Joy and deep gratitude to the Unseen
 Fill every heart. Forthwith her brothers rise :—
 " We will to horse—to-night she will be here !"
 And hurry out where tempest wild and drear
 Whirls through the roofed darkness of the skies.

" What a night for a gallop !" one said, looking out
 From the dim streaming pane on the deluge of rain
 Sweeping over the roof, falling heavy without
 On the garden path bubbling in pools, rushing out
 From the swollen guttling throat of the stuttering spout ;
 Hearing now on the breeze the mad moan of the trees,
 And, more awful, the roar of the lone raging shore.
 Then quicker—protect us heaven !—than 'tis named,
 Up and across the desolate north
 The lightning, the lightning, in sudden sunsets flamed,

Then sudden ceased, as though some mighty host
 Of wandering demons swept the planet's coast ;
 And then, as if blown like a luminous wreck,
 The blurred, windy crescent appears like a speck
 In the tumult, and dives deep in vapor. But hark !
 Voices, the clatter of hoofs in the dark,
 And at the open door they stand to say
 " Good night," as they ride in storm away.

T. C. IRWIN.

PETRIE'S ANCIENT MUSIC OF IRELAND. (Concluded.)

Thus, firmly convinced of the historical interest of his ancient Irish music, Dr. Petrie points out specimens, when they occur, of airs connected with fairy legends, and bearing a strong resemblance to eastern melodies. The lullaby tunes especially have a close resemblance to those of Hindoostan and Persia. He points out three classes of music said to have been brought into the country by the Tuatha de Danans, a mythic or heroic race supposed to have invaded Ireland about 700 B.C. The origin of many airs bearing a Gothic or Scandinavian character, he traces to the long occupation of the island by the Danes and Northmen, and the blending of Teutonic races with the Celtic in ages now remote. Those airs which are peculiarly Irish in expression, Dr. Petrie analyzes with a power possessed by none but himself. He stands alone in his knowledge of the national character of which they are the exponents, and in his sympathy with their every expression of varying passions and emotions. He opens to our view, in the analysis he gives of each air, cadences of imploring and impassioned tenderness in some, of hopeless sadness or wailing sorrow in others. He points out the sportiveness and grace, or spirit-stirring animation and vigor of their dance music, and the soothing tones of their *swantraide*, or sleep-disposing melodies. In this collection we find many specimens of airs composed and sung to beguile the hours devoted by the peasantry to their various occupations. Thus, they have plough tunes, spinning tunes, smith's tunes, miller's and carter's songs, and lullabies in great numbers. The first mentioned of these are strains of a simple, wild, and solemn character, which the ploughman whistles in the field, to soothe or excite the spirits of the animals he guides. They bear a striking resemblance in character to French airs of the same class described in the opening of "La Mare au Diable," from which we must extract the following passage :—

" Puis la voix mâle de ce jeune père de famille entonnait le chant solennel et mélancolique que l'antique tradition du pays transmet, non à tous les laboureurs indistinctement, mais au plus consommés dans l'art d'exciter et de soutenir l'ardeur des bœufs de travail. Ce chant, dont l'origine fut peut-être considérée comme sacrée, et auquel de mystérieuses influences ont dû être attribuées jadis, est réputé encore aujourd'hui posséder la vertu d'entretenir le courage de ces animaux, d'apaiser leurs mécontentements et de charmer l'ennui de leur longue besogne. Il ne suffit pas de savoir bien les conduire en traçant un sillon parfaitement rectiligne, de leur alléger la peine en soulevant ou enfonçant à point de fer dans la terre ; ou n'est point un parfait laboureur si on ne sait chanter aux bœufs, et c'est là une science à part qui exige un goût et des moyens particuliers.

Ce chant n'est, à vrai dire, qu'une sorte de récitatif interrompu et repris à volonté. Sa forme irrégulière et ses intonations fausses, selon les règles de l'art musicale, le rendent intraduisible. Mais ce n'en est pas moins un beau chant, et tellement approprié à la nature du travail qu'il accompagne, à l'allure du bœuf, au calme des lieux agrestes, à la simplicité des hommes qui le disent, qu'aucun génie étranger au travail de la terre ne l'eût inventé, et qu'aucun chanteur autre qu'un fin laboureur de cette contrée ne l'aurait le redire. Aux époques de l'année où il n'y a pas d'autre travail et d'autre mouvement dans la campagne que celui du labourage, ce chant si doux et si puissant monte comme une

voix de labrise, à laquelle sa tonalité particulière donne une certaine ressemblance. La note finale de chaque phrase, tenue et tremblée avec une longueur, et une puissance d'haleine incroyable, monte d'un quart de ton en faussant systématiquement. Cela est sauvage, mais le charme en est indicible, et quand on s'est habitué à l'entendre, on ne conçoit pas qu'un autre chant pût s'élever à ces heures et dans ces lieux-là, sans en déranger l'harmonie."

Next to these we have airs of a lighter and more mirthful kind, sung by women while sitting at their spinning wheels. The smith's song in his collection, Dr. Petrie is inclined to rank as a specimen of ancient imitative music, suggested by the measured time and varied tones of the hammer striking on the anvil. Finally, we may note that in the great number of her lullaby airs, Ireland stands almost alone among Celtic nations. We only find two such airs amongst the Highland music, and but one among the carefully collected airs of Wales.

In many of the melodies contained in Dr. Petrie's collection, notes occur which to the ear of the modern or so-called classical musician will sound wild and uncouth, even as the motions and costume of the Indian chief appear strange and rude to the eye formed solely by the study of the refinements and fashions of modern civilization. Nevertheless, beauty does exist in the freedom and grace of the unfettered motions of the savage; and if, in the study of this music, we fail to perceive its natural greatness, the fault lies not in its singular strains, but in ourselves. In the tunes now before us are modulations and omissions such as seldom occur except in the oldest national music. Many peculiarities of ancient composition may be accounted for by the peculiarities in the construction of ancient musical instruments. The bagpipe, for which some old Celtic airs were written, was incapable of producing the omitted notes. The Irish harp had no string for F sharp, between E and G in the interval, and there were only two major keys, G sharp and C natural, perfect in diatonic intervals on this instrument. Many of the oldest Celtic airs have been drawn from a defective scale—the old Scots scale—which, as we learn from Dr. Burney, resembled that of the Greeks and Chinese in the omission of the fourth and seventh of the key—and are marked by a careful avoidance of the major seventh. We find an air modulating from G major into E minor, and D natural instead of sharp occurs in the modulation, as also is often the case in the old Gregorian chants. In the key of G minor we find the F natural throughout. These airs are almost all characterized by the occurrence of the sub-median as a strongly marked note. Many of them end in a different key from that in which they commenced. In this way there are numberless instances of proving a totally different system and form of composition to have existed among the ancients from that now in use; and in the arrangement and harmonizing of these airs such differences must be attended to and respected, else we run the risk of destroying the characteristic expression of the air, and its value as a relic of antiquity. Dr. Marx, in his "Kompositionslhre," speaking of the German chorale, remarks—

"Many of our chorale belong neither to the major nor the minor modern modes, but to an earlier system of modes, and cannot be treated according to our present system of modulation, or at least, if so treated, not in a manner conformable to their spirit. They require different modulation and different harmonizing, and of such a kind only as is consistent with that old system. Even the melodies themselves, if viewed apart from harmony, are often utterly at variance with our modern principles of composition. If we wish to harmonize suitably chorale of this description (and they are the finest that we have), we must make ourselves acquainted with the modes in which they are written, in so far, at least, as is requisite for the judicious selection of the harmony to be employed."

This may be applied with equal truth to the Celtic music. It is one great impediment thrown in the way of the student of ancient national music, that in the already published col-

lections of such airs, those who have undertaken to arrange them, feeling the impossibility of putting to them harmonies and accompaniments which shall be correct according to the rules of modern science, have thought themselves obliged to vary the melody in order to avoid consecutive octaves and fifths occurring in similar motion. Better have left the simple air untouched. The fault lay, not, as they supposed, in the savage wildness of the melody, but in their own want of power. Beethoven and Chopin by the might of their genius overcame such obstacles; and in many of their works we find consecutive fifths appearing where no discord is produced. Palestrina begins his "Stabat Mater," still used in the Pope's chapel, by three successive common chords with sharp thirds to the bass A, G, F, descending diatonically. The old church composers, ignorant of the modern rules of relation, take fearlessly two or more perfect chords of the same kind diatonically, using every note of the scale except the seventh, as bass. Hence, doubtless, in part, the solemn, wild, and melancholy effect of this ancient music, so different from music written in accordance with our modern laws of composition. Such laws in all art may be valuable as assistants to the patient students, who through them work to freedom and greatness—to those of whom it may be said, in the words of one of our true poets—

"They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings."

Yet beyond these heights there is a higher still, to be arrived at only by those unconscious workers, who feel that through them the spirit breathes, but know not how it operates.

INGEN DA CERDA.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.

A grand fête took place last week at the Crystal Palace, under royal and distinguished patronage, the occasion being the benefit of Mr. Mapleson, the well known and popular manager of her Majesty's opera, when all the resources of that establishment were combined with the permanent attractions of the Crystal Palace, to produce one of the most brilliant and successful entertainments of the season. The fête commenced at three, p.m., with a grand concert, in which Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Ilma di Murska, Madame Sinico and Madame Alboni, took part.

The programme consisted of selections from the most famous works of Meyerbeer, Handel, Rossini, Mozart, Verdi, etc.; and the rendering of them by the great artists, was, in almost every instance, worthy of the theme, the composer, and the occasion. Mdle. Tietjens gave, as her first air, the glorious "Inflammatus" of Rossini, as she alone can give it; the softest tones penetrating to the remotest recesses of the hall, and the high notes rising clear and distinct through the swell of the chorus, as the sparkle of a jewel from a background of velvet. Madame Sinico and Signor Foli gave the famous duet from "Il Flauto Magico," "La dove prende," in brilliant style; and Madame Alboni, who was received with loud applause, sang the sparkling air, "Voi che sapete," with such true spirit and feeling, as to elicit an *encore*. Mr. Bentham gave the ever popular "M'appari," in a pleasing and graceful style; but to us, who remember Signor Giuglini's rendering of the romance, there was, we must confess, a something wanting; the rich, spontaneous flow of music, which seemed to burst forth almost without any effort of will on the part of the singer, was not here. Signor Vizzani, whose voice is sweet and flexible, and whose singing is steadily improving, gave the well known cavatina, "La donna e mobile," in most creditable style; a trying air too, just now, when we consider that it was one of the "great songs" of Signor Mario, whose farewell performances have created so great a *furor*. The rest of the concert included many well known airs from "Marta," "Ernani," etc.

At six o'clock, a grand display of the fountains took place, and the visitors strolled into the gardens, to enjoy the refreshing breezes before returning into the palace, for the grand ballet, and the performance of the "Barbieri di Siviglia," on the stage of the central transept, at half-past eight.

The fête wound up with a magnificent display of fireworks. All the arrangements were perfect, and if the result prove as profitable to the promoters, as it was enjoyable to the spectators, all parties will have good reason to feel satisfied that their time, talents, and money have been given in a good cause, and have met with mutual appreciation.

SPHINX.

SONG.

Say, who has not felt all the rapture of love
Pulsing on through his veins like a river's swift tide,
As high in the heavens the small stars above
Shone twinklingly bright, like the gifts of a bride?
Success may attend the meridian of life,
When the mind is developed, and manhood holds sway;
Yet the heart ever longingly out from the strife
Looks back to that dawn of enjoyment's pure ray.

Say, who would not flee, could he flee back once more,
To the days when his soul, with love's ecstasy filled,
From troubles was free as the calm level shore
When the sea is at rest and all nature is stilled—
His highest ambition to hear her lips speak
Soft strains of delight, like the syrens of old,
While the hue of the moss-rose enamelled her cheek,
As her eyes sparkled bright at the tales that he told?

Say, who would not pause at the crossway of fame,
Where the finger-post, Time, points the way we must go.
Take a last longing look at fond memory's flame,
Ere it sink 'neath the stream of life's fast-ebbing flow?
Move on, poor ambition! whose end is but gain—
Earth's gifts are false honors that fade as we gaze;
When greed has been sated, we sigh for, in vain,
The rapture of youth, with its soul-thrilling blaze.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

INTERESTING NOTES.

IRISH LACES.—As everything that tends to encourage industry is of special importance, we would call attention to the state of the Irish lace trade, one that is capable of being very much developed with fair encouragement, but which, we understand, receives little patronage from the ladies of Ireland. Those who appreciate it most are strangers, and its best patrons are our American visitors. If the ladies at home would imitate them they would add hundreds more to the numbers of poor girls who at present maintain themselves by producing these beautiful fabrics. Specimens manufactured at Carrickmacross, Tullow, Limerick, and other parts of the country can be seen at the establishment of Mr. Keane, 2, Upper Sackville-street, which for elegance of design and fineness of material rival the best continental productions. There is, therefore, no excuse for the further neglect of this important manufacture by the ladies of Dublin.—*Evening Mail*.

Earl Russell is about to publish an Historical Essay on "The foreign policy of England from 1570 to 1870."

The late Alexandre Dumas has left two theatrical works entirely terminated; one a drama in verse, entitled, *Roméo et Juliette*, which was about to be played at the Odéon three years back, but retarded; and the other, *La Mort de Porthos*, with Dumaine as the good-hearted giant.

An Italian female violinist, Miss Ortori Francosconi, performed before the Sultan last month, and received a present of £250.

Mr. E. Freeman is about to bring out a volume of his essays on historical subjects; they will chiefly relate to the questions now or lately pending between France and Germany.

It is said that Mr. R. Mansel will shortly take the Holborn Theatre, and open with a new and original drama by Mr. Bonicault, which has been played with great success in the country.

M. Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the famous *Watch on the Rhine*, has received a flattering letter from Prince Bismarck. Recognising the important part this song has played in binding the Germans together, the prince, as chancellor of the new empire, has sent the composer a present of a thousand thalers; and adds that he hopes to be able to allot him annually a similar sum of money.

On the 15th inst. there was published at Strasburg the first number of a new weekly newspaper, under the title of *The Strasburg Messenger; a Weekly Newspaper for Alsace and German Lorraine*, edited by Dr. A. Schricker. The journal is meant to supply a blank which the former French government had left in the newspaper press.

Mr. Mapleson will renew his winter series of Italian opera at cheap prices at Covent Garden in November and December. Mr. A. Harris will have the Covent Garden Theatre for pantomime at Christmas.

The Lorraine Museum at Nancy has just been entirely destroyed by fire, with all its contents, the only article saved being the ancient tapestry of Charles the Bald. The building was the last remains of the former palace of the Dukes of Lorraine, and was a fine specimen of architecture of the early part of the sixteenth century. The loss is estimated at 500,000 fr.

The *Orchestra* says:—Some admirers of the late Balfe have suggested a bust, instead of a statue, now being subscribed for, to be placed on a pedestal at Drury Lane Theatre.

A new illustrated periodical for Scotland will be established as a memorial of the national celebration of Sir Walter Scott's centenary, called *St. Andrew's Magazine*. No. 1 will be published at the end of August, with the magazines for September.

The building of the new Hofschauspielhaus of Vienna will be commenced at the beginning of 1872.

PROGRESS IN AMERICA.—It may offer a new suggestion to Mr. Gladstone in his approaching non-official study of fresh enterprises of reform, to mention a difficulty between the American Progressives and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which bids fair to become a bitter party struggle in those regions. Governor Chafin, of the State named, a man of advanced opinions and fond of "Sticking to the Democracy," recently appointed Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Miss Stevens, Justices of the Peace, at the request of the Woman's Rights Convention, "who saw in the act," says a correspondent, "the dawn of the political millennium." But the Council of the State, to whom the appointments were referred, took the opinion of the Supreme Court as to the legality of issuing the commissions. That tribunal promptly decided that it was not in the contemplation of the organic law of Massachusetts that women should hold office, and, consequently, that the action of Governor Chafin was null and void. Accordingly, it will not be in the power of Mrs. Howe and Miss Stevens to administer the law, punish offenders, or set forth to the world with what dignity and decorum woman would occupy the magisterial bench. The Governor, however, gallantly insists that the ladies on whom his choice fell would have performed the duties better than most men; and we are bound in justice to add that it is not long since a London contemporary, usually given to philosophy, expressed a deliberate opinion that English statesmen have been doing their business so imperfectly of late years, that it might be fairly tried whether stateswomen would not rule the country with higher intelligence and more steadiness and success.—*Evening Mail*.

WHAT PROFESSOR TYNDALL SAYS OF THE SKY.

"Teach science," is the repeated cry of the day—"simplify it to working men—translate technical terms into intelligible language, so as to make learning a pleasure." One wishes to be young again to share the advantage of this philanthropic effort. But an older generation have not waited till now to discover the disadvantages of the system under which their minds developed. I was taught by an incident in early life how much I had lost from want of a fuller education. Like many others, I had gone through the educational cycle without a glimpse of what may be called scientific knowledge. Therefore, when a catechism of chemistry fell by chance into my hands, it struck me like a revelation, opening a kind of fairyland before my wondering eyes, where I could trace the work of invisible agencies, of whose existence I had no previous conception. Yet, with all my admiration, I never acquired much knowledge of chemistry, or any other science, having no opportunities for study, and probably wanting capability, and I dwell on the trifling incident narrated only because it gave a coloring to my life, and was chiefly instrumental to any little good I have been ever able to accomplish.

But how has science grown since I picked up these rudimentary fragments! The contrast between my *then* and the existing *now* is in itself a source of wonder. There was then no Tyndall to make light luminous, as this great magician at present does, when in the strength of his own genius he lifts us up into the infinity of space, and enables us to revel in all the wonders of an universe in which the planet we inhabit is but as a speck undistinguishable to a dweller in other systems among which ours is lost.

Among the many subjects to which Mr. Tyndall has devoted much thought, *Light* seems to be the favorite one. It is on it he chiefly dwells in "The Use and Limits of the Imagination in Science," and it is only in the hope of leading others to the perusal of a beautiful combination of imagery and science which my presumptuous handling cannot mar, that I attempt a sketch of it in this paper.

It may be nothing to hear that light travels at the rate of 185,000,000 of miles in a minute, for it is a fact easily effaced from the memory; but when we learn its mode of transit—the different proportion of its waves, giving a million times more force to the largest than to the smallest wave—the effect produced by this variation on the color of our noon-tide skies, and the dying lights of sunset—the minute particles of which ether consists, on which the light-waves impinge, and which are the vehicles of their transmission—that must be a torpid mind in which the wish for further knowledge does not grow. Let us retrace the few steps we have taken, and see if our outline may not be made more distinct. Our effort must be to imagine an ocean of infinite tenuity and elasticity, to which the name of Light Ether is given, and which is filled with an inconceivable number of swinging atoms, or molecules, against which the light-waves dash in every direction, scattering light like foam from their breaking crests into measureless space. But this is not all. The reign of law as serenely works in this dazzling chaos as in the formation of the smallest dew-drop sparkling on a rose; and to make this fact intelligible is our present effort.

That light moves, and is divisible, are facts universally accepted, but how much the color of the sky is due to that divisibility, and to the unequal motion of the different waves, may be as new to many as to myself. It is calculated that two-thirds of the rays—or, as Professor Tyndall prefers to call them, light-waves—proceeding from the sun, fail to excite vision. But every light-producing wave is found to have its allotted length and size, as each has its mission to fulfil; and *color*, varying according to the different lengths of individual waves, is one of the effects produced by them. Some theories make force the sole agent in nature. It is at least possible to describe many of its phenomena by numerical calculation. Thus the force or energy of the largest wave, which reaches our vision as *red*, is a million of times greater than that of the smallest, of which violet is the equivalent to

our sensations. Mr. Tyndall gives us a singular proof of how language clothes ideas, when, in describing the bloom on a girl's cheek, he says:—"We do not therefore jest, but speak the words of truth and soberness, when we affirm that the rays to which the tinting of any cheek is due, would, if mechanically applied, be competent to move a wheel-barrow through a certain place, or to lift a scuttle of coal to a calculable elevation." The disrespect of this comparison is only to be equalled by the irreverence which describes a blue eye as simply "a turbid medium." I quote these words because it is good for us to look at facts in different lights, and because it gives some help towards answering the question, why the sky is blue? All size is relative. Though the molecules which swing in space are far too minute to be distinguishable with the aid of the highest microscope; yet, as they offer a greater resistance to the smaller light-waves which impinge on them than they do to the larger ones, they consequently scatter the light of the former in a higher ratio. Now, if we remember that the colors conveyed to our sensations by the smaller waves are indigo, blue, and violet, with a little effort we can understand how it is possible that, by the undue scattering of the waves referred to, blue becomes the color of our atmosphere. I want Mr. Tyndall's picturesque language to give full force to this grouping of cause and effect; but, however imperfect my effort, I think it impossible for anyone on whom this sketch makes an impression to look at the sky in a thoughtful mood—remembering that the azure vault, which looks as solid as a marble dome, is only an assemblage of vibratory particles, so light and compressible that our authority says "it may be held in the hollow of the hand"—without being awakened to a living sense of that Omnipotence which out of the simplest means educes the most perfect harmonies and the grandest results.

Now a word on sunset colors before closing. We have seen that the blue color of the sky is an incident of the scattering of the smaller light-waves, and that by successive collisions the white light has been robbed of its due proportion of blue. The rest I shall give in Mr. Tyndall's words:—"The result may be anticipated. The transmitted light, where short distances are involved, will appear yellowish. But as the sun sinks towards the horizon the atmospheric distances increase, and consequently the number of the scattering particles. They abstract in succession the violet, the indigo, the blue, and even disturb the proportions of green. The transmitted light under such circumstances must pass from yellow, through orange, to red. This also is exactly what we find in nature. Thus, while the reflected light gives us at noon the deep azure of the Alpine skies, the transmitted light gives us at sunset the warm crimson of the Alpine snows."

AN IRISHWOMAN.

DREAMS.

It is sweet in thought to wander 'from this troubled world at times,

And repose the spirit, worn and faint, in dreamland's fairy bowers,

Where the air is music-laden with the clash of silver rhymes,

And odorous with breathings sweet of amaranthine flowers—

Where, with the murmurous melody of soft, harmonious chimes,

The golden founts of Fancy flash, and fall in rainbow showers.

Ah, in that lovely land, what forms of beauty breathe and glow!

What things of light, and glory, all who enter there may see!—

Scenes of such grace and gorgeousness, their aspect can bestow

A balm that soothes all earthly cares, how sad so'er they be!

Wise men may scorn the dreamer, but this much, at least, I know—

This world without *my* dreamings were a weary world to me.

THOMAS F.

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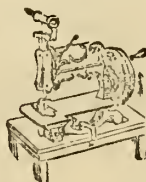
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THE

EMERALD

THE

IRISH LADIES'

JOURNAL.




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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the **EMERALD**, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, “Gallery of Illustrious Women;” supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the **EMERALD** is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the **EMERALD** were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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A SERIAL TALE

OF

THRILLING INTEREST,

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER,

A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG,

COMMENCED IN

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THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL,

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THE EMERALD:

THE


IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 9.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

ON SANITARY KNOWLEDGE.

 HOLERA is working its way slowly westward along the accustomed track. At present its headquarters seem at Wilna in Russia, where its victims average thirty per day; but cases have occurred far to the west of that inland city, which leave no doubt that the dreaded pestilence approaches the Prussian boundary. From Prussia, in all probability, it will pursue its westward course, following more grimly the grim path of war, and placing the final stone on the edifice of disaster which will for all ages mark gloomily this era in the records of unhappy France. And who can say that our own shores will escape visitation from the destroying angel, unless we take the necessary precautions commanded by science, and, in lieu of sprinkling our doorposts with the blood of victims, wash away dirt from our cities and houses, and banish the atmospheric impurity which is the sponge that imbibes and retains infection? This is a serious question for all of us, and needs consideration, decision, and resolution. We call the attention of our readers to it, not to spread groundless alarm, but to awaken inquiry and give the spur to action.

Cleanliness may be distinguished under three heads—corporate, household, and personal. With the first public bodies alone can deal. The Sanitary Acts give them ample powers, which, especially at the present crisis, they should exert to the utmost. It is on cities and towns that epidemics lay fast hold; and their governing bodies are heavily responsible for the many deaths which take place yearly from zymotic diseases, where they have neglected to use the force given them by acts of parliament. Life is shortened and physical usefulness lessened, even without epidemic or contagious diseases, by corporate uncleanness. An abundant supply of pure water, free from taint of organic matter, is the primary requisite. Next comes a proper and well drained system of sewage. After these, inspection of houses and workshops, to prevent overcrowding and secure requisite ventilation; and with this, close supervision over the food offered for sale to the people. Corporators and town commissioners have full power to obtain or enforce all these; and wherever they have done so they have materially decreased the death rate, and added to the general health, strength, and usefulness of their civic and urban populations. But though this improvement can be noted in a time of freedom from epidemic diseases; when those terrible scourges whip the land, the advantage of corporate cleanli-

ness is far more apparent. Since the action of corporators and commissioners of towns can be so beneficial, therefore we call on them to bestir themselves in the face of the fore-shadowed danger.

Household and personal uncleanness are not so easily overcome by legislation; but it is precisely here that the influence of such as our readers can be exercised with effect. Most of them have the knowledge of which the poor are ignorant, and the means of using that knowledge to the overthrow of prejudice. We know that it requires small argument to engage their sympathies in any project of practical benevolence. This one, however, is probably of greater utility than any other purely material work. It is useful to the rich as well as to the poor, because by lessening the risk of contagion among the latter, it is lessened still more among the former. With the prospect of having soon to face the most dreadful of modern plagues, the necessity of teaching cleanly habits to the poor becomes painfully urgent. The advantages—nay, the absolute need of pure air, light, wholesome food, and exercise, could be taught at the same time. If to this knowledge were added a conviction of the baneful effects of continual indulgence in alcoholic liquors, even though in minor quantities, a great work would be accomplished, a marvellous social benefit achieved, a mass of human misery relieved, and the foundation of a more civilized era laid. With such knowledge widely spread and generally acted on (as it would be if it were known) the premature mortality now so common—to say nothing of the many debilitating diseases which render life useless and rob it of all enjoyment—would at least receive a very perceptible check.

In connection with this matter we desire to draw the attention of our readers to the advantages of a Ladies' Sanitary Association. There is one established in England. Its object is to spread a knowledge of the laws on which health depends, and to promote, in every possible way, all projects of sanitary reform. For this purpose the Association has had written simple and interesting tracts on sanitary subjects, the greater number of which were specially intended for the poor. Prepared by competent persons, and edited by eminent physicians, they are really suited for the objects intended. They treat of such subjects as good food, fresh air, pure water, the advantages of soap and water, the evils of tight lacing, the management of children, and so on. With handbooks of this nature ladies could do an immensity of good. Amongst the rustie poor, for instance, who have known them from childhood, their influence may be

said to know hardly a limit. Again, in towns there are many who devote themselves to the visiting of the poor with other charitable views; and these, too, from the circumstances of their position, can wield a mighty power over their untrained or uneducated sisters. And it must be remembered that every household in which they succeed in establishing sanitary knowledge, and in especial a conviction of the beauty and usefulness of cleanliness, is a beacon and an example to a neighborhood—a leaven that may leaven a surrounding mass of ignorance—a light that will shine and attract by its own brilliancy. This consideration will give hope to many, who, finding their progress slow in the matter of reform, and discouraged by the inertness or foiled by the prejudices of those they would instruct, feel tempted to retire from the struggle in despair.

If there be, as we have heard, a branch Ladies' Sanitary Association in Dublin, we would impress on our readers to join it, in preference to commencing anew; as they would have all the advantages of an existing organization ready to their hands, which would be a great matter indeed. If there be, not, however, we urge an immediate effort for the foundation of one, with branches and affiliations throughout the island. Such an association would have one manifest advantage. Those who are now working for sanitary reform would gain new vigor and increased activity with the assured knowledge that there were fellow-workers earnest as themselves in the field. Besides, independently of the good done to the poor, the knowledge of hygienic laws would be consolidated in the minds of the members of such a society, and from them would spread amongst those of their upper-class sisters whose sanitary theories bear a striking resemblance to those of their grandmothers. It is possible that such ladies might be induced to learn, for instance, that to keep a child half clothed in cold weather will not "make it hardy," but may lay in its little frame the seeds of future delicacy; or that the exclusion of light from the nursery does not give little ones the stamp of gentility, but of sickness. For many reasons, all of importance, and most of them urgent, it is desirable in the highest degree to have in flourishing existence a Ladies' Sanitary Association.

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER.—A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

BY J. D. DALY.

CHAPTER III.

Bonn is a comfortable little town, in a pleasant situation on the banks of the Rhine, between the low-lying districts which stretch away to Holland and the German Ocean on the one hand, and the rugged and picturesque scenery of the Rhine on the other. It is just the place for the Rhine tourist to make his head-quarters, if he means to pass some time in the locality, and is not in a hurry to get to Ems, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Frankfort, or Strasbourg. It is an admirable place for wintering in, presenting a tolerably mild temperature, and sufficient means of amusement to enable the long winter's evenings to be passed agreeably. The Belle Vue, too, is a comfortable hotel, and it was in a best bedroom of this hotel, on the night of the day of his visit to the Kreutzberg, that Mr. Smith, the Englishman, was preparing to retire to rest. He appeared to have lost his usual healthy buoyancy of spirits, and was somewhat dull and gloomy—a Frenchman would have said that it was a fit of the spleen to which Englishmen are always liable. Be that as it may, John Smith got to bed with no very lively spirits, and sank into an uneasy slumber. He tossed about

restlessly and showed a singular inclination to grasp his nose, muttering to himself the while. He would then gradually fall into a deeper sleep, his hand relaxing its hold on his nose only to start half awake in a minute or two, and again lay hold of that organ, as if he feared he was about to be deprived of it. At length, after a more than usually energetic grasp at the feature, he started up, looked about in astonishment, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed:—

"That detestable finger, it will keep twitching me by the nose in my dreams—confound the thing, I can't keep it out of my head."

Mr. Smith arose, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, lighted his candles by means of the night-light burning by his bedside, and taking a book from a handsome leather-covered travelling case, commenced to read. He was just beginning to be interested in his volume when he was aroused by a sharp tap, tap.

"Who is there at this hour?" said Mr. Smith, but the only response was a second couple of raps as sharp and imperious as the previous ones. He arose from his seat, went to the door, and opened it. "Darkness there and nothing more," as the American scapegrace poet says. It was very extraordinary—perhaps it was a loose hasp, or something of the kind attached to the window lattice. But it certainly sounded remarkably like the common tap of a forefinger knuckle on a wooden panel. Mr. Smith went to the window, and, peering from behind the curtain through the glass, became convinced that the noise did not proceed from the shutter, for he heard it repeated, apparently in the room behind him. Mr. Smith was scared and looked sharply round, but nothing particular was to be seen. He looked under the bed, under the sofa, into all the corners—absolutely nothing to account for the singular noise.

"Rats, I expect," said Mr. Smith; and the words were hardly out of his mouth when the rapping was again repeated. This time he felt convinced that it came from a round table in the centre of the room, upon which his travelling case stood. He looked all about that article of furniture, but there was no clue to the mysterious knocking.

He was not a believer in spirit-rapping, and therefore not disposed to account for the phenomenon in a manner which would have been quite satisfactory to many people. But he thought something might be loose about the table, and he looked underneath. In the very act of doing so, while his head was beneath the mahogany, there came two sharp taps, undoubtedly on the upper surface of the table, within two or three inches of his head. Mr. Smith jumped up, and looked aghast. What *could* it mean? It was a most incomprehensible thing. Where did the rapping come from? He opened his travelling case, and looked inside of that. There was nothing there particular, beyond the dead monk's finger, which looked as innocent as could be expected under the circumstances. That mummified knuckle could surely not have been guilty of making such a disturbance. Mr. Smith shut the case with a bang, but had hardly done so, when rap, rap, came distinctly from the interior of the case itself, as if there was some one inside impatient to have it open. "That," exclaimed Mr. Smith with decision, "is certainly from the case." To open it again, and empty its contents on the table, was the work of a moment. But no intrusive rat, attracted by the odour of the pomade, was visible, nor indeed anything to account in the remotest way for the noise. There was his patent hinged boot-jack, an ample portfolio containing writing materials, a small case of nail, tooth, and hair brushes, half a dozen cakes of Windsor soap, razors, scissors, penknives, etc., and a variety of other articles perfectly incapable of giving spontaneous and voluntary knocks, such as he had heard. He put them back one by one, looking closely at each, but could make no way in the solution of the mystery. The finger of the monk was about the last article restored to the case, and while looking at it, he found that, in spite of himself, and almost unknown to himself, a vague superstitious suspicion was stealing over him.

"Pshaw," said he, at last, "that bit of skin and bone can never knock again in this world. What can it be, though, that makes this unreasonable row? I'm afraid I'm not all right," he added, "fever—nervousness—I'll take something or other to-morrow for it."

With these reflections Mr. Smith determined to go to bed again. This was soon accomplished, and after tossing about uneasily for some time, he dropped off into a heavy, but not sound sleep. One would say he had an attack of the nightmare, by his groans and ravings; large drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead, and he was evidently a prey to the most disagreeable dreams. This is what Mr. Smith dreamed:

He found himself bound in a large iron hull, like one of those he had often seen in the ship-building yards at Mill-wall. The Dead Monk he had seen at the Kreutzberg, and whose finger he had stolen, was evidently a person of authority in the ship, for he walked to and fro, apparently giving orders, but not taking the slightest notice of Mr. Smith, who quaked with fear at the sight of him. But the great misery of all was the incessant ringing of the hammers on the outside of the hull, where apparently a thousand riveters were at work showering blows on the sounding iron. The noise was appalling and tremendous, and Mr. Smith felt as if the concussion on his brain must ultimately cause his skull to burst into a thousand pieces. Ding, ding, dong, incessantly went the blows on the iron hull, until the uproar became maddening—just as it became clear to the victim that the moment had arrived when he must either lose his senses or find relief, the appalling noise was converted into a hardly less appalling silence; the spectre monk cried out in a loud, ringing, solemn voice, "Repent and make restitution." The whole hull blazed up, and disappeared with a great glare of light, and Mr. Smith felt himself released, and awoke with a shriek from his terrible slumber.

It was now broad daylight, and the bright sun of a glorious summer morning on the Rhine was breaking through the thin muslin curtains of the room. The waiters and other servants were busy preparing for the work of the day when the cry of Mr. Smith alarmed them. They rushed into his room pell-mell to find him sitting up in bed with a haggard look upon his face, the terror inspired by his dream plainly visible on his countenance. Some moments elapsed before he could reply to the repeated inquiry, "Mein gott, mein Herr was habt Mr.?" At length he muttered out something about a late supper, nightmare in consequence, and dismissed the but half-satisfied servitors, who went off and proceeded about their daily avocations shaking their heads, and expressing the opinion that the Englishman had something on his conscience. The said Englishman remained sitting up in bed for some time, apparently in deep thought, a sadly changed man in outward appearance since the previous day, when he so jauntily walked up the Kreutzberg. What the nature of his reflections were we shall not inquire, but the result was his sudden springing out of bed with a vindictive look upon his countenance, and half-uttered exclamations upon his lips. He strode to the table in the centre of the room, and bringing down his clenched fist upon it in an emphatic manner, he made to himself these disjointed remarks:—

"Am I not an Englishman—a Britain—*civis Romanus sum*? Is Magna Charta nothing, and is the British Constitution to be trampled upon? Tell me that? Every Englishman's house is his castle, I should think! Who denies it? I should like to see the man! God save the Queen, and rule Britannia!"

A careful consideration of Mr. Smith's character, with some knowledge of his peculiarities, would enable one to conclude that those remarks of his, although strongly tinged with politics, did not necessarily indicate that his mind was engaged in the consideration of some grave political problems. It was only a way Mr. Smith had got of recovering heart and courage in depressing or alarming circumstances, not the least connected with political questions. It was

something of the same nature as that of the French, "*allons donc voyons!*" a set form of words which produced a certain moral effect, apart from their precise meaning or applicability at the moment. Allusions to the time-honored institutions and political precepts of his country always produced a reanimating effect on Mr. Smith, and that accounts for his use of the foregoing otherwise inexplicable remarks. His courage being once more re-established, Mr. Smith proceeded to take a pre-breakfast cigar—a bad habit which he had acquired—but a most exquisite luxury nevertheless, for to a philosophical smoker, there is nothing so fine as a good cigar in the morning, before the palate is tainted by the solid food in which our mortal nature is condemned to indulge each day.

Setting his back against the mantel-piece, and smoking with deliberation and almost restored nerves, Mr. Smith addressed a few remarks to the world generally. The current of his thoughts and tongue ran somewhat to this effect:—

"Look here, now; I'm not going to stand this kind of thing, you know. Better give it up: it's no use trying it on John Smith of London. He's not to be done in that way, I can tell you. Well, I certainly have had a bad night of it; it's too annoying to wake up in that state, and make oneself ridiculous before servants. That jolly old monk, too. What was it? 'Repent and make restitution.' That means his old finger here, I suppose. Just catch me; not a bit of it. I'll see him further first. Besides, what can he want with a finger in his present condition? But it all arose from the heat of the sun during the day, and a heavy supper. I am not superstitious, and don't believe in spirit-rapping, but there certainly have been some queer doings last night. That rapping about the table I can't make out; but as for the rapping I dreamt of, though my head aches from it, I can understand that—disordered digestion and nightmare. I don't see what's the use of keeping this old finger, though. Somehow or other, since I've had it, I've had no peace or quiet. I'll chuck it through the window; here goes." With these words, Mr. Smith took the Dead Monk's shrivelled finger from the table and "chucked it," as he termed it, through the open window into the courtyard of the hotel below. Looking out after it to see where it fell, Mr. Smith's gaze was confronted by that of a young laundry woman, who was passing through the yard with a basket of clean napkins and other similar articles, probably fresh from the hands of ironers. She stared curiously and inquiringly at Mr. Smith, and he wondered what she was looking at; but it immediately occurred to him that the finger in falling might have struck her. He therefore threw as much of an apology as he could into a slight nod of his head, to which the girl replied by a smile and a courtesy, and went her way.

(To be continued.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Miss Nightingale is the daughter of Mr. Edward Nightingale, a gentleman of property and ancient family in Derbyshire, through whom she is co-heiress to the estates of Lea Hurst in the latter county, and of Embley Park in Hampshire. She was born, in 1820, at Florence—hence her christian name. Well might that ancient city, so illustrious in the annals of Art, feel proud of having been her birth-place, inasmuch as it has thus been associated with the history of Benevolence in the person of the modern female Howard, whose fame has long been ubiquitous wherever exists the civilization of which she has been and is one of the noblest ministering spirits. For many centuries—indeed from the origin of Christianity, whose leading principle was universal love—the system of the Roman Catholic Church had organized charity; many of its saints were persons who rendered themselves objects of gratitude and reverence by devoting themselves to the alleviation of human suffering—many of whom perished martyrs to the dangers they encountered.

But few, whether their lives be historic or unrecorded, could have excelled the subject of our notice in wise prospection and in self-sacrificing enthusiasm for purposes of general good; few were so connected with, or, perhaps, played so important a part in great mundane events, or made their sound practical influence more widely and permanently felt than the truly Christian worker and heroine who has won the title of the greatest of Protestant Sisters of Charity.

Miss Nightingale's youth was spent at Lea Hurst, which is said to be a charming country residence in that most picturesque of English counties. The house is built in the old Gothic fashion, and almost embowered in roses. Even when a child her philanthropic instincts were so strong that her chief pleasure arose from attending the poor of the village, instructing the children, and nursing the sick—to which latter vocation her nature had such an affinity that she resolved, as she grew up, to make it the business of her life. Thenceforward the study of the working of schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions, appears to have entirely absorbed her attention; and with that fixity of purpose which is the mainspring of all successful enterprise, she has, despite the many social attractions amid which she was born, continued, as long as health enabled her, to apply her knowledge and energy for the benefit of her fellow-creatures—thus, in the two pursuits of improving the youthful intelligence and alleviating pain, affording an illustrious altruistic example to many among her European sisterhood, possessed of equal or much greater temporal advantages, whom a frivolous and retrograde egotistical system has taught that they were born but to enjoy. To the study of the London hospitals and other benevolent institutions Miss Nightingale presently added those of the continent; and when all the world were rushing to the Exhibition of 1851, she quitted England for Kaiserwerth on the Rhine, the celebrated German Deaconess's Training School, founded by Pastor Fliedner. In this institution, whose system is so admirable, and whose deaconesses visit all parts of the world, devoting themselves to every species of good work, but especially to the care and tendance of the sick, Miss Nightingale remained three years, until she had thoroughly mastered the business of nursing—a department of knowledge, which, together with general hospital arrangement and management, she has embodied in a couple of works, concentrating much of her experience, and which for utility must ever rank amongst the most valuable adjuncts of surgical and medical science. On her return to England she immediately began to apply the experience she had gained, and especially aided the sanatorium in Harley-street, London, not alone by her practical advice and personal energy, but by pecuniary assistance. And thus a brief period passed, when the outburst of the Crimean war brought Miss Nightingale prominently before the public of England and the continent.

When the war of 1854 was declared, it was the most fortunate circumstance of the crisis that the people of England numbered a Florence Nightingale, so animated, so gifted, so trained, amongst them; for she was destined to save the lives of half their invalided army. Amongst the chief causes of this contest, are to be numbered the paramount facts, that Russia and France were ruled by two irresponsible governors—the one an autocrat of the divine right order, the other, one by the popular majority in a nation where he represented the military element, and, of course, found it necessary to flatter its retrograde instinct by a war, which should renew a so-called hereditary glory. The question of the protection of the Eastern Christians, who at other times might have appealed in vain, was merely an excuse. But by an act of brutal and unprovoked aggression, Nicholas, whose inherited insanity was beginning to appear, had burned the Turkish fleet at Sinope, and then advanced across the Pruth (the boundary between Russia and Turkey), and this, together with the considerable fleet which was then maintained so near Constantinople as Sebastopol, were sufficient motives to induce England, after a cabinet delay, to plunge into a contest for which she was by no means prepared at

the time. Mr. Sidney Herbert, however, expressed the current opinion, that, if the Russians were allowed further to strengthen Sebastopol, it would be for ever impregnable, and hence the haste with which the English contingent was despatched. Thus autocratic will and contingent circumstances crisified a state of things which illustrated in the highest degree the helpless barbarism of Russia, and comparatively that of other nations, as will always be the case as long as unenlightened and unconfederated spiritual beings can be stimulated to exhibit the wild ass element *en masse*, and instead of an appeal to reason, prefer to settle national disputes by a recourse to the logic of powder and iron. If nations expended as much money annually on diplomacy—which, properly understood, involves the selection of the strongest and wisest heads among them, to establish international peace and progress on a basis of general interests—as they devote to the construction of a few first-class men-of-war, there would soon be little necessity for the latter; or navies and armies would exist on a reduced scale, just sufficient, in combination, to preserve civilization, and protect new colonial settlements, established to relieve the excess of home population, and spread our advanced life over regions still savage.

When war was declared in March, 1854, we need not say how unprepared in every way, except by sea, England then was—how after the victory of Alma, when siege operations commenced and battles were fought, she lost her first army; how by gigantic efforts she sent another, of whom pestilence swept many away; how the losses in hospital from the beginning of May, to the 14th July, 1855, amounted to *ninety-six per cent.* Such was the state of affairs, when Miss Nightingale wrote to the Secretary for War, Mr. Sydney Herbert, offering her services, at the same instant—for their letters crossed—that he had written to secure them for the nation. The history of campaigns authenticates the startling fact, that the number of killed in absolute war is but a fourth that of the loss sustained from the greater subsequent evils arising from the inadequate aid afforded to the wounded and sick. Down to a very late period, governments and military leaders studied chiefly to render effective the machinery of war, without applying themselves to the at least equally important problem of saving life by a relief organization. From the immense comparative average of those placed *hors de combat*, however, experience has shown that all such official efforts must fail without the introduction of auxiliary aid.

In less than a fortnight after Miss Nightingale received the letter of the war minister, she sailed for the east (Oct. 1854), bringing with her forty trained nurses and assistants. She was accompanied by Mrs. Bracebridge, an excellent lady, who acted in some respects as her guardian. The depression of public opinion caused by the late disasters in the east, and that chronic disaster, the miserable state of the invalided in the hospitals of Scutari, had reached zero. But from the moment she undertook this noblest of missions, hope reappeared, confidence was in more than one direction restored, and the British heart may be said to have accompanied this heroine of the spirit of progress, in its divinest phase, to the scene of her labors.

On her arrival she found the barrack hospital at Scutari in a state of the utmost disorder and confusion. Her first object was to make her powers of usefulness apparent by manifest results. In a kitchen and laundry appropriated to herself, she superintended the hygienic arrangements made for the sick; and her considerate tact and the absence of all thought for herself, rapidly gained the general sympathy. She brought to bear the knowledge she had devoted her life to acquire, with this consequence—one week after she arrived the death-rate lessened *one-half*. The news of the vast improvements wrought by her reaching England, large resources were sent to her by the state, and through public subscriptions, and she received effective aid from her auxiliaries, and from the Sisters of Charity of different societies. Were it not indeed for the assistance rendered by the French

during that dreadful period, the position of the sick and wounded English would have been wholly desperate. Among those dismal chambers of death Miss Nightingale moved, a ministering angel of hope and health, applying her precious gifts, natural and acquired, with a sure and affectionate care to the wrecks of the British army, by whom she must have been well nigh adored. As a poor Irish soldier said of her, "Even if she had not time to stop, her very shadow on the wall did them good."

But Miss Nightingale's activity was not limited to the improvement of hospital arrangements; it extended to the sanitary condition of the entire British army, in which an immense change was presently apparent. It was, indeed, mainly to her that the superiority it exhibited to the French shortly afterwards was attributable. When the war commenced it was destitute of everything. Hardship, discomfort, want and pestilence proved far more ruinous than the Russian guns, or the boasted advent of "General Fevrier." When it terminated, the English had admirably constructed and ventilated barracks and hospitals, and were enabled to reciprocate the kindness they had received from their allies, whose position was then much what that of the English had been. Disease and death had disappeared before the intelligent presence of England's noblest heroine, that brighter modern Pucelle, not of war, but of humanity, who appeared to save the suffering, and whose providential career was undimmed by any failure.

From her great exertions during the war, Miss Nightingale's health broke down; but since that time she has never ceased in her endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the British soldier, which is now one far superior to any previously attained. The public recognized her services by a subscription of £20,000, which she devoted to the training and maintenance of nurses. Her first work, "Hints on Hospitals," was published in 1859, and was followed by "Hints on Nursing," which has gone through several editions—both replete with useful information and suggestion. We need not say that her influence, widespread and progressive, has been manifested by the unwonted preparations made for the wounded and disabled in the wars which have succeeded the Crimean.

THE GARDEN.

CULTURE OF THE ROSE.

There is no flower so well adapted to our changeable climate as the rose, and certainly none with equal beauty possessing so many valuable properties. The rose may be found of almost every shade of color, endless variety of form and size, a delicious fragrance not to be met with in any other flower, and considerable diversity in habit and in hardness of constitution, which admit of its adaptation to almost every clime, and season.

Roses may be grown in a variety of ways, and their habits and characters admit of their being adapted to a variety of purposes in the garden. Hence, we have what are called Standard Roses, Half Standard, Dwarf Standard, Dwarf, Weeping, Climbing, Pillar or Poll Roses, Pot Roses, etc.

To anyone about to select a variety, I would recommend the Hybrid Perpetual. This class of roses embraces all shades of color, while flowering from June till November. No other rose is so handsome and compact; yet it can be grown to perfection with very little trouble.

The soil best adapted for the Hybrid Perpetual Rose, is one which contains the greatest proportion of loam. Deep stiff loam is what the rose most delights in, with a good portion of well decayed manure.

The proper time to plant the rose is from October to the end of December. A fine dry day must be chosen for the purpose. In planting, be sure not to put the roots more than five or six inches in the soil.

The operation of pruning the rose will require to be performed during February or March; but, above all things,

must be avoided in frosty weather. At the time of pruning, it is necessary to have in view the shape of the tree, so that when grown and in bloom it may assume the form desired. When fully grown, it should appear equal on every side, somewhat conical, and wider at its base; so that when viewed from different positions, it should present a uniform appearance; and when in bloom, every flower should be seen, and not hidden by leaves or shoots growing before them. To carry out this idea properly, prune all the side shoots to within three eyes of the standard.

When the rose is planted and pruned, and the ground put in tidy order, no more is required to be done until the bright sun of June comes to expand the favorite flower into its full bloom. Then it must be looked at every day to see that there be no insect destroying the bloom or the foliage; for roses are very subject to insect ravages; the caterpillar, for instance, being a mortal enemy, which must be picked off with the hand. Green fly and mildew are others; but they are most easily destroyed by dusting sulphur all over the tree in the morning when the dew is on the foliage.

SUMMER.

Sweet is the summer morn,
When sways the perfumed breeze,
The flowers and waving corn,
And whispers 'mid the trees;
The lark is hymning in the sky,
Unto the sun ascending high:
For me more sweet
My Kate to greet
With "love-light in her eye."

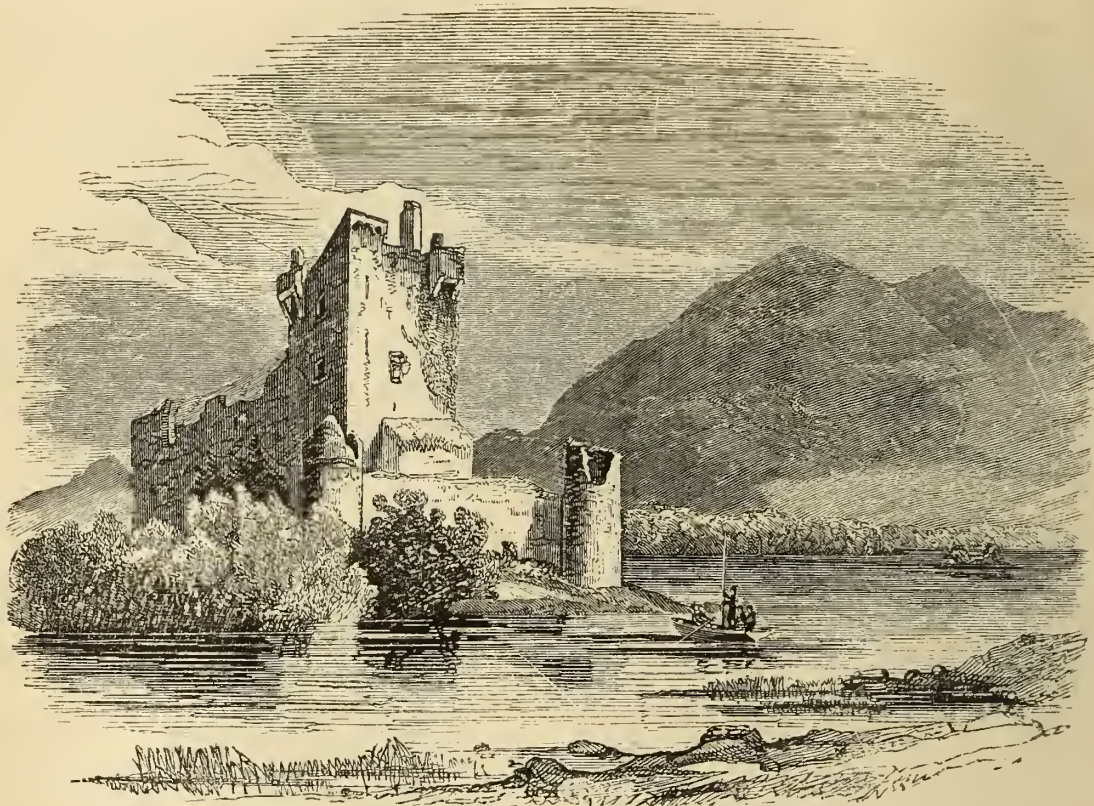
Sweet is the summer day,
Though fierce the glaring beam,
For then I wend my way
To shade beside a stream;
The pliant branches o'er it meet,
It yields refreshment in the heat:
So, when opprest,
Joy fills my breast
When kneeling at her feet!

Sweet is the summer eve,
When, in the glowing west,
The sun sinks in the wave
To take his liquid rest;
Still doth he seem to lingering wait
To smile on Nature, his sweet mate:
So would I die,
In glory lie,
While singing of my Kate!

But now those glories fade
Which made the sky so gay—
Yet do not dream, sweet maid,
Our love shall pass away;
No, no; the crystal stars arise,
A tender blue doth fill the skies:
So shall our love
More tender prove
When time us youth denies!

GEORGINA.

The funeral service of Auber duly took place in the church of La Trinité, at the end of the Rue de Chaussée d'Antin. Several of the ministers, a great number of deputies, the Duc de Nemours, Alexandre Dumas, and very many notables of the musical and literary world, were present.



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY.

Ross Castle, the ruins of which still form an attraction in the many-featured Killarney landscapes, was built upon a *ros* or point of Ross Island, which lies in the Lower Lake of Killarney. It was erected by one of the O'Donoghues; and in the petty warfare which followed the English invasion almost incessantly for several centuries, held a most important place. It was indeed a fortress of uncommon strength for the time and country. Its chief historical interest, however, is derived from the siege it sustained during the Cromwellian invasion of Ireland, in the year 1652. The circumstances attending its capitulation are unique in the annals of surrender; and in this lies the peculiar interest attaching to Ross Castle. Miss Cusack, the accomplished authoress of "The Illustrated History of Ireland," has given in her attractive and trustworthy "Illustrated History of Kerry," so precise and clear a narrative of the extraordinary events connected with this surrender, that we are constrained to borrow her words:—

"A battle was fought at Knocknicalashy, in the county Cork, on the 5th July, 1652, in which several Kerry men were taken prisoners, the principal of whom was Colonel MacGillycuddy, who headed Lord Muskerry's regiment. Major MacFíneen MacCarthy was also taken, and Mac Donogh, lord of Duhallow, was slain. Ludlow marched into Kerry after this engagement with 4,000 foot and 200 horse. His object was to attack Ross Castle, on the lake of Killarney, whither Lord Muskerry had retreated. The siege of this fortress has become a subject of more than ordinary historical interest, in consequence of the extraordinary method used to compel its garrison to capitulate.

"If we are to believe tradition, and the event proved that the tradition existed, there was a prophecy that Ross Castle could not be taken until a ship should swim upon the lake.

"In the *Gesta Hibernorum*, appended to Ware's annals, the surrender of Ross Castle is thus chronicled: 'A.D. 1652. —Rosse, in the county of Kerry, a castle in an island, is

yielded up to Ludlow, after he had caused a small ship to be carried over the mountains, and set afloat in the lough, which terrified the enemy.'

"The manner in which the transit of the ship was effected has been a subject of warm discussion, though it might be supposed that the above record, and the unanimous tradition of the county that it was carried 'over the mountains,' ought to set the matter at rest. The authority is almost contemporary, and Ludlow's account of the transaction certainly does not contradict the statements given above, although he does not say in what manner the ships were brought to him. He writes thus in his *Memoires*:—

"In the meantime I was not wanting in my endeavour to reduce the enemy in Ireland, and to that end marched with about 4,000 foot and 200 horse towards Ross, in Kerry, where the Lord Muskerry had his principal rendezvous, and which was the only place of strength the Irish had left except the woods, bogs, and mountains, being a kind of island encompassed on every part by water, except on one side, upon which there is a bog not passible but by a causeway, which the enemy had fortified. In this expedition I was accompanied by the Lord Broghill and Sir Hardress Waller, major-general of the foot. Being arrived at this place, I was informed that the enemy received continual supplies from those parts that lay on the other side, and were covered with woods and mountains, whereupon I sent a party of 2,000 foot to clear these woods, and to find out some convenient place for erecting a fort if there should be occasion. These forces met with some opposition, but at last they routed the enemy, killing some, and taking others prisoners; the rest saved themselves by their good footmanship. Whilst this was doing, I employed that part of the army which was with me in fortifying a neck of land where I designed to leave a party to keep in the Irish on this side, that I might be at liberty with the greatest part of the horse and foot to look after the enemy abroad, and to receive and convoy such boats and

other things necessary as the commissioners sent us by sea. When we had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing 120 men, I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy; which they perceiving, thought fit by a timely submission to prevent the danger that threatened them, and having expressed their desires to that purpose, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat. A fortnight was spent in debating upon the terms, but articles were finally signed and hostages delivered on both sides, in consequence of which 5,000 horse and foot laid down their arms, and surrendered their horses.'

"This account, while it lessens the marvel in one way, showing what a very considerable force was ready for assault, increases it in another, it being scarce possible to conceive how such large vessels could have been conveyed to the siege from sea. Weld, in his description of the lakes, very justly remarks that 'General Ludlow in the account does not inform us by what means his boats were conveyed to the lake, yet they could not have been brought there without the greatest difficulty. The River Laune, which runs from Killarney to the sea, is much too shallow when flowing at its ordinary level to float a boat capable of containing 120 men, and when it is swelled by floods the current acquires an impetuosity that could only tend to augment the difficulty.'

"The expression, 'when we had received our boats,' certainly does not convey the idea of an arrival by water."

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

(By our Special Correspondent.)

For autumn cashmere mantles will be very much in favor. They are of very fine black French cashmere, similar to that used a few years ago for shawls. The mantles are made so as to form an ample tunic, in what is called the *polonaise* shape. For instance, the back of the mantle is one plain width of merino a yard long, looped up in two or three plaits at the side seam where it joins the front, and looped up three at the back by a single plait on each side near the waist behind the hip, and in the centre behind, just below the swell of the dress-improver, to form the panier. The front is made like an apron front, a little wider and a little longer than for a dress tunic, and cut in half, one half each side. By joining these patterns in paper to the ordinary back and front of a body of a tight-fitting mantle, the shape may be cut. The sleeve is of the bell shape, and large. A bow of sash ribbon and short cords is fixed on each side of the mantle, on the top of the three plaits which occur in the side seam. Some of these mantles are lined throughout with sarsanet, but in all cases it is usual to line the body with silk, because the cashmere adheres unpleasantly to the dress worn under it. The back of the body is cut without a join; the fronts with a single breast plait in each. The new material, termed double merino or double cashmere, is suitable for a mantle; it is double the stoutness and fineness of the ordinary kind, and about 7s. per yard. I am not quite certain as to the necessary quantity of material, but think $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards would be found sufficient. The handsomest of these mantles are covered with a beautiful pattern, worked by hand on the new braid, and are edged with lace. Some have gimp and passementerie trimmings. A pretty and less costly ornament would be an inch-wide bias band covered all round the edge, piped with silk, with a narrow black lace heading run under the piping, and an edge of lace about an inch deep. The ribbon bows should be of terry. There are many graceful varieties of the hanging sleeve shown on these mantles, some square and otherwise fancifully cut. The inside of the sleeve, if not entirely lined, must be faced with silk. The body of the polonaise closes to the waist, and the skirt falls open over the dress. It is worn without a sash.

There is an attempt to introduce a large broad-brimmed hat, tied under the chin, under the name of the "Dolly Varden;"

but like the threat of the huge bonnet, it has not yet taken possession of the *magazine des modes*. Nothing but little bonnets are to be seen. Many of these are trimmed with folds or upright piles of corded silk with a rolled hem; a little lace is intermingled, and an end or two of ribbon floats behind. A few leaves or a couple of moss-rose buds are modestly fixed on one side behind the ear, or some small spray of a different kind is used instead; there is little of it, but exceedingly choice and in relief to the tone of the bonnet. A bonnet which we saw trimmed for mourning with crape and black terry silk, had on one side, above the ear, a training spray of tulips which hung down on the shoulder. They were made entirely of black feathers, soft and flossy, and their flexibility, lightness, and nodding motion produced a pleasing effect that was yet in very good taste.

I am about to refer to one of the prettiest and yet simplest ways of arranging a demi-toilette with no materials save a plain black silk dress, a yard of net or muslin, and a little blue or cherry colored ribbon. This dress must be cut square in the body and made with a simple round waist. Take a yard of book-muslin or net, or blonde, on the straight, or on the cross; on the table plait it into a number of folds lengthways, flatten them with the hand; then pin the centre to the back of the dress; bring it round to the front and cross it; secure it here and there to the body with pins, put the waistband over the ends, make a large flat bow of blue ribbon, and fix it just on the bottom where the net meets. A smaller bow should be fixed on one side of the head behind the ear, as high as possible to the top. If the dress has short sleeves it will look still prettier. A blue llama shawl worn square is the best thing that can be assumed for visiting in the evening with such a dress, because it will not crush it. These llama shawls can now be purchased in all colors for five shillings. A colored silk dress can, of course, be worn in a similar way.

A very fashionable costume for the present season is a short dress of dark brown silk, made with a single very deep flounce with a rolled hem, gathered on not very full. Over this a body and panier of a very thick kind of raw silk (Tussore). It is trimmed with inch wide bias bands and a narrow fringe. The effect is exceedingly good. The silk is almost as stout as a poplin. Autumn sea-side costumes are making their appearance in the windows of the leading shops. Many of them are made of serge. A new kind of serge is produced this year with double ridged lines across it, and the ridges very raised; it appears to be all wool, and is an expensive material, probably from 7s. to 10s. per yard; but then it is wide. These dresses are mostly of a length suitable for walking, with a simple plain overskirt, very nearly as long as the dress, looped up each side slightly, and much raised at the back. Some of these over dark blue, have the skirt trimmed with three broad bias bands of the material. The tunic edged with a narrow bias band and a fringe. Others are most richly braided round the skirt a quarter of a yard above the hem in a pattern which represents a mass of braid six or eight inches wide. The panier is also trimmed to correspond, as well as the body. The braid used is new. It is a thick cord of soft silk like a twist of purse silk, but twice as large, and is black. The design I observed on one of these dresses was grapes and vine leaves. Some braided serges have tunics cut in shape. One of this kind I remarked with the back of the tunic of two flat pieces like tulip petals, laid over an apron front, and open to the waist behind. The body was a jacket with a basque of two pointed ends corresponding in shape with the tunic. The trimming was rich braiding. Serge dresses for young ladies are more simply made, and sometimes of lighter shades. I noticed such a one of bright blue, the skirt trimmed with five plain rows of broad military braid with wide intervals, the tunic merely a short overskirt edged with one row of braid, and looped once, nearly to the waist behind. Double merinos in two shades are also in the windows side by side with the serges.

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN DUBLIN

the advent of the royal visitors and the round of amusements consequent thereupon are the causes of not a little pleasurable excitement. The entry was remarkable for a total absence of pomp on the part of the royal party, of display of military strength on the part of the authorities, and of the vociferous enthusiasm of former years on the part of the populace. But it must not be supposed that any discourtesy was offered to the exalted visitors. The crowd in the streets everywhere behaved with decorum, which is more than can be said of the fashionable mob which seized on the Westland row terminus of the Kingstown railway, and swarming round the royal carriage, refused to be dislodged. The consequence was, that when the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin endeavored to get near to present an address to the heir to the throne, each one had to struggle through the dense crowd as best he could. The Lord Mayor, after a desperate effort, reached the carriage almost alone; while the red cloaks of the corporators were seen scattered as stars among the polite people who refused to make way for them. Nor was this all. The Prince of Wales did not, of course, like to receive the loyal address seated in a railway carriage, so he stood up at the doorway. Napoleon Bonaparte might have occupied the position with some dignity; but to his royal highness, being taller, this was impossible, and he had to remain in a bent position during the reading of the address—the while the Lord Lieutenant, clinging to one of the stanchions, gallantly maintained his foothold on the step of the carriage. No doubt all parties were rejoiced when the ceremony was over. We are curious to know was it nobody's business to guard against such a scene?

WESTMORELAND-STREET

was very prettily decorated with flags; and though many were hung out in other chief thoroughfares of the city, in none was the same taste displayed, and nowhere else was the general effect so good. About a dozen traders put up illuminations, which the whole city turned out at night to see; and it gives us great pleasure to record that there was an entire absence of disorderly conduct on the occasion. Everyone seemed in gay mood, and each bore the crushing and squeezing inseparable from the crowded state of the streets with good humor. This was the more creditable as the few policemen present were powerless amid such vast numbers.

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW

was a great success. The department for horses was especially well filled with a choice stock of noble animals, nearly six hundred in number. The food animals were likewise well represented, as were also the different classes of agricultural machines. Of the manufactures specially interesting to ladies, the most noticeable were: amongst carriage-makers, H. E. Brown and Co., Redmond's-hill, displayed a number of their celebrated vehicles; Anthony O'Neil, North Strand, some beautiful specimens of single-seated brougham; Mr. Jessop Browne, Great Brunswick-street, miniature brougham, Stanhope phaeton, Brunswick cart, etc.; John Colclough and Sons, Duke-street, some splendid specimens of carriage architecture; Saunderson and Sons, Lower Dominick-street, some handsome broughams, well finished. In the matter of kitchen ranges of every size and description, marble mantels with grates to match, every kind of window-glass, magnificent mirrors manufactured on their premises, glass shades, fern pans, fancy tile flower boxes, paper hangings, gold mouldings, baths, etc., the variety displayed by Messrs. Thomas Dockrell and Co., South Great George's-street, was beyond competition. Messrs. Hodges and Sons, Westmoreland-street, exhibited excellent pattern kitchen ranges, baths, refrigerators, garden implements, etc.; Mr. Daniel, of Mary-street, also showed a large, varied, and useful collection of kitchen ranges, baths, etc.; while Messrs. Smith and Wellstood, of Capel-street, devoted them-

selves exclusively to stoves and kitchen ranges of every size, quality, and cost. Messrs. Lawrence, Sackville-street, displayed a variety of games, rustic seats, bath chairs, etc. Mr. Lennon, of Dawson-street, whose patent safety spur for ladies has a continental reputation, exhibited some of his unrivalled wares. Whitestone and Co., of North Earl-street, had an extensive and useful collection of ironmongery wares on their stand. Singer and Co., of Grafton-street, exhibited their popular sewing machines, while Mr. Bapty, of Grafton-street, displayed an extensive and excellent collection of these most useful and economical implements. Messrs. M'Master, Hodgson, and Co., of Capel-street, offered for sale their fluid extract of annatto, which no butter-maker should be without; as well as their sweet essence of rennet, which will yet be deemed indispensable for nursing either invalids or children. Great numbers attended, especially to witness the performances of the hunters over brook, stone wall, and ditch. The dinner of the Agricultural Society was also a great success, and passed off very happily.

THE BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE

congregated as brilliant an assemblage as might be gathered together in any capital of Europe. The handsome decorations of the immense Round Room, the brilliant uniforms scattered profusely through the throng, and the exquisite toilettes which graced the forms of women beautiful as any in the world, made up a scene as delightful to the eye as were the exhilarating strains that floated through the room to the ear. The pity is that Dublin does not often witness such an assemblage, which could do so much for the encouragement of trade, besides setting up a standard of taste and refinement to which all would subscribe, forming a society that might tempt back absentees, giving a tone to social relations, and fostering talent in a variety of ways.

FURTHER FESTIVITIES.

The Lord Lieutenant gave a state banquet in honor of the royal visitors, at the castle, on Wednesday evening, at which a highly distinguished company sat down. After the banquet, a chapter of the Knights of St. Patrick was held for the investiture of Viscount Powerscourt and Viscount Southwell. This was without exception the most gorgeous spectacle beheld in Dublin by the present generation. The mass of color could only be equalled in richness by Mediterranean summer landscapes. St. Patrick's Hall was decorated with equal taste and profusion; festoons of flowers depending from the roof and rows of evergreens ornamenting the sides of the room. But the contrasts of color and variety afforded by the costumes, from the plain court suit to the dazzling Windsor uniform—from the funeral hue of the Rifle Brigade to the rich blue of the Knights of St. Patrick—filled the eye even unto satiety. After the investiture, their excellencies gave a ball to a large and distinguished assemblage.

There is in existence an Irish National Society for

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE,

which held a meeting lately at St. James's Place, Blackrock, Mrs. Robertson presiding. Letters were read from D. C. Heron, Esq., M.P. for Tipperary, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Colonel Sir Arthur Playre, K.C.B., Mrs. Orr, Brooklawn, Blackrock, Sir John Bowring, F.R.S., and Lady Bowring, P. A. Taylor, Esq., M.P., and Mrs. Taylor, and E. W. O'Brien, Esq., D.L., Cahirmoyle, county Limerick, signifying their wish to become members of the Irish Society for Women's Suffrage. Miss Sharman Crawford and James Houghton, Esq., J. P., Dublin, were re-elected members for the ensuing year. The following were also placed on the list of members:—Lady Wilde, Miss Ashwood, Miss Liliashworth, Claverton Lodge, Bath, and Lorenzo Nixon Nunn, Esq., Middletown House, county Wexford, and Mrs. Nunn.

Miss Corlett, the secretary of

THE QUEEN'S INSTITUTE,

writes to a contemporary complaining that almost all the

decorations adorning the city for the royal visit have been imported ready-made from England. Considering that the Queen's Institute has been established to extend the field of employment for women, and that the Sempstresses' Relief Association, in its late report, has to regret a balance on the wrong side, we not only consider that Miss Corlett had a right to complain on this occasion, but we deeply sympathize with her in the matter. It is really too bad that some Irish people will not utilize resources that lie to their hands; but, instead, enrich others, while preparing for themselves the certainty of a larger poor's rate. Even if it were true that they can get some goods abroad at a little less cost, their economy seems doubtful if the increased taxation consequent on poverty at home be taken into account. We trust soon to see an end to such folly.

IN LONDON

the distribution of prizes in the Camden School for girls took place last week, at St. George's Hall, Langford Place, under the presidency of the lord mayor. The report stated that the school was intended to afford girls a liberal education equal to that provided for boys of the same class in life. It is the first of a series of district schools which it is hoped will one day encircle London. It was established at Christmas last, since which time more than 120 girls have been admitted. The report stated that as large pecuniary aids were given towards the education of boys, similar assistance should be given in future for the instruction of girls. The Lord Mayor said that if it were true that large numbers of women were obliged to earn their own subsistence, it was but fitting that they should be provided with a liberal education to enable them the better to do so. Mr. Roebuck regretted that funds left for the education of youth should have been monopolised by those of one sex, and advocated the study of logic and political economy as essential for women. Dr. Garvey said that amongst women's rights was certainly the right to be educated. The Lord Mayor then distributed the prizes.

A RECENT TRIAL

in Staffordshire demonstrated the remarkable fact that in 1869 there were three members of the Greek Church resident in that county, whereupon a gentleman who had been "in search of a religion" immediately joined the communion, thereby increasing the number to four. He writes now to the Editor of the *Echo* to announce that the Greek Church of Wolverhampton numbers fourteen baptized members, which, with six unbaptized relatives of the baptized, makes a total of twenty. It seems odd enough to find Englishmen deliberately enrolling themselves members of the Russian state church.

THE SEMPSTRESSES' RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

The following is the annual report of the committee of this useful institution :—

"In presenting to the public the twenty-seventh annual report of the Sempstresses' Relief Association, the committee fulfil a duty which their present circumstances render a very painful one, for it can be little more than a record of failing funds, of a falling off in the supply of work, and of the loss of several of the oldest and best friends of the institution. They entered upon the past year with a very small balance in hand; they close it with a considerable balance against them. In the face of these difficulties, however, the institution is still kept open, in the hope that help may come. The committee, never having appealed in vain on its behalf, feel confident that this simple statement of their present position will not be disregarded, but that enough will speedily be contributed to enable them to pay the amount now due to the treasurer, as well as the small sum, averaging £8 5s. per month, which is required to defray the expense of working the institution; and that thus the day on which its doors shall be finally closed—a day which would, indeed, be a sad and evil one—may at least be postponed.

The Sempstresses' Relief Association has been so long established in this city that the public can scarcely need to be reminded of its aim, which is to supply needlework to industrious poor women of all denominations, a certificate of good character and capability from a subscriber being all the introduction necessary to obtain employment. But besides the good which it effects in this way, it is indirectly most useful by bringing before the committee numerous cases of distress with which they could not otherwise have become acquainted; and many who are now well off, and re-established in the position from which they had fallen, through sickness or other trials, thankfully trace their upward progress to the help which they received through the instrumentality of the committee and subscribers of this institution. In conclusion, the committee return their grateful thanks to all those kind friends who have hitherto so liberally supported them, and so promptly assisted them in times of special distress; and they confidently trust in the sympathy and benevolence of the public to enable them to carry on this institution, not only by contributions to its funds, but by an abundant supply of needlework, which it shall be their constant endeavor to have executed with promptitude and care."

THE LURLEI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.

I know not what it doth forbode
That I so sad should be.
A legend of the olden time
Still haunts my memorie.

The air is cool; 't is evening,
And softly flows the Rhine;
The mountain summits glisten
In last gleams of sunshine.

On yonder rock is seated
A maiden wondrous fair,
Her golden jewels sparkle
As she tires her sunbright hair.

With comb of gold she combs it,
And braiding it sings she
A song of thrilling beauty
And mighty melodie.

The boatman in his boat
Is seized with wildest woe;
His eyes are fixed upon the height,
He heeds not reefs below.

Alas! that skiff and mariner
Beneath the wave soon lay;
And thus 'twas with her singing
The Lurlei took her prey.

R. A.

STATE OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY BEFORE 1789.

The wide-spread popularity which the series of books lately written and published by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian must, under any circumstances, have attained, has certainly been increased by the fact that the late war swept over the very districts in which lie the scenes of most of their tales. Relating, as they do, to a period of history which has been, perhaps, more universally studied than any other, they yet give us some new ideas about it; or rather present the various events to us from a new point of view. We are shown how the Revolution, the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration, severally affected the peasantry; that class

who, though most numerous, had been till then certainly least considered in French government. The aim of this paper is to give some idea of the condition of the French peasantry before the outbreak of the Revolution, that by comparing it with their present generally prosperous state (of course considered apart from the effects of this war, of which we can as yet form no idea), we may see how far they are indebted to it.

One of the earliest burdens which pressed upon the French peasantry was the gabelle or tax upon salt; this and most of the other taxes were farmed by tax collectors, who were regarded by the people with untold hatred in return for their cruel oppression. Several times had the peasants revolted unsuccessfully, when Henry IV. ascended the throne, and with the help of Sully endeavored to bring about a better state of things. He put a stop to many of the exactions to which the peasants had been subjected, paid particular attention to agriculture, and even permitted the export of corn—a measure which at that time few had sufficiently broad views of international commerce to approve. Instead of encouraging idlers round his court, as his predecessors had done, he sent all the nobility to reside on their properties, telling them to devote their attention to making their lands productive. Well would it have been for all classes of his subjects, but especially for the peasants, if his successors had resembled him. But alike under the feeble regency of Mary de Medicis, the iron rule of Richelieu, and the grasping avarice of Mazarin, who in turn held the reins of power, the people were ground down by taxes, to pay, now pensions and bribes to persons they knew but to hate, now the expenses of wars in which they had no interest. So that in 1648 it was said, “Le paysan ne possède plus que son âme, parcequ’elle n’a pas pu être vendue à l’encan.” At length, after the death of Mazarin, Louis XIV. placed Colbert at the head of the finances, and for some years the aim of the government was no longer to extract as much as possible from the unfortunate peasants, but rather by relieving them from some of their heaviest burdens, and encouraging industry, agriculture, and manufactures, to enrich the whole country, and make the revenues derived from moderate taxation equal to the necessary expenses. But Louis XIV. was, unfortunately for his people, imbued with the most extravagant ideas concerning the rights of kings. His deliberate conviction was that the sovereign had absolute power over the goods of his subjects, consequently when his ambition led him into expensive wars, or his taste for magnificence inclined him to build those splendid edifices which have been the admiration of all succeeding generations, he was never restrained from carrying out his wishes by the thought of the fearful burden of taxes they would necessitate.

In vain Colbert warned him that letters from the provinces all spoke of the great sufferings of the people; Louis was ready to lay down some principle of government in support of his own practice, and so, when asked for money to relieve some pressing want, replied, “A king gives alms by spending a great deal.” Colbert daily saw the deficit increasing, and himself obliged to sanction those means of meeting it which he had formerly abhorred. Once more the taxes were increased, and as a necessary consequence of over-taxation, poverty again reigned in the country; Colbert, broken-hearted, sank under the effects of overwork and disappointment. Louis XIV died, and was succeeded by Louis XV., but the accession of a new king brought no relief to the oppressed peasantry. Still were they ground down by every imaginable device for extorting money or money’s worth from them, and to such a state of wretchedness were they reduced, that in many provinces they had not even straw to lie upon. Those who were unable to pay the sum demanded were thrown into prison, where hundreds died, and the share of these unfortunate insolvents was divided amongst the other families of their parish, who, already bowed down with poverty, were thus brought to the verge of ruin. Commerce and manufactures were so taxed as to be nearly at a standstill, while agriculture in some districts had completely ceased, and the

land lay waste. And as in former times, though the expenses of the court were enormous, the real evil since the death of Colbert had deprived the finances of his supervision, was the shameful dishonesty of the collectors and tax-gatherers. This had reached such a pitch that, in 1715, but three-eighths of the gross revenue came into the treasury; the rest was stopped on the way. The government officials looked upon the people as “une éponge qu’il faut pressurer,” and forgot that over-taxation must be ruinous to the revenue, since it prevents the production of taxable material. The celebrated sentence of Madame de Pompadour, “Après nous le déluge,” well expressed their feelings. So far we have only spoken of the public taxes, to a portion of which all classes were liable. But, besides those additional taxes from which the “seigneurs” and the clergy were exempted, there existed in every province “rights” which pressed only on the peasants. Such, for instance, were the “manorial taxes” levied by the landed proprietors on various occasions; “hearth money,” “polverage,” the toll payable by each flock that passed through the land on account of the dust it raised; the right by which vassals were prevented from selling their produce for a certain length of time, in order that the landlord might sell his without competition; the “corvée,” by which the peasants were obliged to work so many days in the year for their lord, cutting his grass, reaping his harvests, etc.; no peasant was allowed to grind or bake at home, but was obliged to use the landlord’s mill and oven, where he paid a heavy percentage on all he brought; then the best and most productive land in each district belonged to the “seigneur” or the convent, and their flocks had an hour’s precedence over those of the peasant even on the common pasture-grounds. If we add to all this that the clergy claimed a tithe and the crown a twentieth of all produce, it is evident that even with the most persevering industry the peasants could never be far removed from starvation. And the money thus obtained from them was not spent in the locality which had yielded it. Absenteeism prevailed to an unparalleled extent; in the whole of France not more than three hundred landlords lived on their properties. It is difficult now to realize the condition in which so many lived and died, but a few facts may serve to bring it more vividly before our minds. In Normandy the peasants were clothed with skins, and subsisted on oats; in the district of La Beauce the farmers begged during a portion of the year, and were reduced to the necessity of making bread out of ferns. The Duke of Orleans (1739) brought a piece of fern bread to the council, and laying it on the table, said, “Sire, that is the food of your subjects.” The consumption of meat was calculated not to exceed one pound per head monthly, throughout the kingdom.

La Bruyère, describing the peasants, writes: “On voit certains animaux farouches, des mâles et des femelles, répandus dans la campagne, noirs, livides, et tout brûlés du soleil, attachés à la terre qu’ils fouillent et qu’ils remuent avec une opiniâtreté inconcevable. Ils ont une voix articulée, et quand ils se lèvent sur leurs pieds, ils montrent une face humaine; et en effet, ce sont des hommes. Ils se retirent la nuit dans des tanières, où ils vivent de pain noir, d’eau et de racines. Ils épargnent aux autres hommes la peine de semer, de labourer et de recueillir pour vivre.” Such was the kingdom to which Louis XVI. succeeded, in 1774. He was an amiable man, with good intentions, and began well by calling to his council Malesherbes and Turgot, who, had they continued in office, would have brought some relief to the over-burdened people. But before long the reforms they commenced excited the anger and jealousy of those whose peculations they stopped, and the weak king was soon influenced to dismiss them. The peasants now saw themselves condemned to a state of hopeless misery; while some were born noble, and had everything at their command, they were born “villains,” and were destined to remain so, suffering all that the name implied. Can any one wonder, that when these poor people were offered liberty, equality, and fraternity, they rose all over the country as one man to grasp these blessings? Nor must

we judge them too hardly, that, driven wild by their wrongs, they broke loose from all restraint, and quite failed to perceive that true liberty is as much endangered by democratic as by aristocratic ascendancy ; that true equality consists not in an equal division of property, but in having equal justice meted out to all ; and that true fraternity flourishes better where the rich lends a helping hand to his poorer brother, than where the aim of each individual is to pull down those above him to his own level. Whilst nothing can excuse the fearful crimes which, by blackening, almost conceal from us any advantages France reaped from the Revolution, we yet must acknowledge that the people had been sorely tried, and that their descendants have reason to be grateful for having been set free from the fearful load of oppression under which their forefathers suffered.

A. L.

LITTLE LURA.

PART II.—THE GALLOP.

The horses are saddled, each springs to his seat,
Gives the spur, and away down the dark hamlet street,
And out on the stormy blank road—ere the beat
Of their hearts made a score—where the storm in its might
Grows dreader and broader, as darker the night ;
Low down to the north a vague crease of gray light ;
Roaring darkness around the rough path ; to the right
The imminent gloom of a long mountain height,
Whose ridge blends afar with the sky's stormy bound ;
To the left, the great sea, only known by its sound,
Tumultuous, rolling in wrath from afar,
Where, through cloudy confusion, shines fixed one fierce star,
Tempestuous, holding its lone, angry watch,
'Twixt the two maddened worlds of the rain and the wind ;
Against which, as they gallop, at moments they catch
Sight of headlands, made visible but by their foam,
Beaten out of the blackness—dead light from the blind
Ocean hell ; and then, through the hubbub behind,
The long, dismal shore, where the vast billows roar
On the sands and the banks ; and, remote in the gloom,
The sullen wave-wilderness, murmuring doom.

Heavy gusts weigh the trees as they gallop along,
Pass, and leave them to moan ; and more steady and strong
The gale beats upon them, low bent to its force,
As they mount the hill-roadway, through torrent and gorse,
Then through a ravine sweep in shelter—each horse
Breathing thick with its speed—holding on with one heed
Headlong to the goal ; while the rough, rainy rock
Rings and flashes with fire to their trampling shock.

Now the roadway grows steep, their pace well-nigh a leap
Down sheer darkness, until the broad blast once again
Smites sidelong the figures of horses and men
Holding shoreward. And now something glimmers before—
'Tis a river that rushes down, flooded and frore,
To the sea—but the bridge has been swept from the ridge.

On the bank the steeds shuddering stand in recoil,
Staring on death below, but—across they must go.
They plunge—rise—snort—swim, where the white currents boil ;
Gain the smooth middle depth, where they float light as oil,
Foot the ground, grapple up through the rocks and the reeds
Of the opposite shore, whence the shortest way leads
To the village and ship—shake themselves, while they snore
Out the spray—and are off in a gallop once more.

And now through the night comes a hamlet in sight
Where, albeit it is late, glimmers many a light,
For the people are down on the beach, where the bark

Which has saved the lost child from the sea wide and wild,
Has been driven on the shoals in the tempest and dark !

So swift to the coast ride the brothers, and there
Dismounted, bewildered, stand facing despair ;
For, gazing in gloom through the strong blinding blast,
Where the desert of cloud and of water seem one,
A light, blue, on the verge of the sky and the surge
Mounting huge, shows the hull with its snapped maddened mast
And blown foresail, rocking o'er white billows flocking
In fury around through the hum of the gale.
And now comes the echoless boom of a gun
Drowned in water and wind ; and below, the long roar
Of impassable mounting waves evermore.

"Who will man us a boat?" "Since an hour, one's afloat,
With the best of our men, too, aboard her ; but then
The distance is great ; who can struggle with fate
When it rides on a gale such as this, which has smote
Down yon oak, stronger far than a vessel of war,
Rooted firm in the rocks—like a reed?"—some one said.

As if struck by a shot, the two youths answered naught,
But stood fixed and silent, and on the seas dread,
Loveless, pitiless, hopeless, gazed blank, as if dead.

"She is gone!" some one cried, gazing out on the wide
Lightless ocean ; but all the next minute desisted
Something move on the far feverous foam—there are cheers ;
But none echo their hope, as the speck disappears
For a long, heavy-hearted, and scarce-breathing space ;
And some turn away ;—but again there's a trace,
While against the strong fronting blast each sets his face ;
And once more overblown it mounts high, then is gone—
Now lifts on the sea, for the rowers are strong—
And the rude wrecking wind itself sweeps them along.
"Ah! the breakers!" Now, now is the danger most near,
When escape nearest seems. All rush into the spray
Thundering in, 'mid the roar of the shingles, this way
And that torn and driven. "A long pull—a last—
Cheerily men"—till, dashed onward by billow and blast,
The keel groans, the gunwale is seized hard and fast ;—
Now, sea! do thy worst, for the danger is past.

Many men leap ashore—all men—nothing more ?
Yes ; on yon seaman's shoulder peers up a pale face,
With terror exhaust, half asleep, tired with pain ;
There's a cry—outstretched arms, and in home's dear embrace
The lost child is fondled in peace once again.

T. C. IRWIN.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Patti is to receive 40,000 francs for ten performances with the Italian Opera Company at Hamburg.

The death is announced of Delsarte, the great singing-master of Paris. Mdle. Marimon was among his notable pupils.

M. Capoul has signed an engagement to sing in America. Alderman Sir D. Salomons, M.P., has presented to the new City of London Library, Guildhall, a valuable collection of drawings, by Mr. E. W. Cooke, purchased from the artist, and including many sketches of Old London Bridge and its starlings, with numerous views of the progressive demolition of that structure, and of the erection of the present bridge.

The sweet essence of rennet, prepared by M'Master, Hodgson, and Co., is a valuable addition to facilities for nursing. A nearly colorless liquid, sweet to taste and smell, and perfectly free from salt or acid, it is singularly adapted for the preparation of curds, whey, cheesecakes, and such articles intended for the use of children and invalids. A dessert-spoonful of it will turn a pint of new milk into excellent curds and whey in a few minutes. Such a facility is

invaluable to the nurse ; and Messrs. M'Master, Hodgson, and Co., deserve the thanks of all invalids and mothers for their useful preparation.

The author of "Giux's Baby" has just published "The Coolie ; his Rights and Wrongs."

General Cathelineau, in "Le Corps Cathelineau pendant la Guerre 1870-1871," gives an account of what was done under his authority.

A new historical novel, entitled "Mohammed Ali und sein Haus," published at Jena, in four volumes, is from the pen of Louise Mühlbach.

The *Musical Standard* announces that Mdlle. Schneider has married a nobleman.

Mrs. William Grey, the unsuccessful candidate for the London School Board, has prevailed upon the Society of Arts to appoint a committee for the purpose of promoting the better education of girls in all classes. Mrs. Grey points out that bad as the education of boys too often is, that of girls is far worse. It is superficial to an extreme, and an exorbitant proportion of school life is given to accomplishments. Moreover, schoolmistresses are generally incompetent. To improve these state of things a National Association has been started, with a member's subscription of 5s., and with a central committee in London, and branch committees in various towns. This association will give lectures, disseminate information, look after educational endowments, and promote the better training of female teachers. The hon. secretaries are Mrs. Wm. Grey, 18 Cadogan-place, S.W., and Mrs. Henry Kingsley, 24 Burnard-street, Russell-square.

It is reported that Wagner's favorite singer, Madame Mallinger, has concluded a life engagement with the management of the Theatre Royal, Munich. She will receive a salary of 15,000 florins, and be allowed five months' leave of absence every year.

Miss Christina Rossetti has in the press a volume named "Sing-song : a Nursery-Rhyme Book," being a set of brief snatches of song fitted for a nursery audience.

A monument to Alexandre Dumas is to be erected in his birthplace, Villers-Cotterets. M. Michael Masson, Secretary of the Société des Gens de Lettres, undertakes to receive subscriptions.

Charpentier, the publisher—the Bohn of Paris—whose yellow-colored volumes at three and a half francs are known all over the world, has died. He revolutionised the publishing business in Paris by his cheap volumes.—*Orchestra*.

The Stereoscopic Company last Tuesday presented to Mrs. Rousby a magnificent gipsy ring, as some recompense for her loss of time in sitting for them to take her portraits as she appeared in *Ace and Crown* and *Joan of Arc*, nearly 80,000 of which have been sold.

Mr. George Odger writes on "The Land Question," in the *Contemporary Review* for August; and Professor Frohschammer, of Munich, has also an article in the same number of that periodical.

It is rumoured that a Children's Theatre is to be established at the Charing Cross house ; the bill to be entirely performed by children. Master Manley is spoken of as the probable manager.

The people of Glasgow intend to commemorate the centenary of Scott by establishing a scholarship in their University.

The letters on the insurrection in Algiers, at present appearing in the *Daily News*, are understood to be from the pen of Mr. Edward Vizetelly, who was the correspondent of that journal attached to the staff of General Garibaldi.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who has just returned from a successful tour in the United States, intends giving a reading of Shakespear's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, at St. James's Hall, shortly.

Besides Bonn, there will be a Beethoven Festival held, in August, in Salzburg, directed by Dr. Bach.

The *Musical Standard* says that the Abbé Lizst has been named a Royal Councillor at Pesth, in Hungary.

Mdlle. Colonna and her *troupe* will open the Royal Alfred Theatre on Saturday, July 29, in the drama of *The Corsican Brothers*, which has been specially produced for her.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Black lace looks well and nearly new, if washed in skimmed milk. Of course it is not to be rubbed, but constantly softly squeezed. When it seems clean take it out and put it into a little clean milk, also skimmed, then give it another soft squeeze and directly lay it out on sheets of stout paper (though a newspaper will do); touch it every here and there with the fingers to draw out the mitres or scollops, as the case may be, lay sheets of paper over the lace, and until dry a heavy weight over all. If laid on anything soft, the moisture is absorbed, and the lace is not so new-looking.

THE NIGHTINGALE JACKET.—For the "Nightingale jacket" take two yards (or if for a very stout person two yards and a quarter may be required) of scarlet flannel of the usual width, or any other colour preferred ; fold the length exactly in half, and cut it down about six inches. Bind the whole round, including the slit, with white or black sarsenet ribbon, black mohair braid, or, as tartans are now so fashionable, royal Stuart braid would look well and stand washing. Now measure eight inches from the top of the slit, and fold it back on each side like a sailor's collar ; this is caught together at the top with a bow or rosette of ribbon to form the back of the neck, and also finished with the same at the end of the slit ; the corners may be kept back with a fancy button. The two back corners of the flannel are also turned up six inches and fastened, to form a place to slip the hands through, the point of the turn back being finished with a rosette. Strings may be put to tie under the chin.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWER.

The lines Ierne asks about are from the sixth verse of Henry Kirke White's "Ode on Disappointment." The concluding lines of the verse are

"Thus does the shade

In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid."

T. G. S.

QUESTIONS.

A Subscriber sends the following queries :—

Has Wagner's Life of Beethoven been translated from the German ; and by whom ?—What is the meaning of "Savourneen Deelish ?"—Can anyone tell me if Rev. — Hawes has published any work on the philosophy of music, since his essay on "Music and Emotion" appeared in the "Contemporary ?"

Can "Ierne," or any of the readers of the *Emerald*, tell me the history of the woman's movement ? Is it not altogether a growth of modern times ? Of course, as an abstraction, woman's rights are as old as the human race, and woman's wrongs have been only too real and tangible to thousands of the sex in all ages, but what has kept back till those days the cry for female suffrage, professional openings for women, etc. It cannot be said our ambition has come to us with improved education, for the women of the Elizabethan age were more learned in many ways than we are. Did women in those days, as now, sigh for some way to turn to account the talents with which they were gifted, and if not, *why* not ? I am completely ignorant as to the rise and growth of the woman's question, and shall feel very grateful for any information on the subject.—L. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received, and awaiting consideration, "Eliza ;" "The Confession ;" "Song ;" "Now she is gone."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR—I have read with much interest the queries of L. L. as to the truth of an idea, that with women the higher culture of the intellect comes to a stand-still at or about the age of twenty; and the answer of Ierne. There is no doubt that a large number of women who arrive at that age are withdrawn from the active pursuit of study by the natural claims of family life, of which the large majority of women will always be the principal centres; but if up to that age a girl has been educated, and that a taste for intellectual occupation has been developed, culture, or the effects of culture, do not come to a stand-still; on the contrary, we all know the difference in the household where a cultivated and intelligent mind makes itself felt. Under this influence the home and the family are insensibly, as it were, imbued with the spirit of culture, and when the time comes for "schooling," the children are prepared to receive knowledge, not *en bloc*, as it presents itself to so many untutored minds, but by gradual steps from the outside appearance to the reason why.

From personal observation of many years, I can testify to the fact that a large number of our Irish ladies—not to speak of the sister countries at all, nor of the large body of women who are adopting literature as a profession—do not neglect the culture of their minds; and that not only in their own homes, by means of reading and study, by Essay Societies, Shakespeare Societies, etc., but by the constant attendance of such as can find time, on the classes for higher instruction which have been placed within their reach by the foundation of Alexandra College. It is a hopeful sign of the times when we see men of the first reputation in the University of Dublin devoting their already tasked energies to giving to young women that thorough teaching which can only be given by teachers who have themselves a thorough grasp of the subjects they profess; and it is a no less hopeful sign of the progress of a sound public opinion in this matter of a better education for girls, when we see young women, until they are married, and often after they are married, taking up the study of one or other branch of knowledge as a mental recreation, while giving due care to the claims of society and to home duties. So much has this desire for continuous intellectual exercise increased, that it has been found desirable to establish a literary society in connection with Alexandra College, so that any former student can now, from her own home, send in papers to be revised, exercises and translations corrected, or question of any difficulty that may present itself in their studies for solution. It may help still further to controvert the theory of which L. L. speaks, to know that the minimum age for members of this literary society is eighteen.—Yours faithfully, C. A.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the Emerald.)

SIR,—Allow me to offer personal testimony in confirmation of "Ierne's" opinion expressed in a late interesting letter in the *EMERALD*. I believe I was nearly twenty before I began to think at all. Of course this may be attributable to many reasons, and probably in this precocious age I shall be considered to have been a very slow coach. However, it is a consolation to be able to add, that the coach has not yet stopped; for I really believe my mind continues to grow. I consider it one of women's greatest misfortunes that our education is considered finished at the very period when we could study with greatest benefit. What is a boy when he leaves school? And though a girl develops more quickly physically, it is a great mistake to suppose that her mind matures in proportion. Another of woman's misfortunes is, that though she is made to learn, she is never taught to think. Many of our gravest faults arise from the education which men have thought most suitable to our capacities; were the fact otherwise, I should say the verdict of incompetency is against us. Still I should have wished that, be-

fore rushing into what is called the "Rights of Woman" question, we had tried more perfectly to fulfil those duties which are peculiarly our own; or that our more advanced sisters had taken pains to prepare us for the proper fulfilment of the privileges we claim; for, as it is, we have entered the arena with a flaw in every joint of our armour. Again, I repeat, granted that we have many grievous wrongs to redress, it would have been wiser policy to have first commenced the task of self-reform. If those among us, superior in intellect and culture, had tried for a few years the effect of a plan of education higher in tone and wider in compass than any yet bestowed on the sex, it would, if successful, silence many a rude taunt, and show that woman may not be less loveable because her intellect is cultivated to the utmost.

Men need not be so alarmed at the efforts of a few women to enter the learned professions. The number who will cross their track, or dispute public distinctions with them, will be of necessity few, and it is mean and cowardly to bar the way with insult. The antagonism now growing up between the sexes is as unnatural as if one half of the body refused to act simultaneously with the other. It would have been perhaps wiser if we had rushed less violently into revolt, for, however grievous the wrongs for which we seek redress, every woman knows that thousands would suffer silently rather than endure the penalty of being talked of. While the world lasts women will instinctively turn to men for protection, for we are complement of each other. In the absence of women, men most generally degenerate, and woman's fullest development is in a married life. But it is tyranny to deny any human being, male or female, freedom of opinion, or liberty to enter any path or profession which he or she may feel competent to follow.

My own theory is, that many women will adorn, and some may be rulers in their circle, but that our peculiar province is to serve the world, to care the young, to tend the sick, to help and instruct the poor, to win men's hearts by goodness and purity, to sympathize with suffering in every phase—such are the duties God imposed on us, and whatever her other capabilities, woman's special and crowning title is *Mater Consolator*.

Where such heavy responsibilities are laid, surely it is not much to ask that the faculties shall be developed, the reasoning powers exercised, and the emotional part of woman's nature—always the hardest to repress—put under the guidance of an enlightened judgment.

AN IRISHWOMAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(To the Editor of the Emerald.)

If it will be of any accommodation to the readers of the *Emerald*, the London Correspondent will be happy to forward either of the following articles—which are at present to be had at a reduction in London—by the mail with the weekly copy, and on receipt of a P.O. order for the amount in sufficient time (*i.e.*, two days previously):—

Foulards silks in plain colors, Havannah, fawn, slate grey, buff, cream, white. The dress piece 26s.

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Replies to letters received in London on Saturday, may be expected in Dublin on Wednesday or Thursday.

Mr. Loughurst, of Canterbury, who may be recollected as the Master Loughurst who sang with Miss Stephens (the Dowager Countess of Essex), in the opera of *Henri Quatre*, the duet of "My pretty page look out afar," by Bishop, has composed an oratorio, *David and Absalom*—the words selected from Scripture by the Rev. H. Gearing, of Canterbury Cathedral—which will be produced at Christmas by the Canterbury Harmonic Union, of which the Dean is president.

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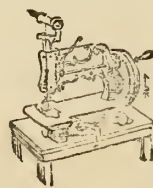
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THE EMERALD:

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the **EMERALD**, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the **EMERALD** is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the **EMERALD** were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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A SERIAL TALE

OF

THRILLING INTEREST,

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER,

A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG,

COMMENCED IN

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THE EMERALD:

THE

IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 10.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1871.

[Vol. II.



THE RED CROSS.

ON Thursday, the 17th of August, Dublin will be the scene of an event of unusual interest. On that day the final general meeting of the Irish Ambulance Committee and Subscribers will be held in the Pillar Room of the Rotundo, the chief magistrate of the city presiding, partly for the purpose of presenting the final report of the committee, and partly—we might perhaps be justified in saying chiefly—to receive an official deputation who come to offer thanks to the Irish people on behalf of the French Society for the Sick and Wounded. The deputation will consist of M. Le Comte de Flavigny, President of the Society, the Duc de Feltre, the Mayor of Havre, and the Prefect of Calvados. The eloquent Bishop of Orleans, who has long manifested a friendly interest in Ireland, and the noble-minded if not always successful soldier, Marshal Mac Mahon, have been also invited, and will, perhaps, form part of the deputation. On the evening of the same day the French delegation are to be entertained at a grand banquet in the Exhibition Palace by the Irish Ambulance Committee, who seek to invest the feast with the proportions of an event of national importance.

Now that the war is at an end which called into existence the two bodies about to exchange courtesies, there is surely something especially pleasant in the contemplation of the festive proceedings promised. The horrors and slaughters of last year, with which all had become so sickeningly familiar—the deliberate destruction of human life on the most improved scientific principles—the bodily pain of the maimed and wounded, and the mental anguish of the outside victims, whose loss was that of a soul's tie which the boundless profusion of the whole world's gifts could never replace—these barbarisms, in which human beings—men—were active and often wanton agents, were calculated to make us weep for humanity, and lose faith in the influence of civilization. The one great counterbalance lay in the fact, that while two great nations, under the yoke of dominating passions and in obedience to silly prejudices wickedly fostered by irresponsible journalistic scribblers, committed themselves to the blindest fury and the most unreasoning hate; all the other civilized peoples of the earth hastened to stanch the wounds of the combatants. The world then beheld a magnificent contrast spectacle. On the one side, the demon of War, with fury in his eye, lurid cheek, and disordered aspect, holding the torch of destruc-

tion aloft, and surrounded by the shattered human wrecks which had been the habitations of souls; on the other, the angel of Charity, flying on the wings of love to the succor of distress—her very garments exuding fragrance—a paradisaical halo adding to the divinity of her countenance—seeking to repair the mischief and relieve the misery which had been wrought—and this with an ardor, an activity, and an extensiveness that puts the fable of Briareus and his hundred hands to shame.

The part taken by Ireland in this good work is one of which we need not feel ashamed. The Irish Ambulance, it has been admitted by the French themselves, was, if not superior to all others, at least high amongst the most efficient. Unfortunately, both the branches into which it was divided on entering France had work enough cut out for them. That which remained with the Army of the North was furnished with constant occupation by the many daring and dangerous raids of Moequard's franc-tireurs, and the skirmishes and minor engagements which led up to and culminated in the great battle of St. Quentin, in which General Faidherbe was so completely beaten. The chief division of the Irish Ambulance was attached to the Army of the Loire; and when one recalls to memory the terrible battles which took place at and about Orleans, and the dreadful series of engagements that soaked the snowy fields with blood, day after day, until the total defeat of Chanzy outside Le Mans, there can be no question that the skill and beneficence of that division of the Irish Ambulance were amply tested. That it did its work well—that it saved many precious lives, and alleviated many a woful pang—both French and Germans testify. While located at Chateaudun, that little town was a sort of debatable territory with both armies, being now held by one, and again by the other; and the victims of the war, of both nationalities, received equal attention from Dr. Baxter and his assistants. Nay, more, the town itself is indebted for its very existence to the presence of the Irish Ambulance. While held by the Germans a drunken soldier received a wound which was deemed by the Bavarian general to have been caused by the act of a franc-tireur. Under this impression he issued a proclamation that if an enormous fine, totally out the power of the inhabitants to raise, were not paid before midnight, the town should be given to the flames. Dr. Baxter, who attended the German soldier, considered, from the position of the wound, that he must have inflicted it himself; and having extracted the bullet, it was found to fit the revolver of the wounded man. Whereupon the doctor hurried to the general, and having

prevailed on him to listen, which he did very impatiently, convinced him that in all probability the soldier's own revolver went off when he fell in his intoxication. The general being perfectly satisfied with the evidence, thereupon withdrew his terrible proclamation; and the town of Chateaudun, through the skill and energy of Dr. Baxter, still sits perched in peace on its hill-top.

It is no wonder, then, that the French Society for the Sick and Wounded—who may be supposed to have had the influence of patriotism supporting the impulses of charity—should feel impelled to offer special thanks to the Irish society which was associated with them in their beneficent work. That the Irish Ambulance was conceived in the purest and broadest spirit of benevolence no one can doubt; and though some recruiting agents treacherously sought the shelter of its name to evade the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, we believe that the Irish Ambulance Committee, from first to last, carried out its labors in that spirit. As the spread of such associations is a fact creditable in the highest degree to modern civilization, and is indeed the sole redeeming feature of late wars, we are glad to behold an international friendly spirit among them, which we think will go a great way in maintaining their efficiency; and on this account we look upon the coming of the French delegation to Dublin as an event of unusual interest. The whole history of the Red Cross movement possesses a charm for the right-minded, and for this reason we purpose giving a sketch of its rise and progress at an early date.

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER—A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

By J. D. DALY.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Smith dressed loosely and lightly, and, making his exit from the hotel, walked along the bank of the ever-flowing river, keenly enjoying the morning air. He passed to the opposite bank by means of one of those self-acting ferries so common on the Rhine, which, being moored in the centre of the river with a very long chain, are made to pass from bank to bank by a mere change in the direction of the rudder, the rapid current doing the rest. He then made for the baths, which are stationed some distance out in the river from the right bank, and, being a strong swimmer, enjoyed the inexpressible luxury of twenty minutes struggling and diving in the pure and flowing stream—those baths being merely railed enclosures, like the stake-nets for salmon, through which the water flows in its natural condition. "One grand plunge and dive to finish off with," said Mr. Smith to himself, as he mounted to the highest part of the platform. "One, two, three!" Down he went into the depths, head foremost, cutting through the water like a cannon-ball pitched from the summit of Ehrenbreitstein.

Now while Mr. Smith was under water a circumstance happened to him which, though by no means singular, and although he would at another time have hardly noticed it, produced a remarkable effect upon him in his then nervous condition. Something cold poked against or touched his side. Was it one of the numerous small fish that abound in the river trying if he was edible at all, or a fragment of something floating through the water? No, by Jove! It was the Dead Monk's stolen finger poking him in the ribs! Such was the singular thought that rushed through Mr. Smith's mind like a flash of lightning; and, with the water still gurgling in his ears, and before he had time to reach the surface, he heard distinctly a hollow voice, from the depths beneath him, saying, "Repent and make restitution."

The moral shock he received almost ended his career, and this melancholy narrative; for it was only with great difficulty that he reached the surface of the water, scrambled on to the platform of the bath, and staggered to his box. Pale, exhausted, and alarmed, he threw himself on a seat and fell into a brown study.

We need not trace the train of his thoughts; it was long, painful, and laborious; but the conclusions to which it led him, as he slowly recovered from the physical shock he had sustained, were indicated by the following utterances:—

"Pshaw! it's all nonsense! I don't care that (defiantly snapping his fingers) for all the dead monks in the world, and all their confounded fingers. I'm not to be frightened in this manner. Now there can be only two ways of looking at this matter. Either it is all a delusion, arising from an attack of nervousness combined with some accidental circumstances, or (absurd notion!) the ghost of this precious old monk is really haunting me. If the former is the case, I have only to wait as patiently as I can, until I get into a better state of health; in the latter—well, ghost or no ghost, I'll see the old monk further before I'll be bullied by him. Magna Charta for ever! Hurrah for the British Constitution, and who's afraid!" Saying which, Mr. Smith jumped up with renewed energy, and proceeded to dress himself. He resolved in his mind that he should strongly resist the further encroachments of any fears or superstitious feeling with respect to the monk and his finger, and congratulated himself that at any rate he had got rid of what might be considered the original "bone of contention" between himself and the Dead Monk.

With a cheerful air and a defiant soul he returned to his hotel, his appetite whetted by his morning bath and his unusually long fast. He was rejoiced to see that the table was laid for a substantial meal, and he at once gave orders that it should be served. He sat down in front of his plate, and laying his hands on the snowy napkin, folded in the orthodox pyramidal form, he proceeded to open it. Wonder of wonders! he had hardly commenced to do so, when out drops the identical finger of the monk, which he had thrown into the courtyard that morning! For a moment Mr. Smith could hardly believe his eyes, but there it was beyond the possibility of a doubt or mistake. Taking it in his hand he looked at it, turned it round and round, and at length recovered his self-possession by a great effort, merely saying: "All right! go it by all means—pray don't consider my feelings!" thrust it in his pocket, and proceeded with unaffected appetite to do justice to the viands which had been brought in. Nevertheless, a close observer would have seen that he was revolving something in his mind during the meal, and towards the close of the breakfast it might also have been observed that his brown study cleared up, and that he had come to a decision on the matter of which he had been thinking.

Leaning back in his chair, in an easy and satisfied attitude, he remarked to himself: "Yes, that must be it, no doubt. I threw out the finger just as the girl was passing through the courtyard, and it happened to fall into her basket full of napkins. By a by-no-means extraordinary coincidence, it just fell between the folds of the napkin which was afterwards laid for me. That's it; all my own stupidity in not looking where I threw it. I've half a mind not to part with it now," he observed, as he drew the finger from his pocket and looked at it again. "But," he continued, "it's no use keeping the rubbish, only this time I shall take care where I throw it to." Saying which, Mr. Smith arose, and going to a window on the side of his apartment opposite to that looking into the courtyard, he pushed it open, and looked about. Just in that locality a range of cliffs ran parallel to the river, at some distance from the bank. Nearest to the river there is a good roadway, and between that and the base of the cliffs there is a strip of land. Mr. Smith's hotel terminated this strip at one end, and his window looked upon it. Seeing nothing animated about the place, save a crow or two on the topmost branch of a tall tree, he threw

the finger into the ground as far as he could, and, shutting the window, commenced making his preparations for continuing his journey up the Rhine.

* * * * *

Here the stranger paused to take breath and wine. "Why," said I, glad of the opportunity, "you surely don't mean to say that this is a narrative of your own experience?"

"Sir," said he, severely, "notwithstanding the jocular strain in which it is written, it is a true history of an all-important episode in my life. The marvellous chain of events of which I have only given you so far the first few links, resulted in my becoming a penitent, and entering, as an unworthy brother, that very monastery from which, in my recklessness and want of respect for the dead, I had stolen the monk's finger. But I will not anticipate. You are apparently interested in my narrative, and I shall continue it in due order."

CHAPTER V.

The beauties of this glorious river (the melancholy stranger continued to read from the manuscript), have been alluded to a thousand times, but never really described; for description, either oral or written, must fail to convey even a faint idea of the fairy Rhineland. Mr. Smith felt all this; for although the Rhine was not unfamiliar to him, he felt, as every one else feels, almost all the sensations of complete novelty on every fresh journey up the river. Green slopes, precipices, rocks, bold mountains, romantic valleys, quiet villages and hamlets, vineyards and forests, fields and orchards—and amid all the waters of the mighty and eternal river ever rushing onward and gurgling by. These sufficed to drive away from Mr. Smith's mind every thought but thoughts of them, and for a moment he even forgot the finger of the Dead Monk. At Koenigswinter, at the foot of the Drachenfels, he landed from the steamboat, and proceeded up the steep ascent which is surmounted by the grotesque "castled crags of Drachenfels." Along the narrow winding path, almost overgrown with hedge verdure, underwood, and wild flowers, he wended his way, pausing every now and then to take breath and survey the delightful scenery beneath him, and the great valley of the Rhine, through the centre of which the silvery river wends its way. Arrived at the summit of the hill proper, with the steep rock of the Drachenfels still to be climbed, he stopped at the hotel which derives its sole support from tourists like Mr. Smith. Here he refreshed himself with a draught of light Rhine wine and a biscuit, after which he proceeded to pursue the narrow and steep path upwards to the old castle. After various windings in and out amongst the tangled brushwood, he at length arrived amongst the decayed walls, which are only kept in their places still by buttresses of solid masonry constructed by the late King of Prussia. Wandering about amongst the masses of masonry, looking down as if from a window in heaven on the wonderful panorama far beneath him, surveying the flat island meadows of the Nonnenwerth, the adjacent legendary Roland's Eck, admiring the gloomy grandeur of the gigantic Seven Mountains, above all taking notice that the honored name he bore still flourished in red paint high up on one of the highest of the remaining walls of the castle—the memento of a former visit, and the guarantee of posterior fame—Mr. Smith passed a sufficiently agreeable hour and a half. A little tired, both by bodily and mental exertions, he threw himself on the grass by the side of one of the high walls, and abandoned himself to a state of rustic repose—the bright sunshine above, the fresh breeze around, and the small birds chirruping and singing in adjacent brushwood. Delicious moments! when cares are thrown aside, and a full sense of quiet enjoyment absorbs every faculty. No past, no future intrudes—the coming night and its darkness is banished from the thoughts—the balmy air, the warm sunshine, the buzz of contented insects—a thousand sights, sounds, and sensations—gratify the

senses for the time being; and why trouble ourselves with thoughts that the night cometh, that the holiday will soon be spent, that winter will in the course of a few weeks obliterate all this verdure and sunshine?

Mr. Smith felt the soothing influence of the situation, as he lay upon the grass, and gradually dozed off into a light, dreamy, half-wakeful, delightful slumber, such as opium-eaters experience and seek. He fancied himself gently wafted through the soft air and golden sunshine, he heard the murmuring of the river far beneath him, and it sounded like nameless, tuneless, but delicious music. Half-conscious that he slept, he half desired that he might never again wake from such a blessed sleep. But the moments of real pleasure are brief, and soon "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." Suddenly the flood of sunshine was cut off from him by the interposition of some opaque body. He turned, as he thought, his eyes upwards to ascertain the cause. Trembling, as if afflicted with the palsy, he beheld to his horror the deceased Monk of the Kreutzberg looming gigantically and black between him and the sun. The spectre scowled upon him with eyes that seemed balls of fire, and in threatening attitude held aloft his right hand, minus the fatal finger. Mr. Smith lay motionless and speechless, quaking with terror, but he could not refrain from making the observation, "Here again, that infernal Monk and his confounded finger!" "Repent and make restitution!" thundered a voice in sounds resembling peals of artillery. "That," again thought Mr. Smith, "is out of the question, for I have no longer got the finger. I threw it away, and how can I restore it, even if I would." "Repent and make restitution!" said the voice a second time, and the figure of the monk commenced gradually to fade away, as if dissolving in the sunshine. "Repent and make restitution!" said a distant voice, that appeared to come like the echo of thunder from the valleys and caves of the distant Siebengebirg. As the last sound of the injunction died away amongst the hills, a great clamor arose in the air above. It seemed to Mr. Smith as if a select party of air demons were having a grand field day, and vigorously tearing each other to pieces. Had he been awake he might have seen that the noise was by no means supernatural, arising in fact from three or four crows quarrelling over the possession of some scrap of prey. They hovered above the grassy couch of Mr. Smith, filling the air with their noisy screams and flying feathers. Not being fully awake, his drowsy senses pictured to his mind a curious scene.

He fancied that a lot of young imps were gambolling and playing in the air above him, and he noticed that their game seemed to be battledore, their shuttlecock being no less an object than the finger of the Dead Monk who had just vanished! Suddenly one of the imps gave the finger a vigorous blow which sent it upwards with great and sustained velocity till at last it disappeared out of sight. Mr. Smith watched the vanishing point, in expectation of seeing the finger again descend, and after a short time he perceived it coming down, first as a small speck, then larger and larger, in a direct line with his upturned face. The imps yelled and screamed about it, and in vain sought to strike it again with their battledores. They missed every blow aimed at it, and on it came, until, as Mr. Smith had alarmingly anticipated, it in fact fell with a bang upon his nose! There certainly was no mistake about his having received a blow on that organ. Up he jumped from the ground, wide awake and a good deal alarmed. "God bless my soul!" was his exclamation. "What's the matter—what's that?" And he rubbed his nose energetically. "Why, I declare," said he, as he stooped to pick something from the grass at his feet, "if it isn't the old Monk's finger again that I threw away at Bonn! This is most extraordinary, it must be confessed." Looking upwards he perceived, perched on the top of the castle wall, the crows already mentioned, gazing in an agitated and excited manner down upon him. "Ah!" said he, "now I understand. It's all quite natural, and there's nothing extraordinary about it after all. One of these black gentlemen picked it up from the ground at the back of the hotel at Bonn

—by the way, I noticed some of them skulking about there as I threw it out—and brought it over here. The others fell upon him, no doubt to secure the booty, and in the course of the fight it dropped down upon me. That's it, and it's all nonsense about the old Monk, and I don't believe a word of it." With which consolatory remarks Mr. Smith buttoned up his coat, knocked his hat more firmly upon his head, and, putting on a jaunty, defiant air, took his course down the hill. He had not got many yards when he stopped and looked at the finger, which he still held in his hand, hesitating, apparently, what to do with it. At length he observed, "No, I won't throw it away here, for though I am not at all superstitious about it, still it might be again picked up by one of those hungry birds, and accidentally turn up before me again. No, there shall be no mistake about it this time. I'll put it where the old Monk won't be able to find it till the Day of Judgment, if he should require it then."

Thrusting the finger into his coat-pocket, Mr. Smith resumed his descent of the Drachenfels in by no means the happiest mood. On arriving at Koenigswinter he took a light dinner, and waited with some degree of impatience for the steamboat which was to carry him up the Rhine to Coblenz. At length the vessel appeared, and he was soon on board, steaming through all the scenery which, terminating at Bingen, constitutes those beauties to which the river owes its world-wide fame. A range of hills crosses the course of the river at right angles. In the course of ages the mighty river has beaten and worn a passage through this mountain chain—a narrow passage with steep mountain walls on each side—and through this passage it rushes and roars in a series of rapids which can barely be breasted by the full and incessant speed of the engines of the steamboat. A little derangement in the machinery—a moment's pause in the rapid motion of the engine—and the boat would be swept back a thousand yards in an instant, as a cork is swept away on the surface of a swollen street puddle. The river journey from Bonn to Koenigswinter is but a faint intimation of the enjoyment and surprises which one experiences from the latter place to Bingen—a marvellous region of cliffs and gurgling waters, valleys and hills, castles and legends. And the legends are interminable; every rock in the river, every ruin, every hill, every stone on the shore has its legend. There, peeping treacherously out of the water, are the seven stony-hearted "sisters," turned, for their amatory cruelty, into real stone, and still seeking the ruin of men by adding to the danger of the navigation; yonder is the tower where the rats avenged the starving people on the covetous bishop who stored up all the corn in a period of famine; on the right hand are the ruins of the beautiful Gothic chapel erected in memory of the murdered Jew boy, whose mangled body floated up against the rapidly-running stream, and brought the crime home to his ruthless destroyers; on the left are the twin castles where the twin brothers waged murderous war against each other; and so on without end—rocks, castles, and chapels, and legends, rendering it difficult to the practical mind to imagine how the lords of such limited and disputed territories could manage to live at all, and where they could possibly find people to plunder. But Mr. Smith did not pay his wonted attention to the scenery, partly because it was not his first time of seeing it, and partly because his spirits were depressed by the consciousness of having in his pocket that accursed finger. At the "Loreley" rocks the crew of the vessel aroused the astonishing echoes of the place by discharging a small cannon, blowing a trumpet, etc.; and while this was in progress Mr. Smith quietly proceeded to the stern of the vessel, and, having well observed what he was doing, dropped the finger clear into the river. Caught by an eddy it whirled round for a moment and then disappeared to the bottom. "Now," said he, "the Dead Monk is done. His finger lies in the deepest and most dangerous part of the Rhine, and it will never trouble me again."

(To be continued.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

Mademoiselle Marie de Rabutin Chantal, born in the year 1626, was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, who was what in Ireland in the last century would have been called a "fire-eater," and respecting whom it is narrated that he once quitted Church, on an Easter Sunday, to act as second to the famous Count de Bouteville. Those who have read the history and memoirs of the regency of Anne of Austria which preceded the ascent of Louis XIV. to the throne, are familiar with the dissolute and even atrocious state of society at that period, and that the practice of duelling was then a heritage of the preceding civil wars, just as occurred in this country after those of William III. In the midst of such a chaotic society, Mademoiselle Rabutin, however, had the good fortune to be placed under the guardianship of her uncle, the Abbe de Coulonges, her earliest instructor, from whom she received a sound education, moral and intellectual, and which was continued afterwards under the tutelage of Chapelain and Mernage, through whom she became a proficient in Latin, Italian, and Spanish. She was but eighteen when she married the Marquis de Sevigné, a personage quite unworthy of her, and who, after seven years of neglect and excess, terminated his life in a duel in 1651. Left with two children, a son and daughter, Madame de Sevigné, then in her twenty-fifth year, appears to have resolved never to remarry; the maternal instinct dominated her nature, and to these children she devoted henceforth her life. In the memoirs of the time there are many allusions to the *personelle* of this laughing blonde, so full of gaiety and *esprit*—this animated and elegant genius of the conversation and correspondence in which she so delighted, whose *paupieres biggarres*, as she called them, were first to delight her friends and afterwards posterity. This amiable marchioness, beauty and wit as she was, who inspired love wherever she appeared, and who had alike captivated her cousin, the well-known Bussy Rabutin, her master, Mernage, the Prince of Conde, brother of the great Conde, and Superintendent Fouquet, laughingly dissipated their sighs with her fan, and devoted herself wholly to the care and education of her daughter, desiring no other happiness than to see her happy and brilliant. Young Mademoiselle de Sevigné, who in 1663 figured in the ballets at Versailles—and who was celebrated by the court poet, Benserade (who preceded Boileau and Racine in that office) in madrigals, as the "loveliest girl in France,"—was married in 1669 to M. de Grignan, who presently carried her away from Paris to Provence, where he held the post of lieutenant-general in the absence of M. de Vendome. Henceforth separated from her daughter, Madame de Sevigné sought and found consolation in that famous correspondence which lasted until her death in 1696, and in which for twenty-five years she continued to chronicle with so easy and brilliant a pen, the life of the society with which she was so intimate, and all those anecdotes respecting characters and events which, like all such written by persons so positioned and intimate with their subject, constitute the most delightful part of history. Parisian life at that epoch was, among the upper classes, as reckless as during the subsequent regency of the Duke of Orleans. The female world was divided into two classes—those whose lives reflected the gilded licenses and stately frivolities of the court, and those who affected an ultra-refinement of sentiment and thought—the *precieuses* of the Hotel de Rambouillet, who constructed the maps of Tenderness, wrote odes to Job and Urania, etc., and whom Molière has shown up in the best of his short comedies. But in the centre of that great society there was an asylum of good manners and good taste of which Madame de Sevigné was the representative.

The period in which Madame de Sevigné lived and wrote, that of the Regency of Anne of Austria preceding the ascent of Louis XIV. to the throne, is claimed by French writers of the last century as the fourth of the great literary

epochs of the world—those of Pericles in Greece, Augustus in Rome, and the Medici in Florence. Then it was that the French language assumed that clarity and grammatical elegance of which, a little before, Pascal had set a still unrivalled example, in his Provençal Letters. It was the age of the charming fabulist La Fontaine, who with such charming naïvete made the animals and birds the exponents of his humor and philosophy; of Molière, who, although defective as a dramatic constructor, is the greatest master of the spirit of comedy in modern times, and who as a painter of French nature, and a satirical observer of life and manners, stands alone. On the tragic stage appeared the grand declamatory drama of Corneille, the Lucan of the French drama, and the elegant and pathetic pieces of Racine. Fontenelle was for the first time popularizing science in his *Plurality of Worlds*, as in his addresses to the Academy in which its progress is chronicled and illustrated. La Bruyère, more indeed a painter of character than a philosopher, produced his book of characteristics and thoughts, in which we seem to sip the crème de la crème of the conversations of the Hotel de Rambouillet—a work containing many admirable reflections, a masterpiece of French phraseology, but which some modern critics among his countrymen compare to a woman, less handsome than finely dressed, and with more style than substance. It was the age when *bel esprits* began with the composition of sonnets and ended with that of maxims—a progress from feeling to fact, which, Rochefoucault, pithily says, is that of life itself. In 1665, the uneducated, chivalrous, amiable, and distinguished duke—that *Hamlet* of the court, whose dominant reflective tendency rendered his life a long indecision—had published his 316 maxims in 150 pages, which Montesquieu calls the proverbs of a wit, and of which Voltaire says that they form less a book than the embellishment of one. Truly brilliant and sometimes profound, from his “angle of observation,” are the reflections in that testament of *amour propre*; but they are one, and not many sided, like those of Solomon, Epictetus, and M. Aurelius; nay, even like those of Vanvenergus, whose literary thoughts are superior to his moral; not to speak of Franklin’s, which have been compared to grains, not of pearl, but of wheat, which fructify where they fall. Montesquieu, in his great work, the *Spirit of Laws*—wit on laws, a rival called it; but the old French turn of mind could not fail to give grace and brilliancy to so grave a subject—had analysed the origin and character of governments, and laid bare the bases of human society. It was, *par excellence*, the great age of sacred eloquence, which was carried to the highest pitch by Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon; and then, to glance at the other arts, it produced the recitatives of Lully, the paintings of Pousin, Le Seur, Le Brun, and the architecture of Mansard. With most of those eminent personages Madame de Sevigné was intimate, and her letters are interspersed with many anecdotes of and allusions to them.

In Madame de Sevigné’s time two styles of writing originated, which created two schools—that style recommended by Boileau, learned, labored, chaste, polished, of which Malherbe and Balzac (the poet) had set an example: and the ample, copious, and natural, if somewhat negligent style of Molière, Fenelon, Fontenelle, Saint Simon, and Sevigné, which is profuse, colored, full of comparisons, images, wit, and sentiment—which never poses itself for admiration—in which the pen, to use her own words, “trots along with the bride on its neck.” Madame de Sevigné stands at the head of those brilliant and amusing French lady correspondents who seem, like Arabs, to have thanked heaven which had given them a pen for a tongue and paper for a messenger. Before her time, indeed, appeared the elegant nothings of Voiture—only notable for his graceful phrase. But the writers with whom she may be best compared are Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Horace Walpole, both of whom she resembles, possessing the delightful intelligence of the one, and the wit and anecdote, without a trace of the ill nature, of the other. Many of her letters have been reprinted in classical specimen collections; and among those best known, and expressive of different moods and styles, are that on the marriage

of mademoiselle the king’s daughter, on the death of Vatel, the famous cook, on the death of Turenne, of Madame de Longueville, and of the minister Louvet. Some of these are as sublime as Bossuet, the one on Vatel as comic as Molière. But apart from such brilliant essays and entire collections, the six volumes of Sevigné will always charm such as can pass a leisure day amid those accessories of history in which we live again in a period famous by its events and its personages.

Her letters are not, however, confined to gossip about the manners, fashions, tone, genius, and etiquette of the court of Louis XIV., public life and characters, anecdotes and doings in Paris. Those from the country, whose charms she sings in such delicate prose, are among the most pleasing. She loved the country still more than the town—loved to lose herself in reverie at Livry or at the Rochers—send her descriptions to that beloved confidant far in the south—her adieux to the magnificent autumn forests—her fancies among the leaves which sang to her—her lamentations over the wood of Buron, which her son had cut down to pay his expedition expenses—a prose elegy equal to Ronsard’s lament for the fall of the forest of Gastine, or Chateaubriand’s sighing sentences over the destruction of his paternal trees.

Count Bussy Rabutin, cousin of Madame Sevigné, notable among other things as a soldier and writer, states, in his *Histoire Genealogique*, that Celse Benigni de Rabutin, the father of our subject, was the most accomplished man in France—famous as a soldier and a dancer, as a wit, and as remarkable for the graces of his person as of his language. Henry de Sevigné’s raillery of Chevalier d’Albert led to the duel in which he fell, the 6th of February, 1651.

Another account states that Baron Henry de Sevigné, to escape the hatred of Richelieu, was obliged to fly to the Isle of Re, where he entered service under his friend Toiros, the governor, and where he died fighting gallantly against the English. His daughter was little more than seven at the time of his death.

Count Rabutin distinguished himself in the Turenne campaign in Flanders, as did his young nephew, Charles Sevigné, who, as stated, went on the expedition to Candia with Ferulade and his three hundred gentlemen; he, however, after a brief court and camp life, retired to Brittany, married, and lived to a good age in peace among the moors and woods. His father Henry was a dissolute and turbulent character, like many of the friends of De Retz. Tellemant and Conrard, in their memoirs, say that he ruined his wife’s fortune by his extravagance. She, however, was able to give her daughter, Madame de Grignan, a handsome *dot*. This young lady, who still smiles on us in the Illustrated Sevigné, with such spiritual and charming archness, and who was educated partly in the convent of Saint Marie, Nantz, was one of the greatest worshippers of the writings of the Breton Celt, Des Cartes, which, after passing out of notice, are again beginning to attract attention. The Abbey Livry, where her mother passed part of her youth, is in the middle of the forest of Bondy, to the east of Paris. The Chateau de Grignan, in Provence, is an imposing structure on a hill, with a village clustered at its feet. Here Madame Sevigné died, 14th January, 1696.

REMARKS ON THE TEETH.

By MR. C. W. WALL, SURGEON DENTIST.

CHAPTER IV.

Irregular Teeth.

It is, generally speaking, from the improper treatment of the temporary teeth that the permanent ones take an irregular position. Of course, there are many cases of family dental idiosyncrasy. Members of many families have such peculiarities in the arrangement of their teeth that their relationship might be inferred.

Sometimes the temporary teeth do not become loose or

fall out on account of their fangs not having absorbed as they should. Yet the permanent teeth progress in their formation, and make their appearance at the back of the teeth in the places of which they should have appeared ; in such case the temporary teeth should be removed, when the coming ones would fall into their proper situations ; but frequently, from a mistaken notion of kindness to children, parents allow these impeding teeth to remain until the new ones are sufficiently protruded over the gum, where they are forced to take and retain an irregular position by their antagonistic fellows. Even still, this deformity, which is so unsightly, can be corrected by the use of the mechanical contrivances styled "Regulation Plates," one of which I shall endeavor to describe, as it is often recommended, but should never be adopted ; for, although its use will have the desired effect, yet it misplaces the regular antagonistic teeth. A metallic plate is fitted and secured to the teeth, antagonistic to the irregular ones. To this plate there is a projection which takes an oblique direction, and is so situated, that when the wearer endeavors to close his mouth the irregular teeth strike upon it, and from the pressure so caused, they are forced into proper position ; of course, taking for granted that adjoining teeth have not encroached upon their space, in which case, room should be made for them. The "Regulation Plates" that I approve of act *only* upon the irregular teeth. When temporary teeth are prematurely or roughly extracted, the forming permanent teeth are often disturbed, and their parts misplaced, causing their enamel to have a rough honey-combed appearance, and frequently portions of them come out with the extracted teeth. When a temporary tooth is extracted too soon, the permanent teeth may fall forward and fill the vacancy created ; so that when the tooth that should take its place is prepared to appear, its room is occupied, and it is compelled to take an irregular position.

51, GREAT BRUNSWICK-STREET.

August, 1871.

THE MAY OF THE HEART.

Summer had come with her golden bloom,
But I saw her not :
No flow'rs of Hope shed their sweet perfume
O'er my desert lot.

The bright beam fell, but no mirror broke
All its glancing ray ;
I heard the song, but no echoes woke
In my heart of clay.

And why ? Because as a worldling I
All the landscape scanned ;
And beauties are that a worldly eye
Cannot understand.

The worldling looks at the flower of light,
And it fades away ;
The poet looks, and it shineth bright
As a star for aye !

I took my lyre that had silent hung
In the nameless shade,
And its first fair gifts I heedless flung
Unto May, sweet maid !

But so faintly trembled its soulless song,
And so slow my words,
That I stayed the trill of my tremulous tongue,
And I tore my chords !

But soon they bore me a missive sweet,
And a silver song,—
And the lightning fleet, unto poet meet,
Thrilled my veins along !

They bore me flowers of earth and sky
And of every hue :
The tulip gold with its crimson dye,
And the vale bell blue.

Then I raised my voice, which had sunk before,
And my lyre re-strung,—
Which, as I echoed it o'er and o'er,
With thy sweet name rung !

I swept the chords of my swelling lyre
For its melody :
O my poor words ! upon wings of fire
May they float to thee !

My thanks are deep for the note and flow'rs
Thou didst kindly send ;
I bless the bond of remembrance—ours :
And salute thee, Friend !

A friend on earth is a flow'ret rare :
When it leaves our eyes,
Ta'en by angel hands, it doth glisten e'er
In far Paradise !

The bond of Friendship which I have won
Is electric chain :
It maketh poësy's lightning run
In my veins again !

Our thoughts in unison still do flee
On its golden wires :
We both do utter its melody,—
Like to echoing lyres !

GEORGINA.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATION.

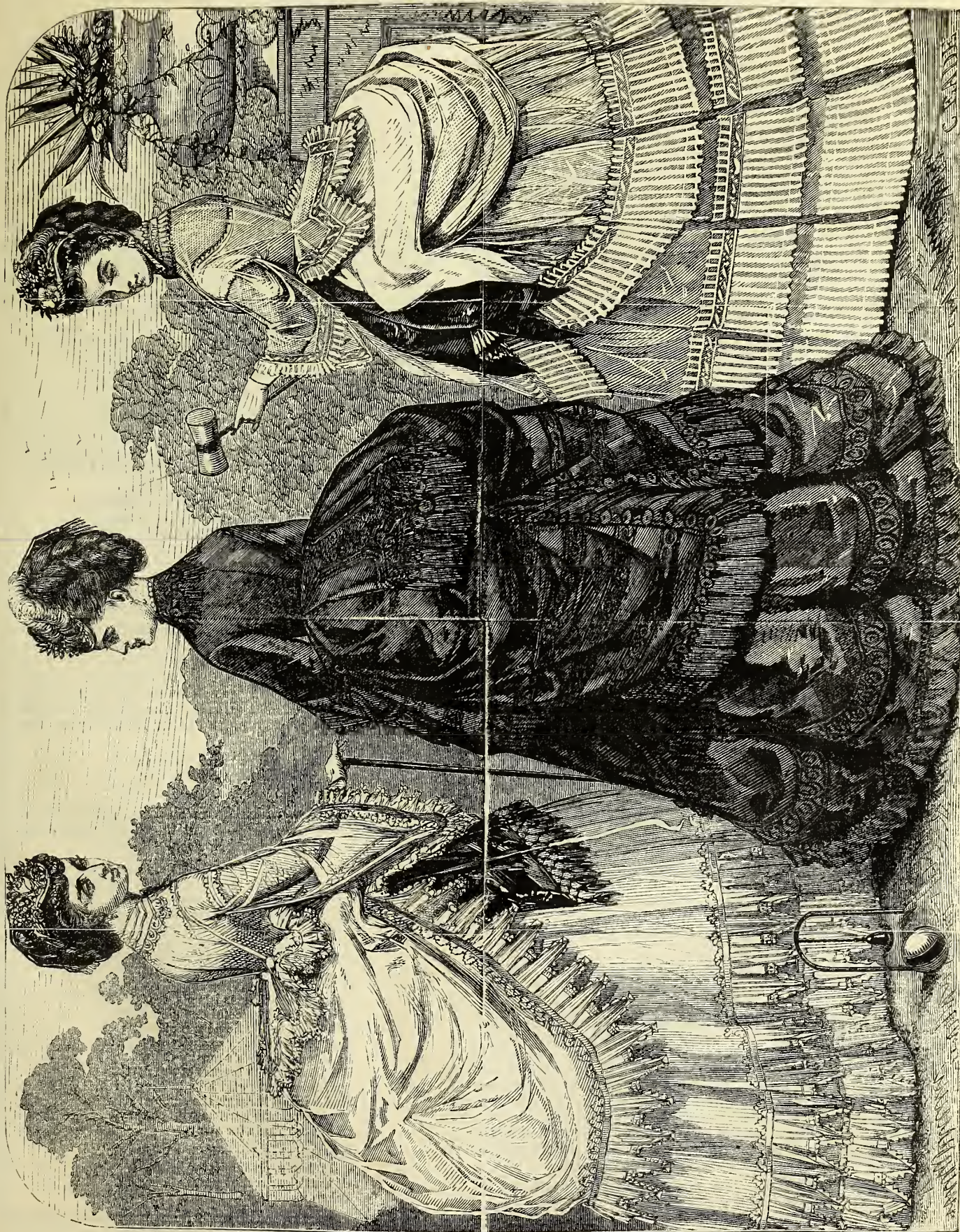
THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FIG. 1. SUMMER COSTUME OF WHITE FRENCH BOOK MUSLIN.—The skirt is bordered with one deep flounce, which has a smaller vandyked flounce edged with lace falling over it ; this is headed with Madeira insertion and a narrow stand-up box-plaited frill. Tunic caught up at the sides, throwing the fullness entirely to the back, finished with rich-colored faye sash. Demi-fitting postilion jacket with hanging sleeves, all trimmed to correspond. This exceedingly charming costume is perfectly new, and the design made by one of the first artists exclusively for the firm of Gask and Gask, of Oxford-street, London.

FIG. 2. FETE COSTUME OF POULT DE SOIE.—Color, new *rose de thé*, in two tints, handsomely trimmed with *écru*, real Alsace lace, fringed with crimped silk skirt of the darker shade, with two deep flounces, edged with narrow frills and lace ; tunic of the lighter shade, beautifully trimmed with insertion "transparent" and real Alsace lace to match the skirt ; jacket with postilion basque, and new gauntlet cuff and sleeve. This superbly-handsome costume has found great favor with the aristocracy, and was modelled expressly for Gask and Gask of Oxford-street, London, by an artist of eminence in Paris.

FIG. 3. SUMMER COSTUME OF FRENCH BOOK MUSLIN.—Skirt trimmed with two deep flounces of narrow half-box plaitings, edged with lace and Madeira insertion ; tunic draped in front, and caught well back on the hips, with handsome sash and bow of colored silk ; jacket half-fitting, with postilion basque and open sleeves, trimmed all to match. This elegant summer costume is very light and effective ; the design, which belongs to the firm of Gask and Gask, has been honored with exclusive patronage in the highest circles. In the silk-rooms of this well-known establishment in Oxford-street and Wells-street, London, are an immense variety of the latest and highest fashions, also materials of the richest quality and color quite unsurpassed by other establishments.

THE EMERALD'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF LATEST FASHIONS.



Fashions for 1871, from the Silk Rooms of Gask and Gask, Oxford-street and Wells-street, London.

CURRENT EVENTS.

[The writer of the paragraphs which usually appear in the EMERALD under this head, having taken suddenly ill, we are obliged to go to press without them this week.]

THE POETRY OF BERNARD SIMMONS.

(Continued.)

I resume the "readings" from the poetry of B. Simmons, and will here express the pleasure I feel in finding that the poems already given have awakened so much interest, as to make it probable that a new edition of his works may in time appear. I wish that I could ascertain any particulars respecting the life of the poet; but as yet I have utterly failed to do so. He has vanished silently into dim oblivion; and no record whatever seems to remain of one who has left evidence that he deserves to rank with the immortals. All that is at present known or surmised about him is contained in his volume of poetry, published in Edinburgh, in 1843, and dedicated to Professor Wilson, "with every sentiment of reverence and esteem." A single sentence prefixed to the volume states that the larger portion of the poems appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine, and they appear to have extended over a space of several years—one bearing the date of 1832, and others probably being referable to a still earlier era. From the fact of the poems being published in Scotland, and contributed to an Edinburgh periodical, it would appear that Simmons either met with little encouragement in his own land, or that, like other literary aspirants at that time, he was attracted by the fame of the "Maga," then (under the brilliant editorship of "Christopher North") in the zenith of its glory; and that he succeeded in attracting the favorable notice of the great Scottish critic, whose genial nature loved to discern real merit. It is evident from the style of the poetry that Simmons had received a superior education. I should imagine he had passed through a university course. The perfect finish of his style, the correctness of his diction, and the allusions to classical literature, show a cultivated taste, and tell of careful study. As I remarked before, the poetry is deeply tinged with melancholy, and indicates that the author had known much sorrow and pain, and had passed through many a dark vigil of woe. This is generally the lot of a sensitive and poetic nature; to such the hard realities, the cruel disappointments, the inevitable griefs of life, come with tenfold bitterness; contrasting drearily with the ecstatic vision which in "Hope's momentary youth" pictured paradise to the raptured spirit. The brighter shone the glory, the deeper will fall the darkness of the eclipse. So it is that we hear the saddest wails of anguish from those who are formed for heaven's delight. Even Wordsworth, on whose serene existence the divine ray seemed ever to dwell, has said,

"We poets in our youth begin with gladness,
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness."

When the soul is attuned to beauty and love—when it is intensely susceptible of bliss and dreams of "aerial joy"—so surely will it, in this cold and dreary world, shiver and shrink in the icy desolation of blighted hopes, vanished visions, frustrated aspirations, and buried affections. Yet if, as a great poet has said, "Sorrow, anguish, terror, and despair itself are often the chosen expressions of approximations to the highest good," who would barter the majesty of suffering for the dull contentment or the "hard and worldly phlegm" of narrower and coarser-grained natures?—"finite clouds, untroubled by a doubt." In the anguish of the idealist, there is evidence of that within us which is higher than our mortal lot—our spirits reach beyond the things of time and sense—and the pain that springs from feeling that we are not what we might be, is in itself a token of the soul's future, and a testimony to its grandeur.

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days?"

and, therefore, when we sigh responsive to the wail of woe which sounds through the volume before us, we find consolation in the thought that the wounded spirit has now "out-soared the shadow of our night;" that it has passed from a world "where but to think is to be full of sorrows, and leaden-eyed despair;" where there is such a cruel incongruity between what we can aspire to be, and what we are; where the ocean of time is ever engulfing new wrecks; where death waits to sever the strongest bonds of love; where love itself can fail or end; and where change and chance, with grim irony, laugh at the brightest hopes, and the surest anticipations.

Even in the happiest human lot, a reflective mind and tender heart will be chilled and saddened beneath the dark shadow which sin and sorrow cast over our mysterious existence; but in the poems of which I now speak there is evidence that the writer had in his own words "drained life's lavish cup of woes," and had felt with keen anguish some of the worst pangs that mortals can endure. That his own errors had subjected him to the "never-resting vulture's torture fell," seems clear from many passages; but let us mingle compassion with condemnation in thinking of one who, whatever his faults may have been, possessed in no ordinary measure the high aspirations, the warm feelings, and the noble emotions of true genius. In one of his saddest poems, the following beautiful verse tells in its deep pathos of a heart formed for the truest bliss. He is apostrophizing "Misery's immortal Three"—Byron, Rousseau, and Shelley:

"Were ye not born with love for ever rushing
And leaping through your being's deepest blood?
Sought ye not vain as ceaselessly the gushing
Of human sympathy's forbidden flood?
Across the music of your softest mood
Did not the world its grating discord send?
Then may I claim with ye sad brotherhood—
Unloved, I love; faithful, I find no friend;
And life with me, as ye, wanes lonely to the end."

One melancholy chord is struck so frequently throughout these poems that it was evidently one to which the minstrel's whole nature vibrated. Some exquisite pieces tell of an unhappy attachment, of a fair and gentle being who crossed the poet's path, and who aroused in his soul an emotion that time and distance could not quench. For she only crossed his path; and straightway passed to far lands beyond the "severing ocean"—

"To light with love another's home,
And be to me, through years afar,
Lone memory's deeply mirrored star."

Such is the image by which he recalls his lost love in a poem too long to quote, but so beautiful that I regret that I can only give the concluding portion—

"And years have gone—and time has stolen
Hope from the heart, light from the eye—
And feelings then all passion-swollen,
Now shrunk to arid darkness, lie;
And that long-lost regretted one
Is—angel of the rainbow!—gone,
And treads her path of woman's pain
In isles beyond the western main.
How little dreams the stranger who,
Amid the summer islands' sea,
That fair and graceful one may view,
Shrined in her home tranquillity:
That she who there so sheltered dwells
In warm Bermuda's musky dells,
Once braved the breezes of the north,
And from their wild hills looking forth,
Had loitered through the summer day
With mountain bard as wild as they,
In utmost Thule far away.

And still that dreaming bard will think
That, haply, on the silver brink
Of that clear sea, at vesper hour,
When memory most exerts its pow'r,

The gentle loiterer there will raise
 At times her melancholy gaze
 To the dim west, and while its star
 Trembles like lover's heart, afar,
 Will ask if he, who at her side
 Sat, eager-browed and restless-eyed,
 One blessed day, now feels with her
 How minutes stamp the strife of years—
 How passion's gusts, the soul which stir,
 Leave to the ruffled worshipper
 Of all its stormy joy, but tears."

Another poem on the same subject is eloquent in its melodious anguish. When the wreck of passion's brief paradise-dream can call forth such strains as the following, the crown of sorrow becomes a starry diadem:—

TO AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

Adieu! adieu! In secret now
 My spirit sore must chide
 The grief that fain would sear my brow,
 Despite of all my pride.
 But none shall tell, for none shall know,
 The wasting agony of woe
 This heart must learn to hide,
 Though still remembering that we met
 To love, to sever, and forget.

* * * * *

Adieu! adieu! the scathed bough
 When riven from its tree,
 Parts not more hopelessly than now
 I sever wide from thee;
 Nor differs more May's morning light
 From winter's wild December night,
 Than our fates disagree!
 Blighted or blest may be thy lot—
 All one to me—I share it not.

Thou nameless, guileless, guiltless one,
 Whose smile to me was woe,
 How my heart heaves to think upon
 Thy fortune here below!
 Shall this our distant northern clime
 Behold the cold slow hand of Time
 O'er thy young beauty go?
 Or must our green isle's verdure wave
 O'er—love's sole rest—thine early grave?

No! even the cherished recompense
 Of weeping o'er the clay
 That shrouds thy love's omnipotence
 Fate to me will not pay;
 Far, far where wide Ohio's floods
 Sweep through Kentucky's twilight woods,
 Thy life shall wane away,
 Till like some lute's last parting tone
 It sinks in sweetness all its own.

And should I learn in after years
 Thy destiny was blest,
 That thou went'st through this vale of tears
 Caressing and caressed;
 Or, different far, that thy young life
 With the chill world's unfeeling strife
 Was to the last oppressed;
 Warm tears shall be my sole reply,
 When none but night and grief are by.

Yes, tears—soul-starting and heart-wrung—
 Should happiness be thine,
 To think thy destiny was flung
 So wide away from mine;
 And tears, should the rude shock of fate
 Leave thy lorn heart, all desolate,
 O'er vanished days to pine—
 To feel how hope once lit our eyes
 With dreams she dared not realize.

Adieu, adieu! no breeze shall spring
 Hereafter from the sea,
 But I will fancy on its wing
 It wafts a sigh to me

From that dear lip, whose last pure prayer
 To heaven shall be, to meet me where,
 Through bright eternity,
 Are linked those hearts and souls above,
 Who loved on earth, while life could love.

Every reader of taste will appreciate the poetic beauty of the foregoing stanzas—slightly marred as they are by a touch of egotism, akin to that of Byron. In future numbers I shall give further specimens of Simmons' muse.

IERNE.

IRISH LACES.

In directing attention to the Irish Lace Trade we feel we are but discharging a public duty. Everything that tends to develop manufactures in Ireland we hail with delight, as they serve to withdraw the surplus population from the land, and will hereafter, we have no doubt, be the chief sources of wealth, industry, and contentment throughout the island. In particular we desire anxiously to foster the few branches of manufacture we possess; and, amongst them all, none appeals to us with such force as the lace trade, as it gives remunerative employment to numbers of our poor countrywomen. Thousands of pounds are annually spent on laces by the ladies of Ireland. It is not too much then, to ask of them that, before investing in foreign laces, they should inspect the home-made, and give themselves the opportunity of making a choice between both. If they select the latter they will have the consciousness of knowing that they are giving a stimulus to a branch of Irish industry that will enable thousands of their poor sisters to live honestly and comfortably. But it is not merely on that ground we speak. The Irish Lace Trade needs nothing but encouragement to rival the best continental manufactures. We have been permitted by Mr. P. A. Keane, of No. 2 Upper Sackville-street, to inspect his stock of home-made laces, including Real Irish Point, Carrickmacross, Limerick, Tallow, Irish Crochet, and Irish Guipure; so elegant in design and so fine in material, that any country might feel proud of them, and hardly one could surpass. We were given to understand that strangers visiting Dublin are among the most liberal patrons of the Irish Lace Trade; but we did not wonder in the least at their taste when we examined the beautiful fabrics. In fact, we do not know any more convenient and handsome souvenir of the country to take away to a foreign shore; and we are not surprised that American ladies in especial are very sensitive to its attractions.

THE VOICE AND THE PEN.

Public opinion has undergone a considerable change with regard to gentlemanly accomplishments since Earl Douglas, with all the pride of his race kindling in his eye, exclaimed—

"Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."

The modern father who would give utterance to such a thanksgiving would be considered a suitable inmate for a lunatic asylum. But from the old Scottish lord it came naturally enough, writing being then regarded as a proper acquirement for priests and monks, but unnecessary to the education of a gentleman. Douglas, being a strict conservative in his day, regarded the use of the pen among laymen as not only unnecessary but dangerous. Writing and speech-making were accomplishments which a gentleman was not called upon to exercise in those days; so elocution and composition formed no part of his education. An expert swordsman and good rider would be a much more popular person than a brilliant speaker and writer. All quarrels, public and private, were decided by an appeal to arms. In a word, the sword was triumphant, the voice and the pen nowhere. But the time came when the sword was sheathed, and the voice and pen were all-powerful. In the

days of chivalry doubtless many dishonorable rapacious men wore the belt of knighthood; but, in spite of those unworthy members, it was a noble order. So likewise in our day the voice and pen have many worthless votaries—babblers and scribblers, whose utterances are undeserving of record, and who will be forgotten the moment they cease to shriek for a hearing; but they cannot tarnish the greatness of our age, or dim the glory reflected on it by our illustrious poets, orators, historians, and novelists. In both states of society the genuine ore separates itself from the dross. The voice and pen now reign triumphant; they are the arms with which battles are fought and won. They have, however, this disadvantage—the war is prolonged immensely by the nature of the weapons. “Vexed questions” which have occupied the public mind for years would have been quickly settled in past times by an appeal to the sword. But though our wars may be protracted and bloodless, they are not therefore inglorious. Noble victories have been won by the voice and pen where the sword would have signally failed. “The orator’s voice has a mighty power” to persuade, to convince, to control—a power greater and more lasting than was ever attained by the force of arms. The speaker whose voice has power to subdue the angry passions of an excited multitude, the preacher whose discourse awakens his hearers to a sense of duty, the senator whose convincing eloquence wins the rulers of his country to adopt a just and generous policy, feel a higher and nobler pride in the moment of victory, than ever swelled in the bosom of an Alexander, when, satiated with the slaughter of his enemies, he sheathed his blood-stained sword amid the triumphant shouts of his followers. And still greater and more lasting is the influence possessed by an accomplished writer, for it extends far beyond his own day and generation.

The rightful supremacy of the voice and pen as weapons of attack and defence is universally acknowledged. “Peaceful agitation” is the order of the day. Reformers think their time has not been wasted if they live to see some measure carried for which they labored arduously during a long life—nay, a century or two is often consumed in quietly stating wrongs and demanding rights, which our fathers would have quickly redressed and claimed at the sword’s point. A great deal has been said by our poets and orators about the “free and unfettered use of the voice and pen;” but we do not think it is a privilege equally shared by all her Majesty’s subjects. Why, for instance, is the agitation for women’s rights held to be ridiculous? We are not about to examine the rights and wrongs of the question itself, which is quite foreign to our subject; but, as a matter of justice, we would ask why should it be thought a ludicrous and impotent display for women to exercise the right common to all British subjects—the right of peaceful agitation?

It strikes us as being all the more unfair on the part of the stronger sex to complain of women for using this right, because from the beginning of time her tongue was the only weapon she was permitted to use in her own defence. In no age could she hope to obtain anything but through persuasion. There is, then, nothing unwomanly, we think, in the fair sex availing themselves of voice and pen to agitate for their rights, or what they conceive to be their rights. It is not they who have taken up masculine weapons, but men who have abandoned the manlier arms which our fathers wielded, and adopted the use of the womanly weapon—the tongue.

“But we do not deny your right to a moderate amount of tattling,” replies the man; “it is the too liberal use of the voice and pen to which we object.”

“And who is to be the judge?” asks the woman. “You say we write and talk too much on a certain subject. So, doubtless, do the members of a government think when the gentlemen on the opposition benches ask inconvenient questions, and make speeches exposing the injustice of their policy, and write leaders and pamphlets on the subject. To those speeches and articles it would be no answer to reply, ‘You

are out of office, you are a minority; therefore your arguments are weak and illogical, your demands unreasonable. You talk and write rank nonsense. It would be a blessing to the country if you would let us pursue our duties of government in peace, and attend to your professional duties or look after the management of your estates. You are grossly neglecting the interest of your families by continuing this unmeaning controversy.’ Would the opposition be silenced by this? Of course not; neither shall we.”

The man says: “You have done nothing but *talk* of woman’s rights, woman’s mission, and so forth. This only shows what we never for a moment doubted—your power of talking. *Prove* your capacity to use the privileges you ask.” The woman replies: “How can we do anything worth showing when you stand armed with precedent and prejudice in the doorway of every available occupation, crying, ‘You must not enter here; society would consider it unwomanly, unladylike; do it in defiance of society at your peril.’ We must *talk and write* in order to overcome the prejudice.”

“You want the suffrage,” says the man; “how would you exercise it? Is it not true that your whole mind is occupied by dress and entertainments? This being the case, would you not sell your vote for a trinket or an invitation? You cannot deny that the feminine mind is easily captivated by a handsome exterior. This being the case, would you not overlook the merits of a well qualified candidate of unattractive appearance, and give your vote to a handsome noodle?”

“Is it fair,” asks the woman, “to set down to our account offences we have never committed? How can you tell how we would use a privilege with which we have never been intrusted? The present electors are not so incorruptible that we might not hope to keep our hands as pure at least. We have no public spirit, you say. How can we, till we are allowed to take an interest in public affairs?”

Then the man falls back on his premises, and says, “Mere talk is idle; women can do nothing but talk—that is quite clear; but that they do with a vengeance. We are weary of the subject; for heaven’s sake cease.”

Well, apart from the expediency or inexpediency of admitting women to the enjoyment of political rights, there is some reason on her side. That is, she has a right to *put forth her claims*. There is nothing extraordinary or unseemly in her manner of doing it—nothing to warrant the torrent of ridicule and scorn with which the movement has been overwhelmed by the other sex. There is nothing laughable in any class of the queen’s subjects holding meetings and writing articles to testify their feelings on a certain topic. It is to these means the male portion of the population resort when they want to carry any point, and no one thinks their demonstrations ludicrous in themselves, though a good deal of nonsense may have been talked at them. In such cases we confine our criticisms to individual examples of folly. What, for instance, would be thought of a paragraph such as this:—

“To say that the speakers distinguished themselves only by the coarse personalities and virulent abuse which they poured on their opponents, and the equally indiscriminate and undeserved praise which they lavished on their leaders—that the meeting was characterized by passion, prejudice, and bigotry—is only to say that was composed of *men*.”

Would we not suppose that it had been written by some ferocious misanthrope, a hater of his race, who saw everything they did with a jaundiced eye? Yet this is the tone habitually adopted by men in dealing with the woman question. We do not contend that women do not talk too much, and that they do not talk nonsense; but what we maintain is, that they have as good a right to the queen’s English as men, who also write a quantity of rubbish, the difference being only a question of degree. At the starting of every movement the most ignorant and unqualified of its upholders, anxious to display their prowess, rush to the van, and fire off a series of explosions more hurtful to themselves than their

opponents. Movements with which women have nothing to do are constantly disgraced by the advocacy of babbling fools. We regret to say, however, that the women question has been overlaid with more than the usual amount of cant and extravagance—a fact mainly to be attributed to the sudden outlet given to their long-suppressed thoughts and feelings. We think that in time, when the novelty of the thing has worn off, the blatant reformers will fall away, and leave the question in the hands of those better qualified to conduct it to a proper issue. What that issue may be we do not pretend to prophesy. But, in the meantime, we must protest against the ungenerous sneers so continually bestowed on the movement. We protest against it because ridicule is not a fair weapon. No harm can accrue to either sex by the free discussion of claims, which are absolutely in the hands of the stronger to grant or withhold as they shall think proper. Men have nothing to fear except the possibility of being convinced of the justice of such claims. It savors somewhat of intolerance to denounce the movement as a ludicrous display of conceit and folly; it is running counter to the spirit of the age to set up this kind of barrier to the “free and unfettered use of the voice and pen.”

LENORE.

ISABELLE.

Like hidden music floating
In echoes on the breeze,
Like sweetest perfume wafted
From blossom-laden trees,
Like breath of summer morning,
Like moonlight on the sea,
Like all that's pure and lovely,
Art thou, sweet maid, to me.

Thou bringest back my spirit
To the time when Hope was young,
When life appeared as blithesome
As the gayest carol sung
By the warbling choir of heaven
When pouring forth their glee
In notes of thrilling music
From brake, and bush, and tree.

Thou bringest to my lone heart
The thought of rapture fled,
Awaking there the echoes
Of a chord which long lay dead
Thou callest back the brightness
Which shone in days of yore—
But, oh! my soul recoils now,
For it felt that bliss before,

And allowed the illusive glitter
Of love to lure it on,
Till, waking to its falseness,
I saw that joy was gone!
The world was now a desert,
And hope an empty sound,
And rest, or peace, or comfort,
No more on earth I found.

Then though, like wafted music,
Like fragrance sweet to me,
Like all things pure and lovely,
And all that's bright, thou be—
I'll trust not hopes which perish—
I'll leave thee, Isabelle!
Thou'lt never know how painful
It was to say farewell!

C. B.

EARLY RISING.

The *Spectator* denies that early rising is really beneficial. The truth is that late rising in civilized countries is not the result either of idleness or fashion, or contempt for hygienic laws, but of a habit, based partly upon the social system of division of labor. It is very inconvenient for any society which is in any way inter-dependent to vary its time of rising with the sun, and it therefore selects a rough mean time at which for the greater part of the year there will be a decent measure of daylight. In England that time is not five, or anything like five, but between eight and nine; and accordingly the majority of people who can do as they like select that time for rising, and so enable themselves to act with something like concert. They can all go to business at once instead of wasting hours in waiting for each other; and all finish at once, instead of burdening the whole class of assistants, clerks, etc., with different and variable hours. Moreover, they can all go comfortably to work, that is, can economise their strength to the utmost; acute discomfort unnecessarily incurred involving loss of mental power. In England, for eight months in the year, early hours involve discomfort great enough to be positively injurious—if not to health, at all events to mental serenity. Chill is not healthy, and our early hours in this climate are chilly and damp, unmitigated by fire, and unsoothed by food and coffee; none of these alleviations being procurable, except at the cost of diminished sleep for the whole caste of servants, who, as it is, need somewhat more time for rest than their masters, and obtain somewhat less. This might be corrected, no doubt, by everybody retiring much earlier to bed; but the only effect of that change would be to shorten the time for rest and recreation, which is much too short already. Under the existing system the professional classes can, if they like, work steadily eight hours a-day under the circumstances best calculated to economise effort, and yet retain eight hours for food, society, and reading, and eight hours for sleep. The working classes, with their sure instinct for their own interests, are trying to secure just those very conditions, and will in the end secure them. Of course they have to be paid for, but in spite of Franklin's grand nonsense about the cost of candles, the price in a western climate and in cities which use gas is not very heavy, probably not equal to the value of one hour a-week of any artisan's work; a cost which would be more than repaid by increased freshness, strength, and willingness for toil.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Canon Kingsley intends to publish a new edition of his poems, which will contain several pieces that have not hitherto been collected.

M. Capoul has left England for the United States, where he will appear as tenor in the operatic tour of Mdllc. Nilsson, which will commence in New York in September. The author of “Ginx's Baby” is engaged upon another satire.

We have received a box of the Phæton Pens from Messrs. MacNiven and Camaron, 25 Blair-street, Edinburgh, for the purpose of giving our honest opinion on their merits. We have to say that the pen is most appropriately named. Its point, being slightly turned up, never sticks in the paper or splutters the ink, no matter how rapidly the pen is made to travel. To all who wish to write with speed and comfort the Phæton Pen is a most valuable boon.

M. Guizot, who has just left Paris for Val-Richer, read at the last sitting of the Academy a remarkable report on the works sent in to compete for the Gobert prize of 20,000f., which is awarded to the great historical treatise left by M. Pierre Clément, ex-Member of the Institute, who died during the first siege.

Mr. E. A. Freeman is reprinting his historical essays from the magazines.

At the French Opera, Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* is said to be in preparation, with Madame Miolan-Carvalho as Juliette.

In the course of some operations which have been going on at Newbattle Abbey, the discovery has been made of what is supposed to be the burial vault of Mary de Couci, Queen of Alexander II., and mother of Alexander III., who was buried in that abbey about the middle of the 13th century. By the direction of the Marquis of Lothian, the southern portion of the crypt has been in process of restoration for the last six or seven months.

A sale of the furniture and works of art belonging to the late M. Auber has been held at the Hôtel des Ventes. The paintings, although signed by some celebrated masters, brought in general very low prices, the highest being paid for a female figure by Chaplin, and which only sold for 322f. A portrait of Madame Anna Thillon, the singer, by Horace Vernet, was knocked down for 28f. ; one of Madame Malibran, by the same artist, but unfinished, for 100f.

M. Hervé is in Paris, and has signed an engagement to prepare a new *opera bouffe* for his old home, Les Folies Parisiennes.

An important work on the history and practice of typography has just been completed in connection with the *Printers' Register*. It is entitled "A Dictionary of Typography and its accessory Arts."

Madame Parepa has engaged for her coming season in the United States Miss Clara Doria, daughter of the well-known composer, Mr. John Barnett.—*Musical Standard*.

La Société de Saint-Cécile of Bordeaux has offered a prize of a gold medal and 300 francs for the best setting of a *Stabat Mater*. The work is to be written for solo voices, chorus, and full orchestra. Manuscripts may be sent to the secretary, at Bordeaux, up to November 30.—*Musical Standard*.

The seven funeral orations which were spoken over Auber's tomb by Beulé, Perrin, Baron Taylor, De Leuven, Jules Simon, and Dumas (the younger), lasted six hours.

Admirers of Hawthorne will be glad to know that a complete edition of his works, including much unpublished matter, has been undertaken by Messrs. Osgood, of Boston.

Mr. Browning's new poem, "Balaustion's Adventure," is dedicated to the Countess Cowper.

Nearly eighty of the Cornish miners receiving instruction in the classes of the Miners' Association of Cornwall and Devonshire, have passed the Science Examinations of the Department of Science and Art. Amongst these there are no fewer than seven first-class, in the advanced grade.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO WASH BRUSHES.—Dissolve a piece of soda in some hot water, allowing a piece the size of a walnut to a quart of water. Put the water into a basin, and after combing out the hair from the brushes, dip them, bristles downwards, into the water and out again, keeping the backs and handles as free from the water as possible. Repeat this until the bristles look clean ; then rinse the brushes in a little cold water ; shake them well, and wipe the handles and backs with a towel, *but not the bristles*, and set the brushes to dry in the sun, or near the fire ; but take care not to put them too close to it. Wiping the bristles of a brush makes them soft, as does also the use of soap.

A GOOD WASH FOR HAIR.—One pennyworth of borax, half a pint of olive oil, one pint of boiling water. Pour the boiling water over the borax and oil ; let it cool ; then put the mixture into a bottle. Shake it before using, and apply it with a flannel. Camphor and borax, dissolved in boiling water and left to cool, make a very good wash for the hair ; as also does rosemary-water mixed with a little borax. After using any of these washes, when the hair becomes thoroughly dry, a little pomatum or oil should be rubbed in, to make it smooth and glossy.

TO CLEAN COMBS.—Never wash combs, as the water often makes the teeth split, and the tortoiseshell or horn of which they are made, rough. Small brushes, manufactured purposely for cleaning combs, may be purchased at a trifling cost ; with this the comb should be well brushed, and afterwards wiped with a cloth or towel.

SONG.

Bring me at eve to some bright shore,
Embraced by belts of amber sand,
Where mortal foot has never pressed,
That I may sing my passion o'er,
With lonely winds that love the land,
And think of thee
As in a dream that lives in rest,
And breathes across the weary breast
Echoes from some diviner sea.

This life is far too full of care,
And grief, and gloom, to love thee in,
To ponder thy perfections o'er ;
Thy soul is of another air,
And here it seems a sort of sin
To think of thee,
Amid the crowd that o'er and o'er
The base wine of their being pour
To each new dull idolatry.

Oh, that we dwelt within an isle
Of silent woods and quiet dells,
Where, resting on some evening height,
My soul might drink thy deepest smile,
And feel the peace no utterance tells,
And live with thee
For ever, dear one, in my sight,
Till God, from yonder deeps of light,
Would lift us to eternity.

T. C. IRWIN.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWER.

In answer to one of L.L.'s questions, "Savourneen Deelish" signifies "Darling dear."

GEORGINA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received, and held over for consideration.—"One Heart," etc. ; "Sotto la Luna."

Errors.—We do not care for articles having no other object than the exciting of smiles, as the EMERALD aims at being useful ; but if a fit subject receive humorous or satirical treatment there cannot be the slightest objection to it. One of the articles sent will appear next week.

"The Royal Ladies of France" is very good indeed ; but just now its publication would be inappropriate. The court of Louis is as much a thing of the past in which the general public take no interest, as the court of Richard Cœur de Lion or his Mohammedan foe Saladin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—I have just come across the following passage in an extremely interesting article on "The Education of Women," by Mr. Fitch, M.A., Inspector of Schools. It is so *apropos* to the subject which has been lately discussed in your columns that I think it will be interesting to many readers :—

"An average young lady, who leaves school at the age of sixteen, has often acquired the power to read and write gracefully, to sing, and to play upon the piano, to speak

French and perhaps to read German ; of history she has probably learned the contents of an easy school-book, and by the help of some metrical or other mnemonic system of chronology has stocked her memory with a few dates. Her knowledge of pure science is represented by a little technical arithmetic, while in physical science her attainments are limited to some scraps of information on natural phenomena, a little of the terminology of botany, and the power to solve problems in that most wonderful and useless of all branches of scholastic learning, the use of the globes. Thus equipped, she is supposed to have received a 'finished' education. . . . Although the interval between the day of leaving school and the day of marriage is often a beautiful and happy one, more of it is spent in forgetting than in carrying forward any of the teachings of the school. . . . It is rarely a time of mental improvement ; reading is apt to be aimless and superficial ; hour after hour is frittered away ; and whatever else may flourish under the glad sunshine of health and hope, it must be confessed that the intellectual life too often languishes, and that the power of chaining down the mind to any subject of serious study, even if it has ever been acquired, dies away for ever."

The above passage bears so directly upon L. L.'s query concerning the intellectual stand-still of women, that I am sure it will interest her. I am glad to see that my letter on the subject has called forth two such interesting and valuable communications as those of C. A., and "An Irishwoman." The more that public opinion is awakened with respect to the very unsatisfactory state of female culture, the better. I entirely agree with "An Irishwoman," that before women can be fit to perform with credit the duties involved in, for instance, a share in the franchise, they must receive higher education than has been generally given them. This is now, perhaps, the most important part of the "woman question," and it is the subject to which I should specially like to see attention directed. A better system of female education can scarcely be made general, unless some endowments are secured for the purpose. This was insisted upon very forcibly at the Camden school distribution of prizes, a short account of which was given in the last issue of the *EMERALD*. I hope that in Ireland some movement will be set on foot in this direction. The Alexandra college, which provides for Irishwomen in their own country a really liberal and high-class education, has no endowment whatsoever. This is not as it should be—and so little interest in general have parents to obtain for their daughters the advantages of a college course, that many still prefer to send their girls to English boarding schools, such as are described in the essay before alluded to, in the words that follow :—

"There are in all departments of learning two opposite methods—the empirical, which gives rules, words, formulæ, to the memory ; and the scientific, which addresses the understanding, and aims at the investigation of principles ; and there is no education worthy of the name which, in this sense, is not scientific, which is not right in its methods as well as in its results, and which does not aim far more at drilling the faculties, and at awakening thought, than at the teaching of facts at all. It is from this point of view that the common boarding school education presents so melancholy a picture. From first to last it is not, and hardly pretends to be, scientific. The language, the music, the geography, the history, are all alike taught empirically, and are therefore intellectually worthless. Methods of instruction long ago disused, not only in good grammar schools, but in the humblest schools for village children, are still in full force in expensive 'establishments' for girls. Tasks are committed to memory, but are seldom or never explained. Dates and tables are learned, while the events to which they relate are not understood. Books in the catechetical form are used abundantly ; although every intelligent teacher knows that such books tend to check a genuine spirit of inquiry, and to destroy continuity of thought, and that the only questions that are worth anything, in teaching, grow

naturally out of the subject, and which are spontaneously asked by the teacher or the learner. On the whole, it is difficult to point to one of the methods in common use in boarding schools which is wisely adapted to awaken a love of truth, or to show the processes by which it is to be acquired. . . . The first step towards any practical improvement must be a more general conviction, on the part of parents, that improvement is desirable. Until English parents become deeply dissatisfied with the wretched apology for education which is given in ladies' schools, nothing will be done to mend them."

The essay from which I have made the above extracts is so worthy of careful perusal, that I wish it could be reproduced in your columns. Monsignor Dupanloup, in his book "Femmes Studieuses," has remarked upon the defects of French girls' schools, in terms greatly resembling those used by Mr. Fitch, with respect to English establishments. I shall hope to send a translation of some parts of Monsignor Dupanloup's book, for your next number. I must also defer till then an answer to L. L.'s last query, with respect to the "woman question." Before I conclude, I must say that I cordially agree with "An Irishwoman"—that the "antagonism growing up between men and women is unnatural," and any increase of it would be a serious misfortune. I look however, upon the belligerent spirit shown by "Women's Journals," both in England and America, as merely a passing ebullition, and as the natural result of the unsatisfactory position of women. This feeling will die away as society progresses towards a nobler and truer view, both of "woman's rights," and of the great interests of humanity. The woman's cause is the man's—and the best and noblest men are fully convinced of this, and are devoting time and labour to her service. I sincerely hope that whatever aspect the "woman question" may take in Ireland, it will never degenerate into the asperities and unwomanly eccentricities that have frequently attended it in other parts of the world. I think I am justified in entertaining this hope—and why ? Because Irishmen have always been distinguished for their respect towards women, and consequently Irishwomen feel little of that bitterness which is natural enough in a country, the laws of which (still unrepealed) permitted a man to put a halter round his wife's neck, and, taking her to market, set her up for sale to the highest bidder. One distinctive mark of ancient Irish civilization was the high position which women held—the respect shown to their opinions, and the power they possessed. I shall send you some interesting passages on this subject for a future number. Meantime let me now quote the noble words, in which a modern Irish writer vindicated the right of his countrywomen to take part in the political regeneration of their land :—"We are constantly hearing 'that women have no business with politics.' This we deny. If politics be, as a great woman has justly defined them, 'morals, i.e., of equal concern to all,' it is not only the business but the duty of every woman to be cognizant of what implicates and determines her own happiness, and that of all dear to her.

"Let us not be told that the subject is too grave for her. There are deeper and graver ones which (amidst all the heresies put forth against the mission of women) we have never heard her right to impart denied her. This is but one of the many false theories by which the sphere of women's usefulness has been limited and narrowed ; which have been received without inquiry or examination as established facts, and which need but a little investigation to fall to pieces. We maintain that a woman's sphere and duty are to teach all things good and ennobling. To do this well, a woman must do more than *feel*. There must be head as well as heart in the work, and for this purpose Irishwomen must *read*. We want *knowledge*, instead of the grossest ignorance amongst Irishwomen, about what concerns them most."

That Irishwomen will *study* in the spirit of these lofty words, is the hope of yours faithfully,

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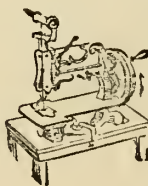
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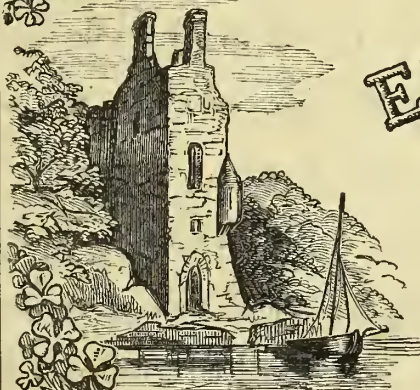
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Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 11.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IT is surprising that the Scott centenary was not more numerous and diffusely celebrated. Not one in a hundred is imbued with a profound appreciation of classic music, or possesses sympathy with the large though vague conceptions and restless yearnings which the great composers have given to civilization ; and yet the celebration of the Handel centenary brought thousands from every part of Great Britain together to one spot, and laid the foundation of a triennial festival whose fame increases ; while the gatherings assembled to honor the memory of Beethoven at Bonn and elsewhere include one-half of cultured Germany and many a pilgrim from other lands besides. But Walter Scott, the " Wizard of the North," has admirers in every quarter of the globe. His empire is not even bounded by those limits within which the English language is spoken. His claims on the gratitude of millions are various in character, broad in nature, and powerful in strength. Various in character,—for he appeals to us as editor, antiquarian, biographer, poet, romancist, and man ; broad in nature,—for the width of his sympathies embraced everything pure, noble, and beautiful ; and powerful in strength,—for the force and vigor of his mind, the energy of his character, permeate his multifarious works and exhibit themselves triumphantly in the whole story of his career. With such claims, then, on the admiration of mankind, it is hard to understand why the Scott centenary did not receive a wider celebration ; and still harder why the monument erected to his honor remains yet incomplete.

It may be asserted without rashness that not one in five of the great mass who in these days can read fluently are unacquainted with at least the poems and romances of Sir Walter Scott. His longer poems, though not works of the highest class in the domain of verse, have merits which recommend them warmly to most minds. They are, so to speak, ballad epics. The vigor of the ballad is maintained with surprising energy throughout, while the skill of the story-teller is abundantly manifested. The reader is carried along on the rapid current of interest, and allows himself to be hurried away to the close almost without reflection. Scenes of battle and foray are depicted with Homeric animation ; the natural beauties of landscape portrayed with realistic effect ; old castles start up in the swift gallop of the verse, frowning with drawbridge, moat, and barbican ; ancient abbeys are invested with a mellow lunar

light, in which their carvings, traceries, and shafts, assume a doubly calm and peaceful aspect ; while characters of every contrasting shade are outlined, roughly, perhaps, but decidedly, and with the hand of a master. While these things retain charms for the many, the absence of heart-searchings and spirit-probings can pall only on the taste of the dainty few, and Scott's poems will remain popular for many generations.

In the region of historical romance, however, the great magician up to the present holds almost undisputed sway. Even as a novelist, pure and simple, his merits are numerous and great. He rose a giant among pigmies. Fielding and Smollett's realistic pictures of the every-day life of a loose age, and the bread-and-butter simplicity of the Richardsonian story, make a very flat background indeed to the varied imagination, constructive power, and healthy sentiment which towered up in English literature under the mighty hand of Scott. It is not too much to say that his example has turned the whole current of dramatic thought into a new channel, by which the stage indeed has lost, but the parlor and the study have immensely gained. And though, since his time, other giants have arisen in the domain of fiction—Dickens, Thackeray, Litton, Brontë, Eliot—he still remains undwarfed by comparison. These, each in some special department, have excelled him ; but his merits equal in bulk those of any one of his later rivals. Not the least of those merits is his popularization of historical events and characters. He took up the dry bones of history, he exhumed its mummies, and casting over them the spell of his wondrous imagination, clothed with flesh and blood the one and breathed life anew into the other. He has given us a series of historical portraits and pictures extending over several centuries ; brought us back to the days of Cœur de Lion, set us down in the courts of Elizabeth and James, taken us over hard-fought fields, exhibited to us the life of varying eras, and revealed the passions, feelings, crimes, and virtues on which great events hinged : and all this with a freshness, a vigor, and an abiding interest, that makes even our recollection of them an overflowing fountain of enjoyment.

Yet, after all, it is as a man that Walter Scott has most claims on our sympathies. The story of his life displays him in a perpetual triumph over obstacles. His industry and energy were almost superhuman ; his kindness of heart might pass into a proverb. The petty vanity and mean ambitions which other men of genius have not lacked found in his high nature no congenial corner. Hospitality ennobled though it did not enrich him. Though he aimed

at being the founder of a line of Scottish lairds, there was not a grain of feudalism in his whole composition. Loyalty to everyone, each in his degree, was as a ruling passion with him. Young aspirants to literary fame he greeted with encouragement and assisted with advice. His immediate dependents were even as friends; while his friends, who were legion, looked up to, admired, ay, loved him. And when, in old age, after a career of unusual happiness and prosperity, the failure of Constable the publisher involved him in a whirlpool of debt, which would have at once engulfed a soul less strong, we find him entering on a struggle few would have braved, giving up everything but necessities to his creditors, and pouring forth work after work in a perpetual stream, in the proud hope of leaving an unstained name behind him—our admiration of the man, which has been growing and increasing over the story of his life, reaches here a climax which touches the boundary of wonder.

There is nothing more pathetic in literary biography than the close of his career. When, of a debt of over £100,000, he had contrived to pay two-thirds, out of the profits of his gigantic labors, the sparkling spring which had bubbled up so incessantly and with such profusion, became exhausted and suddenly dried up. The wand of the magician was broken, and his power of casting spells was at an end for ever. Paralysis ensued; travel brought him no relief; and he turned his back on the blue skies and balmy air of sunny Italy, and his face to his own "land of the mountain and the flood," and his own memory-consecrated home—only to die.

It is impossible not to love the memory of such a man, and equally impossible not to wish to do it honor; and once more we must express our surprise that the celebration of the centenary of his birth was allowed to be so local. Genius is cosmopolitan, and the whole world gains by it. Nevertheless, the country of a great man's birth, we must admit, may fitly feel a keener and deeper interest in his honor. Scotland does well to be proud of her mighty son. On her gratitude, indeed, he has peculiar and abiding claims. He made other men know her—know the beauties of her landscapes, the legends of her heroism, the virtues of her people. He tore from alien eyes the pall of prejudice which wrapped the Scottish people in a darker mist than that which shrouds their mountain-tops; he showed them fairly as they had been and as they were; and paved the way for the good understanding which, in the main, now exists between the English and the Scottish people. He made the most chequered portions of her history—those which had sown the seeds of the most rankling heart-burnings between the two nations—clear as to cause and effect beyond the possibility of misrepresentation. He made her cities, battlefields, ruins, rivers, lakes, and mountains—every spot of interest from the Orkneys to Berwick-on-Tweed—familiar as the Thames to a Cockney or the inodorous Liffey to ourselves; and over all he cast the glamour of his imagination, investing them with a new interest and superadding the delightful charm of association. He opened up Scotland more potently than a hundred railways, brought strangers into contact with her people, abating a thousand prejudices on both sides, and laying the foundation of the manufacturing prosperity which now supports hundreds of thousands in comfort from the Clyde to the Tweed. He made the name of Scot respected even by those who had before shared the crude and petty notions of Dr. Johnson regarding the inhabitants of North

Britain; opened the English market to the productions of the Scottish intellect; and made the way to fame and emolument comparatively easy to the host of Scottish writers who have succeeded him. Scotland indeed does well to honor her gigantic child; and if ever a corresponding genius shall arise this side of St. George's Channel, and do for Ireland what Scott has done for his native country, he may be certain that Irish gratitude will know even less circumscribed limits than that of Scotland's.

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER—A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

By J. D. DALY.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr Smith resumed his cigar and half finished his bottle of wine on deck, with a feeling of relief and lightness, as the vessel continued on its way. In due course he arrived at Coblenz, passing the mouth of the "Blue Moselle," the waters of which he observed to be very little different in appearance from those of his native Thames at London-bridge. Mr. Smith was an old tourist, and had an extensive experience in hotels. He was, therefore, not to be attracted by gorgeous establishments of gigantic dimensions, where the nourishment was on a reduced scale both in quality and quantity, and the charges only corresponded to the extreme appearance and dimensions of the edifice. No. He made at once for the "Preussischer Hof," a less pretentious and expensive, but more comfortable and equally convenient hotel, secured his room, and proceeded to the discussion of a satisfactory supper.

Mr. Smith remained a day or two in Coblenz, seeing what was to be seen in that not over-interesting place. His matutinal walks took him a good deal by the river, and he often amused himself for an hour at a time watching men and boys rod-fishing along the banks. The sport appeared to be always pretty good, and it occurred to him that he might do worse than invest in a rod and line, and try his luck as a fisherman. On the following morning, accordingly, he emerged from his hotel properly equipped as a modern Isaac Walton. Having selected a spot recommended by his landlord, he commenced operations; but, after spending a considerable time without any result, his patience began to be exhausted. "One more renewal of the bait," thought he, to himself, "and if I catch nothing I will give it up for this morning at least." He put his most tempting bait on the hook in the most tempting manner, and cast in his line. The float had hardly settled in the water when he had a "bite," and quickly landed a very fine and large fish. After that his ill-luck returned, and just as he was taking his rod to pieces, his landlord, out for a morning walk, came up. Mr. Smith showed him his prize, and the civil landlord, after duly complimenting him on his capture, suggested that he had better have the fish dressed for breakfast. Mr. Smith thought the idea a good one, and on his return to the hotel the fish was placed in the hands of the cook of the establishment. In due course it made its appearance before Mr. Smith, in company with the coffee, etc., of the morning meal. It looked remarkably nice and crisp, and Mr. Smith was not long in plunging his fork into it and pulling it to pieces.

But before he had time to put a single morsel into his mouth his eyes dilated, his face became pale, his lower jaw fell, and the fork dropped with a clang from his hand on to the dish. What could have caused such a sudden change? Why, there before him, disembodied from the fish, lay the terrible finger of the dead monk, little the worse for the gastronomic and culinary processes to which it had been subjected, and looking as defiant as ever! It took some time for Mr. Smith to recover from the shock he thus received. At length he heaved a deep sigh, and looked around him

with a vacant stare, as if he was not quite sure where or who he was. After a deliberate contemplation of the walls, the ceiling, the chandeliers, the sideboard, and the several chairs in the apartment, he turned his eyes once more to the dish. There was the finger beyond any doubt or question. Having gazed at it for some time he heaved a second deep sigh, remarked to himself, in a subdued tone of voice, "Well, this beats everything!" gently took the finger up, wiped it carefully in the napkin, deposited it in his pocket, and immediately rang the bell for the keller. That functionary came, and was somewhat surprised that the Herr wished to settle his bill and leave at once, without finishing the breakfast that had been prepared for him. He was, however, too well trained to make any remark, and pronouncing that everything should be expedited in conformity with the haste Mr. Smith exhibited, he took his departure. Presently the urbane landlord came hovering around, evidently with something on his mind. He was sorry to lose the Herr, hoped nothing had gone wrong, that everything was to his satisfaction, etc., etc. Mr. Smith told him he was perfectly well satisfied with the house; but that business, which he had almost forgotten, suddenly called him away to Mayence. With more polite bows and expressions of well wishes, the landlord returned his thanks for the Herr's good opinion; and in half an hour afterwards Mr. Smith was once more steaming up the Rhine with the dead monk's finger in his pocket.

"Ah!" said the story-teller, pausing, and dolefully shaking his head: "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy. There may be curious, accidental coincidences, but depend upon it that (again to quote the words of England's great tragedian) 'there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may.' Those repeated occurrences which I have narrated to you in a light strain were gradually forcing upon me great and terrible convictions. For a time I kept up the external appearance of a man of the world, but the iron was entering deeply into my soul, and even at that period I began to have dim and scarcely conscious suggestions of repenting and making restitution, as demanded of me by more than human voice, and flying to the monastery from the world and its vanities and trivialities. I wanted rest, comfort, refuge, and I could not find them. But," said he, "excuse the interpolation, and you shall hear, as they occurred, the train of events which changed me from a selfish and worldly man, with hardly a thought beyond this life and its good things, into one who, in the shade of a monastic cell, has learned to bless the useful experience which has led him to higher aims and hopes."

We were aware of a certain touch of awe descending upon us, as the monk thus spoke, and we listened with intense interest to the continuation of his tale, which he resumed as follows:—

At best it is dreary work going up the Rhine from Coblenz to Mayence. All the wonder and admiration of the traveller has been expended on the previous romantic part of the river, and he gazes on the remainder with indifference, not even doing it the bare justice it deserves. Hour after hour passes in battling slowly against the rapid current, and it seems as if the long-looked for Mayence would never be reached. Ennui has him fairly in his grips by the time he reaches that city, for even the highest spirits must be depressed by the long, weary, and uninteresting journey. This depression of spirits had its full effect on John Smith, and, added to other causes, reduced him to a state of complete wretchedness. To use a homely phrase, he was "bothered" in mind by the singular excitement he had recently gone through, and completely ill also in body. With pale looks, a haggard air, with a feverish eye, disordered necktie and deranged hair, he sulked the day away in the corner of the cabin, speaking to no one, having his thoughts at what might be called a dead level. A kind of involuntary process

went on in his mind with respect to the finger. Without recognising the train of his reflection, and often indeed while essaying to think of something else, his thoughts were grappling with that horrid finger, and working out a position respecting it. There was no getting rid of it—it was ever present, not demanding any immediate or vigorous reflection, but still occupying the mind.

At length the boat reached Mayence, and the usual bustle and noise attending such occasions prevailed. Mr. Smith became aroused from his lethargy. He looked round him in a vacant sort of way for a few minutes, and then gently whispered to himself, as he rose from his reclining position, "I should like to punch somebody's head." It was not that Mr. Smith had any particular enmity to anyone near him at the moment—he merely gave candid utterance to a sort of abstract sentiment which he could not suppress. He felt that the execution of the wish would do him good, and no doubt it would; but after a careful survey of persons in the saloon and then of those on the deck, he abandoned the hope of giving effect to his inward impulse. It was awkward and embarrassing, but nevertheless certain, that nobody showed the slightest symptom of being an eligible subject for the process. By this time the steamer had been securely moored to the wharf at Mayence, and Mr. Smith handed his baggage to the care of a porter, and went on shore with the feelings of an injured man. He was not long in reaching an hotel which he knew, and having done scant justice to a supper which he ordered, he retired to bed worn out in mind and body. It is not our intention to follow Mr. Smith to his bedroom, or on this occasion to describe his somnolent mental troubles. Suffice it to say the fever was on him, and that his sleep was anything but sound, that awful monk and the stolen finger haunting him continually. As a consequence, he appeared to much disadvantage in the morning, and indeed was a mere wreck of the John Smith of a few days before.

Mr. Smith felt the necessity for motion, for action. He could not remain still, under penalty of going altogether mad. "Onward!" was his impulse, and accordingly he at once departed from Mayence, after a mere pretence of breakfasting, and took the train for Wiesbaden. He drank of the waters there without feeling any benefit from them, and paid a visit to the Kursaal—not that he was a man of gambling spirit, but simply in order to find relief from his mental troubles. He played, and won and lost alternately, without much result either way on his pocket, and at the end of a couple of hours he left the tables with a trifling loss of a few thalers, which he would have considered small payment for relief from his troubles for the period. But, unfortunately, he had found no relief; on the contrary, the finger of the dead monk was ever before his mental vision, and sometimes he could have sworn before his corporal sight too, for it seemed at times to be indicating to him the colors or numbers upon which he felt constrained to place his stakes. He left in as dejected a state of mind as ever, and after wandering for a short time about the beautiful Kursaal grounds, determined to go on to Frankfort as his resting place for that night. Taking the train back again to Mayence, he there caught the Frankfort train, and arrived in the ancient capital of the Germanic Confederation, as the shades of night were descending upon the high tower of its cathedral. Having first secured accommodation in a hotel in the chief strass, and eaten a late and light dinner, he strolled out to seek employment in an open-air smoke.

Wandering about from street to street he indulged in cogitations on the extraordinary manner in which the finger of the dead monk continually turned up again, no matter how he attempted to get rid of it. There was, he felt, something more than a series of ordinary coincidences or accidents in the affair, and the thought made him fearful. Yet, he argued, the chain of occurrences might be extraordinary, and, without supposing the intervention of any supernatural influence, still merely accidents. Reasoning within himself in this way, he got at length into a more robust state of mind,

his step became lighter, he cocked his hat jauntily on the side of his head, and smiling defiantly, said to himself, "I'll do the old monk yet, if I try a hundred times." He had, in fact, fully resolved to make another effort to get rid of the finger. This time, however, he was resolved to be cautious. Throwing it away on the surface of the ground had twice resulted in its turning up again, and even casting it into the water had led to its reappearance once more in the stomach of the captured fish. He determined not to part with it on this occasion, unless he could deposit it somewhere out of the reach of birds and fishes, and secure from all chance of being cast into laundrymaids' baskets or other receptacles. After traversing the streets for a considerable time, thinking of the best plan for carrying out his intention, he stopped to finish his second cigar in front of the sculpture group of figures in the chief strass, representing the three German inventors of the art of printing.

As he leant carelessly on the railings enclosing the monument, and the little bed of garden bed surrounding it, he all at once arrived at the exact idea he desired for getting rid of the finger. The street was dark and lonely, and the railing not very high—how if he clambered over them and buried the finger in the garden bed? It was the very thing. There it would lie *perdu* until it had rotted away, and without a chance of it turning up again to haunt him. It was the very thing—no better or more certain plan. He would bury it there; and then, to make assurance doubly sure, would start the first thing in the morning for Switzerland, as he had originally contemplated. Looking about for something with which to scrape a hole in the earth, Mr. Smith was not long in finding a fragment of slate which would answer his purpose admirably. Furnished with this he scrambled over the railings, having first made a cautious observation all round, in order to be sure there was no one about. He went vigorously to work, and in a few minutes grubbed a hole of some six or eight inches deep in the soft earth. Therein he deposited the finger, covered it over with earth, and smoothed over the surface so as to give it its normal appearance. Having accomplished this feat without attracting the notice of anyone, he walked briskly to his hotel with a sense of great relief, chuckling to himself, "I have done you this time, old boy." Having given orders that he should be aroused at an early hour in the morning, he retired to rest, and enjoyed a welcome and refreshing sleep, the first he had had for some days.

(To be continued.)

SOTTO LA LUNA.

So still the night, the whispering breeze
Scarce stirs the leaves; the dreaming flowers,
With rich and varied sweetnesses,
Make fragrant all the dewy bowers.

The moon above the distant hills
Has risen; and the murmuring sea
Beneath her radiance sinks and swells
In glorified immensity.

The skies are solemn, and serene,
And cloudless; all is hushed and calm;
The silent splendor of the scene
Sheds on the spirit soothing balm.

It wraps me in a dream of bliss;
All troubled thoughts grow smooth and even.
If earth might always look like this,
I would not envy saints their heaven!

THOMAS F.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

It was in the eighteenth century that the powers of the female mind were first manifested on a large, yet still limited, scale among the literary phenomena of Europe. Then appeared a Madame Dacier, renowned alike for her classical erudition and critical acumen; a Madame de Chatelet, eminent as a populariser of, and even as an originator in science; also a number of writers of those courtly romances, at whose popularity during that period those later have marvelled, since they have been afforded something truer to life and nature. There were also poetesses, chiefly of the didactic order, whose pastorals are now consigned to the same shelf which groans under the ponderous dusty tomes of De Scudery. To us, indeed, the lady writers of memoirs and letters are now the most interesting of a time when revolution, preparatory or actual, in so many departments, had not as yet, in creative literature, abolished the imitative worship of the past, or the reign of conventionalism. In contemporary England there were celebrities of equal note, and in the department of imagination of far superior merit. Clara Reeves wrote her "English Baron;" Miss Burney her "Tales of Observation," Mrs. Radcliffe her romances, still famous, and in the attraction which arises from mysterious awe, well nigh unequalled, even in the days of a Wilkie Collins and a Le Fanu; for, although devoid of dramatic genius, properly so called, and frequently making her characters little more than automata necessary to the scene, few have ever created more enthralling effects of mere scenic description than the author of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" and "The Italian." We may here mention that some of Mrs. Radcliffe's verses are charming, and that her jottings of scenery in her "Travel Journal" are still more impressive, from their truth to nature, and feeling, than some of the great pictures which she has painted with so shadowy a pencil in her imaginative compositions. Nor was science unrepresented by women in the eighteenth century, as the name and works of Caroline Herschel, the sister of the great astronomer, testify. It is, however, chiefly within the last fifty years that the cultivated female intelligence has developed from its spring to its summer. Since then we have had Mrs. Somerville, distinguished for works which evince so complete a mastery of the abstract and concrete sciences. Miss Martineau, whose masculine understanding has effected so much for that of both sexes. Such poetesses as Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and Lady Wilde. Novelists innumerable, from Mrs. Austin to Charlotte Bronte, and writers of the highest merit and repute in every department of our now complex literature. Then we have only to glance at France, Germany, and America, to recognise a similar mental development. We have already noticed Madame Dudevant as superior in what may be called the poetic prose romance to all the writers of her own or any country. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has not only been one of the most popular books ever written, as it is one of the noblest in purpose, but if we credit, as we may well in this case, American writers, it exercised a powerful motive influence in promoting the greatest struggle in which enlightened mankind have engaged, and will live as long as their memory and the results of their victory. Many who are familiar with the authoresses of those countries and of the transatlantic world have possibly never heard of Madam Varnhagen von Ense, better known as Rahel, a German lady, to whose philosophic mind and writings we will be content with an allusion *en passant*, as we purpose, at an early date, to offer her portraiture to our readers. For the present we will select one of the most subtle dramatic writers, Joanna Baillie, whose works, with all their drawbacks, are certainly the most powerful ever produced by a woman.

Joanna Baillie, who was born at Bothwell, on the Clyde, in 1762, sprang from a family distinguished for their talents. John and William Hunter, the famous physicians, were her uncles. Her brother, Doctor Matthew Baillie, son

of a clergyman of the parishes of Bothwell and Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, became Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, where he distinguished himself as the exponent of Read's Moral Philosophy. Having assisted Dr. Hunter in his anatomical lectures, the latter bequeathed him his valuable collections, a small estate in Scotland, and the lecture rooms in Windmill-street, so much frequented by students in the latter part of the last century. This eminent physician became principal teacher of anatomy, was appointed physician of St. George's Hospital in 1789, and subsequently published his well-known morbid anatomy, lectures, and medical dissertations. He was noted among his professional brethren for his singular sagacity and perspicuous diagnosis of disease. The observing and analytic faculties possessed by these and other branches of her family, were inherited by Joanna, and are conspicuous in her dramatic works.

Very early in life she appears to have cultivated her taste and talents for literature; but it was not until 1798 that she published the first volume of her Plays of the Passions, which at once elicited admiration for the powers of invention and characterization they display, and obtained popularity. In 1802 a second volume, and in 1812 a third appeared; and afterwards her minor poems, and humorous songs, which displayed a strong talent for lighter composition. A collective edition of her works in one volume was published in London in 1851. Her life was passed in the quiet of literary pursuits; but after she had become celebrated, her retreat at Hampstead long continued a favorite resort of the many illustrious personages she honored with her friendship, and with whom she maintained an extensive correspondence. Here it was that the career of this celebrated woman terminated in her eighty-ninth year, on the 23rd February, 1851.

Although the Baillie plays are intended rather for the study than the stage, several of the finest of them have been acted, and with success. Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble had a triumph in "De Montfort," and the "Family Legend"—a favorite piece in Scotland, where it was introduced to the Edinburgh public by a prologue of Sir Walter Scott, and an epilogue by Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling"—is still occasionally acted. "Count Basil," "Henrique," and "Separation," have also been brought on the boards; but the leading principles which governed the poetess in most of her dramatic compositions, seem to be such as, despite their great power and various merits, prevent their commanding that popularity on the stage enjoyed by other works far inferior in imagination, but superior in the mechanism on which stage success in a great measure depends.

In her preface to the first volume, Joanna Baillie announces the principle on which she constructed her plays; namely, that of concentrating the interest of each piece on the origin, progress, and consummation of the particular passion with which its chief personage was animated; and she maintained that the true object of the drama should be less the invention of incident than the development of character. This purely subjective plan of working, however, she was happily unable to carry out. Had she done so, the result would have been merely a series of analyses of feeling and emotion in a stationary dialogue. Drama signifies action, and character can only be portrayed by the invention of incidents calculated to lead to its development; again, a single passion can never *per se* be dramatic; it requires the opposition, contrast, conflict, of two or more in the same individual to be so: without this a play would be but a spoken essay. In some of the Baillie plays the movement is undoubtedly too slow; others, however, are in the highest degree dramatic. Regarded in their entirety, nevertheless, those powerful plays may be compared in some sort to Landor's Conversations; the first were intended to illustrate the passions, as the latter the principles. Although her plays resemble, from the symmetrical plan on which they were composed, those of the Greeks; and that of the French school of Corneille, chiefly in the prominence given to grand sentiments

and reflections; their affinities are less to the classical than the romantic school, as illustrated by Shakespeare, of whom she may be called the didactic daughter. One of their great excellences consists in their unity of design, and the subordination of the parts to the general effect; and, as in Shakespeare, there is the same combination of contemplation and passion.

Miss Baillie's mind was in a high degree imaginative and logical; and we see in her creative efforts the hereditary tendency to system and analysis. In Shakespeare the art itself is nature; in the greatest of dramatic poetesses the creative power is impeded by a special method. It is when she abandons her subjective method that she succeeds best, and that her treatment is truly dramatic; as in Count Basil, when he is represented fluctuating between love and military glory; De Montfort between honor and a rooted hatred; Ethelwald, between ambition and gratitude; but especially in her *chef d'œuvre*, "Henrique, a tragedy on remorse," and "Romero, a drama of jealousy;" that her powers, poetic and dramatic, attain their meridian. "Henrique," which is almost unrivalled in tragic grandeur, has been acted with success, and appears better suited to maintain a place on the boards than many now acted. Among her other plays are "Constantine Palæologus," the "Witches," in which there are several exciting scenes; the "Phantom," containing much delightful poetry, lyrical and other; the prose tragedy, "the Dream," in which is performed the feat of rendering cowardice and the fear of death (as in Godwin's "Falkland") interesting. Some of her best conceptions and most mature plays are in the last of her three volumes, published in 1812.

We have alluded to the fine lyrical talent displayed by Joanna Baillie in several of her plays, as in the "Phantom," and in her book of minor poetry. Some of her songs, written in the Scotch dialect, are charming for their feeling and musical grace. Others remind us of those of Shakespeare, and of the old English dramatists. What, for instance, can be more pleasing or more perfect in its way than the following little evening love song, written to a Welsh air:—

"O welcome bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep—
O welcome all! to me you say
My woodland love is on her way.
Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is on the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whispered sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night!"

Amongst the faults which the critics of fifty years ago found in the compositions of Joanna Baillie, was her love of obsolete words—a practice which arose from taste, and a familiarity with the old dramatists. It appears to us, nevertheless, that many such, gleaned from the dialectical varieties of old English, which are more expressive and more musical than their synonyms now current, might be reinstated, at least in the domain of poetry, with advantage. A more serious charge is the occasional carelessness of her versification, which, however, is, generally speaking, vigorous and various as the subjects required. Some of the finest passages in modern dramatic poetry may be gleaned from the massive efforts of her masculine mind; but these, as well as the reflections with which they abound, though admirable, display less power than several of those great scenes and situations which seem to have been composed under the influence of the fullest afflatus of the tragic spirit.

FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. A Child's Slipper, braided.—This is a very pretty little article, one which can be made from the piece-bag, which does not take long to work, and which is always acceptable as the gift of friendship to a mother, and very saleable at fancy fairs and charity bazaars. Say that the material is green, violet, pink, blue, or black velvet. Then let the braid be gold. Get the shoemaker to cut you a pair of cork socks, or very thin leather ones. When the work is finished, tack a white silk lining to it; sew it to the shoe. Bind the edge, and tack all round it a narrow ruche of such satin ribbon as you can buy for a penny a yard. You may cut your shoe with straps, and add a gold button; in that case, trim the straps with the ruche also. On any colored silk or Irish poplin, embroider with white, black, or gold-colored braid; or embroider white silk with a color. Black silk, braided with white silk braid, and white chalk beads sewed on in a dotted line following the wave of the braid, would look very pretty. Plain pink or blue linen or cotton, braided with white cotton braid, and lined with white jaconet, makes a pretty child's shoe. It is then simply bound at the edge with narrow white tape.

2. A Design for a Teapot Stand in Crochet.—*Materials.*—Use Taylor's Crochet Cotton No. 8, and H. Walker's Penelope hook, No. 3½. Work the centre from the design, allowing sufficient chain between the long stitches to keep it flat.

Work one of the eight flowers which compose the edge, joining the two lower petals to the centre in working the last round. Make a second flower, join two petals as before, make a chain from the second of these, as shown in the illustration, unite it with a single stitch to the first flower. Make three plain stitches on that flower; make another chain one stitch longer than the first, and return. The upper part of the flowers are again joined in the same way. The remaining six flowers are united in a similar manner.

To make up the Teapot Stand.—Cut a round of card small enough to allow the edge of the crochet work to project. A true round may be obtained by inverting a basin or cup on

the card and tracing the outline with pencil. Cover the right side with pink cotton velvet; line the back with jaconet muslin, or calico; tack the crochet on it.

A pair of mats thus made look very pretty on a toilette table. The mounting of them on the velvet and card gives a very superior appearance, and the crochet is easily removed to wash it. Another way of mounting such mats is to leave the velvet mat an inch or half an inch larger all round; make a narrow crochet case, sew it round the edge; set in the crochet mat in the centre, leaving a margin of velvet between the two.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

We are threatened again with bonnets, real, actual, ugly big things, such as our mothers wore—ay, or even our grandmothers. One of the designs recently shown us approached slightly the coal scuttle form, and will be familiar to most of our readers on the head of the worthy Mrs. Brown, as she is depicted on the covers of the works of the talented Arthur Sketchley. It was of white chip, covered with bunches of bows and ends of black and yellow ribbons, and a perfect garden of red and yellow roses and foliage. The other was a bonnet front of rice straw, of the same large shape, with a back of silk like a hood, to which a wide full curtain of silk and lace, and a bunch of

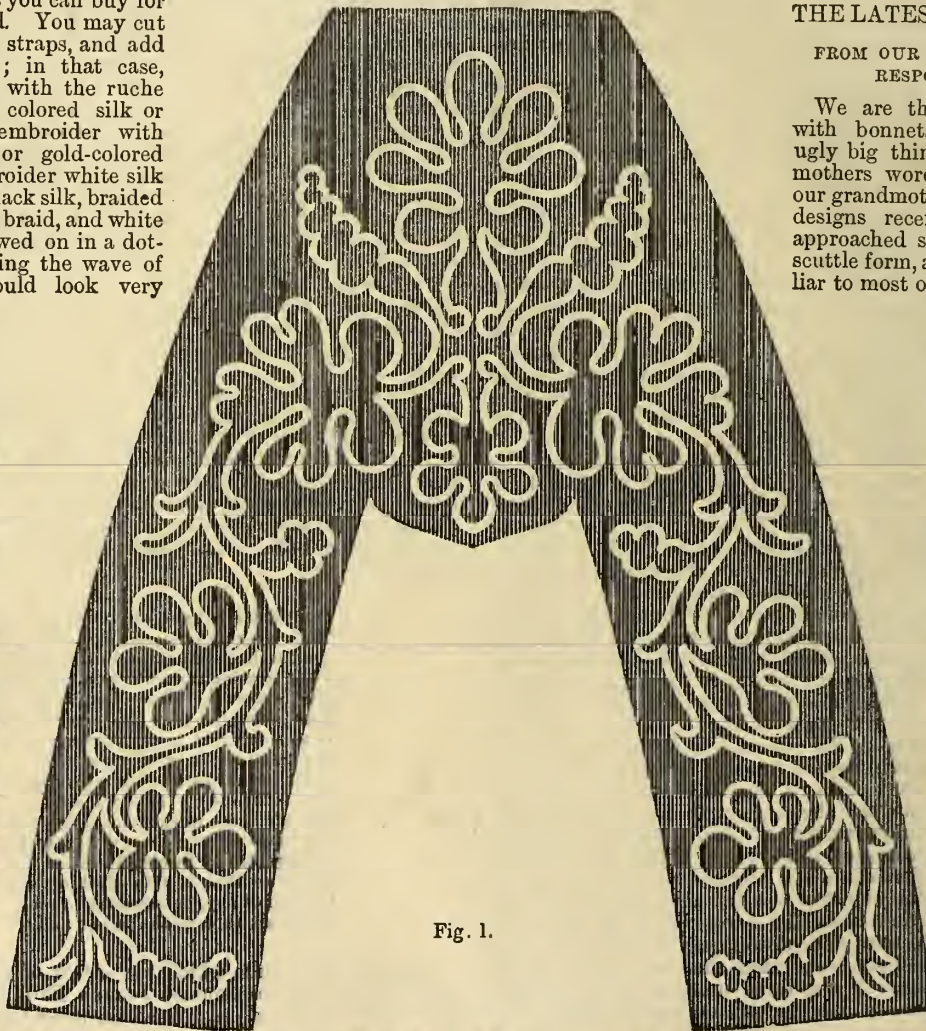


Fig. 1.

blush roses at the top. One might imagine that the half-ruined Paris milliners had been raking out old stock from the lumber rooms of the half-ruined manufacturers, and resolving to turn it to account.

At the Irish depôt in Regent-street, London, we saw a seasonable dress, very prettily trimmed with Irish crochet. It was a self-colored light brown foulard, made with a skirt a couple of inches on the ground. It had one deep flounce edged with lace an inch-and-a-half deep, and braided with a narrower lace. The tunic was edged with three inch deep lace, and a deep rounded basque and bow, and ends behind were trimmed with the same. On the bell sleeves there were three two inch wide foulard frills, each trimmed with

inch wide lace, the bodice was slightly open in front, heart shape, and trimmed with lace. The kind of lace was that known as Irish Spanish Point.

Under muslin and silk dresses ladies are very generally wearing an open kind of muslin, rather stiff, made into long skirts with two finely goffered flounces on each skirt.

The tunics of ladies' dresses are not now fixed in suspense, but made to fasten up with patent hooks and eyes, so that they can be unfastened to put away. By this arrangement they appear much fresher when worn.

Two very elegant ball toilettes, which we saw at a recent assembly, are worthy of notice. One was of white tarletan, covered nearly all over with narrow goffered flounces, edged

The hair was turned off the face, with a double plait across the brow, behind which was abundance of waterlilies. At the back the hair was curled *à la watteau*, and mingled with long watergrass and dew drops. The waistband closed behind with a waterlily as a clasp.

The second toilette was half mourning, It was a white tarletan, also with a train. On the front of the skirt were groups of narrow goffered flounces, headed with bands of black ribbon, two inches wide. First there were three, a space; three again, a space; three once more, a space; and then two. This brought them nearly to the waist. The train was marked by a band of ribbon from the waist all round the skirt six inches wide. The train half way up was

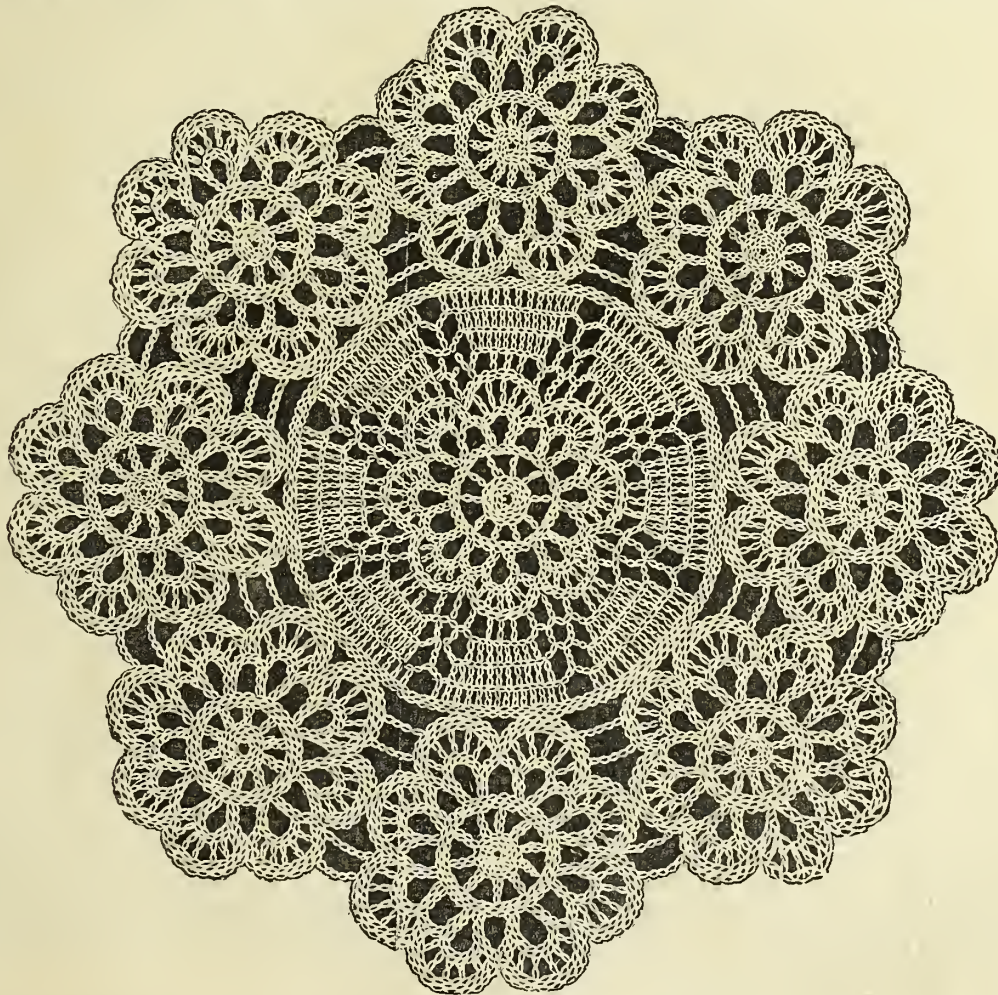


Fig. 2.

with narrow myrtle green ribbon, and set on one over another in vandykes. They were nearly up to the waist. The lower part of the skirt was edged with a white ruche, above that the tarletan was *boullionée* under a deep lace flounce, immediately over which the goffered flounces commenced. The tunic of green satin was at the back only, and caught back to form scallops in two places from the sides by waterlilies. The tunic was buffante at the back, with two straps across it, forming one panier below another, and the straps were garlands and clusters of waterlilies; the lower part cut into scallops at the back, and edged with lace. The bodice was low and square, edged with two rows of lace, and a strap only over the shoulder. It corresponded with the tunic, and a couple of waterlilies rested on the bosom.

covered with goffered flounces following the curve; above these was a two-inch wide band of black ribbon, and the rest of the back of the skirt to the waist was covered with *boullionée*, placed perpendicularly. On the side of the train a little below the waist, there was a handsome fan-shaped piece, and knot and ends of narrow ribbon. The fan looked as if it were formed of the broad ribbon that bordered the train. This ribbon was pulled a little in setting it on, where the turn of the skirt made it absolute. The low body was cut heart-shape nearly to the waist, edged with black ribbon and a fall of lace. On the shoulder were small bows. The chemisette, which completed the bodice, bore in front a large rosette of black marguerites. The lady was very blonde, and her hair was dressed with black velvet forming a bandeau

with a puff of hair on the forehead below it, and a second puff above it. A knot and ends were arranged above the side of the top of the head, with a marguerite in the centre.

Plain tight-fitting mantles of black silk are worn. Mantles forming tunic skirts, and those supplying small paniers and basques. Casaque, or half-fitting short jackets with tab ends, are a great deal worn. Some of these are also accompanied with a kind of short tunic, edged with a broad band, and a fall of lace, and looped up at the sides with rosettes of silk. Tight-fitting jackets of black silk, cut in tabs, are also worn, with or without the black tunic. These may very well be edged with narrow black lace and passementerie. Either bell sleeves or coat sleeves can be worn ; for short jackets the sleeves look best small. Coat sleeves are usually left open a little way up the back seam, and trimmed. Many jackets are trimmed round the neck, simulating a pointed collar or open bodice. Four bows arranged almost in a cross like a butterfly, with a button in the centre, and cord and tassel ends finish off a jacket nicely. Place the knot so formed at the back, just below the neck trimming ; the cords should be knotted together half way down with a button, and the tassels allowed to fall on the panier. Leave the sleeve open to the elbow, trim it round, and place two handsome large tassels at the corner of the join.

Another kind of black mantle fits in front, is rounded away from the waist to the back, has a casaque back loose from a box pleat at the neck ; and the sleeve, a deep sort of bell, open to the elbow, is formed out of the back, passing over the arm. It is open heart shape at the neck.

A corset from Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18 Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in either of the above costumes.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The delegation from the French Society for the Sick and Wounded arrived in Dublin on last Wednesday evening amid a scene of enthusiasm not often witnessed in our widowed capital. It is absolutely impossible to make even an approximation of the numbers who thronged the streets or joined in the procession. The side-paths and carriage-ways disappeared from view under the immense masses of men, women, and children who were anxious to exhibit respect and offer welcome to visitors from sorely tried and deeply humiliated France. The cheering and waving of handkerchiefs were marvellous, and not less so the good humor and orderly conduct under difficulties which distinguished so mighty a multitude. The long procession passed through some of the most respectable-looking of our squares and streets in a circuitous route from Baggot-street to the Shelbourne Hotel on Stephen's Green. Even in aristocratic Kingstown, usually so impassive, the interest manifested in the arrival of the delegation was very great. We abridge from a contemporary an account of the scene :—

At a few minutes before six o'clock the Munster steamed into the harbor. On running alongside the jetty the illustrious visitors, who were all standing on the near paddlebox, were received by a loud and continued cheer, which was taken up by those on the pier, and by the still larger throng surrounding its entrance. The following are the names of those forming and accompanying the deputation :—The Comte de Flavigny, the Duc de Feltre, the Comtesse de Petray, daughter of Comte Flavigny, Vicomte Epanaure, Vicomte Cochin, Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone, who claims to be a descendant of the great Hugh O'Neill, the Comte Coulenson, Dr. Ruffe de Lavison, Mdle. de Lavison, M. and Madame De Lesseps, M. and Madame Galichon, M. Dugnet, Mr. Thomas Fallon, Dr. Chénie, Mr. J. O'Scanlon, and Surgeon-major Maguire.

The gentlemen representing the Kingstown Town Commissioners then proceeded on board the packet, accompanied by a deputation from the Ambulance Committee.

After the usual introductions and salutations had taken place, the Town Clerk to the Kingstown Commissioners read the following address :—

"To the Count Flavigny, President of the French Relief Society, and the other members of the French deputation :

"The accident of geographical position gives the Corporation of Kingstown the post of honor in tendering to the sons of illustrious France the hearty welcome of the Irish nation.

"We recognize in you the champions of a rare and brave humanity ; and whilst we remember that charity consecrates your visit to our shores, we do not forget that the histories of France and Ireland are interwoven, and teach us lessons of love and gratitude.

"'Cead Mile Failte.'"

The Count de Flavigny replied as follows :—

"Gentlemen the Commissioners of Kingstown, allow me to thank you, on behalf of myself and my companions, for the very kind reception given us on landing in your fine town, and to tell you how happy we are to be amongst you. When we put our feet upon the soil of Ireland we feel as if we breathed French air, and believed ourselves in the midst of our friends and our families. It is a feeling which it would be almost impossible for me to express sufficiently. I have tried to address you in the English language, but I am afraid that I have offended the English grammar. I know, however, that I can rely on your Irish courtesy to forgive me."

The illustrious visitors were then conducted along the pier to where several carriages were in waiting for the purpose of conveying the party to Dublin. It took a full half hour before the procession could be formed, so dense was the crowd, and so demonstrative the welcome given by all. Loud and repeated cheers were given as each carriage received its occupants and drove away.

The procession then took the road to Dublin, passing through Monkstown, Salthill, Blackrock, Williamstown, Booterstown, and Merrion. The entire route was lined with immense crowds of spectators, many of whom joined in the procession, helping to swell its ranks to a gigantic size.

The American expedition to the Corea, which has distinguished itself by a wanton massacre of the unfortunate heathens, still remains on the coast waiting for orders. The letter or protest addressed to Admiral Rodgers on his arrival there, and the day before the attack, is rather peculiar, and reads as follows :—

"In the year 1868, a man of your nation, whose name was Sebigier, came here and communicated, and then went away. Why cannot you do the same ? In 1865 a people named the French came here, and we refer you to them as to what happened. This people has lived for 4,000 years in the enjoyment of its own civilization, and we want no other. We trouble no other nation. Why do you trouble us ? Our country is in the extreme east, and yours in the extreme west. For what purpose do you come so many thousand miles across the sea ? Is it to inquire about the ship destroyed—*General Sherman* ? Her men committed piracy and murder, and were punished with death. Do you want our land ? That cannot be. Do you want intercourse with us ? That cannot be either."

The *Provincia di Pisa* gives some details relative to a shock of earthquake which took place last week near that city, and which proved disastrous to the localities of Casale, Bibbina, Guardistallo, and Montescudaio. At the last-named place, out of 170 houses, several are uninhabitable, and all have more or less suffered. Likewise about 50 persons received bodily injuries. At Guardistallo the damage is still more considerable. The Prefect, Count Lauza, went to examine the localities, and measures have been taken to provide relief for the inhabitants. A shock was felt at the same time in the Splügen (Zurich), and in the valley of Poschiave.

The Germans do not seem to make much way in their efforts to win the affections of those whom they claim as

compatriots in the annexed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. A telegram, dated Belfort, announces that at the second balloting for municipal councillors 813 only voted at Mulhouse out of 11,000 electors, 29 out of 1,800 at Tharm, 276 out of 1,059 at Cernay, 23 out of 250 at St. Louis, and 7,800 out of 17,090 at Strasbourg. From which it would seem that the inhabitants of these places are unwilling to give even the semblance of color to the notion that they are satisfied to be ruled as Germans.

At Poligny (Jura) a Prussian was found, one evening last week, hanged near the railway station. The discovery exasperated the German soldiers who thronged the streets. At eleven o'clock two musket shots were fired at two hussars who were watering their horses in the main square. One of the men fell dead and the other mortally wounded. An alarm was at once given, and the Germans rushed about the streets furious, sword in hand, striking every one they met. More than twenty persons were wounded, eight of whom are in danger. After having buried their two dead comrades, the troops left in the direction of Lons-le-Saulnier. The next morning, about seven, an advanced guard appeared and announced the arrival at noon of 800 infantry. The consternation in the town is very great. The authorities at once commenced an inquiry, and two men suspected of having fired the shots have been arrested. The mayor and his deputy have left for Dijon to explain to the Prussian commander-in-chief how the affair had occurred. The Germans wanted to burn the town, and were with great difficulty prevented by their officers.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Stowmarket, Suffolk, last week, at Messrs. Prentice's gun-cotton manufactory. The number killed is not yet definitely known, but it includes two of the Messrs. Prentice, Mr. G. H. Prentice, and Mr. William Prentice, son of the senior member of the firm. The number injured is very large. Many are still missing. The first explosion seems to have occurred at the magazine, where about 12 tons of gun-cotton were stored. It reduced almost the whole of the works to ruins, and set fire to many of the buildings, amongst which were the drying sheds. Mr. G. H. Prentice and Mr. William Prentice were endeavoring to draw a box of cartridges from one of the drying sheds close by part of the burning buildings when the cartridges ignited and a second explosion occurred, causing the death of those two gentlemen. The shock occasioned by the explosion was terrific, and was heard for 12 or 14 miles around; every shop window in the town was smashed, and some of the houses completely unroofed. The church windows were blown out, as were also most of those at the Independent church. The greatest consternation prevails in the town, and, in fact, throughout the entire district. During the last few weeks experiments have been carried on by government officials which went to show that the cartridges under the conditions here would not explode, but the event has proved in a melancholy manner that these experiments were fallacious.

The *Sherborne Journal* describes a touching occurrence which has just taken place at the little village of Longburton, in Dorsetshire. The curate was engaged to marry the only child of the vicar. He was taken ill, and the marriage service, at his earnest wish, was celebrated by special dispensation as he lay on his death-bed. The day after his burial was to have been that of his marriage. The wedding cake was provided, and was cut at his funeral. The coffin, of polished oak, with gilded furniture, was placed in the drawing-room, having upon it a purple and white pall, upon which was placed an exquisitely beautiful heart-shaped garland of lilies, orange blossoms, and other delicate flowers. In the centre was a small cross, similarly composed. The mourners wore white crape hatbands, those who preceded the body white silk hatbands,

and all, including the bearers, white kid gloves. A hymn was sung in the church, and another in the churchyard, after the coffin, with its floral adornments, had been lowered into the grave.

We derive from a Batavia paper, brought by the Bombay mail, particulars of the dreadful calamity which had occurred at Tagulandang Island, one of the Sangir Group. It appears that, on the 3rd of March last, an outburst took place from the volcano Ruwang, on that island, which was accompanied by a seaquake; the sea thereupon rose to a great height, and a gigantic wave, about forty Dutch yards high, suddenly rushed on the island, sweeping away before it human beings, cattle, houses, and everything else. 416 (another account says 300) persons perished, amongst whom was the Rajah of the island, and only three houses were left standing. Almost all the survivors fled to the bush, where they still were by last accounts. The bodies of the dead were lying about, making the air foul, from want of hands to bury them. On the 14th of March the volcano cast out flames and lava, which destroyed most of the cultivated land. The wretchedness and distress of the surviving population is said to be great, and the need of help pressing. The Sangir Islands lie to the north of Mendao.

The incendiary fires in the forest on the eastern coast of Algeria continue. 5,000 men have been sent from Algiers to Bona to chastise the tribes who are guilty of these acts. The Kabyles are still defending themselves with extreme energy. The latest accounts are of the 5th August. An engagement, in which the French lost several men of the 80th Regiment, had taken place on the banks of the Oued-Leboudj. Sub-lieutenants Target and Lutz were wounded. Another battle has taken place on the plain between Bourkirka and Ameur-el-Ain. The Beni-Menadis having attacked the farm of Fabre, lost about 30 men. The principal French villages in that direction—Zurich, Vesoul-Benian, Bou-Medfa—are secure from all attack. General Ceres telegraphs from Aumale on the 6th, that he had fought at Kef-el-Ongao against the insurgent contingents, numbering 2,000 or 2,500 men on foot and 300 horsemen, commanded by Bou-Renan and Hamoud, relatives of El-Mokrani. The enemy, attacked by two columns of infantry and four pieces of artillery, seeing himself in danger of being surrounded, took to flight in the mountains, pursued by the cavalry and infantry to the highest crests. He left in the hands of the French an enormous booty, all his camps which he could not remove in time, from 2,500 to 3,000 sheep, some oxen, etc. The general, after this affair, received offers of submission. The accounts from the province of Constantine are still bad; immense fires are destroying all the magnificent forests in that part; the cork-oaks of the Montebello and Dubauchage Company, near La Callo, are in ashes, as well as the forest of Beni-Salah, which covers an extent of 60,000 hectares (2½ acres each). A similar destruction of property has taken place around Djijelli and Cöllo.

Regarding the cholera in Russia, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Standard* writes:—From the first appearance of the cholera, on the 29th of August, 1870, there have been in St. Petersburg 6,817 cases, and 2,797 deaths. In Moscow and its environs the epidemic is of a very malignant character, and in some of the remote villages, where medical assistance is difficult to obtain, it has committed fearful ravages. Since the 13th of March there have been 3,568 cases in Moscow, and 1,643 deaths. The cholera has appeared in several parts of the government of Vladimir, but the proportion of fatal cases is small. At Cronstadt, up to the 29th July, there were 439 cases and 211 deaths. At Riga, of 109 cases in two days, 78 were fatal. There have been a few cases at Mittau, and also at Kovno, Vitebsk, Polotsk, and Dunaburg. At Wilna, up to the 11th

of July, there had been 1,136 cases, and 512 deaths. We hear of a great many people having died at Wirballen, on the Prussian frontier. At Tamboff, a town of about 30,000 inhabitants, 2,504 cases were reported up to the 21st of July, and 1,242 deaths. At Rybinsk, a very important corn depot on the Volga, more than half the cases have proved fatal; many of the inhabitants have left the town, and business is entirely suspended. At Yaroslaff the proportion of deaths has been large, but the last accounts are more favorable.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS.

It is a very remarkable fact that one-fourth of a school girl's time for study is devoted to music. The report of the royal commissioners establishes this fact; likewise that that which receives most attention *after* music is the study of foreign languages; and it is also upon record that only a thirteenth part of a girl's lesson hours is given to arithmetic. Geography, English grammar, needlework, history, and other pursuits, such as heraldry, botany, and the use of the globes, follow at long distances in the educational race; while music and languages are far ahead, the former leading by several lengths. There ought to be no end to our astonishment, when we reflect that the statistics that support this statement have been arrived at by the careful study of the most expensive "educational establishments for young ladies in England."

I am afraid the system pursued in Ireland is not better than that which has been so thoroughly analyzed in the volume of reports on the education of girls, edited by Miss Beale. We all know very well that not one person in ten has a veritable talent for music; but it would not be impossible that even those most scantily endowed by nature, should, with much time, trouble, and expense, at last obtain a certain degree of excellence in the art. Let us see what measure of success is achieved by amateur musicians.

Almost everybody has been going to afternoon teas and musical parties during the past season, and each of us can estimate how much pleasure is produced by the vocal and instrumental performances of our acquaintances. We may remember the painful efforts made by a score of young Misses to scramble through Mattei's Valse, Ascher or Thalberg's pieces. More than half the performers struggle through their task without experiencing other emotion than a dread of breaking down, or, perhaps, a little vanity as they tide over the octave passage, or the chromatic scale, or some other part requiring some dexterity of finger. Others—not young ladies—make it their ambition to bring out the theme emphatically and sentimentally, trying to look pathetic the while. A very few of those who play the piano master the difficulty of mere execution—flexibility of touch, nimbleness of finger; but some of the (so-called) best pianists play with nearly as much facility and expression as a barrel organ. Theirs is the brilliant accuracy and decorous monotony that satisfy parents and teachers' hearts. Their performance stamps them as being pupils of a fashionable school. That degree of "finish" represents money—much money. The hostess at a "drum" hears such a performance with approbation, reflecting that it is perfectly *en règle*, thoroughly good *ton*, one of those trifles that add *greatly* to her social status; for the musical automaton, the showy pianist, ranks as a fashionable adjunct at an entertainment, like hot-house flowers, or family diamonds. Such a performance is the "right thing." Is it music? It certainly is the accomplishment bought at the sacrifice of a quarter of a school girl's time, and who shall say how much of her parent's money; but what relation does it bear to the divine art?

Nothing shows us more clearly how miserably our musical education fails in its object than to mark the style of performance which achieves the greatest success in drawing-rooms. Familiar to all of us is the young man, low-voiced, rather refined-looking, in manner deferentially condescending. His hair-dressing, generally, is neither graceful nor

unstudied, but is meant to appear one and the other, and he is often lionized through the ignorance of his entertainers or for lack of anything better at their party. It is a weakness of the class to which he belongs, to say they rarely practise; and also to allude to the exquisite little things they have composed, but failed to write down at the time, and so have forgotten. The young man of this type, whom you have before your mind's eye, having dazzled those about him by his account of his talents, starts up from the piano, declaring it is quite a mistake to think that he plays—it is mere strumming—only for his own amusement. Some vehemently deny this; and others earnestly entreat. A modest voice begs for "even a few cords;" and an ingenious person says, "Please *strum* now, for *your own amusement*?" Uncertainty on the part of the musician—much twirling of the piano stool—now towards, now away from the instrument—heart-fluttering of the audience, particularly in the younger female portion of it; and, at last—chords—a prelude. The performance begins. An air. You are struck by its being very like different parts of several things you have already heard; a bit from Schumann, a bar from Liszt, a few notes from a popular air. What can it be? Something by Schulhoff, perhaps, as he was fond of making a musical patchwork, gathering together stolen scraps from many quarters. Yet, not Schulhoff, for the performer muttered some other name when he began. How largely he deals in *vallentandos*, and in sudden transitions from *pp.* to *ff.*, and *vice versa*. Any nervous person present who has not been attending to the music, is sure to be terribly startled by the chords that come like a clap of thunder after the soft-pedal passage. (He revels in soft-peddalling.)

The first variation is only a repetition of the air embellished (?) by a dozen of turns, and an unlimited number of grace-notes. The next is typical of simplicity; it consists of chords and double notes—no turns. Now, he is engaged in something more intricate; some one murmurs, "What execution!" Up and down the piano fly his fingers, bringing out bits of the air in all sorts of queer places—now in the treble, now in the bass. From a mere muscular point of view this is all very hard work; his hair suffers from it, and being longer than is customary, some locks detach themselves from the rest, and fall forwards, necessitating a peculiar, and not ungraceful toss of the head, to replace them in their proper position.

Now he is trying to get into the minor. He has it! Once up and down the keys. What agility! Now for the notes that carry the air. He hesitates—strikes. False note! One more attempt, but no better success. Throwing up his hands he says something about "losing the thread;" then he touches a few notes in a not very successful attempt to get back to the original key. He is entreated to "try and remember the rest of that beautiful piece." "Surely, he does not mean to leave the piano?" "Another piece, pray, if he cannot remember *that* one." "Who did he say it was composed by? What is the name?" He says it has no name yet, and gently allows it to be understood that it was an *impromptu*. That explains its want of oneness, its fragmentary character. The musician, readjusting his stray locks, says, in an explanatory way, "Short swallow-flights of song—feared to trust a larger lay." He is induced to play a waltz of his own composition. It is brilliant and rather pretty, if not highly original. His hearers judge him favorably; some were enthusiastic from the very first, and others become lenient when they find he composes. Why is this? I find it hard to forgive him for choosing rather to do the difficult thing *badly*, than the less difficult *well*. Armgart wisely declares,

"I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence."

But, judging by the performances that find favor, we must conclude that the "world's sense" *has been* dulled, in spite of Armgart's annunciation.

And singing ! There seems to be a popular belief that to sing at all is such a fine thing, that it is no matter *how* you do it. There are a few golden rules for vocalists, amongst them—never choose a song that is beyond the compass of your voice—don't make the music a mere excuse for displaying the peculiarities of your vocal organ—remember that the accompaniment is nearly as important as the part that is sung ; but the reverse in each case seems to be the amateur's rule of conduct. Nearly all attempt songs that are too high for them. The soprano says, "Your piano is very trying ; it *must* be above concert pitch !" The amiable stoutish contralto gloats over her low notes, and makes a special *rall.* regardless of the interests of her composer, whenever there is a chance of showing them off to advantage. And as for the slovenly style of accompaniments, volumes might be written in censure of each particular fault of omission and commission that displays itself in the course of even a ballad.

Truly we may say, the time and money is not spent on *learning music*, but in acquiring the power to go through certain pitiful and vulgar vocal and instrumental gymnastics. Pupils are not expected to know anything about the laws of harmony ; they cannot tell you the distinctive features of the different schools of composition ; as for the philosophy of music—the *rationale* of its existence—many are surprised to find there is anything to be said on the subject !

It is because I am passionately fond of music that I long to see performers reduced to a tithe of their present numbers.

GROUSE.

WOMEN'S SPHERE.

A movement has begun in the present day, of supreme importance to one half of the human race, and, consequently, of not much less importance to the other half. This movement has been described by some as a "mad rebellion of women against the natural duties of their sex." Others regard it very differently, and rejoice to see some women, at least, awakened to the fact, that they have hitherto occupied a very much narrower sphere than they might, and that such talents as they possess have, for the most part, lain idle and uncultivated. It is said that the natural duty of every woman is to be a wife and mother, to care for her children and her household. This is, indeed, the first duty of every woman, provided she has a household and children to care for. But, in many cases, this need not be her sole occupation ; and, if she has time for any other, she should not be blamed for giving that time to any work, no matter of what kind, as suitable to her own circumstances ; it should rather be considered that it is her duty to do so. The superintendence of a household is all that is expected of the women of the upper and middle classes, to whom alone these remarks apply ; as in the lower classes all have to work, and there does not exist the great difference between men and women, which in the upper classes makes men the workers, and women merely dependent on their work.

The superintendence of a household is not a thing which, under ordinary circumstances, should occupy very much time. The best managed households are not those in which the housekeeping is never at an end ; but, on the contrary, the most methodical and well-arranged households are those which occupy the least amount of time, though they require the greatest amount of care and thought from the mistress. The care of children will, of course, occupy a much greater amount of time, and if a mother herself takes part in the instruction of her children, may, indeed, occupy her entire time. That will then be the work which she has chosen for herself, and if she be able for it, a better or a more useful one she could not have. But it is not, I think, always desirable that the mother should herself teach her children. There is nothing which requires a more peculiar talent than teaching. Some persons have a power of gaining the attention and interest of their pupils, which others can never attain. To be a good teacher also requires a special educa-

tion and great experience. It seems, therefore, unnecessary to say, that any person possessing this talent and experience must be a more suitable person to teach children than a mother possessing neither. A mother need not in any way lose her influence over her children by not teaching them herself ; she may do so by teaching them if she is not capable, as children are very quick to detect any such incapacity ; and the most important of all lessons is still in her hands, that which is taught by the example of a life such as she would wish to have them imitate. We have then seen that the cares of a household may or may not occupy the whole time of a woman. If they do not, she cannot be said to neglect her natural duties, if she should choose to add any other work to them. Women cannot, at any rate, neglect these, their first duties, more for the sake of work than they now do for the sake of pleasure. Rather a sense of duty, now dormant, would be awakened in women, by their feeling that they are not merely the ornaments of society, but that, like men, they have their work to do ; that they have a country to love and to serve ; that the great cause of humanity is theirs also ; and that in the world's struggle between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, they must bear their part. And this sense of duty will rather oblige them to perform their first duties than tempt them to neglect them.

I have hitherto spoken only of women who have these first duties to perform ; but the class of which I would more particularly speak, and to whom the movement in question is of the greatest importance, consists of those who have not these duties—unmarried women ; and I may also include married women who are not mothers. The class of unmarried women is, necessarily, at present a very large one in Great Britain, as there is a large surplus number of women over and above the number of men their possible husbands. For these women what are the duties without which life is ignoble ? What are the interests without which it is joyless ? They have a duty, as all have—a duty to their Maker, to their fellow-creatures, and to themselves. It is their duty to use their faculties, which the hand of a wise Creator has bestowed upon them ; and which, had he not intended for use, he would not have given, and to use them for the benefit not only of the small circle in which they move, but of their country and of humanity. And, when urged by such motives, they engage in any pursuit in which they believe they can perform these duties, their own natures will be advancing to their highest development, and their lives will be filled with truly great interests.

At present it is not allowed to women to enter many careers in which they can make themselves thus useful. Women who have to earn their living must teach ; others, not obliged to do so, may engage in charitable or literary undertakings. The worst thing next to doing nothing, is to do that which is below our capacities, or which we do badly, supposing, of course, that we could do something else better. The rule to be observed in general in choosing an occupation or profession, is to choose that which we can do best, to which our natural tastes incline us, and which, because we like best, we shall do best. Like all rules, it has its exceptions, as in the case of persons who see some branch neglected which they believe of importance, and who therefore may devote themselves to this branch rather than to another, for which they may possess a greater capacity.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INTERESTING NOTES.

A new volume of poems, by Mr. D. G. Rossetti, will be published this week.

The grand concert given on Sunday in the Cirque of the Champs Elysées, under the patronage of Mme. Thiers, for the benefit of the orphans made by the war, proved a great success, the receipts amounting to 15,000 francs.

The first edition of Mr. Jenkins' new work, "The Coolie," has already been sold.

M. Hervé is in Paris, and has signed an engagement to prepare a new opéra-bouffe for his old home, Les Folies Parisiennes.

Mr. Bateman will inaugurate his campaign at the Lyceum with a new play, from the pen of Mr. Bateman, entitled "Self." Several members of the manager's family will appear in it, in addition to Mr. Belmore, Mr. Irving, Mr. Addison, and other popular favorites.

The Royal Opera Comique re-opens on Saturday, the 19th August, for the performance of Molière's comedies in English, operetta, and ballet. The opening representations are *Marie*, an operetta composed expressly for this theatre by R. D'Oyley Carte, Esq.; *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, or *The Doctor in spite of himself*; supported by a powerful caste, and concluding with a ballet divertissement.

The *Musical Standard* says that Sir William Sterndale Bennett has accepted a flattering invitation to attend the approaching Beethoven Festival at Bonn, sent to him by the committee.

Mr. Henry Leslie, at the request of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, has composed a part-song to be sung as a test of sight-reading at their concert of children at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday next.

The Emperor of Austria has determined to establish at Vienna an Imperial Conservatoire solely for the purpose of studying military music.

The foundation of the new Strasburg University Library was celebrated in the Great Hall of the Academy, combined with a commemorative celebration in honor of Goethe, who took his degree one hundred years ago. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has recently made some valuable additions to the library.

The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn is at present residing at Lichtensteig, in order to gain a knowledge of all the local traditions connected with the "war of Toggenburg," on which she proposes to found an historical novel.

The Municipal Council of Milan has voted a subvention of 205,000 francs for the two royal theatres of the Scala and the Canobbiana, which are still under the same management.

M. Ravel will soon return to his former home at the Palais Royal. His rival, Arnal, has severed his engagement at the Vaudeville.

Father Ignatius has written a story entitled "Leonard Morris; or the Benedictine Novice."

It is stated that, within two months, the sale of the "Battle of Dorking" has entered on the second hundred thousand. Col. George Chesney is the author of the *brochure*.

Astley's Theatre has been taken by Messrs. Sangster for the purpose of reviving the equestrian fame of the old circus house.

The *Athenæum* has the following: "Professor Henry Morley is writing 'A First Sketch of English Literature for the use of Schools,' which will be published in November, and will be about the size of one of Mr. Murray's 'Students' Manuals.'"

Dr. Beke has in the press a work entitled "The Idol in Horeb," in which he seeks to show that the golden image made by Aaron for the Israelites to worship, at Mount Sinai, was a cone, and not a calf.

According to the *Italie*, Tamberlik is enjoying a monster-success at Mexico. In *Poliuto* he was recalled on the stage six times after the *credo*.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO KEEP AND CHOOSE FRESH BUTTER.—Fresh butter should be kept in a dark, cool place, and in as large a mass as possible. Mould as much only as is required, as the more surface is exposed, the more liability there will be to spoil, and the outside very soon becomes rancid. Fresh butter should be kept covered with white paper. For small larders, butter-coolers of red brick are now very much used for keeping fresh butter in warm weather. These coolers are made with a large bell-shaped cover, into the top of which a little

cold water should be poured, and in summer time very frequently changed, and the butter must be kept covered. These coolers keep butter remarkably firm in hot weather, and are extremely convenient for those whose larder accommodation is limited.

In choosing fresh butter, remember it should smell deliciously, and be of an equal color all through: if it smells sour, it has not been sufficiently washed from the butter-milk, and if veiny and open, it has probably been worked with a staler or an inferior sort.

TO PRESERVE AND TO CHOOSE SALT BUTTER.—In large families, where salt butter is purchased a tub at a time, the first thing to be done is to turn the whole of the butter out, and with a clean knife to scrape the outside; the tub should then be wiped with a clean cloth, and sprinkled all round with salt, the butter replaced, and the lid kept on to exclude the air. It is necessary to take these precautions, as sometimes a want of proper cleanliness in the dairymaid causes the outside of the butter to become rancid, and if the scraping be neglected, the whole mass would soon become spoiled. To choose salt butter: plunge a knife into it, and if, when drawn out, the blade smells rancid or unpleasant, the butter is bad. The layers in tubs will vary greatly, the butter being made at different times; so to try if the whole tub be good, the cask should be unhooped and the butter tried between the staves.

A word of caution is necessary about rancid butter. Nobody eats it on bread, but it is sometimes used in cooking, in forms in which the acidity can be more or less disguised. So much the worse; it is almost poisonous, disguise it as you may. Never, under any exigency whatever, be tempted into allowing butter with even a *souçon* of "turning" to enter into the composition of any dish that appears on your table. And, in general, the more you can do without the employment of butter that has been subjected to the influence of heat, the better. The woman of modern times is not a "leech," but she might often keep the "leech" from the door if she would give herself the trouble to invent innocent sauces.

LOVE'S SEASON.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

O the merry first of May
Was of my life the happiest day:
With a sweet thought
My heart was fraught,
On the merry first of May.
I saw you, and I loved for aye.
If that sweet thought
Thy heart has caught,
Then, the merry first of May
Was of my life the happiest day.

GEORGINA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWER.

I answer to one of L. L.'s queries in a late number I have to say, that though I am in the way of acquiring extensive information on musical matters, I have not heard of any work published by the Rev. H. R. Haweis on the philosophy of music since his essay in the *Contemporary*; but at present he has a volume on music, consisting of four books, Philosophical, Biographical, Instrumental, and Critical, in the press. The book is intended to give a rationale of the art of music, together with a selection of short biographies of composers, etc. T. G. S.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our respected contributor who writes to prefer a very reasonable request will see on referring to last week's *Answers to Correspondents*, that he has been laboring under a misconception. The poem appears in this week's issue; while last week's notice was only an announcement that it had been received, and was waiting, along with many other contributions, the moment when the editor could find time to peruse it.

ON PHYSIOLOGY.

The importance of the study of physiology, as a branch of the education of women, is a point which has been frequently urged in the columns of *The Queen*. In his address to the students of the University of Edinburgh last week, on the occasion of the conferring of degrees—or, as it is locally termed, the “capping”—Dr. Bennett dwelt with much earnestness on this subject; and although what he said is not new, yet it is so true, and still so far from being universally acted upon, that we are glad to present the substance of his remarks to our readers.

After showing how important would be the benefits which an acquaintance with physiological truth would confer on the community at large, he said that many thoughtful minds were satisfied that physiology, in some form or other, ought to constitute part of the education of every-one, especially of girls.

Women, in all ranks and degrees of society, have more to do with the preservation and duration of human life even than men. Dr. Bennett said that women were expected to be able, like the brute creatures, to know instinctively how to take care of their young. But the human infant is the most helpless of creatures, and nothing is more lamentable than to see the anxieties and agony of the young mother as to how she should manage her first-born. He attributed the enormous mortality among infants to the utter ignorance of the mothers as to the structure and requirements of their offspring, and said that the deaths of little children were chiefly owing to neglect, want of proper food or clothing, want of cleanliness or of fresh air, and to other causes, most of which were under control. In one year alone Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Middlesex, holds a hundred inquests on children found suffocated in bed by the sides of their mothers; and in nine cases out of ten he attributes such deaths to the gross ignorance of the mothers with regard to the laws which govern the life of the child.

But women are not only mothers and nurses, they are also wives and regulators of the house, and they constitute the great mass of our domestic servants. We cannot do better here than quote Dr. Bennett almost exactly:

“On women depends the proper ventilation of the rooms of the house, and especially the sleeping rooms, in which all mankind on an average spend one-third of their lives. Children are too often shut up all day in crowded nurseries, and, when ill, are subjected to numerous absurd remedies before medical assistance is sent for. Their clothing is often useless or neglected, the dictation of fashion rather than of comfort and warmth being too frequently attended to. The cleanliness of the house also depends on women, and the removal of organic matter from furniture and linen, the decomposition of which is so productive of disease. Further, the proper choice and preparation of food is entrusted to them—all these are physiological subjects, the ignorance of which is constantly leading to the greatest unhappiness, ill health, and death. Among the working classes it is too frequently the improvidence and ignorance of the women which lead to the intemperance and brutality of the men, from which originate half the vice and crime known to our police offices and courts of justice.”

The conclusion which Dr. Bennett drew from his statements—the truth of which everyone must acknowledge—was that physiology ought to be taught to women of all classes, in the primary, the secondary, and the higher schools. This is exactly what we have frequently advocated, and what Prof. Huxley and others have brought before the public in many lectures and speeches. The difficulty in this case, as in too many others, is the apathy with which the subject is regarded. In some cases, indeed, there is active opposition; and, in others, where the usefulness of the subject is acknowledged, no effort is made to get it taught. Again, it is said there is a lack of teachers; but that is a matter which would soon be remedied, were there any demand. Competent female teachers who can make the subject

of physiology interesting and instructive to girls do already exist, and their number will certainly increase. But, what is most desirable is, that every woman teacher should know enough of the subject to make it part of the regular everyday instruction of her pupils—not as an extra thing, but as a part of the usual routine.

The day is gone past—although we are afraid that here and there the feeling lingers—when women thought it “improper” to know anything about the structure of their bodies. The matter lies now in their own hands, and if women desire to have the knowledge which is so important for them, there is no doubt that they will attain it. If they reject the offer of such knowledge, or if they do not bestir themselves to seek it, they lay themselves justly open to the charge of want of concern about their own interests which the enemies of the progress of women are too ready to bring against them.

Dr. Bennett spoke with high commendation of the classes of women to whom he had lectured on physiology, and said that he had found them possessed of a peculiar aptitude for the study, and of an instinctive feeling, whether as servants or mistresses, wives or mothers, that *that* science contains for them, more than any other, the elements of real and useful knowledge.

As a final reason why physiology should be taught to women, Dr. Bennett urged that the best efforts of medical men are too frequently frustrated by parents, nurses, or attendants on the sick, who, not comprehending, are therefore incapable of carrying out the doctor's instructions. He said that he had often seen the most melancholy deaths and extreme misery occasioned in families from ignorance or carelessness of what ought to be done, entirely arising from want of acquaintance with the most common rules requisite for the preservation of life.

All ignorance is evil and productive of evil, and ignorance of matters which so highly concern us to know as those relating to our bodily frames, is an evil for the continuance of which we have ourselves alone to blame.—*Queen*.

VOICES.

There are voices—spirit voices—
Ever murmur faint and low
In our hearts' most deep recesses,
Presagements of joy or woe.

Cheerful, laughing, tuneful voices,
When they bring us tidings glad;
Plaintive, wailing, mournful voices,
When their messages are sad.

Tender, sweet, and sympathetic,
Like the melody that swells
At the marriage or the funeral
From the clash or toll of bells.

Come they on our lonely musings,
Changing all the tide of thought,
Scattering wide the airy castles
Fancy's architect had wrought.

Some may say the future's hidden
By a veil no mind may pass,
Yet they show us glimpses of it
Mirrored in a magic glass.

Whence come they—these spirit voices?
Surely from the God above,
Who, in pity for our blindness,
In his great all-seeing love,

Sends us these as lamps to guide us
Till our toils and dangers cease,
Till we gain those blessed regions
Where is joy and perfect peace!

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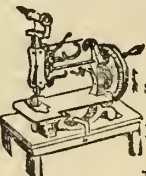
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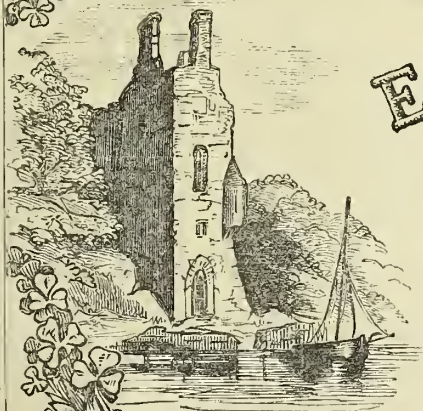
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IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 12.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

WAR AGAIN.

N the early months of last year the press of Europe was filled with murmuring portents of war. The public generally paid little heed to the croakings of the literary ravens, but worked and ate and drank and amused themselves as usual; and that sensitive barometer of the European political atmosphere—the Bourse—though it fluttered a little, and stocks seemed inclined to fall somewhat, gave no decided symptoms of an approaching tornado. And yet, in the month of July, a matter in itself but trifling aroused the electric fire of national hate in Frank and German, and there followed a war more destructive for its duration, more deadly from the nature of the weapons employed, and more bitter in execution, than has happened between any other two civilized nations.

Again the press of Europe mutters hoarsely of coming battle, and again the Bourse flutters uneasily with the sense of insecurity. It must be confessed there is reason enough for the action of both. A speedy resumption of the war between France and Germany seems highly probable, but this time with allies on both sides. The negotiations between the parties appointed to arrange the details of the agreement for peace, which have been carrying on at Frankfurt for some time past, do not go on smoothly. Germany refuses to accept French notes in payment of the indemnity without additional securities; and indeed raises all kinds of difficulties to the completion of the evacuation of the forts of Paris and the adjacent country. Prince Bismarck is said to have determined on requiring three months' notice of the payment of the third half millard of francs, which was to have been followed by the immediate evacuation of the Parisian forts and the town of St. Denis. Again, it is said that the Prussian chancellor makes use of the argument that the unsettled nature of political affairs in France obliges him to retain some substantial hold on the country, as in the event of M. Thiers' government being overthrown the Germans would have no guarantee that his successors would respect the terms of the treaty of peace. The argument is plausible, but it is a pity that Prince Bismarck did not think of it long before now.

German newspapers openly threaten a renewal of the war if the French do not cease their insolence—by which is meant that some French newspapers have alluded to the probability of regaining Alsace and Lorraine when France is again powerful. In the departments still occupied by the Ger-

mans the relations between the inhabitants and the foreign soldiery go on from bad to worse. In our last issue we gave an account of the riot at Poligny; and this is but a sample of what is occurring in the territory still held by the Germans. Lieutenant Torchet, a member of the fourth court-martial at Versailles, having gone to Charenton to visit a sick brother, was set upon without cause by a Bavarian soldier, and so grievously wounded that another lieutenant had to be elected to fill his place on the court-martial. The newspapers of Lons-le-Saulnier state that two travellers, on arriving in that town, had been attacked by Prussian dragoons, who struck them with their sabres and seriously wounded one. Numerous occurrences of a similar character are narrated by letters in the newspapers from the departments occupied by the Germans.

Again, the meeting of the emperors of Germany and Austria at Gastein has unquestionably a political significance of no mean order; for the Austrian premier, Count Von Beust, and the far-seeing and ambitious Bismarck, were present also. The ostensible object of that meeting was to initiate a combined action between the governments of Germany and Austria for the recovery of a debt due by the railways of the Roumanian principality to the subjects of the two empires, which debt the Roumanian parliament had repudiated. But other topics were certainly discussed at that meeting; and the principal, it is said, was an alliance between Germany and Austria against Russia and France. Many reasons combine to make this probable. The Russians are dissatisfied with the sudden prominence which Prussia has taken in the affairs of Europe, and, if the truth were told, perhaps not a little afraid also. Besides, the Russians take a profound interest in the affairs of the Danubian principalities, because through them they hope at some time to get a vantage-ground against Turkey in carrying out the project, to which they adhere so obstinately, of extending their sway in a southerly direction.

To crown all, the Russian arsenals are busy night and day in the manufacture of war materiel, and large orders for superior arms of all descriptions have been given by the Russian government to French contractors. The French themselves are heaping up immense stores likewise; and the Germans are displaying preternatural activity in the same ominous occupation. Here are surely signs enough to warrant the croaking of the journals and the timidity of the stock speculators. War seems to be meant by any or all of these three; Austria alone of the four great continental powers appears averse to the arbitrament of battle;

and the only question that naturally arises is whether the bloody issue is near or remote.

To determine this it will be necessary to watch the part that Austria may take. If that piecemeal empire be cajoled by Bismarck into a military alliance, reasons enough exist to make it imperative on the German chancellor to strike suddenly and quickly. Though exhausted enough after the late war, there are still unrivalled resources in Germany for a conflict. She possesses a veteran army accustomed to the shock of battle, organised on a scale of perfection unknown before, led by generals who have had the rare good fortune of being uniformly successful—thereby compelling the confidence of their soldiers; and this immense and most perfect military machine is under the direction of a strategist of surpassing ability, whose equal no other nation is supposed to possess. On the other hand, the military systems of France and Russia are both in a state of transition, in which, as may be supposed, the limited completeness of the old, and the superior of the new, are almost necessarily wanting. The commanders of the armies of the former most certainly do not possess the confidence of their followers, and these latter are thoroughly disheartened and demoralized by defeat and imprisonment. The exhaustion of France after the late war is vastly greater than that of Germany; its government is not so stable; and the materials for internal convulsion are immense and highly inflammable. Russia is formidable enough, no doubt; but her resources are not exhaustless, and her organization is incomplete. Under these circumstances, if Bismarck can secure the alliance of Austria, it seems only too probable that his bold and astute mind will naturally decide, that since war seems inevitable sooner or later, a blow struck sternly, sharply, and suddenly would be effective; while, on the other hand, his chances should be lessened infinitely if he wait until Russia and France have an army organization equal to the German, and the French have recovered—as they are likely to do in a few short years—from their present exhaustion. Not only must the eastern and western powers be in a far better position four years hence; but Germany would be in a worse. Von Moltke's mind might not be so vigorous, if even death had not claimed the old man meanwhile; Bismarck himself might be numbered with his fathers; the veterans of to-day replaced by the new levies.

Taking into account all these circumstances, we are forced to the conclusion that if the Emperor of Austria enter into military alliance with the Emperor of Germany, a gigantic European war, to which the last will be but a petty affair, will follow soon and suddenly. Once it commences there is no knowing what state will be dragged into it; perhaps ourselves might be made to feel its awful effects. With even the possibility of this in view, we would urge upon our readers the advantage of keeping up every ambulance, nursing, and relief association that may have been called into existence during the late war or previously. While statesmen pile up stores for destruction, we should likewise pile up stores for salvation. Lint, medicines, ambulance carriages, trained nurses, etc., ought to be kept on hand; lest the scenes of Scutari hospital before the advent of Florence Nightingale should ever be repeated. If war unfortunately come, the good this preparation would do is incalculable; if, on the other hand, the prognostications so freely indulged in be falsified, and the threatened evil averted, none will rejoice more heartily than those who undertake

so Christian a task, and none, we are sure, more gratefully thank God that their time was wasted and their labors unrequired.

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER—A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

BY J. D. DALY.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Smith had, as already observed, given directions to be called early, and at an unusually early hour he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his chamber door. The knocking was continued without intermission, although he had called out to the kelner to let him know that he was awake. Surprised at this persistency he arose from his bed, and throwing a morning robe about him, unfastened the door. No sooner had he done so, than it was pushed unceremoniously open, a hand seized him by the shoulder while the fellow hand held up before his astonished gaze the demoniacal finger of the dead monk! Both hands belonged to a tall solemn looking individual in uniform, who was, in fact, a local police official. To complete the tableaux, the waiters and chambermaids of the hotel filled up the back ground, and thronged in the doorway with looks of the utmost surprise and alarm. The officer sternly contemplated Mr. Smith, holding the fatal finger before his face. Mr. Smith gazed on it with an ashy countenance, trembling in every limb as if afflicted with the palsy. At length the officer broke the terrible silence by putting the question: "Criminal, what have you done with the rest of the body?" Articulation was utterly impossible to Mr. Smith; he could only stare at the finger with a fixed ghastly look. The officer repeated his question without avail, whereupon he declared aloud:—"The culprit is obdurate and will not confess," at once making a note to that effect in his pocket-book. Subordinate officials then entered the room, and a careful and minute search was made in the Englishman's portmanteau and hat-box for other portions of the body of the person supposed to have been murdered. The examination was of course resultless, and on its termination, Mr. Smith was ordered to dress himself and accompany the officers. He obeyed mechanically and as one in a dream. Had his mental bewilderment been less complete he might have heard with emotion, of one kind or another, the remarks of the crowd which accompanied himself and his guard through the streets on his way to prison. Various opinions were expressed as to the character and extent of his criminal actions, but all were agreed as to his looking fully as culpable as he was declared to be. Indeed one elderly man, who had in early life been in foreign countries and knew much of the world, announced it as a notorious fact that English assassins always wore tweed cloth and ginger-colored whiskers. These and other unquestionable demonstrations of the Englishman's guilt were producing an effect on the mob suggestive of Judge Lynch, when fortunately the prison was reached, and the unfortunate John Smith was thrust in amidst the popular yells and execrations.

After having been duly deprived of his portable property, Mr. Smith was conducted to a small cell, and there locked in to await the attendance of the functionary charged with the important duty of making the *proces verbal*. He had not since his arrest spoken a single word, or manifested any feeling or emotion. Blank amazement and absolute bewilderment only were visible in his death-like countenance. He sat himself down on a bench in his cell, buried his face in his hands, and remained perfectly motionless for considerably more than an hour. At the end of that time the officials arrived to draw up the outline of the case. Mr. Smith arose, paced up and down the cell, paid not the slightest attention to the observations addressed to him, and indeed treated the functionaries altogether with unconcealed contempt. At length he condescended to say: "Stop your confounded nonsense and send for the British Consul."

This was the only reply that could be got out of him to all their interrogations and dignified remonstrances; so, after duly recording the desperate and hardened character of the criminal, his determined silence on the subject of his crimes, and his violence and insolence of language, they took their departure with an imposing solemnity which, however, did not seem to produce the slightest effect upon John Smith.

Nevertheless, they took care that his request in reference to the British Consul should be complied with, and in the course of the morning an official from the consulate visited the prison. Mr. Smith had somewhat recovered from the first effects of the shock of the morning, and was able to give a plausible and sufficiently truthful account of the origin of all this bother. He explained that the finger on which was founded the absurd accusation of murder against him, was simply the finger of a mummy that he had picked up in the course of his travels, that not caring to carry it further with him he had determined to get rid of it, and that, instead of throwing it away anywhere, he thought it would be more respectful to deceased humanity to bury it under ground. He accordingly buried it in the garden bed at the foot of the monument already described, but how it came to the surface again, and led to all this nonsense and annoyance, he was unable to say. This was Mr. Smith's story to the consulate official, who laughed heartily at the absurdity of the whole proceeding, and promised Mr. Smith that he would quickly be released.

In accordance with that promise Mr. Smith was conducted in the afternoon before a local Solon, and the affair was formally gone into. The accusation against him was one of murder, and making away with the body of his victim piece meal. Herr Jules Reinhardt, an excitable carpenter, deposed that on the previous night, at a late hour, he was leaning from his window, taking a last pipe of tobacco before turning into bed. His attention was attracted to an individual standing near the monument in the Place. The individual looked cautiously about for some time, then scaled the railings, and remained for several minutes in a stooping posture over the flower bed, after which he re-passed the railings and went down the street. Herr Reinhardt thought this conduct so unusual that he quickly descended from his chamber, and cautiously followed the individual to the hotel. He was able to observe his features in the lighted hall of the hotel, and subsequently ascertained his name and nationality from one of the waiters. His belief at the time was that the Englishman had been stealing flowers from the garden bed. In the early morning when going out to his work he looked at the spot where, on the previous night, he had seen the Englishman crouching. He noticed that the earth had evidently been disturbed and replaced, and he thence inferred that the stranger had buried something there, probably the produce of a robbery. He thought it his duty as a good citizen at once to inform the police. The ground was then dug up, and the finger of the murdered person discovered. He accompanied the police to the hotel, and identified the Englishman as the culprit. That was the whole of his evidence. The police officers gave corroborative testimony, and dwelt strongly on the obvious guilt of the prisoner as manifested in his conduct at and after his arrest. In reply to all this the official from the consulate translated for the benefit of the court the explanations given to him by Mr. Smith. In addition a couple of medical gentlemen were put forward who declared that the *piece de accusation* was undoubtedly a bit of a mummy of some sort, that the original owner had long been dead and mummified, and that the charge of murder in connection with the bit of dried sinew and bone was quite preposterous. The court expressed its entire satisfaction with the explanation, and at once discharged Mr. Smith, returning him the finger that had brought so much trouble upon him, and cautioning him not again to attempt to get rid of it in any mysterious manner, but, if he wished to part with it, to dispose of it in some natural ordinary way. Mr. Smith felt the bitterness of this simple advice;

little did the magistrate know of the futility of his ordinary and extraordinary efforts to part with the supernatural finger—little did they suspect that it was a ghost which haunted him and would not be got rid of!

Back to his hotel, a free man, but with the finger again in his possession—away from Frankfort as fast as coach, and rail, and steamboat could take him—away to Switzerland, it mattered not where, but that would do as well as any other destination. Such were the next movements of Mr. Smith. Consumed by a burning fever, filled with the most terrible fear and superstition, the call upon him for repentance and restitution continually ringing in his ears, he hardly knew whither he was going or what he was doing.

The story teller paused again to drink at this stage of his wonderful, and almost incredible narrative. Having refreshed himself copiously, he observed:—

"I have not, and I cannot do justice, gentlemen, to the real state of my feelings at this period of my progress towards conversion. The agony I endured from conflicting emotions is altogether indescribable. I will only observe that while the supernatural influences to which I was being subjected had a tremendous effect upon me, the old leaven was not entirely dissipated. I was still dogged, stiff-necked, and hardened, and even reduced as I was to almost the last stage of mental and physical prostration, with no hope or chance of escape from the convictions that were being driven into my heart and soul, I still resisted, I still held out. I still attempted—truly with miserable feebleness—to persuade myself that the case was one of most extraordinary accidents and coincidences, and that there was nothing unquestionably supernatural in the manner in which I seemed to be haunted by the horrible finger of the dead monk. I clung, somewhat wildly, no doubt, to that idea; for all my feelings, prejudices, natural disposition, early training, and race characteristics, were opposed to any and every admission of the supernatural. But, as you shall hear, all these stout barriers were overthrown and broken down at last, and never has there been a more humble and humiliated creature than the one who, at last, barefooted and travel-worn, lay prostrate on the threshold of the monastery of the Kreutzberg, and begged for the blessed privilege of formal repentance and formal restitution."

To be very candid with the reader, I, the reproducer of this singular narrative, must confess that myself and companions began to be rather afraid of our strange fellow-traveller. We were all disposed to think he must certainly be mad, and ought not to have been allowed to leave his monastery; and one of my comrades (in an opportune whisper) made the somewhat reckless and cruel suggestion that he was getting drunk. Yet there was about the man an air of such profound and unquestionable sincerity and sound sense, that, after all, the readiest solution of the problem seemed to lie on the side of the truth, more or less, of his extraordinary story. I must not, however, intrude speculations of this sort on the reader, but leave him or her to draw such conclusions as the narrative, as a whole, may warrant. After a short delay our fellow-traveller continued his history—

At the end of a period, it might have been short, it might have been long, Mr. Smith awoke from his fever, and found himself established in the only and excellent hotel of an Alpine village. How he had got there he hardly knew. He knew he had had some dreams about booking himself for certain places, and travelling in trains, diligences, etc. He had always paid his money to a monk who had a finger missing from the right hand, the guard of the train was the monk, the driver of the vehicles he had travelled in was always the same individual. People had been very kind to him, had helped him in and out of carriages, and had expressed hopes that he would be better; but it was always the dead monk with the missing finger. He knew him and identified him under every flimsy disguise, and he could remember

how amused he was at the idea that he could not detect the monk in a broad-cloth suit or a lady's silken robe. But he was better now. The village doctor, a kind host and hostess, and the mountain air had improved his health. At first he was able to walk about with a stick, and soon he was strong enough to dispense with that support. Yet there was a shadow upon him; he still possessed the finger of the dead monk. He must shake that shadow off, and, once for all, definitely and completely get rid of that finger.

One morning he arose early and ascended the adjacent mountain peak. Higher and higher, as far as his returning strength would permit, he mounted over precipitous rocks and steep slopes of snow. At length he reached the uppermost end of an unfathomable crevasse, and taking from his pocket a small something wrapped in paper, extracted it from its envelope, and cast it into the crevasse with seriousness and deliberation. He looked long and eagerly down after it, gazed about with an anxious searching glance, and then quickly made his way down the mountain. It was the stolen finger of the dead monk that he had thus disposed of—for, he hoped, the last time.

(To be continued.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

The beautiful and vivacious Lady Mary Pierrepont was the eldest daughter of Lord Dorchester, afterwards Duke of Kingston. She was born in 1690, the year when the battle of the Boyne was fought. Her mother died while she was a child, a circumstance which, in connection with her educational guardianship, seems to have determined that self-dependent character and the somewhat masculine strength and freedom of her charming intelligence. Her father, who was a man of pleasure and fashion, evincing much pride in the lovely little creature, and once sent for her to the Kit-Cat Club to exhibit her to his friends. This was her earliest introduction to the great world. As she grew up, Viscount Newark, first, and afterwards Bishop Burnet, became her preceptors, and with their assistance she acquired Latin, Greek, and French, with rapidity. In one of her youthful letters she describes herself "surrounded with dictionaries." When scarcely twenty she translated that manual of stoic morality, the *Euchiridion* of Epictetus, which she sent to the historian of the Reformation for revision. Meanwhile, her studies were not confined to the classic works in the dead languages; she read and remembered every excellent book of poetry she could find, and luxuriated in the French romances then so popular, *Cleopatra*, *Cassandra*, *Celia*, *Cyprus*, *Pharounad* and such like. The only thing her father seems to have taken an interest in her learning was carving—an art which she was constrained to practise at his great entertainments, given to crowds of peers and knights, while the duke superintended the bacchanal department. Thus, from an early period, men formed her society. Among her female friends, however, she numbered Mistress Anne Wortley, to whom a number of her letters are addressed, and whose brother, young, handsome, a man of family and fashion, presently became her literary attaché. Mr. Wortley is described as a "first-rate classical scholar, whose passion was polite literature;" and the intimacy thus originated by similarity of tastes soon assumed a warmer color. In the first part of her correspondence with him, from 1710 to 1712, there is more of fancy and reflection than love, and instead of amorous raptures, much good sense and a graceful philosophical serenity. She delighted in distinction, so natural to a young lady of such brilliant and cultivated intelligence; and especially her lively turn for satire seems to have made the man of "plain understanding and moderate fortune" apprehensive of being thrown into the shade by a wife, the brightness of whose mind was equal to the beauty of her person, and whose magnificent views threatened extravagance. Lady Mary's father also was adverse to the match;

but though she was obliged according to parental orders to give him up and accept another admirer, still they continued to correspond. Then the letters' pages began to flutter in the tropic breaths of passion; and then came the misapprehensions and differences, the everlasting farewells, the lingering looks and settled resignations, lasting an hour, which comedy has so often illustrated "There is no condition of life in which I could not have been happy with you," she writes, "so much I liked you—I might say loved, as it is the last thing I shall ever say to you. And now, to give you a proof of my generosity, I will never see you more. I shall avoid all public places where we might meet, etc.; and remember you told me once I could not oblige you more than by refusing you." Meanwhile, the new lover had offered to settle on her £500 per year pin money, and her father had already expended £400 on the wedding clothes, a crisis which resulted in Mrs. Wortley's note, despatched one Sabbath evening, to the effect, "that a coach would be ready to carry her off next morning." In the interval she sends him the following aspen leaf letter: "I tremble for what we are doing. Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never separate? I fear and hope. I foresee all that will happen; the world will blame my conduct; a thousand stories will be invented of me; yet, 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. . . . In this letter which I am fond of, you promise me all I wish. I will be only yours, and do what you please." Lady Mary was then scarcely twenty-three. The lover was in waiting at the promised moment that morning in 1712, and he coach drove him and his beautiful bride to the church. Two months after marriage, when she was in one of his country houses, and he in London, she writes, "I never forget you in my prayers; or how much I owe to heaven for making me yours." But long before the year has elapsed she begins to find that her old solitude and studies are poor companions. Mr. Wortley is courting the Halifax ministry for a place, and long intervals of absence occur. At this time, writing from Hinchinbroke, she says: "I walked yesterday on the terrace for two hours—the most considerable event which has happened in your absence—except that a good-natured robin redbreast kept me company almost the whole afternoon, with so much good humor and humanity, as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to him in the 'Children in the Wood.'" Some of her letters to Mr. Wortley, who seems to have been a somewhat apathetic English character, oppressed with what she calls modesty, are intended to stimulate him to advancement; and this presently occurred, he having been made ambassador at Constantinople, to which capital he presently set out with his wife and their little son—a long and dangerous journey in those days—across the moors of Hungary, and through the Servian forests.

The beautiful and brilliant ambassadress, whose visit to the Ottoman empire was to produce results at once interesting to literature and incalculably useful to Europe at large, dates her most delightful letters from Constantinople, where she uses her great opportunities to acquaint herself with the life of the Turks, of whom she formed a most favorable opinion. She at once adopted the oriental costume. "I wander about in my ferigee and yasmak all day," she writes, "and amuse myself seeing everything that is curious." Achmed III., a remarkable man in his way, was then Sultan, and gave her a privilege, never yet accorded to a Christian, to enter the harem and form an intimacy with odalisque life. Some of the most amusing and highly colored of her letters are those in which she describes the ladies of the harem and their life; they are full of the richest pictures, handiwork of prose roses, with whose distilled essence Tennyson may be said to have painted the lines—

"Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene, with argent-lidded eyes,
Amorous, with lashes like the rays
Of darkness, a brow of pearl,
Tressed with redolent ebony."

Some of the statements and descriptions are highly humorous and characteristic. As, for instance, at the bath, the astonishment of the ladies at Lady Mary's stays, "which they thought a machine for holding her fast, of which her husband held the key." Numerous also are the pictures of oriental life in all its variety. At one time she writes of the chambers of the Sultana Fatima to her sister. She goes to watch a dance of dervishes, or to inspect the mosques, and the bazaars; or in other letters writes about poetry to Pope, or about the religion of the orientals to her friend the Abbé. Nothing can surpass the ease, liveliness, and *netteté* of those letters, composed solely for her friends, in which there is not the least trace of authorship, as in those of her eminent contemporaries. The history of their publication is curious. In the latter days of her life she employed her leisure in collecting copies of such letters as she had written during Mr. Wortley's embassy in the east, and transcribed them herself in two small quarto volumes, which, in 1761, she presented to a Rev. Mr. Sowden, a clergyman of Rotterdam. After her death, the Earl of Bute, who married her daughter (who was born at Constantinople,) commissioned a gentleman to offer a large sum to Mr. Sowden for the precious epistles, an offer which he accepted; but scarcely had the MS. volumes come to his hands when they were printed in London by a publisher named Becket. It then appeared that some time before two English gentlemen had called on Mr. Sowden, asked to see the letters, carried them off, and in one night—for they were returned next day—had them transcribed.

Mr. Wortley's embassy lasted little more than a year, during which time Lady Mary had acquired a knowledge of the Turkish language sufficient to enable her to read their poetry and religious works. It is hardly necessary to allude to the immense benefit she has conferred on the world since her time by the introduction into England of the Turkish method of inoculation, known in the east many ages before its advantages were popularized in the west. "The French ambassador," she writes pleasantly, "says that the people here take the small pox by way of diversion—it was the custom in certain seasons to form country parties where the children were operated on by old women—just as other people take the waters." In England at first the introduction was opposed, but she tested on her little son and with success; and a system by which she has acquired the glory of saving so many millions lives since, soon became general.

Lady Mary remained in England after her return for twenty-one years, but during this, the meridian period of her beauty and intellect, she is known chiefly by her letters to her sister the Countess of Mar, wife of the Earl, whose insurrection in Scotland in favor of the Stuarts in 1715 ended in his banishment. The letters from Constantinople are attractive from the insight they afford into eastern life; those to the sister from their anecdotes of that of London, social, political, and literary. Her remarks on characters are frequently a mixture of truth and satire, as when she says of Swift, that the man he most resembles is the emperor Caligula, who built a temple to himself, in which he was his own priest (Gulliver's Travels), and raised his horse above his friends and his race. Speaking of the long period during which the world has been in its infancy, and from the advance of knowledge the peasants of that age had more conveniences than the emperors of Rome, "I imagine," she says, "we are now arrived at about the age which answers to fifteen. I cannot think we are older, when I remember the number of follies still universally persisted in. I place that of war as senseless as boxing among school boys, and I doubt not it will yet appear as ridiculous as their pranks. Several discoveries will possibly be made, and truths made clear, of which we have now no more idea than the ancients had of the circulation of the blood, or the optics of Newton." All have read of Lady Mary's quarrel with Pope, whom she represents as a regular toady, always looking for legacies; but the cause is not exactly known. It is supposed that he made her a declaration in his garden at Twickenham, to which she replied by a peal of laughter. In the mutual

satirical comments they made, she proved fully equal to him. Her latter years do not appear to have been happy. In 1739 she left England and Mr. Wortley, and remained abroad for twenty-two years, returning at his death in 1761—a period during which, however, their correspondence was uninterrupted. Next year, in October 1762, Lady Mary Montague died at the age of 73.

FOLDED LEAVES.

When shadows on the mountains fall;
When sinks the setting sun;
And twilight, like a veil, o'er all
Throws its soft robe of dun;
Oh! then my heart goes back, in thought,
In love, in hope, to thee!
Say has the twilight with it brought
One memory of me?

When folded is each tiny leaf
Of tender bud and flower;
When hearts whose days are spent in grief
Rejoice in evening's hour
Of rest from toil, from care, from pain,
In spirit I'm with thee;
My soul flies back to thine again,
Thine image bright I see.

Then say does twilight bring to thee
One thought of days now gone,
When thou wert all the world to me,
And our cleft lives were one?
Does it remind thee of the chain
That bound us heart to heart?
Does it recal the woful pain
We felt when torn apart?

In each closed bud, in ev'ry flow'r,
Now sparkling bright with dew,
I see in this soft evening hour
Thine eyes of darkest blue;
I see thee in the stars of night,
I hear thee in the low
Sweet music which in pale moonlight
Resounds from streamlets' flow.

But other thoughts these folded leaves
Of tender bud and flow'r
Recal; and then my mind receives—
When comes the twilight hour—
The impress that the Book of Fate
Is also closed 'gainst me—
That hope's bright beam is now too late—
Forgotten thou must be!

The Book which holds our future, lies
With folded leaves for ever!
And nought unto my heart replies
When it asks of Fate to sever
Those uncut leaflets which could tell
What may that future be;
Fate only bids me say farewell—
Farewell to hope and thee!

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Children's Dresses.—What can I have for the children in the way of dress, is constantly a question with mothers, and one which the fashion books generally but ill supply. We will therefore now give a few pretty directions for making the clothing of little people with style and taste.

1st. *For a little girl of two or three.*—Frock of white cambric. Three little frills or flounces on the skirt. A rounded apron covering the upper flounce, herring-boned across with insertion, a button or bow at the centre of each bone. Edged all round with an embroidered frill. This apron is *let into* the dress, or rather an entablature front. Front of the body, between embroidered braces, to correspond. Or make it thus: a white Swiss cambric with a green flower dotted on it. Make a frill and run a green cambric edge on the hem. Run it on the front and describe an apron. Bar this apron across with vandykes of straps of green cambric, a single vandyke from side to side, and a green button in the centre. Body between braces to correspond. Three little flounces all round the skirt, each edged with green cambric. In front only two flounces will be seen, the apron covering the part where the upper one would be. In white alpaca and colored ribbon this dress is pretty. Make it thus: white alpaca skirt, three flounces edged with blue ribbon. A frill of blue silk describes an apron front, and bars of blue ribbon, coming to a point in the centre, cross the apron. Blue braces on the body, also barred in the centre. The body is low and square. The sleeves short and plain, edged with a fold of blue silk. A fold of blue round the width and a shade deeper. A similar frock for autumn of scarlet llama and black silk, or of shepherd's plaid silk (black and white) and rose silk trimmings.

For a child one year to two years old.—Frock of white cashmere or white alpaca. Two pieces of blue silk pinked out, three inches wide, laid plain round the skirt, four inches apart. The first one is at the edge of the skirt. Body, square and low, two deep square basques before, and two behind, six to seven inches deep; all edged with blue silk two inches wide pinked and in scallops. Band and sash to match. In muslin or pique, the dress may be made the same, muslin embroidery substituted for the blue silk. For autumn wear, scarlet, blue, or violet llama or cashmere with white Cluny lace. Marone cashmere and white lace is pretty. Sash the color of the dress trimmed with lace.

A little girl of five.—Frock of tussore silk. Skirt trimmed with deep kelt-plaited flounce, headed with guipure lace to match, and above two rows of crimson ribbon velvet, narrow. Tunic, an apron across the front ending by being rounded off to the waist behind, at the back a round piece equally large, fixed on with one box plait. The whole tunic trimmed like the skirt, but with a narrower flounce. Bodice plain, brace edged with a box-plaited frill, headed by lace and one row of velvet. Sew to the dress with one edge of lace, hanging sleeves. Broad deep crimson sash. Bow in the hair to correspond.

A little girl from six to eight.—Mantle: Black silk deep circular cape, longer behind than at the sides or front, somewhat shorter than the frock. Over this a second cape, cut open up the back, and rounded off in an oval form. The cape is trimmed with a deep lace or fringe, and two rows of satin piping. To make the same in black cashmere (double cashmere is preferable), line it with black sarsanet. Trim with Thibet or chenille fringe, and two rows of ribbon velvet. Such a style is suitable for autumn. For a showy cloak, make it of scarlet cashmere, and trim with white fringe and white silk folds. For autumn or winter wear such a *pardessus* may be made to correspond with the frock, such a marone cashmere to be trimmed *en suite*.

Frock for a girl six to eight.—Two frills, not very full on the skirt, one over the other. A piped band of the material covers the head of the upper one. Body with braces edged with one frill and a piped band; two tabs, one each side of

the waist in front, and two behind, trimmed to correspond. A band, fastened with a bow behind. This is for a plain frock, and can be made without trimming.

Frock for a girl from six to eight.—French cambric or percale, mohair, or silk. Skirt of violet and white stripe, small pattern. Six or seven inches of the lower part of the skirt are of plain violet silk. This plain band of silk rises to a vandyke each side of the hip. On each side of the hip from the waist is a piece of violet silk, cut like a sash end, and shelved to a point at the broad end, which point joins the point of the band at the bottom of the skirt. Edge this sash end and the skirt piece all round with a quilling of violet ribbon. A second quilling of violet ribbon, placed below the first on the violet band at the bottom of the skirt, follows the same directions. Where the point forms a hollow, place a bow in the space. The sash end that descends from the hip has two bows down the centre, one below the other. This end is stitched flat to the dress. The body is cut with three jacket tabs behind, small, and two in front; it is all of the striped material edged with a quilling. The quilling also describes the shape of a low square body on the high bodice. Coat sleeves, with two rows of quilling on the cuffs and bows on the shoulders. A violet waistband, closed with a bow in front. All the bows are violet. White Cluny insertion may be used in place of quilled ribbon or pinked silk. The imitation looks pretty, is very inexpensive, and can be washed. Irish crochet lace is also very handsome as a trimming.

Children's hats are worn small. For little ones up to two years old oval crowns, and brims turned up straight all round to the crown, in the turban or pork pie style, are pretty. Over that age oval crowns, and very narrow, straight brims, or brims turned up at the sides and bent down before and behind, are becoming. The crowns are all very shallow and brims very narrow. From six to twelve these hats are usual.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

I sit in the fading eve,
O'er the silent sea:
While shadows around me weave,
Do I think of thee:
Ocean and sky remind me
Of her I have left behind me,
Till tears of remembrance blind me,
Ashore machree!

Fleet follow the waves of thought,
Like a rising tide—
While my spirit with love is fraught
For my hope and pride!
She who is calm as ocean,
Till moved by some kind emotion,
Or thrilled with her love's devotion,
My promised bride!

Look up at the azure sky,
Where the love-star gleams:
So in the depths of her eye
Her affection beams!
See where the red sun glinted,
The sky like a rose is tinted—
Her blush when love's kiss I printed,
Fay of my dreams!

Sweetest! no tears shall hide
On a future day,
When thee as my blooming bride
I shall bear away!
Earth a new grace shall borrow:
After a night of sorrow
Cometh a glorious morrow—
My joy for aye!

GEORGINA.

DESCRIPTION OF
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.DRESSES FOR LITTLE GIRLS
FROM FIVE TO TEN.

1st Figure. A dress of mauve silk, with one flounce, headed by a ruche of violet ribbon, with a strap of mauve silk in the centre; above this a plating of mauve silk, and above that again a plating of violet ribbon. Jacket body, trimmed with a frill of violet ribbon. A violet scarf under a lace collar at the neck.

2nd Fig. Dress of gray cashmere. Double skirt, edged with maroon velvet. Jacket body, edged with maroon velvet; sleeves to correspond. A large bow and ends of maroon fixed at the waist behind. Under-sleeves and chemisette of muslin, or, for cold weather, of the material of the dress. This costume may be made in crimson cashmere, trimmed with velvet the same color, or of light brown, trimmed with dark brown.

Both children wear Polish boots of bronze kid. These kind of boots

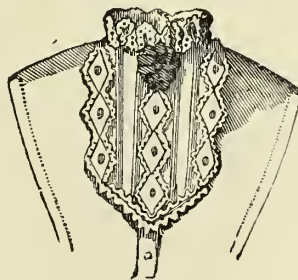


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.



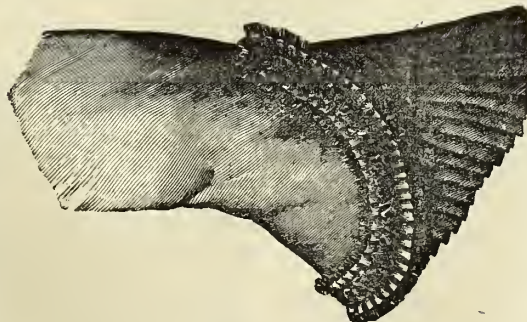
1st Sleeve.



Chemisette.



2nd Sleeve.



3rd Sleeve.

Sleeves. 1st sleeve, for mourning, with a crape hanging cuff.

2nd sleeve, for muslin—Two puffs of muslin, with frills either side.

3rd sleeve. Silk or cashmere, bell shape, edged with a quilling, trimmed with lace, and a ruche in the centre. A box plated under-sleeve of muslin.

Chemisette, for a square body. The lace part should be detached from the chemisette like a flap, and only be secured by a button at the lower end. It can then be worn either over or under the dress body, according to the weather. It is made of Flanders lace. The two plain bands to be covered with a ribbon ruche which should likewise surround the neck. At the neck and point place a bow.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18 Dawson-street, Dublin, would ensure a graceful fit in any of the above charming costumes.

only are now used for well-dressed girls and little boys. Black patent leather or glove kid for winter walking; bronze, with dressy muslin toilettes. Black cashmere, in mourning, for dress toilettes. For very elegant wear, boots can be composed of silk to match the dress, or black silk or satin in mourning. But bronze is thought sufficient for any occasion. Tassels are not usual.

Happiness is like a shoe. It saves us from the sharp pebbles and the watery slush of life, and enables us to proceed on our daily path in contentment. What a pity that, like the shoe also, it must wear out. But so it does. It grows thin and thinner, and then cracks, and must be discarded for ever. The difficulty then is where to get another supply.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The French delegates have had a series of triumphs which a conqueror might envy. Everywhere in their progress through the island they were received with demonstrations of joy. Mallow, Cork, and Macroom local governments have followed the example of Kingtown and Dublin in presenting addresses; while processions and holiday-making became the order of the day in the south for a brief period. Warriors have their triumphs indeed; but we would rather join in bestowing one on the heroes of humanity—the Knights of the Red Cross, of whatever nation or creed.

Gratitude is not wholly fled the world, to judge from the tokens of sympathy the fallen majesty of the imperial house of France has received on the 15th of this month—the day set apart in Paris during so many years for the Napoleon fêtes. The following account is published of a “reception” at Chislehurst, and of the manner in which the day was celebrated:—“Some relatives of the emperor, several friends, and some persons formerly attached to the court, had arrived from France, to convey to the sovereign who but a year ago still reigned, the expression of their regrets, their homage, and their devotion. At eleven o’clock high mass was celebrated in the church at Chislehurst. It was a touching spectacle to see the emperor, the empress, and the prince imperial making their way to the modest village church, followed by some courtiers of misfortune. At two o’clock a lunch, after the English fashion, was offered to all who had come to Camden House to offer their congratulations upon the fête day of Napoleon. The emperor has received from France upon this occasion a great number of letters and flowers. Two bouquets have profoundly affected him. One, of gigantic dimensions, was the result of a subscription opened at Paris amongst the merchants, traders, and workmen. It was accompanied by a magnificent album, which contained a very sympathetic address, with several hundred signatures. The other bouquet was offered by the officers of the Imperial Guard. The same evening most of the visitors took their departure, and Chislehurst resumed its habitual repose.”

The determination of the Prussians to render their country as impervious to conquest or invasion as possible is very clearly demonstrated by the efforts they are making to complete their system of strategical railways. The gaps which have hitherto existed in the coastal railway system of Northern Germany are soon to be filled up, and the whole net rendered as complete as possible. The construction of the line from Tilsit to Memel will be commenced this year, and when it is finished the completion of the direct railway from Bremen to Hamburg will only be wanting to place Memel in uninterrupted railway communication with Emden, which will be a great advantage both in a commercial and a strategical point of view. Besides this, the railways from Bremerhaven to Cuxhaven, and from the latter town to Stade and Harburg, are to be completed in the next two years. The construction of these lines stands in connection with the whole system of coastal defence, which is to be completed by the end of the year 1873.

Alarms on the cholera topic have now become somewhat frequent. One was raised in London, another in Waterford, and a third in Shields. All these turned out false alarms, fortunately. But though we counsel our readers not to be alarmed at every cry raised concerning the threatened danger, we deprecate their acting like the neighbors who were so often disappointed by the cry of “wolf.” Every precaution should be rigorously enforced, and every preventive availed of.

Some further particulars are published respecting the proceedings of the American Surveying Expedition to which we alluded last week. Ten days were allowed, after the

affair of the 1st of June, to give time for the Korean government to apologise for the attack on the surveying squadron, if it wished to disavow the act of its subordinates, but no movement of the kind was made, and on the 10th of June an expedition started to avenge the insult to the flag. An attack was made on the forts which had fired on the squadron. The guns were dragged with difficulty up the rugged heights, and preparations made for attacking the third and strongest fort, over which waved the flag of the commander-in-chief, and which was evidently strongly garrisoned and fortified. Its capture was the chief object of the expedition. Thousands of Korean troops could be seen in the plain below, waiting for the repulse of the assailants, to take them in their flank and rear as they were driven down the hill, and complete the destruction which it was evidently expected the forts would begin. The Americans, however, anticipating a different result, made counter-preparations, which at once protected their own flank from this body of troops, and cut off the retreat of the garrison across the neck of the peninsula on which the forts are situated. A heavy fire was kept up all the while from the citadel; but the pieces were so bad and so badly served, that no injury was done to the assailants. During a lull between the volleys, a rush was made and the nearest crest gained, from whence a furious fire was opened upon the Koreans, which told with deadly effect. Line was formed under its cover, and preparations made for a charge up the steep hill on which the citadel stood. How one-half of the stormers reached the crest is declared by eye-witnesses to be a mystery. The Koreans flinched not an inch, and kept up a hail of jingal balls which would have annihilated their assailants if they had had the least idea of aim. As it was, however, the crest was won, and the fort entered after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with sword and bayonet. The Koreans fought bravely, but had no chance with their inferior weapons against the rifles and bayonets of their adversaries. They were driven out of the fort, and fled down the hills to the water’s edge, where some were mowed down by the *Monocacy’s* howitzers, some taken fighting waist-deep in the water, and others succeeded in escaping in native boats to the mainland. The Americans remained in undisputed mastery of the position. The Koreans are described as fine tall men, well clothed, and in every respect superior to the Chinese. Their armour excited great curiosity. It is formed of 40 thicknesses of strong cotton-cloth, and is almost impenetrable to a sword or bayonet thrust. A message was sent ashore, offering to release the wounded and prisoners, but only elicited the reply, “Do as you please; if you keep them too long they will be the more heavily punished when released.” They were all sent ashore. Nine Catholic converts came off to the *Colorado* on the following day, in the expectation of finding some of the French priests on board who had escaped during the persecution of 1865. They said that many thousand converts had been killed since that time, and begged to be kept, and that their junk might be burnt. If it drifted ashore, the authorities would recognize it and punish their relations. Their wish was complied with, and they were brought down to Shanghai in the despatch vessel *Millet*, and handed over to the French missionaries.

Cholera still continues its ravages in Prussia at an alarming rate, as will be seen by the following telegram from Berlin, dated August 22nd:—“The cholera still prevails at Königsberg. On the 18th and 19th instant 111 cases occurred, of which 56 proved fatal; on the 20th 87 persons were attacked, and 32 died. At Danzig and Elbing a few cases occurred.”

The *Bombay Gazette*, referring to the news of Yakoob Khan’s reconciliation with his father, the Ameer of Cabul, says:—“Yakoob Khan, having taken the strongest town in his father’s dominions, and proved that the Ameer’s troops could not be relied upon to oppose a firm resistance to his advance on Cabul, has magnanimously determined to play

the part of a repentant son; and a telegram from the Foreign Secretary at Simla informs us that the victorious rebel has gone without an escort to Cabul, and appeared before the Ameer with a Koran in his hand, praying for forgiveness. Shere Ali will, of course, be only too glad to restore to favor a son who has forborne to strip him of his possessions; and so Lord Mayo's policy of reconciling the father and son will appear for the moment to be triumphantly successful. But it is obvious that this reconciliation may have the effect of changing altogether the relations between the Afghan ruler and the government of India. The Ameer himself has found out that he has nothing more to expect from the English alliance, and Yakoob Khan hates us. The termination of the civil war, therefore, gives undisputed power in Afghanistan to the anti-English party, and prepares the way for the spread of Russian influence—already supreme in Bokhara—in the territories adjoining our own frontier. We do not say that the change portends any immediate danger to Indian interests; but it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that the policy by means of which the Indian government sought to establish a moral control over the Afghans has, in the issue, only tended to strengthen the hand of our rivals in Central Asia."

It is stated that the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which has lately increased in violence, is causing great apprehension as to the safety of the Italian observatory of Vesuvius. The lava has already partially submerged the hill of the Canteroni, on which the observatory stands, and the immediate erection of a strong dyke of scoria, so as to divert the stream of lava, is urgently asked for.

The *New Orleans Picayune* of July 16th has the following:—Few of the residents in the lower part of the city of late years but are familiar with some of the incidents we are now relating. They have often seen in the twilight of summer evenings a singular apparition. Suddenly, on the banquette of Music-street, has appeared an old man, with long grey hair, and clad in the costume of half a century ago. The garments were faded and worn, but revealed a richness which in earlier days was more fitted for a court than an American metropolis. He was a very tall man, although a hunchback, and but for the deformity would have been of gigantic proportions. In the breadth of shoulders, the deep powerful chest, and long nervous arms, resided marvellous strength, while the lower limbs, fashioned in magnificent strength and beauty, arrested attention and commanded admiration wherever he appeared. He spoke to no one, but in silent abstraction pursued his lonely walk far into the night. Years went by, and night after night little children paused in their play to watch the receding form of the lonely man. It must have been forty years ago that he first came among us. He looked middle-aged then, but as the years flew by the sturdy frame remained flexible and active, but the hair grew grey, and his face was seamed with wrinkles. He lived in a little brick building that set back from the street. Wild vines crept over the crumbling tiles and wreathed fantastic shapes on the chimney tops. In the yard beautiful flowers bloomed all the year round, and their rich perfume made the air sensuous and sweet. At a window shaded by a trellis-work hid in the bloom of roses, the old man sat of afternoons and watched the sun's decline. No one else was ever seen in the house—no one ever crossed the threshold, and so he lived, a smileless, sad old man, in a lonely house. But one day, not a great while since, the neighbors saw that the blinds in the house were closed. The old man had not appeared on the street for weeks, and the grass had begun to grow from the chinks of the marble slabs at his door, and it began to be whispered about the old man was dead. At last, one day, the neighbors went in (they were poor people, but kindly and true). Sure enough, he was dead. He lay pallid and stark on a pallet of straw. There were a few scattered chairs around the room, and a plain table. Only one object arrested the eye. Near the body was a rich casket,

set in mother of pearl and gold. Jewels flashed from the costly lid, and wreathed in the dust of diamonds were engraved the "lilies of France" in a coronet of gold. They opened the box, and there flashed on their eyes the *Bourbon diadem*. It was stolen the night of the 16th of August, 1830, when Charles X. abdicated the throne of France in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux. Underneath it was a manuscript written in French. It contains only these words:—"I am Charette, the Vendean general. Maria of Savoy was to have been my wife. She was taken from me and given to the Comte d'Artois. I could have forgiven this, but he deserted me when I most needed his help and assistance. I revenged myself and procured his overthrow, and am happy since he died in exile." This was all. Over his life silence now draws a veil. His wayward passions, his inward conflicts, none can estimate. Lonely and sad he perished in exile; none could appreciate his injuries; let none judge too harshly of his life.

Those who seek educational reform for women in India have many difficulties indeed to contend with, if we judge from the statements contained in a lecture delivered by Baboo Sasipada Banerjee lately in Manchester. This gentleman said of the friends with whom he acted, that they had, after much exertion, established female schools, but there was a very strong prejudice against female education. "Orthodox" people would not, on any account, send their girls to school. They said girls had not to work, and therefore they did not need education. They seemed to believe that by educating their girls they would make them widows. He could not make out what education had to do with the lives of husbands. Nevertheless it was a fact, and on no account would they condescend to send their girls to school. Again, the horrid system of early marriages in India was against the beneficial working of those schools that were already established. Girls got married at five, six, seven, eight, or nine years, and when they reached ten or eleven they were taken away from school, so that there could be no substantial result. If education were to be given to Hindoo women, liberty must be given, for what could education do without liberty? Amongst the social evils of the country was the custom of families living together in one house. In fact, a Hindoo house was not a house, but a village—for sixty or seventy people frequently lived in one house.

According to news received in New York from Fort Benton to the 18th ult., the Piegan Indians were committing fearful depredations on the Upper Missouri. The express up from Cow Island to Benton, in charge of a man named Courtney, was robbed on the 16th, and all property carried off or burned. At one of the towns below Benton they burned everything and tore down the stockade to raft themselves over the river. They attacked Camp Cook and stole all the horses, destroyed the wood yards, and created general panic among the river settlers. Their raid extended along the river from Cow Island to Benton. As they approached the settlers fled in dismay to the woods. "Every settlement was sacked and destroyed by the red devils, who finally took refuge in British territory, from which they sally forth to murder and burn." An attack was daily expected upon Fort Benton, as they declare they will make relentless war upon the whites. A Mr. Cenix was shot, but the names of other victims have not been ascertained. The Sioux are warring against the Crows, and last week fifteen Sioux were killed in a battle with the Crows near Cow Island. The Grs Ventres are moving up to the Marias. The Crows, the Perces, and Ventres are endeavoring to make peace with the Blackfeet and other tribes, as they say the Sioux will own their country by winter. It is estimated that more than a quarter of a million of property has been destroyed by the Indians, who are supposed by the settlers to be Piegans. The *Montana Herald* of July 27 contains an account of a formidable raid in Gallatin Valley. Two men, named Joe

Nixon and George Sheppard, were killed, and between 200 and 300 head of cattle and horses were run off. Two companies of cavalry, under Captain Ballan and Capt. Nathan, from Fort Ellis, and some fifty citizens, started in pursuit. Great excitement prevailed. Citizens from all parts of the valley were arriving and concentrating at Hamilton, where barricades were being thrown up. The Indians are supposed to belong to a band of Sioux, under Sitting Bull, the main body of which is encamped between Yellowstone and Powder Rivers. They are not treaty Indians, belong to no reservation, and war indiscriminately upon other tribes and whites. They are supposed to number 1,000 lodges. Further trouble is expected.

The emancipation of women (remarks *Allen's Indian Mail*) appears to have found a new apostle in a high caste lady of Madras, who has been lecturing her countrymen and women in Telugu, on "Human Being," whatever that may be supposed to mean. The meeting, we are told, was attended by a good many Hindu gentlemen and pundits. Unlike her English models, the Madras lady forbore from asserting the superiority of women to men. The men, she acknowledged, had the best of it in the point of learning, although she quoted a number of female pundits who at various times had been renowned alike for their learning, their "masculine bravery," and their devotion to the fine arts. Some of them had even delivered lectures and taught morals to their husbands. Of course, Mrs. Sree Rungamba Garna strengthened her reference to the "wonderful literary works of various female pundits in the north and south of India," by an appeal to the recent march of intellect among her strong-minded sisters in Europe and America. In view of their achievements, and of the great things already done by the Female Improvement Society in Calcutta, she claimed the right to lecture in aid of woman's advancement in Madras also. She promised to give a course of lectures.

The Republic appears to be in danger of losing what the Empire gained for France on the Italian frontier. According to the *Gaulois*, the government has received from Nice and from Vienna information which shows that the Separatist movement is on the increase in Savoy. It is stated that the Separatists at Nice are in daily communication with their sympathisers in Savoy, and it is hinted that M. Guitter, the prefect of the latter department, does not view the movement with that disfavor which might be expected from a loyal prefect. M. Guitter's recall is accordingly demanded.

An inquest was held at Guy's Hospital last week on James Phillips, aged 34 years, who died from injury caused by being spurred by a game cock. The deceased was a gardener in the employ of Mr. Dougland, Richmond-road, Dulwich. On the night of Monday week he went to see to the fowls, and left the cage-door open, when two of the cocks commenced fighting. Deceased then put his hand through, and managed to get hold of one, and pulled it out by the legs. He was holding it up near his face, when the other cock flew at his head, and spurred him on the right side of the face. He was taken to the hospital, where he remained until Thursday last, and then expired from lock-jaw. Verdict : Accidental death.

THE PEASANT'S SONG TO THE LARK.

(FROM THE POLISH.)

Soaring thou singest, sweetest lark;
At early work thy song I hark.
The dawn and gloaming both shall find
Each at the labor of his kind—
Shall see me tilling with my plough,
While at thy pleasant song art thou.
God bless and prosper thee, sweet bird!
And let thy kindly wish be heard
Foretelling great success—for know,
That 'tis for me and thee I sow.

GEORGINA.

A REVERIE.

I strayed down a woodland path to-day;
The summer sun was shining bright,
Creeping and stealing down the trees,
And flooding the path with light—

Making the tufted grass to glow,
Turning dead leaves to golden brown,
Throwing cool shadows here and there
Where the tall fern rears its crown.

The stillness of noon had hushed the wood,
The light soft wind had fallen to sleep,
The birds had ceased to whisper love,
And the shadows seemed to creep.

The only sound you could hear to-day
Was the river as it flowed along;
The sun turned each rippling wave to gold,
But it had not stilled its song.

This summer wood was sweet to see,
Yet the very silence made me sad;
For though beauty steals to your very soul,
'Tis rarely indeed it makes it glad.

I thought of another wood I knew,
Fairer and dearer far to me;
For there the days were always gold—
And we ever wish for what cannot be!

I thought of a river far away,
Reflecting a wood upon its breast,
Where the sunlight tender shadows throws,
Where now all seems peace and rest.

I climbed up to a hill to-night,
And watched the sun sink into the west;
A white mist rose round the mountain's foot,
And the world sank down to rest.

The brazen gates had been opened wide,
Showing beyond a sea of gold;
But soon the purple clouds began
Like curtains across the gates to fold.

The sky was bathed in a flood of light,
White clouds like angels hovered near;
The sun had tipped their wings with gold;
Ere the gates had closed they would disappear.

In the distance far you could trace blue peaks,
Clear and sharp in the evening light;
But while I looked the white mist rose,
And ere long they were hidden from my sight.

Oh! the sun had set in regal robes;
And yet it seemed not as fair to me
As it would had I looked from yon blue peaks,
Those far-off hills where I could not be.

Must we always wish for what is beyond?
Well, hearts must wander where they list;
The past is formed of golden days,
And mountains are dearer veiled in mist.

M. C. GUILLE.

COUNTRY V. TOWN.

I shall, perhaps, be called a mad Ophelia, and no authority, if I confess to prefer lying on the green sward on a summer's day, watching the clouds float by, in dreamy enjoyment, to inhabiting a palace where that pleasure was denied. Still, though nobody should listen, I cannot help expressing my regret at a change which I see coming over social life in Ireland. Families owning country seats are gradually abandoning them, many yielding to educational exigencies, but many, too, swayed by the love of pleasure. It is curious to trace this movement to the introduction of railways, which one would suppose would tell in favor of rural life, by annihilating space, and bringing all the conveniences of the city within reach of the remotest district. But it has not proved so. In a youth spent in comparative solitude I never heard the murmurs against the loneliness of the country I now do, when trains pass everybody's door. There is, I know, a new school springing up which preaches association as a primary law of progress; and if society were what it pictures itself to many a bright young mind, it would be worth many sacrifices; but though its aspect was never so brilliant, its fruit was never more thoroughly—ashes. Even in the circles where it ought to be best understood, fashion and egotism have destroyed its life. In the olden time hospitality was a kind of sacred rite, offered with simple kindness; and still if you break bread with an Arab in the desert he becomes your friend; but in modern society we are told that a man is never "so grandly abused" as by his own guests! In such a heartless civilization no wonder that unbelief mocks at Christianity, and that the half social, half political outbursts of the day frighten the world by their sudden fierceness. Perhaps it may be stated in extenuation of the cynical spirit that I complain of, that no good feeling is evoked, because there is nothing to excite it—entertainments being only given for ostentatious display. And though we may probably accept this as true—for one side is seldom entirely wrong—yet the fact remains the same, and our moralising cannot mend it.

But this has rather been a digression. That the world rushes on possessed by the demon unrest was the plaint with which I commenced. If intellectual activity accompanied the love of change one would hail it as a happy omen; but if they exist they certainly do not keep pace with each other. The love of pleasure—I should rather say excitement—is daily becoming the predominating feature of society; even our criminals try to be sensational. One sometimes looks back with surprise at the tranquil youth of the past, contrasting it with the fever of to-day. We were by no means perfect, and I have no doubt of our having dreamed away a good deal of valuable time. Neither is it disputed that there is much to be said in favor of the collision of minds as tending to the development and cohesion of thought; yet for much I would not have foregone that imagined superiority to the difficulties of life, that proud independence which, in the happy ignorance of youth, made me think that with a book and a fine day I could defy the world. And though the time often came after, when the sun seemed to shine in mockery, and the book was but a stone, the period of desolation was never of long continuance, and books and nature continue to the last faithful friends.

But as my generation is of the past, and I cannot hope that the young will look at life with my eyes, I would ask them never to forget that the outer world always takes the hue of our own thoughts. Those things which at one time we clothe with the rose tint of happiness, wear, under different circumstances, the blackness of despair. In one mood our minds glow with delight at the affluent loveliness of nature; in another we see nothing. Thus, to the prosaic mind,

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A living primrose is to him,
And nothing more;"

while to the poet it is a star, a book, a gem, an inspiration, or a sentient being, as the humble daisy was to Burns, when

he addressed it in the exquisite lines, "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and grieved to crush it under the plough as if it were a living thing. The chameleon hue of thought might be again exemplified in the aspect which the subject of a poet's song presents to a scientific mind, which will perhaps see in it an instance of the molecular forces of nature. But when we find these facts so vividly portrayed as in Mr. Tyndall's magnificent description of the growth of a blade of corn, they take the form of poetry too, as I think is strikingly exemplified in the following quotation, which it is a pleasure and a profit to transcribe:—

"Let us place it (a grain of corn) in the earth, and subject it to a certain degree of warmth. In other words, let the molecules both of the corn and surrounding earth be kept in that state of agitation which we call warmth. Under these circumstances the grain, and the substances which surround it, interact, and a definite molecular architecture is the result. A bud is formed; this bud reaches the surface, where it is exposed to the sun's rays, which are also to be regarded as a kind of vibratory motion. And as the motion of common heat, with which the grain and the substances surrounding it were first endowed, enabled the grain and these substances to exercise their attractions and repulsions, and to coalesce in definite forms; so the specific motion of the sun's rays now enables the green bud to feed upon the carbonic acid and the aqueous vapor of the air. The bud appropriates those constituents of both for which it has an elective attraction, and permits the other constituents to resume their place in the air. Thus the architecture is carried on. Forces are active at the root, forces are active in the blade; the matter of the earth and the matter of the atmosphere are drawn towards both, and the plant augments in size. We have in succession the bud, the stalk, the ear, and the full corn in the ear; the cycle of molecular action being completed by the production of grains similar to that with which the process began."

Such details of vegetable life invest it with the same interest with which Maury clothes the sea when he explains to us the marvels of its currents and its zones, and proves that at every step we take, if we even partially tried to raise the veil which enfolds nature's face, so as to catch a glimpse of its exquisite beauty, and feel the countless pulses which beat in what we call "still life," it would win thousands back to that monotony now so repulsive. It is not in crowded thoroughfares but in solitary communings that those thoughts which charm the world have their origin most frequently; and we must not forget—for it is a reflection which outweighs all others—that in solitude even the lowliest soul feels conscious of being nearer God.

AN IRISHWOMAN.

INTERESTING NOTES.

A new volume by Victor Hugo, with the title of "L'Année Terrible," is announced to appear next month.

M. Gustave Doré is staying at the Westminster Palace Hotel, finishing his drawings for the forthcoming work on "London."

Miss Gourlay, the Transatlantic actress, who has created a sensation through the principal cities of the United States, is on her way to England. She will shortly appear at a West-end theatre in *Fanchette*.

The contributions to the new Strasburg University Library are very extensive. The Königsberg University has contributed 40,000 volumes. The collection at the opening numbered 120,000 volumes, which, by the end of the year, will be raised to 200,000 volumes.

The *Musical Standard* is glad to state that Mr. Henri Drayton, the English baritone, who was recently stricken with paralysis in New York, is in a fair way of recovery.

The ballad troupe which has been organised by Mr. Dolby for the American tour will include Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Santley.

The city of Ghent has just obtained from the government a subsidy of 21,000*fr.* for its Conservatoire.

The International Opera House scheme, which has been some time under consideration, is now definitely settled. The site for the new theatre is situated in one of the best parts of Oxford-street, and the building itself will be large, elegant, and commodious. The architect is Mr. Walter Emden. It is intended to make the International Opera House the *locale* of M. Offenbach, who will be associated with M. Raphael Felix in the direction of the theatre.

The works of the new Opera House, Paris, have been resumed ; a sum of 600,000*fr.*, voted before the outbreak of the war, having been placed at the disposal of M. Garnier for that purpose. No other credits, however, are opened for any subsequent operations.

The first number of a new periodical, *The Olio*, has appeared. It is devoted to literature, music, and the fine arts.

A polytechnic exhibition upon an extensive scale is announced to take place in Moscow in the spring of next year (1872). The application of science to mechanics and manufactures will claim, it is said, a large share of attention.

The second volume of Dr. Friedrich W. Ebeling's work, "Friedrich Ferdinand Graf von Beust," a history of his life and statesmanship, has been published at Leipzig.

It has been decided to erect a statue to Sir Humphry Davy in his native place Penzance. A sum of £530 has been raised in subscriptions. A very eligible site has been obtained from the Town Council immediately in front of the Market House and facing the main entrance of the town. Messrs. Wills, of 172, Euston-road, have been commissioned to execute the statue. The statue is designed after Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait, painted for the Royal Society. The total cost of the statue and of erecting it on the site provided is estimated at £600.

Mr. Howard Paul has written a book of tales, which has just been published by Hotten, of Piccadilly, under the title of "Lord Byron in Love, and other Stories."

The Princess de Moliterno has written a drama entitled *The Marriage of Signorina Rosa*, which has been put on the stage at Villa Antonetta.

Sir Julius Benedict's *Un Anno ed un Giorno* will be performed in English at St. James's Theatre under the direction of the composer.

Preparations are being made in Vienna for the next Exhibition. The Exhibition Palace will be erected in the Prater, the Viennese Hyde or Regent's Park. Its construction will be of stone and glass. The area proportioned to the Exhibition will embrace about four to five English square miles.

Dr. John Gardner has hit upon an ingenious argument to convince eccentric or ill-informed persons, of the great value of vaccination. He selects, says the *British Medical Journal*, the history of a few royal houses. Thus, of the descendants of Charles I. of Great Britain, he finds that of his forty-two lineal descendants up to the date of 1712, five were killed outright by small-pox—viz. his son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and his daughter, Mary, wife of the Prince of Orange, and mother of William III.; and three of the children of James II.—viz. Charles, Duke of Cambridge, in 1677; Mary, Queen of England, and wife of William III., in 1694; and the Princess Maria Louisa, in April, 1712. This does not include, of course, severe attacks not fatal, such as those from which both Queen Anne and King William III. suffered. Of the immediate descendants of his contemporary, Louis XIV. of France (who himself survived a severe attack of small-pox), five also died of it in the interval between 1711 and 1774—viz., his son, Louis, the Dauphin of France, in April of 1711; Louis, Duke of Burgundy, son of the preceding, and also Dauphin and the Dauphiness, his wife, in 1712; their son, the Duc de Bretagne, and Louis XV., the great grandson of Louis XIV. Among other royal deaths from small pox in the same period were those of Joseph I., Emperor of Germany, in 1711; Peter II., Emperor of Russia, in 1730; Henry, Prince of Prussia, 1767; Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, December 30, 1777.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO MAKE PASTRY SANDWICHES.—Take puff-paste, jam of any kind, the white of an egg, and sifted sugar. Roll the paste out thin; put half of it on a baking-sheet or tin, and spread equally over it apricot, greengage, or any preserve that may be preferred. Lay over this preserve another thin paste: press the edges together all round, and mark the paste in lines with a knife on the surface, to show where to cut it when baked. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour; and, a short time before being done, take the pastry out of the oven, brush it over with the white of an egg, sift over pounded sugar, and put it back in the oven to color. When cold, cut it into strips; pile these on a dish pyramidically, and serve. These strips, cut about two inches long, piled in circular rows, and a plateful of flavored whipped cream poured in the middle, make a very pretty dish. Average cost, with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of paste, 1*s.* $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of paste will make two dishes of sandwiches.

HOW TO PREVENT MOULD ON PRESERVES.—In the course of a discussion on the "germ theory," at the recent meeting of the British Association, Miss Lydia Becker said the question had a bearing on domestic economy. She referred to the making of preserves, and the difficulty of keeping mould from settling on the jam. According to the old practice of leaving the pots uncovered for several days, time was allowed for the germs in the atmosphere to descend and settle on the jam, which was a capital soil, and the result was a plentiful crop of mould. She advised the ladies in the section, when making preserves, to cover up the pots while the preserve was in a heated condition.

SYMPATHY.

And is the world, then, all a blank
When home and kindred ties are gone?
When all we held so dear have passed
To realms of purer scenes on high?
No! there are hearts and homes below,
Where love its fragrance ever sheds—
A perfume sweet, and incense rare,
To cheer us on our lonely way;
The loving look, the welcome word
Which meets us often here on earth,
Are rays which brighten saddened hearts,
Like sunshine on the wintry day.
Then deem it not a thing of naught
The heart's affections to secure;
Nor spurn a love in prosperous days,
Which fortune's frowns would prove more true.
To love each other was the law
Our gracious Saviour ever taught—
To share in sorrows and in joys—
To sympathize with all we meet:
Then, when life's journey here is o'er,
We pass to heaven's bright abode,
And, leaving all the cares of life,
Bathe in the ocean of His love.

J. G. D.

Desertmore.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Could any one tell me from whence are the following lines—

"But those that view thee are unheeding things,
Lorn autumns, and triumphal springs."

I am not sure that I quote accurately. The lines certainly seem to me like Shelley. But I know Shelley almost by heart, and I cannot find the lines in his poems. It is possible, however, that they may have escaped me.

IERNE.

WOMEN'S SPHERE.—CONTINUED.

That women are not allowed to do, simply, what each individual can do best, but are all forced into some two or three spheres of action, is surely a great evil; it leads either to idleness or to much bad work, which has the effect of lowering the standard of work in these departments. This is clearly the reason why the inferior education, so long the rule among women, was so very inferior of its kind. The profession of teaching, being the only one open to women, became crowded with all those women who were obliged to work for themselves, and to undertake the work of education, whether they possessed any capacities for it or not. The majority, of course, did not; they went through a routine of teaching in which they took no interest, and therefore could awaken no interest in their pupils. The fact that the greatest amount of the work done in this department was bad, and could not be otherwise, as long as no woman thought of adopting teaching as a profession because she possessed capabilities for teaching, lowered the standard of female education.

It is considered by some to be an objection to Ladies' Colleges, that they, in some degree, take the work of education out of the hands of those who have no other means of making their bread. But if they are to raise the standard of education, they must do this, as the first step to be taken towards the improvement of female education is, if possible, to take the work out of the hands of all incapable persons, and give it to those who can perform it efficiently. The fault of leaving persons thereby deprived of work, without any profession by which they may support themselves, is surely not that of those who refuse to allow them to do that of which they have been proved incapable, and by doing which they greatly injure society; so much as of those who, without any proof whatever, assume them incapable of doing anything else, and therefore refuse them permission to practise any other profession.

The type of education given to women arises from the fact, that the family and society are considered as their only sphere; nor can it ever be altered till they are allowed to use, in any sphere they please, the faculties which it is the object of a real education to develop. And if, indeed, women were to receive the same education as men—that is to say, such an education as is considered the best to develop the working powers of the mind—is it conceivable that they would be contented to be limited to their present narrow sphere of action? Years of work are required to develop their mental powers; and if they are not to be used at the end, in doing something of which such training may have rendered each individual capable, it is impossible for such individuals not to feel that these years have been spent in vain.

I do not say that this is altogether a true feeling; to have a mind in any degree cultivated is, in itself, a reward for much labor. But every truly cultivated person must always rather feel with regret how much they are still below what they might be, than with satisfaction what they are. The mind which can be satisfied in itself, is of a low order, and will never seek a high cultivation. The events of the present time fully verify these remarks. It is because women are beginning to receive a better education, that they are beginning to ask for a larger sphere of action.

The supposed intellectual inferiority of women to men, is no excuse for their being excluded from all professions in which they may come into competition with men; since no person who has had any opportunity of forming an opinion based on facts, on the subject, can believe them so far inferior that they might not reach the second rank, even if, possibly, not the first, in many professions. That the highest intellect of a woman may be only equal to that of a man of a second-class intellect, is no reason why that intellect is to be treated as totally worthless, and placed below that of any man. Some persons who do not consider the intellect of women, on the whole, inferior to that of men, yet believe them to have different intellectual tendencies,

both, perhaps, of equal value. But it is clearly impossible to find whether such tendencies are real and general, or to form any truly just conclusion whatever on the subject, till the same means of intellectual development are given to women as to men; and not only the same means, but the same ends to be gained by the use of the means, as an incentive to their use.

Another objection made to the entrance of women into a life in any way public, is that the most beautiful part of their nature will thereby be marred, and that they will become unwomanly. This, if it were a true one, would indeed be a serious objection; but there appear to exist good reasons for doubting its truth. What, then, is this womanliness by which we lay such store? I have said that it is part of the nature of women, and if this be true it is surely impossible that they can destroy their own nature. If they could, would it not prove that it was not their real nature, but rather the result of outer circumstances, and, as such, inferior to the true nature, upon which we can hardly suppose ourselves capable of improving.

All that is to be desired is, that women should occupy a sphere in which they may attain to the highest development of their whole nature, moral and intellectual. This their present sphere is not. In it there is too much room given for the development of one side of the moral nature, to the detriment of the other; and there is left but a small space for intellectual development of any kind.

In order to find what is to be the larger sphere for which we seek, whether the same or in any way different from that of men, it is surely necessary that it should be open to women to choose, each as her nature directs her, her own sphere. If, under such circumstances, women should choose the same pursuits as men, it will certainly be a proof that such pursuits are in no way contrary to their nature, and are not, in the higher sense, unwomanly; although they must make women, in many ways, different from what we may have been accustomed to regard as the womanly type. Some women do now perceive that something ought to be done to enlarge the sphere of usefulness of their sex; but it must be admitted that these are numerically a very small minority—a minority which has, however, the advantage that it consists of those who have thought on the subject; whereas the opposing majority consists chiefly of those who seldom trouble themselves to think at all, and who believe without question all commonly received opinions, and are therefore perfectly satisfied with themselves and the existent state of things. It is a matter of deep regret to those interested in the destinies of women, that many of them do not perceive the serious bearing of this question. It is one which they must decide for themselves, on which the opinion of men alone cannot be their guide. Yet if with unbiassed minds they will really consider it, they must arrive at a just conclusion. It is a heavy responsibility indeed; for much of the future of the world depends upon the solution which the question now before us shall receive.—BETA.

TO —

Hidden deep in the shade of a moss-covered rock

The violet in silence may shed its perfume;

Unnoticed may fly 'mid the ravens' dark flock

A dove, if no sun-ray should flash on its plume;

The diamond may rest on the bed of the stream,

Over which we have sailed in our shallow canoe,

On our eye not a ray of its brightness may gleam,

Though clear be the waters that hide it from view.

Thus deep in the inmost recess of my heart

A flower has blossomed, a seed has been sown,

And never, till life from my bosom depart,

Shall a chill of deceit o'er that blossom be thrown.

As true as the waters that hide the pure gem

From the gaze of the vulgar who fain would it see,

Is the love that shall cherish, protect, guard that stem,

Till the blossoms and fruit are all gathered by thee.

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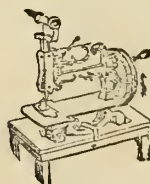
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The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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THE EMERALD:

THE

IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 13.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1871.

[Vol. II.

THE WOMEN OF THE FUTURE.



It is scarcely too much to say that the greatest social need of the present day is educational development for women. If we regard the position in which they stand towards the other sex at the various stages of existence, and the influence they exercise on males from childhood upwards, we can find no difficulty in recognising this paramount need.

Who can measure accurately, for instance, the influence for good or evil of the mother on her little ones, when their minds are as melted wax, ready to receive impressions well nigh indelible—when the infant intelligence sucks up everything around like a sponge in contact with liquid? The stamp of the maternal hand, laid down deeply in the pliable mind of childhood, is never afterwards wholly erased, no matter what the friction to which the hardened intellect of maturity may be subjected. If the mother have set an example of frivolity, her child will be frivolous when it is no longer a child; if she have taught it dissimulation, envy, or hatred, she has sown seeds which will bud and grow into a crop of vices. On the other hand, where the mother has laid down the foundations of religion broad and deep in the young mind, and not disturbed them by the shock of a contrary example, then, in spite of the temptations to which all are liable, and the errors and frailties which proclaim our human nature, those foundations will be found even at the last. If temperance, order, method, culture, have been inculcated by the mother, even in old age and under the most unfavorable circumstances for their development traces of these virtues will be found. The relations between the mother and child are so intimate that the maturer mind must naturally leave its impress on the other. The being to whom the child looks for the supply of every want must naturally become its model.

Seldom indeed do women deliberately teach evil to their children. Ignorance, and the folly born of ignorance, often make them give impressions the most pernicious. Yet we will not be far wrong when we say that if the mothers of the workmen of France had taught good instead of evil to their sons, Socialism would not to-day threaten the total disruption of society in that unhappy land. And even here we are disposed to lay the blame on the ignorance of right and wrong in which these same miserable women were themselves brought up. They received evil impressions, and transmitted them. They knew no better. Their daughters, as

well as their sons, imbibed their sentiments. Ignorance made them furies. Good instruction might have made them almost angels. Ignorance of the most pernicious kind shrouded them from birth; a time of public disorder comes and they act like demons.

It is not necessary for our argument to suppose that our women could under any circumstances act in like manner. But we may fairly say that if they were educated up to the requisite height they might mould the destinies of their country into the happiest forms. They could lay the foundations of solid virtues, while avoiding the inculcation of pernicious prejudices. They could establish order, method, and regularity in their families—qualities now but little attended to amongst certain classes. The influence of religion would necessarily be stronger on minds prepared in this way; and the destructive theories so favored abroad would find here no fitting soil.

Again, as wives, women possess a powerful influence on men. If that influence be for good, how much is gained! Where it is for evil, what horrors result! We are afraid that men never willingly admit how much their thoughts are modified by those of their wives; and yet everyone who looks around can see examples of active feminine influence in both ways.

The errors of women proceed usually from morbid or excited feelings. A really good education, which would develop the reasoning faculty, must of necessity exercise a wholesome restraint on emotional excesses. It should palpably decrease frivolity, and strike at the root of the preposterous vanity in which so many of the women of to-day habitually indulge. A woman trained up to the mental level of her husband must naturally be more capable of giving him judicious advice. Able to take a broad and comprehensive view of any given subject—to look at it from more than one point of vision—her influence would be free from the pettiness and narrow-mindedness which too often at present mark the suggestions of the wife. Her influence should naturally be for good; and if, as frequently happens, she should have the misfortune to be united to a man whose courses her whole nature abhors, her power of moving him to the path of right would be immensely strengthened if she were able to throw around him a coherent chain of reasons. The very respect a husband should feel for a wife who combined sense with affection—purity with power of thought—could not fail to add to the influence which wives exercise even at present from the mere nature of conjugal intimacy. The unhappy

bickerings which now disfigure so many married lives, should cease to exist under the conditions we have supposed. A really good education, no one can doubt, would in most minds create those conditions.

Here is something worth working for—something to employ the heads and hearts of the many women who are complaining of the narrow sphere to which the whole sex is now confined, and who aver that they are forced into a monotonous round of occupations which are almost idleness, if they avoid the paths of fashion and frivolity, and wish to escape the unwholesome region of continued excitement. That many women are so circumstanced, we know; that they would find congenial work in endeavoring to raise the standard of education and planting the habit of thought amongst their sex, we believe. For this reason we make no excuse for bringing under their notice a project of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which proposes the formation of a national association for the improvement of the education of girls. We prefer to let the Council state the objects of the Association in its own words:

"1. To enlighten the public mind, through meetings and lectures throughout the country, on the present low state of female education, on the national importance of improving it, and on the measures required for that end.

"2. To collect and disseminate information respecting the best methods of education, the comparative advantages of home and school systems, and of large and small schools, the influence of endowments, and, generally, all questions connected with the training of girls.

"3. To promote measures for the better training of female teachers, and especially means for their examination and registration by fixed standards, so as to secure a test of competency.

"4. To promote the formation of Councils similar to the North of England Council for the Education of Women in other divisions of the country, so as to multiply local centres and bind them together by a common organization."

In order to make the association as wide as possible the Council propose that a subscription of 5s. should be sufficient to constitute membership.

There can be no doubt of the advantages which must result from the carrying out of these objects in an honest impartial spirit. There are and will be varying views upon every point connected with education; but to us it seems that a project so wide as this, if taken up in the general way indicated, would secure at least the best representation of differing opinions, and possibly lead to a common understanding as to the basis on which feminine education will be conducted in the future.

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER—A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

By J. D. DALY.

CHAPTER VIII.

The melancholy stranger had reached the point in his story which terminated the last chapter as the steamboat in which we were travelling approached Coblenz, which, as already announced, was his destination for the moment. We had become so interested in the man and his narrative that we were most reluctant to part with him until we had heard his story to the end, and he, on his part, expressed a strong desire that we should hear his whole history. After

some consideration and discussion, we at length decided to get out at Coblenz with our friend, and resume our onward journey next day, he agreeing to dine with us, and finish the reading of his manuscript that evening.

We accordingly landed from the boat, and he conducted us to the same "Preussischer Hof" at which he, as Mr. John Smith, had stopped, before he had become a monk of the Kreutzberg, as mentioned in chapter vi. The house justified his commendations in every respect. He seemed to be quite at home there, and perfectly well-known to the people of the place. The landlord saluted him with a friendly nod, and the head waiter smiled and asked him how he was. As he was on friendly terms with every one about the place, and as he spoke German far better than any of us, we begged him to make the necessary arrangements for our dinner and rooms. He readily consented to do so, and an excellent dinner and comfortable bedrooms were the results of his intermediency.

After dinner we made ourselves very comfortable round a table well furnished with drinking and smoking materials, and prepared ourselves to listen attentively to the rest of the monk's story. He drew out his manuscript and resumed it as follows:—

For some weeks Mr. Smith remained amongst the mountains, recruiting his health, and improving day by day. For a time he was nervous and watchful on the subject of the stolen finger, fearing that it would again come back to him in some mysterious way; but as day after day passed without any indications of the finger turning up, or any real or supposed calls upon him for repentance and restitution, he became easier in mind, and the hope grew strong within him that he had at length got rid of the finger completely and for ever. Saunters through the valleys, scramblings over the glaciers, climbs up the mountains, chats with the guides and villagers, discussions at the hotel with other tourists—in a word, air, exercise, and quiet amusement for the mind, effected the greatest improvement upon him, and by the time he was ready to depart on his contemplated journey to southern Italy he was almost the John Smith of former days. He was just a little less robust both in body and mind; fined down and sobered, as it were, with all the self-assertion and bumpiousness taken out of him.

As he took his seat in a commodious post carriage on the morning of his departure, he was not sorry, after all, to leave the pleasant locality where he had been abiding for so many weeks. He had a half defined fear of being anywhere near the place where the dead monk's finger was deposited, and it was with a sense of relief that he heard the postilion crack his whip, and give out the ringing "Houp la!" and felt the first joltings of the coach as it started along the rough mountain road. Away down the hill side, down into the valley, rattle, jolt, jog-jog, with an unending cry of "Hi hi!" and "Houp la!" the continuous cracking of the whip suggesting the idea that the postilion was endeavouring to play a tune on that one-stringed instrument. Mr. Smith shared in the excitement as in the motion, and felt the better for it. He could even have desired an increase of the rattle, rush, and jolting, and would have been happy, could he only have decorously joined in the wild cries of the postilion. Down the valley still, lower and lower, till the little wooden bridge crossing the mountain stream is in sight.

There is a crowd to the right of the bridge, and there is some excitement in the place. What is it? "Who-o-o! Halte la!" and the coach is suddenly brought to a stand-still. His majesty the postilion is talking to some villagers who are crowding round him, and pointing with their fingers to something behind the houses to the right. Mr. Smith pops his head out of the carriage and demands to know what it is all about? Postilion respectfully touches his hat and informs monsieur that the great glacier has burst, has come down the mountain side into the valley and partly up the opposite slope, tearing immense furrows in the earth with

its ploughshares of ice, and completely damming the mountain torrent some hundred yards above the little bridge. Happily no houses have been damaged and no one hurt, which monsieur will be glad to hear; but, look you, when the water accumulates on the other side of the high dam of ice, which must at last give way, it is possible that there may not be a house left in the whole valley—possibly not a basketful of earth to cover the bare rocks which the torrent will have swept over. Is it that he (the postilion) does not know it well? *Ah, mon Dieu, oui!* Does he not remember the fate of such and such villages and valleys? Yes, assuredly. But is there no way of avoiding the impending calamity? Mr. Smith inquires. Certainly; and if he (the postilion) were only engineer in chief all would be well. It is to be done; it probably will be done. You have only patiently and laboriously, and with the proper tools, to bore a small hole through the icy barrier. The confined water will rush through that small hole, and, look you, the rush will be so strong that the friction between the water and ice will produce heat enough not only to keep the hole from being frozen up, but gradually to enlarge it, and by the time the small hole has become a great opening the mass of water will have been carried off, and all danger will be over. *Vous voila!* if you are only as clever as the postilion. But, pardon! he had forgotten; monsieur would excuse the arrest of the coach without command? Certainly. Ah! he knew monsieur would be interested; the sight was a rare one.

Monsieur was interested, and monsieur caused the coach to be driven as near the edge of the invading glacier as possible. There it stretched down the mountain, into the valley, and up the other side, a bright snake-like monster, made up of enormous blocks of ice, and great boulders ploughed up from the ground, or torn from the mountain side, and cast, like corks in water, to float on the surface of this mighty and solid river of ice-blocks.

There is a cry and a shout, and a rush of the villagers to one spot. What now? Postilion is there and back in a moment. It is marvellous, *mon Dieu!* They have found amongst the broken blocks of ice some human remains—bones, Alpine staves, clothes, mountain shoes, and the copper watch of the guide Carl Zeiter, who was lost on the mountains thirty years ago, with five of a party of tourists he was conducting! Such things have happened before, but they are of rare occurrence. Mr. Smith has heard so, and is very much interested. He desires the postilion to get him a relic, and gives him a piece of money for the purpose.

The postilion is off, places the coin in the hands of a peasant, who is busy collecting the remains, and gets an object in exchange. He hastens back to the carriage, and politely hands the relic to Mr. Smith. By all that is startling and amazing, it is nothing but the stolen finger of the dead monk, once more come back to John Smith!

"Monsieur seems to be suddenly taken ill; he is very pale; shall a doctor be sought for?"

"No; drive on!"

"A little brandy would perhaps"—

"No; drive on!"

Postilion is afflicted.

"Drive on!"

"Good; monsieur shall be obeyed. *Houp la! hi hi!*" Faster and faster still, with a rush and a rattle over the rough road and the wooden bridge; away out of the valley into the plain beyond. Why is monsieur so hurried that he keeps his head out of the window and cries ever "Quicker, quicker"? But monsieur is English; ah, that is it! No further explanation is necessary or possible.

It is no matter how fast coach or train may travel, they cannot equal in rapidity of motion the fevered blood and throbbing pulse of John Smith, nor can they help him to outrace his thoughts or carry him away from the prickings of his conscience, and the terrible call upon him for repentance and restitution which is now again constantly ringing in his ears. The dead monk, in visible tangible form, has come

back to him and attends him night and day. He travels with him in railway carriages, receives him at the doors of hotels, waits upon him at his meals, and hands him his bedroom candle at night. He is everywhere at all times, in all places, in all disguises, and has the power of multiplying himself indefinitely. He is always short of a finger on his right hand—ay, even when, by mere counting, he would seem to have the proper number; and John Smith knows that the missing finger is in his waistcoat pocket, and the monk knows it too.

Naples, lovely Naples—the city of picturesque uncleanness—is reached, but it might almost be Jerusalem for any very distinct cognisance John Smith has of his whereabouts. There is a burning mountain in the neighborhood; they tell him it is Vesuvius, and that it is in a state of eruption just now, but a moment afterwards he has forgotten both its name and state. He knows nothing distinctly, can think of nothing clearly, but three things. One is the dead monk, the other is the stolen finger, the third is the call upon him for repentance and restitution. These never leave him, these he never forgets for an instant day or night.

It is the third morning after his arrival; he is out and toiling up the side of Vesuvius, through the vineyards, along the dusty roads and lanes, over ridges of lava and ashes. The peasants shrink from him as he passes along with his fixed glassy look. They fear the evil eye, they mistrust him for a vampire, and they cross themselves piously and mutter a fervent prayer to the Holy Mother. He is a fearful man to look at—wan, cadaverous, almost like an animated skeleton. In a less superstitious country he would probably be arrested as an escaped inmate of a lunatic asylum.

Onward he climbs with an energy and strength altogether superhuman, and particularly so in a man so reduced in muscular strength as he appears to be. The mountain has been in a state of eruption, but for the moment it is comparatively quiescent. Yet dense masses of smoke and sulphurous vapor, intermingled with gigantic tongues of flame, are still issuing from its largest crater. He mounts upwards still, nearer and nearer to the summit, instinctively, as it were, taking the weather side of the crater so as to avoid the deadly smoke and all destroying flames. Doing and daring more than any man has attempted since Pliny fell a victim to his scientific curiosity, John Smith at length reached the edge of the crater, and looked down into the boiling crucible within. Not all the heat of all the furnaces constructed by human hands could, if put together, equal a tithe of the heat of this great furnace of nature.

Mr. Smith stood calmly and resolutely on the brink of the crater for a few minutes. He then took from his pocket the stolen finger of the dead monk, and looked at it attentively. He next contemplated the interior of the crater again, and then cast the finger into the very heart of the frothing and raging liquid fire within. A drop of rain on a white-hot piece of iron, a particle of gunpowder thrown into a fire, a flake of snow falling into a blast furnace, would be incomparably slower in disappearing than was the finger of the dead monk in the surging and boiling crater of Vesuvius. It was gone in an instant, and probably was converted into a pinch of ashes, and a puff of vapor, before actually touching the surface of the fiery liquid.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LONDON.

The chief period during which those beautiful books called "The Annuals" appeared was that of the Count D'Orsay and the Countess of Blessington, when Gore House was the great literary centre of London life, as Holland House once had been—when Bulwer reigned supreme as its novelist, and when so many poetic pens still imitated the poetry of Byron and Shelley. Annuals have been called dandy books, but, like many dandies, were as distinguished for their internal as their external elegance; in this respect differing from the

person of fashion of whom Fielding says, "As this young man had not any particular character, we shall merely describe his clothes." In their get-up, "The Annuals," with their rich watered silk or morocco bindings, their cream paper, their clear type, and fine engravings, picturesque and individual, were certainly exquisites, and many deserved this repute from their contents as well. Books have passed through their forms of fashion just as costumes and opinions have done. At one time England perused history, drama, theology, philosophy, and romance, in the massive quarto or ponderous folio, to which one of the lovely volumes in which the prose or verse of Blessington's Countess or L. E. L. are embalmed, compares as a swell of the Guards, splendid in crimson and gold, to some warrior of a previous time encumbered with ponderous armour. Every civilized epoch has possibly had, so to speak, its annuals. Rome certainly, as such are alluded to by Catullus, and especially by Martial, who gives us elaborate descriptions of such volumina (from *volvo*, to roll up), with their royal paper smoothed with pumice, red lines, and tasteful ribbon-markers. But what were those of the classic, or even the illuminated MSS. of the middle ages, the embellishment of which sometimes occupied a life, to those in which Miss Landon's romanzas and Poetry of the Emotions appeared from 1830 to 1838, or such books as issue every year from the presses of Europe and America? Books, like everything else useful and excellent, are now as they should be, made as beautiful in their outward and visible form as possible—the temple worthy of the god.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the daughter of an army agent, was born at Chelsea in 1802. As she grew up, she, like many other young ladies, sought in the study of poetry and composition of verses, her chief solace and amusement; and confiding her thoughts to paper, soon found herself surrounded by a little world of which she was the creator. This child and girl paradise of embodied thoughts and feelings, remained for some time unknown to any but herself and relatives. When, however, in 1815, her father settled at Brompton, it happened that one of their neighbors was Mr. Jordan, editor of the *Literary Gazette*, whose practised eye soon recognized the merits of some of the natural effusions which the timid girl submitted to his inspection. Forthwith, she began to appear in print, and in no long time her verses obtained popularity, and the initial signature became a familiar symbol to many thousand people of taste, who admired the grace and feeling which the still unknown authoress poured into her compositions. Presently, from being a contributor, she became co-editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and wrote many of its reviews of poetic and novel literature while she was as yet in her teens. In 1821, when she was as yet but nineteen, she published her first considerable work, namely, "The Fate of Adelaide," a Swiss romantic tale, and other poems. This was soon followed by "The Improvisatrix," in 1824, "The Troubadour," in 1825, "The Golden Violet," and "Venetian Bracelet," 1829, and many other poems. By this time her fame embraced the London horizon, and she wrote for almost all its noted periodicals. It was, as we have said, the age of annuals, of which she and the Countess of Blessington may be said to have divided the dominion.

In 1831, and the following six years, Miss Landon edited Fisher's Scrap Book, an annual, whose excellence was solely attributable to her pen; and during the same interval, wrote her novels, "Francesca Carrara," 1834, "Ethel Churchill," "Romance and Reality," together with several long poems, separately published, and a great number of magazine verses. The life of a popular poetess whose compositions in prose and verse were in such demand, appears to have been one of incessant labor; her facility was great; but the tax on the imagination and feelings, the exhaustive strain on the brain, was the cause of the nervous affection which rendered her days so painful, and unhappily so brief. The *personnel* of Miss Landon, as may be seen from her portraits, was one of much loveliness and grace; and her manners in private are said to have been delightful, from the geniality

and simplicity in a nature of which a radiant fancy was the aureole.

La Bruyère, the French essayist, says, that if heaven gave him the option of choosing a happy life, he should be a pure and spiritual girl until twenty, and a man afterwards. Each period of human development and progress, from the dawn of childhood to the sunset of old age, has its peculiar activities, pleasures, and consolations; but we can hardly fancy any state of being more delightful than that of a young female who, as in the case of Miss Landon, to beauty and innocence superadds a radiant intelligence and the genius for art—that of poetry especially; and who lives in the creative world of the sensibilities and fancies. Of the too lives—those of feeling and thought—the first, supposing the mind occupied with pleasing subjects and objects, affords certainly the largest amount of present delight; that of the intellect alone, in its intenser phases, certainly less current pleasure, as in such cases its operations are in no small degree unconscious, and as all severe exertion, psychical as physical, is necessarily attended with pain. Its pleasures, however, are in those resting points from which it retrospects something useful achieved, something beautiful created. Where, however, both are united, the heat and light of the soul, as in the exercise of the poetic faculties, their combined action and results—being at once a source of individual and of general pleasure and nobility—realize one of the highest ideals of human happiness. We may conceive then, that the early life of the poetess, thus gifted and occupied, was one of more than ordinary felicity; when the mind, in its spring all the year round, was consciously evolving into summer; when its sense of beauty was deepening; when it was obtaining a wider command of its resources; when each new book elicited a new conception; each change of the season impressed its picture; each circumstance its emotion, to be idealized and turned into music; when each day had its theme and waking dream, in whose realization in verse the plastic spirit sought to attain perfection.

"Thus from the root
Springs fresher the green stalk, the leaves more airy
Last, the bright consummate flower
Spirit-odorous breathes."

On the death of her father, however, this harmonious and emotional existence appears to have ended, as she was obliged to tax her energies to the utmost to support her family, who were left in narrow circumstances. Henceforth the composition of poetry was no longer an involuntary movement like the breathing of the soul; affectionate duty became the stimulus of her genius, whose efforts, nevertheless, sustained by a natural enthusiasm, appeared inexhaustible. Her mind, says a critic, was like a tropical paradise, through which she moved like the fairy, amid wildernesses of flowers and humming birds, scattering its blossoms about with a careless profusion. Love is the leading theme of Miss Landon's poetry as her prose; all her subjects are romantic, and, in most instances, their moral is of a melancholy cast—a result partly, we may suppose, of temperament, partly of her artistic view of effect. A delightful April freshness animates a great part of her poetry. "There is," says Christopher North, "a passionate purity in all her feelings, which endear them to me both from their human and their poetic character. Her verses are filled with the faith and freshness of the young, to whom they will always be dear and pleasing companions." Despite her productivity, too, her writings continued to exhibit a progress towards perfection from first to last—those posthumous compositions published in "Blanchard's Life and Literary Recollections," 1855, being much superior to her early essays. In 1838 Miss Landon became the wife of a Mr. Maclean, who held the appointment of governor of Cape Coast Castle, in South Africa, whither she shortly afterwards accompanied him. The transition from the great world of London life, in whose circles she was an object of such admiration, and whence her fame filled a wide horizon, to the above barbarous and deso-

late locality, would seem to have been oppressive from the immensity of its contrasts. But we are told by those best acquainted with the poetess that her marriage was a happy one, although, after the catastrophe which was so soon to occur, there was, of course, no lack of ignorant rumors of an opposite character. Mrs. Maclean had long suffered from neuralgic affections, induced, we believe, by several years' excessive literary activity, and so constant, that Blanchard tells us her life, despite the engaging grace and playfulness of her manners in society, had been but a long pain. Her physicians had prescribed prussic acid as the remedy for sufferings exacerbated possibly by over action of the heart, and on the 15th October, 1839, the poetess was found dead in her room, holding in her hand a bottle of the powerful poison, of which, it would seem, in a moment of torture she had unconsciously taken an overdose. Thus, in her thirty-sixth year, and under an African sky, perished this accomplished writer, like Voltaire and Maturin, by an oversight in the use of a dangerous anodyne.

During the comparatively few years of her literary life, Mrs. Maclean's writings far exceed those of Mrs. Hemans, with whom she offers the nearest parallel in English poetry. Like her, she was obliged to waste much of her rich fancy on verses of the occasional order, and but for such exigencies might have left us a work of classic and concentrated excellence, like, for instance, "*Aurora Leigh*." The natural purity and depth of her feelings, the brilliancy and grace of her fancy, her remarkable power of expressing emotion, are, however, sufficient to ensure her a permanent place among our poets, and especially one in the hearts of all youthful students of verse, to whom

"Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

THE FEMININE MIND.

(Translated from Monsignor Dupanloup's "*Femmes Studioeuses*.")

It is not merely that women have a right to intellectual culture; this culture is also for them a duty—and therefore they cannot sacrifice the right, as they might do, if it did not also involve a duty. In this case, therefore, self-sacrifice would be ruinous.

The statement I have just made will be the key-note of this book; and I now declare plainly and decisively, that to study and instruct themselves is a duty which women owe themselves. Intellectual work ought to have its special place amongst their special occupations, and should be considered as an important obligation.

The primal reasons why it should be so, are weighty, of divine origin, and absolutely irreversible. I proceed to state them:—

Firstly. The Almighty does not bestow useless gifts on whatsoever he creates; there is a reason and an aim; and if the companion of man is a reasonable creature; if, like man, she has been created in the image and in the resemblance of God—if she also has received from the Creator the most sublime of all his gifts, intelligence—it is that she may make use of it.

Secondly. All the gifts which God has given for a purpose, should be cultivated. Scripture declares that souls, like the earth, when left uncultured, only produce thorns and briers—*spinus et tribulos*. And the Almighty does not intend the minds of women, any more than he intends the minds of men, to remain barren or wasted in unhealthy action.

Again, every reasonable being must render to God some account for the gifts received; each one will be judged according to the gifts received, and to the use that has been made of them.

All this is distinctly expressed by the parable of the *talents*, where it said that each will be required to show how he has acted with respect to the talent committed to his care. I am not aware that any Father of the Church, or any moralist, has pretended to say that this parable does not apply to women as well as to men. There is no serious distinction to be made between them; each must render

an account for what has been confided to them; and common sense indicates that neither one nor the other has any right to bury or destroy the gifts which heaven has bestowed to be improved, and made the best of.

Therefore I say, with St. Augustine, that no creature to whom God has given the lamp of intelligence, should behave like the foolish virgins, and imprudently waste the oil of the lamp, for want of care and attention; thus allowing the extinction of the ray that should enlighten, firstly, the recipient, and then those around her—were it only (as we regard woman as wife and mother) her husband and her children.

In almost all the books which treat of the virtues, the work, and the destinies of women, far from considering woman as *a being created in the image of God, intelligent, free, RESPONSIBLE FOR HER ACTIONS to her Creator*, she has been represented as the property of man, created solely for him, and he has been made the reason for her existence. In all these books, woman appears as a beautiful creature whom man adores, but does not respect; and who is in reality an inferior being, whose existence has no other aim except to please man, and to minister to his wants, even the most trivial; above all, entirely dependent upon man, who alone is her master, her legislator, and her judge; absolutely as if she had neither soul, conscience, nor moral liberty—as if God did not exist for her, and had not infused into her soul wants, faculties, and aspirations—in one word, had not given to her rights as well as duties.

Some protest (and they do so rightly) against the frivolity of women, against their desire to please, and what is called their coquetry. But as for this frivolity, is it not produced, is it not encouraged, by this absurd dread of *learned women*, by this fear of cultivating woman's mind, as if she could have too much intelligence; as if true development—that by which the mind more thoroughly comprehends duty, and by which it more accurately draws conclusions—could be injurious? Is not a woman who has a taste for serious study actually *obliged to conceal such a disposition*, or to excuse it in every possible way, positively as if it were a fault?

Even if she is permitted to instruct herself, it is only in the most limited manner, and only to enable her (as M. de Maistre wishes) to comprehend the conversation of men so far as to be rather more interesting to them, by mixing with trifles a certain measure of knowledge sufficient to give piquancy to what she says. But the fear of a really profound woman is great amongst frivolous and lazy men, who wish to do nothing themselves, and to let no one else do anything.

I will now go further, and I will say, this coquetry and this desire to please, is it not encouraged? is it not often the result of an education which makes man the cause and the end of woman's existence? . . . So long as you have failed to impress upon woman that she is created first for God; then for herself and her own soul; after that for her husband and her children; but after God, with God, and always for God; so long, I say, you have done nothing for the happiness and for the honor of your families. . . . This excessive absorption of the *personality* of woman in that of her husband, may, perhaps, have been useful in ancient times. There was, perhaps, some reason for such moral and intellectual restrictions when duty was less comprehended; the seclusion of the *gynécée* perhaps prevented disorder; but the Christian woman feels that she has a different destiny. She does not need the *gynécée* or the harem. She loves him to whom she has been united before God, with a tenderness and devotion that were unknown to paganism, or that were at least rare, if one is to judge by the emphatic eulogiums bestowed upon those who approached most nearly to what we now see every day. The Christian woman regards herself as the companion of man, as his helpmeet for the things of earth, as well as for the things of heaven; *sociæ adjutorium*; as intended to console him and give him happiness. But she also thinks that husband and wife should help each other to become better. . . . For such destinies, *the education of women cannot be too steady, too serious, and too strengthening.*

The contrary system is based upon a heathen idea of woman's destiny; and also, as has been well said, upon the indolence of men, who wish to retain superiority as easily as possible. The heathen idea is, that women are nothing more than agreeable creatures, who should be passive, subaltern, and who are made only for the amusement and the pleasure of man. But, as I have said, Christianity promulgates quite a different idea. According to the Christian notion, the virtues of woman, like those of man, should be voluntary, noble, active, and intelligent. She must comprehend the greatness of her duties, and must know how to appreciate the divine teaching for herself, for her husband, and for her children. It is one of the most culpable notions of the eighteenth century, that time of impiety and vice, that same prejudice against female intellect and study. . . . How was it that M. de Maistre, who saw with his own eyes the consequences of the state of society in France, could not comprehend that the low position of women was the principal cause of the evils, and that the prejudice against the intellectual elevation of woman was the result of vice.

THE HOUSEHOLD GUIDE.

"The Household Guide," a work in four volumes, issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, is now complete. Its handsome appearance renders it very suitable for a gift; and what is better than mere outside show is, that it is literally crammed with useful knowledge, each branch of which has been written by persons specially qualified by practical knowledge to treat on the subjects they handle; nearly every page is illustrated by wood cuts and diagrams specially designed. It is, essentially, a lady's book, and yet contains horses, cattle, and poultry. Drainage, gas, clock work, thermometers, and the garden, are all treated in a pithy manner. Pigeons and rabbits, canary birds, and linnets, and dogs, come in for a due share of notice. Domestic medicine, and domestic surgery, the rules of society, the decorations of the ball-room, the dinner table, and the Christmas and Easter dressing of churches and school-rooms, appear in due rotation. Fancy works of the most ingenious description are described and illustrated. Beautiful point lace designs, modern crochet patchwork, ingenious articles for fancy fairs and Christmas trees to be made both by the pencil and the needle; nick-nacks of all kinds; hints for renovating old furniture; for elegant or useful house decorations; and directions for plain needle work, and a complete manual of dressmaking, are amongst the familiar essays of the book; aquariums, ferns, postage stamps, endless subjects in fact, find their place among the rest; and the whole is interspersed with notes regarding servants, cooking, the toilette, and numberless receipts and amusements. In the opposite page we give an illustration of the new fashionable bathing costume, kindly lent from the pages of the *Household Guide*, and accompanied by diagrams representing the construction in detail.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Travelling Costume for a little girl of six.—Grey alpaca or black cashmere, trimmed with black ribbon velvet. Frock, high body and long sleeves. Braces of frills, coat sleeves, with frills in the cuffs, and two rows of velvet. Skirt, two flounces, one over the other; braiding, three rows of velvet. Travelling pardessus, a large circular cape, edged with a frill; or cut it as a loose paletot, ample in the skirt; the frill to cover the top of upper skirt flounce; head the frill with three rows of velvet; a cape with a frill to reach to the velvet on the pardessus. Cut this open at the back, and carry the frill up each side of the back to the neck; head it with three rows of velvet. Polish boots. Black straw gipsy hat, trimmed with black ribbon and terry red rose.

Dress for a girl of ten.—In piqué, alpaca, llama, or cashmere, braided. The skirt is to be covered with three rows of trimming, leaving a blank above the hem. Each row con-

sists of three rows of plain narrow black braid, above which two rows of braid, twisted in a series of rings, or one row twisted in a series of double rings like figures of 8. Body a deep tight jacket, making deep points before and behind, and open on the hips, with braces. Trimmed with two straight rows of braid, and a row of loops each side. A fringe all round. Bell sleeves, with two rows of trimming and fringe at the edge. A band of ribbon round the hat. Cluster of bows near the back, securing an ostrich top curled over towards the front.

For a girl eight to ten.—Green pattern on a white ground, foulard silk skirt, trimmed with three rows of green narrow ribbon on the hem, raised to a point at each side below the hips. Tunic and half high corset body of plain green foulard. The tunic is simply an over skirt, nearly as long as the frock, caught up by a looped strap each side of the waist, at the hips. Waist band with a knot and two deep loops behind. Top of corset body trimmed with three rows of green ribbon. This corset is not separate from the dress body. The body is really made in one, the join disguised by the trimming. Sleeves of green and white, coat shaped. Deep revers, cuffs of green pointed to the back, edged with three rows of green ribbon, and three buttons down the back of them.

From ten to twelve years.—Plain skirt of brown and white striped camlet (or foulard). A trimming is placed on this to imitate a plain tunic, open from the waist, square at the corners in front, and plain all round. The trimming is made of plain brown foulard vandyked. A bow secures the waistband, and bows continue down the front of the skirt. The front of the body is trimmed as if with a *Marie Antoinette fichu*, high at the back of the neck, forming a pointed cape behind, and crossing in front to the waist, open at the throat. The *fichu* is not real, only imitated with trimming similar to that on the skirt; the lower row of trimming is narrower than that on the tunic, and the upper row narrower still. The bodice is high, and closed to the throat with a ribbon bow. Real sash ends behind finish the costume. In cashmere or llama, trimmed with a contrasting or with the same colored silk, satin, or velvet, this is a pretty autumn or winter costume.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18 Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

For a little boy three or four.—A skirt with a box plait in front, and single plaits all round each way from it. The front has buttons and a braided pattern worked up it, or it may be trimmed *entablier*. Plain high body, and coat sleeves. For outdoors, a loose short jacket, square in shape, just over the hips, cut up to the hips in tabs, braided round, sailor collar, coat sleeves.

For a boy four or five.—A short skirt kelt plaited all round. Rather deep tight-fitting jacket, open to the hips and up the back in the basque. This is open in front, rounded off, and worn over a real waistcoat. Coat sleeves and deep half cuffs; no trimming to the skirt. Round the jacket tabs closely studded large black wooden or pearl or cloth-covered buttons. Short plain drawers like under drawers, three inches below the knee. Cut open two inches up on the outer side, edged with one row of dark braid above the hem. Material, holland, light twilled cloth, tweed, or velveteen, according to the season.

Boys from eight to ten wear sailor suits. The generality of fashions furnished us from the continent for boys are so frightful and ridiculous, that we refrain from quoting them. The safest plan for mothers is to go to a respectable tailor and order a suit. When a fashionable tailor is found too dear, such firms as Moses & Sons, or Hyam's, both of Tottenham Court Road, and elsewhere, will be found to furnish appropriate garments.

Girls' skirts are made gored like those of ladies, the front gores sloped off round at the top. They are set in the skirt plain to the hips, and the back entirely gathered; all gored skirts should have false hems.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BATHING DRESSES.

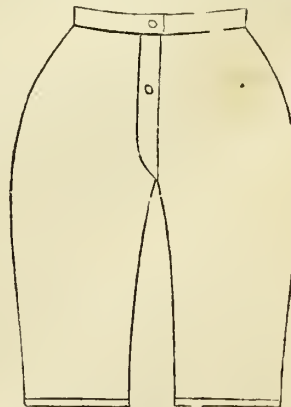
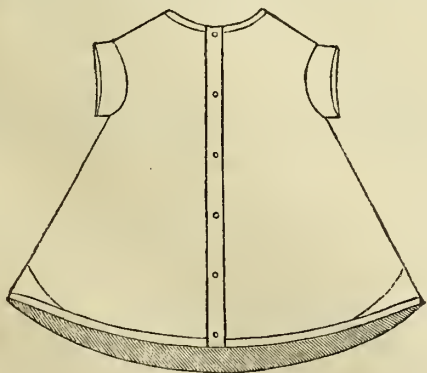
How can the proverbially modest Irish plunge into the ocean within sight of shore, as many of them do, in the unsightly, uncomfortable, and indelicate garments provided by the amphibious old lady on the sands, who smilingly



sacrifices little children at the salt shrine of Neptune? "Because of the expense," solemnly answers *materfamilias*. The expense—something like half a sovereign—about as much as she would give for a parasol, or half the cost of a best bonnet, or the trimming of a gown. If it cannot be afforded in addition, spare the money by foregoing some toilet luxury, or wearing a shabby costume a little longer. I cannot think how refined folks can bear to put on public bathing-gowns that they know not who have just worn, especially when we are aware that small-pox, scarlet and

Halve the chemise pattern down the front, plait the top of it to the Garibaldi across the bosom. Lay the pattern thus joined on a table. Flatten down the folds. This will give you the pattern of a bathing dress. Allow an inch extra in front. Take the back the same way. Cut this out of the serge. Stitch and fell the sides and shoulders together. Stitch a wide hem down each side of the front. Pipe the neck and hem the bottom. Put in two short sleeves by a chemise pattern.

In cutting the front of the jacket or blouse, which you



typhus fever cases are going by hundreds to enjoy the benefit of the sea-side, and that sea-bathing is the one grand remedy for scrofula and all skin diseases. An invalid is unjustified in assuming a gown that is to be worn by others;

can get out of one width of serge, first make a two-inch wide fold up the front. Afterwards split the front open. Make inch-wide hems and fasten with large mother-o'-pearl buttons. Two yards make the blouse. Two yards make

the drawers. Cut them by your ordinary pattern, but nearly down to the ankle, where they are narrow. Stitch and fell each leg ; then stitch both together. Make the opening at each hip. Set on a two-inch wide band, with a button, an inch over each side. Make a two-inch wide belt and rosette to wear over the blouse. The drawers are put on first. Edge the blouse all round with three rows of narrow braid, the skirt, neck, and sleeves and arm-holes. Edge the drawers the same way, and lay three rows on the band. The prettiest and neatest style is dark blue serge and scarlet braid. We recommend stitching for the seams, as it is stronger than running. Use ingrain cotton or thread, and do not draw the stitches over tight. A nice bathing boot, made of coloured felt in various shades, can be procured from Mr. Norman, of Oakley-corner, Westminster-bridge-road. It slips on and is secure without fastening ; is quite soft, and can be wrung out. It looks pretty, and protects the feet nicely on a stony coast.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The state of parties in France is a sad one to contemplate. They are all behaving like dogs over a bone—the bone being in this case power. United they succeeded in putting down the Commune, the common enemy of all ; now each endeavors to put down the other. The moderate republicans wish to force on an authoritative establishment of the republic, with M. Thiers as president for a limited period, for which purpose M. Rivet introduced a proposition to the National Assembly. The monarchists are equally intent on paving the way for the restoration of a sovereign, and therefore oppose M. Rivet's proposition. The ultra republicans are dissatisfied with the projects of the other parties, and are anxious to dissolve the Assembly for the purpose of having fresh elections, from which they expect an increase in their numbers. The chief of the executive, M. Thiers, is vain enough to desire the title of president, and illogical enough to seek to combine with it his position of president—in other words, to retain his right to speak on all subjects before the house. The monarchists are the strongest party in the Assembly at present, and are only restrained from carrying out their projects by M. Thiers' repeated threats of resignation ; for they are sensible enough to foresee that the carrying out of these threats might bring on another revolution, and they are prudent enough not to run the risk. A compromise partially meeting the views of M. Thiers is expected, in which case the strangest conglomeration of forms of government the world ever saw will for the nonce be established in France. The truth is, that while moderation on every side is indispensable for the reconstruction of French society, every party distinguishes itself by vehemence in the attempt to carry its own points.

There can be no doubt that France barely succeeded in evading a great danger last week. Now that the reorganization of the army has been settled on the system of passing through the service, for a limited number of years, every man capable of bearing arms, no matter what his rank or circumstances, the National Guards are made obsolete. These being local forces, like the state militia of each of the United States, could be no longer required under a system which will make of every man in the country a trained soldier. General Chanzy, therefore, brought in a bill for the abolition and disarmament of the National Guards, which was received with approval by the majority of the National Assembly. Many reasons combined to ensure this general approval for Chanzy's proposition—the chief being that the National Guards, as a body, were proved, in the late war, unequal to the task of repelling invasion ; that they never prevented insurrection, because, as citizens, they often shared the opinions or feelings of the insurgents ; and that, in the late disastrous affair in Paris, the National Guards who were opposed to the Commune did nothing to prevent the seizure

of the city, while those who defended it against the central government were members of the same body of citizen soldiers who were dupes of the wildest socialistic theories. But M. Thiers would not hear of the dissolution of the National Guards, and threatened to resign if the project were insisted on. A compromise was effected, by which the disarmament will take place gradually, as the new army system is being carried out. It is probably as well that this compromise was effected ; for the National Guards of Lyons, it is said, were prepared to resist disarmament by force. And when it is considered that the workmen of Lyons are even more saturated with socialist ideas than those of Paris, and that men rushed from all parts of the south of France to aid in the expected struggle, it will be seen what a grave danger was threatened.

As if there were not enough of danger and difficulty from other sources, the German occupation of France every day gives rise to fresh outrages, whose tendency is certainly not pacific. For instance, at Epinal a group of German soldiers, the worse for drink, accosted several women. Their husbands naturally came to the rescue, and were at once set upon by the soldiers, who used their sabres right and left. Two men received severe wounds about the back and chest, and one woman had her skull split open. At St. Quentin a row occurred at a wineshop between the peasants and the soldiers ; the waiter was nearly killed and the landlord arrested. At Pantin the Bavarians and the inhabitants are continually at war. A woman was assaulted by the soldiers ; a few hours later the body of a Bavarian, fully equipped, was found in the canal ; this is said to be the seventh German soldier discovered drowned there since the beginning of the month. At St. Denis, on Saturday, a wedding-party was arrested by the Prussians for breach of the commandant's orders, and, but for the interference of a third party, the bride and bridegroom would have passed the night in the military lock-up.

As regards her single important colony, France is likewise and most consistently unlucky. During the late war the French army of occupation was removed from Algiers to aid in repelling the Germans. The wild tribes whom the French ruled over in North Africa conceived that the time was 'opportunity for regaining independence, and so struck out at once. The French have been for months making vigorous efforts to suppress this insurrection ; but though they can win battles from their uncivilized foes, and take their towns by the power of artillery, they seem far as ever from complete success. The flame suppressed in one district breaks out in another. Latest advices from Algeria announce that all the villages of Yabra have been destroyed. General Sau-sior is waiting before resuming his march in front of Setif, for the column of General Thibaudier to establish itself at Bordji Mediana. Col. Nicot has completely driven some Kabyles out of the important position of Aghil. The rebel, Ahmed Bey, has threatened to attack two tribes that remained faithful to the French. Colonels Pousard and Nicot, having pacified the country between Cherchell, Zurich, and Noir, are operating between Noir and Tenes.

The great strike of the masons at Berlin has terminated, The organization of the masters was more perfect and more widespread than that of the men, and many of the latter have returned to work hopelessly beaten. The affair was carried out on the largest scale. At the commencement of the strike, says the *Weser Zeitung*, 6,000 masons left work. Of these 2,000, mostly unmarried men, have left Berlin, and about 800 have resumed work on the old conditions. Only 7 of the 287 builders and master masons of Berlin accepted the proposals of the workmen's committee, and the chief of these have since withdrawn their concessions, and are resolved only to employ masons on the old conditions

It is estimated that the strike has already cost the workmen about 200,000 thalers wages. According to their own statements, the money paid them in support of the strike amounts to not more than a sixth of this sum. The committee has only been able to give one thaler a-week to each family, and seven and a-half groschen extra for each child. The statement that the London "Internationals" have voted 15,000 thalers in support of the strike is not considered trustworthy.

According to the *Echo* the Punjaub has been thrown into a state of great excitement. The Hindoos have been insulted, or rather, what is of greater consequence, their cows have been so; and the insulters are the Mahomedan butchers. To add to the grievance of the Hindoos, a bone was thrown into a Hindoo well, and, in the most literal sense of the term, has proved a bone of contention. Loss of life has already ensued; and it is not clear how much more bloodshed has to be averted. A Hindoo organ wants the government to stop the slaughter of cows, and pathetically observes—"Such outrages on cows we can no longer bear." What is to be done? If the request were complied with, some would take up the cause of the vegetable kingdom, and declare—"Such outrages on cabbages and rice we can no longer bear."

There can be no doubt that cholera is very active in central Europe, and is gradually making its way westward. Cases are reported from Paris, while the epidemic has made its appearance in several of the Baltic ports. The central and north-western portions of Russia continue to be ravaged. The provinces of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Wilna, Riasan, Tamboy, Pskov, Olynetz, Novgorod, Yaroslav, Vladimir, Nishni-Novgorod, Velogda, Kostroma, Kasan, Tvor, Tula, Smolensk, Sarutov, Mohilev, and Suwalki, are officially stated to be infected. Moscow, Vladimir, and Suwalki—the latter, bordering on East Prussia, has spread the disease to German territory—are at present the districts most severely visited by the plague. Poland proper is as yet exempt. Trustworthy statistics as to the number of cases are wanting, but the vast extent of area, together with what he hears, leads the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* to the conclusion that the disease this time is not to be made light of. In Prussia, where the circles of Lyck, Pilkallen, Oletzko, and Intersburg have been attacked, Konigsberg remains the hotbed of the epidemic. In the seven days ending the 18th, that city had 130 deaths by cholera, among which 51 children below the age of 14. The preceding week but one-third this number had succumbed to the scourge. As a precautionary measure the police authorities throughout Prussia have been directed by the Home Office to pay the strictest attention to the state of the sewers and cesspools, which have to be daily disinfected and deodorised, and frequently emptied.

The United States can scarcely be a pleasant place to live in. To say nothing of frost-bite, sun-stroke, yellow fever, mosquitoes, panthers, bears, snakes, Indians, revolvers, bowie-knives, and the many other dangers to which the American citizen is exposed, there is a reckless disregard of human life shown by the speculators and companies, in their eager desire to acquire, that is perfectly appalling. Not a week passes without mention of some fearful accident, brought about by the carelessness of owners of railways, steamboats, mines, etc. A month ago, a holiday steamer with a party of pleasure-seekers bound to Staten Island blew up near the quay of New York, the explosion resulting in terrific disaster to the passengers. Now we have news that another mining disaster has occurred near Pittston, Pa., the scene of the terrible accident in the early part of the summer, when the beaker of a single-shaft mine caught fire, setting fire to the woodwork of the shaft, and all the miners below perished. To-day it was an explosion of firedamp in one of the adits in which eighteen men were at work. Five

have been brought out dead, and there is no hope of rescuing the others, as the force of the explosion blew down the props supporting the roof, which fell in, cutting off all means of escape. The place was known to be dangerous, but yet the men, it is said, were allowed to work there with open lamps, as is the custom generally through the anthracite region, where firedamp is much less frequent than in the bituminous coalfields. The names of the wounded show how largely the Pennsylvania miners are Welsh or of Welsh descent. From New York there is also an account of a steamboat explosion on Chantanqua Lake, near Maysville, New York, by which four persons were killed, and fourteen wounded; a repetition, on a small scale, of the Westfield disaster, the number of victims of which, up to the present, shows ninety-five killed, and 104 wounded.

By the American mail, which brings advices from New York to the 12th inst., we learn that a terrific tornado, moving from east to west, passed over Winneconne, Wisconsin, on the night of the 9th inst. A boon on the Wolf River, five miles above Winneconne, containing fifty million feet of logs, was broken up. The steamer *Star* was capsized, and Captain George Smith drowned. One of the raftsmen was also drowned. Rafterhouses were blown over and completely demolished, thousands of window panes broken, and thirty chimneys blown down. Grain in the shock was scattered over the fields, and all the corn is flat. The lumber interest suffers a great loss. The Roman Catholic church in Granville was destroyed by the storm.

The Blance rebellion, which has long impeded the prosperity of the fertile territory of the Republic of Uruguay, has at length been so completely suppressed that there is no probability of the renewal of any similar disturbance, as is apparent from the circumstance of the government having issued an amnesty of a most indulgent and comprehensive character, of which we learn by the following telegram, received *via* Lisbon, under date Monte Video, July 28 :—"Rebellion crushed. Rebels routed; losing infantry, artillery, horses, and commissariat. General Medina killed. Eighty officers escaped to Buenos Ayres. General amnesty proclaimed. Good results from pacification of the interior. Customs' imports greater than ever. Imports exceed previous years."

On Thursday week last, there took place at St. Cloud the funeral of the young Danish doctor, Emile Arendrup, who rendered most active services in the establishment of the ambulances at St. Cloud, and devoted himself with indefatigable zeal to the care of the wounded soldiers. The funeral service was performed in the open air, the catafalco being raised in the centre of a grass plot adjoining the ambulance huts, on the spot where a little tent-chapel is erected every Sunday for the celebration of the military mass. All the medical attendants, the aids, nurses, sisters, and convalescent patients of the hospital, as well as the soldiers of the neighboring camp, had followed each other to the spot during the day, and sprinkled with holy water the bier of their foreign friend. General Douay and his staff, the Generals Berthaut, Verly, and Faron, and officers from every division of the army, assembled to attend the ceremony. The mother of Dr. Arendrup was present, and his two brothers, both wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. St. Albyn, the well-known vocalist, lies in the last stage of consumption at Charing Cross Hospital. His last engagement was at the Globe Theatre, where he sustained the role of Falsacappa, the brigand chief.

The tale called "Consule Julio," and some other stories illustrative of contemporary French society, that have of late appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, are said to be from the pen of Mr. Grenville Murray.

Dr. Franz Listz has left Weimar for Rome, passing through Bavaria on his way south.

THE FISHERMAN.

FROM GOETHE.

The water flowed, the water rose,
A fisherman sat near ;
He watched his line with calm repose,
His heart devoid of fear ;
And as he sits, and as he hears,
The wave is cleft in two ;
And from the troubled flood appears
A water nymph to view.

She sang to him, addressed him then :—

"Ah! wherefore tempt away,
With human art and skill of men,
My race to fatal day?
Yet didst thou know how fishes fare
In happy depths below,
Thou, as thou art, descending there,
Shouldst first true pleasure know.

"Seest thou how sun or moon oft laves
Its visage in the sea?
Seem not their beauties from the waves
Yet doubly fair to thee?
Have not the mirrored skies a grace
When azure depths are clear?
Lures not thine own reflected face
In boundless water here?"

The water flowed, the water rose,
And bathed his feet the while ;
Deep in his heart sweet longing grows
As from his maiden's smile.
She spake to him, she sang to him,
And all was over then ;
Half led she on, half sank he down,
And ne'er was seen again.

H.

SKETCH OF A TOUR IN GERMANY,

INTERRUPTED BY THE WAR OF 1870.

It was in the beginning of the summer of 1870 that we left England for a long talked-of tour in Germany. Some of our party were well acquainted with the continent. They had already "done" the Rhine, explored the Black Forest, had Schiller and Goethe at their fingers' ends, and were always prepared with the right quotation at the proper place ; while we, whose first experience of foreign travel this was to be, were quite ready to defer in all things to their superior wisdom, and unhesitatingly to submit ourselves to their guidance. Everything combined to promise us a pleasant tour, cheerful companions, lovely weather ; never had the continent appeared more tranquil and more prosperous, and there was as yet no trace on the political horizon of that little cloud, which was so soon to burst over Europe in a storm of war and bloodshed. We did not meet with any remarkable adventures on our journey to Cologne, *via* Antwerp, and it was with no small feelings of expectation and excitement that we embarked the following morning on board the steamer to go up the Rhine. "Up the Rhine"—there is a certain magic in the words ; who has not heard of, and read of, and dreamed of, a journey on the Rhine, as the height of all that is most romantic, and picturesque, and poetical ? Still I am sorry to have to confess that I cannot get up the proper amount of enthusiasm about the Rhine ; I think, and shall always think, that its beauties are much over-rated, its vine-clad hills and ruined castles *sound* much better in poetry and guide-books than they *look* in reality, and there is a great deal of sameness, not to say monotony,

in a "Rhein-reise." Between Cologne and Bonn the scenery is flat and uninteresting ; and it is only as the steamer approaches the latter town that the charms of the Rhine-land gradually begin to present themselves to the view ; the Siebengebirge, with "the castled crag of Drachenfels," and, a little further on, the picturesque town and castle of Rolandseck, overlooking the island of Nonnenwerth, on which are still the remains of a cloister. Schiller's well-known ballad of "Ritter Toggenburg" is founded on the legend connected with this castle and convent. It relates how the knight, on his return from the Crusades, found that his betrothed had taken the veil ; in despair at her loss, he built the castle, and retiring from the world, he spent the remainder of his existence in solitude, watching the windows of the cloister, where he occasionally caught a glimpse of her as she passed to and from her devotions in the chapel of the convent. He lived thus but a short time, and his lifeless body was found with the eyes still turned towards the spot where she was accustomed to appear. "Very stupid of him," observed a prosaic member of our party, "he would have done much better if he had gone back to the Crusades, and had another brush with the infidels," and had he lived in this nineteenth century of ours, he doubtless would have taken some such method of killing his grief ; railways and steam-engines and the general bustle of life now-a-days do not leave much time for romance. The Lorelei rock, which we passed a little lower down the river, is pierced by a tunnel, and the shriek of the engine as the train rushes through, must long since have frightened away the siren, to say nothing of troops of Cook's tourists armed with Murray, and prepared to "do" the continent in the shortest possible time. While we were still moralizing on the reflections the legend of Ritter Toggenburg had given rise to, the vigorous ringing of a bell, followed by a rush of all the people towards the cabin stairs, announced that dinner was ready ; we hesitated, we did not wish to miss seeing the scenery, but on the other hand the calls of hunger were imperative, and prudence suggested that as we should not reach our destination till late at night, it would be wise to dine, now the opportunity presented itself. So we went down to the saloon, and from the large windows which extended up each side of it, we had still a tolerable view of what we were passing. We got a decidedly curious dinner ; very German—that is to say, very sour ; and they gave us the fish in the middle of the repast, and did various other things which seemed odd and eccentric in our English eyes. The company was a motley mixture ; there were a great many Americans, some Frenchmen, and a number of rather noisy German students from the university at Bonn, and some unmistakably English. One family in particular, who sat just beside us, and consisted of a very fussy consequential John Bull father, a quiet unobtrusive mother and daughter, amused us much ; they were evidently far from happy, the dinner horrified them, and they could not make the waiters understand their wants. Presently, the daughter, who had been studying the *ménù*, asked her mother what mutton was in French. She replied, she did not know, and desired her to ask her father ; the young lady then addressed the same question to him, and his reply was almost too much for our gravity. "I do not know, my dear," said he ; "I know beef is *rôte*, in French, but I do not know what mutton is." At this moment some one said we were passing Coblenz, and we rushed on deck to see this beautifully-situated town, and the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which has been called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It is situated on a precipitous rock 377 feet above the river ; it is said to be almost inaccessible, and has only twice succumbed to an enemy—once having been taken by stratagem in 1631, when it fell into the hands of the French ; and once reduced by famine, in 1799, after being four times besieged, it was again obliged to surrender to the French, who occupied it till 1801. The Rhine, from Coblenz to Bingen, offers a series of beautiful views, ruined castles, to each of which belongs its legend, pretty villages and vine-covered hills, but there is a

good deal of sameness about the scenery, and each bend of the river discloses a landscape so similar to the preceding ones, that the eye gets almost wearied. We quitted the steamer at Biberich, and did not get to our destination, Wiesbaden, till late at night. Shortly after our arrival we heard of the offer of the Spanish crown to the Prince of Hohenzollern, but no one seemed to imagine what the consequence of this would be, particularly when we heard that the offer had been refused; and on the 16th July, the announcement that France had declared war against Prussia filled everyone with astonishment. The news created the greatest consternation among the English; great was the excitement; and as the only authentic intelligence was to be had from the English newspapers, the *Times* was eagerly watched for and devoured by an anxious crowd. Indignation appeared to be the prevailing sentiment among the Germans; all spoke of the injustice of the war; and it would have been impossible not to admire the enthusiasm with which they declared their determination to sacrifice everything for the defence of their Fatherland. Proclamations were posted up in all the public places, calling in the Landwehr, and ordering all owners of horses, whether private or belonging to hack carriages, to bring them on a certain day for inspection by the authorities, when the best were selected, and, a nominal price being paid, were taken for the service of the army. We went to see the horses given up; many of the poorer people had tears in their eyes as they saw their horses, probably the only means they had of earning money, taken from them, but they did not complain. Large numbers of Landwehr daily came into the town; it made one sad to see them, in their blue blouses, with their knapsacks on their backs, taken from working in their farms, from their quiet homes, and to think how few of them would ever see those homes again. They were most of them quite young, and all looked melancholy, as well they might. The little town was in a great state of excitement, troops marching through every day, and every house had its share of soldiers billeted on it. In the hotels, which were now deserted by almost all their guests (who had fled in a panic at the first announcement of the war), the *table d'hôte* rooms were given up to the soldiers, and turned into barrack-rooms for their accommodation. At this time no one had an idea that the tide of war would have turned in the direction it did. The general expectation was that the French would enter Germany directly; indeed rumours of their having done so reached us daily; while the chance of a battle at Mayence, five miles off, and even a French occupation of Wiesbaden, were common topics of conversation. We held our ground bravely; the guests at our hotel diminished day by day, and still we could not make up our minds to give up the tour from which we had expected so much pleasure, and to return home without having carried out the plans we had made when leaving England, so short a time before. At last, hearing that there was every probability that the steamers on the Rhine would discontinue running, and that, as the trains were now all taken up for the conveyance of troops, there might be great difficulty in getting away later, we determined to leave and retrace our steps down the Rhine to Cologne, and thence *via* Ostend to England. Accordingly with feelings of great disgust and disappointment, we quitted Wiesbaden on the 30th of July. Our departure from the hotel was quite a scene—the servants weeping in the passages, and the proprietor, with a tragic face, said, as he put us into the carriage that was to convey us to the boat, “You are all gone to-day, and I am left alone.” Our progress down the river was very slow in consequence of the shallowness of the water; no rain had fallen for a long time; and the sailors had to sound every minute to keep us from running aground. We were the only passengers, a general flight of tourists having taken place some ten days before, and the captain told us it was the last day the large steamers would run for the present; on our asking the reason he replied emphatically, “Weil, der Rhein zu klein, und der Scandol zu groz ist.” We reached Cologne in the after-

noon, and remained there the following day, which was Thursday. We went to the cathedral in the morning; it was crowded with soldiers—mere boys, many of them; they all looked sad, and a great many women were weeping bitterly, knowing as they did how few, if any, of these poor men would ever return to that Fatherland they were now leaving, to sacrifice their lives to satisfy the ambition of emperors and kings. All night troops were arriving in the city, and we were kept awake by the noise they made as they marched past our hotel singing “Die Wacht am Rhein” at the full extent of their voices. This most inspiring air has a grand effect when sung thus by a body of men. The night before we left Wiesbaden, the military band which performed every evening in the gardens played it, and the people seemed quite mad with enthusiasm; they *encored* it over and over again, shouted and sprang on the chairs and benches singing the refrain—

“Lieb Vaterland mag'st ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein”—

until they really had to stop from sheer exhaustion. We left Cologne on Monday, and after a most disagreeable journey, owing to the long delays on the line, encumbered by troop trains, we reached Ostend in the evening, from whence we embarked for England; and though our disappointment was great at this abrupt termination to our tour, we felt glad that we had been in Germany at this time, that we had talked with the people, and seen the preparations for that great struggle, which has ended so triumphantly for them, and so terribly for their enemies. We do not pretend to judge whether this war was an entirely unprovoked attack on the part of the French, or whether the King of Prussia (now, by the course of events, Emperor of Germany) and his ministers did not assist in bringing it on; but we could not help sympathising with the warmth and patriotism of the people, as in the words of their national hymn they emphatically declared—

“So lung, ein arm die Buchse spaunt,
Betritt kein Feind hier dimen strand,
Lieb Vaterland mag'st ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu, die Wacht am Rhein.”

ONE HEART.

Nelly dear, I want a heart!
Shall I tell you why?
Wherefore that impulsive start?
Whence that tearful eye?
I am heartless, I allow—
Dry is life's red font:
And I honestly avow
'Tis *your* heart I want.
I am heartless, Nelly, sweet,
Since one eventide
When we met where aye we meet,
By the river side;
When, with first affection blest,
Pressed we heart to heart;
Mine, when I withdrew my breast,
Never thine would part!

GEORGINA.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Mr. Charles Reade will dramatize his new novel, “A Terrible Temptation,” and the Lyceum is spoken of as its probable destination.

Dr. Dollinger, who is just 70 years old, is a very abstemious man. He eschews tobacco and alcohol, rises at four, and goes to bed at nine. His library of 30,000 volumes occupies the whole house.

Miss Braddon has a new novel in the printer's hands, which may be looked for early next month.

The "Hogarth Club," which has just opened its house in Fitzroy-square, is restricted to working artists. A very large number of artists have already become members, among them many of considerable note.

Mr. E. T. Smith is making arrangements for a lesseeship of a Cremorne Garden near Florence.

Messrs. Offenbach, Dion Boucicault, and Raphael Felix have arranged to produce new comic operettas in English and French simultaneously at two London theatres.

Miss Bessie Palmer, the well-known contralto, will make her *debut* in English opera at the St. James's Theatre in September.

A new musical and theatrical organ, to be called *The Stage*, will shortly be issued. In addition to professional news, it will contain pictures of the principal scenes and actors in new pieces.

A new war pamphlet, "The Battle of Berlin," is causing a sensation in diplomatic circles, by its outspoken criticisms upon the Eastern Question.

The *Graphic* suggests that some portion of Greenwich Hospital should be devoted to the formation of a naval museum, for which abundance of objects could very readily be obtained.

The Chatelet Theatre, which stands on the banks of the Seine, opposite its twin, the Theatre Lyrique (ex Theatre Historique), is announced to have all but become the property of Mr. Frederick Strange. His ultimatum has been sent into the Luxembourg, now the Hotel de Ville *pro tem.*, and it is supposed that £100,000 cash will close the bargain.

The Earl of Durham has decided to erect a memorial near Lambton Castle to his late wife, who was a daughter to the Duke of Abercorn. Designs for a noble cross, founded on the proportions of one of the celebrated crosses of Monasterboice, have been prepared, and the work is to be executed by Irish sculptors in Dublin.

The *Musical Standard* announces that M. Gounod is going to settle in London, and purposes establishing a Conservatoire there.

The French artists, Saint Saens, Ravel, and Elise Deschamps, have been formally expelled from Parisian society, for having delighted German ears with their admirable performance at Baden-Baden this summer; and M. Pasdeloup, the popular conductor of the well-known classical concerts at Paris, has been severely taken to task by some of the French papers for performing the works of Beethoven and other celebrated German composers.

Dr. Thomas Nicholas has in the press a volume on the "Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and Families of Wales," with illustrations of the castles, etc.

M. Riviere will be assisted by Mr. A. Sullivan at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. Mr. Sullivan will conduct sacred and classical selections. Prince Poniatowski and Sir Jules Benedict have engaged to write new works. The orchestra numbers 100 players, exclusive of the military band. The chief singers promised are, Mesdames Cora de Wilhorst, Rudersdorff, Liebhart, De Meric-Lablache, D'Almaine, D'Anka, Mr. Whitney, etc. The Chevalier de Kontski, pianist, and some lady violinists are to be the solo stars.

Messrs. Moxon announce as immediately to be issued in their "Poets," "the only perfect edition" of Mr. Tupper's popular work, "Proverbial Philosophy." The entire series will be included in this volume, containing nearly five hundred pages, with portrait, memoir, etc.

The Beethoven celebration at Bonn was in every way remarkable. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the people of the town, and the amateurs and artists who crowded in from all parts of Germany. The town was universally decorated. The hall in which the performances took place cost £2,700, exclusive of fittings. It is named after Beethoven.

Madame Adelina Patti has left town for Hombourg, where she will sing in opera, with Madame Trebelli-Bettini as contralto.

MY BIRTHDAY.

They clash together with their tears,
The years that come and go—
They open with their sorrows, years
That mournfully flow.
Oh! let them go, or let them come,
Oh! let them onward strive,
My memory still remains not dumb,
Whilst nations are alive.

I live the past, and all to meet
The future ages' flow,
And men in many a land shall greet
My name down here below.
The shadow of its fame will live
In fame when I am gone;
I dare the future—dare the fate—
And dare my lot alone.

The meeting years will cross my path—
The present and the past—
The one that comes, perhaps it hath
The sorrows of the last.
The courage of another morning, too,
Is placed upon my life;
Dangers may be scarce or few,
My victory's in the strife.

I stand amidst the battle, now—
I dare its worst of pangs—
No victor's wreath is on my brow,
Dark cloud above me hangs;
I count my life by many a wreath;
In grief too soon I've marched,
And many a spot I've known to breathe
The air the cypress arched.

J. C. W.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

HOW TO SHORTEN DEMI-TRAINS.—The slightly trained skirts worn in the house and carriage can be easily shortened for a promenade. A loop of cord or a small ring must be sewn on the under side of the dress skirt in each back seam and in the centre of back widths. The side gores do not need to be shortened. A cord or tape is then passed through these loops, also through an eyelet-hole in the back seam of the side gore, and is tied outside of the skirt in front. The over-skirt hides the tapes in front, and the under-skirt is drawn up in a puff below the belt, that helps to give the stylish bouffant effect. To decide where to place the loops, measure the length of the train that hangs beyond walking-dress length, and put the loops half that distance below the belt.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES.—Costumes of black silk to be worn in September have the polonaise, and a single skirt. The entire costume is silk, with plaitings of the same; no velvet, but fringe and passementerie. The polonaise skirt is shaped in various ways, sometimes much shorter behind, with long and broad apron front; again, very long behind, with the front falling open, or closed by buttons or bows. It is bordered by fringe and passementerie, and the latter outlines a vest on the front. Ornamental buttons fasten the front, and passementerie ornaments are on the sides and back of the skirt, where the fulness is massed. The dress skirt has a single wide flounce, straight, in narrowest side plaitings hemmed top and bottom, and simply stitched on just below the top, and caught again half way down the flounce, letting the fulness below hang loosely. A cashmere polonaise made in the fashion just described will be much worn with single skirts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The EMERALD does not necessarily adopt the opinions of its correspondents.]

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—I send a translation of that chapter in Monseigneur Dupanloup's book, to which I made allusion in my first letter on the subject of female education. The work in question is one which should be in the hands of everyone interested in the "woman question;" and if L. L. is not acquainted with it, I would commend it to her attention. The eloquent Bishop of Orleans points out, with great force, the false and debasing theories with respect to women, which still retain such influence, and shows that so long as woman is regarded as the *property of man*, created solely for his service and convenience, so long will this monstrous theory produce the evil effects which we witness—men and women being both deteriorated by it, and misery unspeakable being caused by the denial done half the human race, of the "first and greatest need of human nature—freedom." It is vain to expect that such a state of things can be always silently acquiesced in; and everyone, either man or woman, who feels and comprehends the dignity and sanctity of freedom, must desire the abolition of what Monseigneur Dupanloup characterizes as a remnant of heathenism. The evil wrought by the unsatisfactory status of women is unbounded—it introduces distrust, dislike, and the consciousness of injustice between those whom nature intended to be the complement one of the other, and to live together in harmony and mutual help. In every department of life the evil is felt. A celebrated woman once remarked that all efforts for social good would fail until the masculine and feminine elements were combined in due proportion; and a still more celebrated man declared that the public and political life of Europe suffered grievously from the want of the feminine element, and prophesied, many years ago, that America would take the lead in the modern world, on account of the greater scope which women had in the States.

With respect to the history of the "woman question," of which "L. L." asks, I think it is easily to be understood why a widespread movement for "women's rights" did not arise till the diffusion of knowledge, the facilities for communication, and the awakening of liberal ideas became general. Mr. Mill, in his valuable book, "The Subjection of Women," with which "L. L." is, I presume, acquainted, has shown that the system of which he treats was sure to outlast all other forms of unjust authority; and that it is surprising that so many protests should have been made against it. In the Elizabethan times, despite the culture possessed by some women amongst the higher classes, it was scarcely possible that any collective movement on the part of the sex for the purpose of enfranchisement should have arisen. The world was not sufficiently advanced for such a movement; besides, the mind of that age was engrossed with the great religious changes which were going on. There was, however, some indication of thought on the subject, in a work which appeared at the beginning of the 16th century by a continental author, whose name I cannot recall. After a while voices began to be raised here and there on behalf of women. One of the earliest books on the subject, of which I have heard, was published in France, during the seventeenth century, in which the rights of women were maintained as unflinchingly as they now are by Mr. Mill. The wider action of the human mind in the ensuing century led to further utterances on this great point, and at the time of the French Revolution—that immortal protest against the ancient despotisms—some remarkable works appeared both in France and in England. Amongst these was a striking pamphlet by the celebrated Condorcet, in which the whole question of woman's disabilities and subjection is stated with great power and brevity. As facilities for education increased, and as women became participators in the benefits of culture, they began to distinguish themselves as authors, and it became evident that they would take a distinguished part in the advancing march of

the age. Such a woman as Madame de Stael was a living refutation of the theory of feminine incapacity. The larger minds and the nobler hearts amongst men rejoiced over the development of the female mind, and asked, "Can man be free if woman is a slave?" The more generous were moved by indignation at the wrongs of woman, and in France, during the present century, the enfranchisement of women was preached with great earnestness, and the appearance of a woman who should speak with authority on this point, was looked for as one of the signs of the times, and as the harbinger of a nobler state of society. But it has been in America that the movement has assumed its largest development, and there it has displayed, I am bound to say, some not very winning or admirable features. This, however, is constantly the case in every reforming movement, and in this special case is not surprising.

The great republic, with its democratic constitution, its assertion of the equal rights of all men, its unfettered press, and its fearless tone of thought, has naturally been the scene of a movement, in strict and necessary conformity with American development, political and intellectual. And, as thought now circulates with electric rapidity, the movement is growing each day, for as an American poet has said—

"Put golden padlocks on Truths' lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul o'er all the world leaps one electric thrill."

And despite ridicule, opposition, denunciation, and condemnation, I have no fear, as I said before, of the final triumph of the principles involved in the "woman movement"—which have been so well and clearly stated in the admirable essay which has lately appeared in your columns, entitled "Women's Sphere." The authoress of this very thoughtful and able paper says well that it is to be desired "that women should occupy a sphere in which they may attain to the highest development of their whole nature, moral and intellectual." She also points out very forcibly how groundless are the fears that a larger sphere of action and thought will render women unfeminine. The more scope and freedom we give to any living thing, the more its true nature will develop itself. The fear that if women are left to grow naturally, unfettered by artificial restraints, they will be no longer women, is surely a contradiction. I should be very sorry indeed to see women losing their womanhood, but I do not dread such a catastrophe. And so far from its being probable that the emancipation of women would cause "sweet love to be slain," I do not believe that love, in its divine beauty, its exquisite reciprocity of thought and emotion, can exist except between two beings who, however different, are both free—both equal—and who, in that equality, can look up each to each, rejoiced to find in the one some quality which complements the other. That this is the true ideal is witnessed by the fact that most men of any sentiment whatsoever gladly and spontaneously render homage to what they feel superior in a beloved woman; and that the theory which makes woman the inferior, and the mere subject of man (the theory so strongly condemned by Mgr. Dupanloup), vanishes for a while in the golden glow of love; and the fond reverence which a woman gives to her ideal of manhood, will have real value as given by a free being. As an exemplification of the ideal of love of which I have spoken, I shall conclude with the beautiful words of an Irish poet, which I quote even in preference to Mr. Mills' eloquent description of such a union, because, as the words of an Irishman, I am glad to commend them to my countrywomen—

"For still to me, dear friend, dear love,
Or both, dear wife,
Your image comes, with serious thoughts,
But tender, rife;
No idle plaything to caress, or chide,
In sport or strife;
But my best chosen friend, companion, guide,
To walk through life,
Linked hand in hand—two equal loving friends,
True husband, and true wife."

IERNF.

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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattau Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

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THE EMERALD:

THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 14.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]



THE AUTUMNAL HOLIDAY.

ONE of the peculiarities which help to mark the character of the present time, is the autumnal holiday. After months and months of work or idleness, or both, every one that can, from the noble to the clerk, leaves the scenes and the haunts with which he has been most familiar, and rushes off "anywhere, anywhere, out of" monotony. The active life of to-day, which even in amusements and pleasures is what the Yankees call "fast," begets in some a craving for excitement that must needs be gratified; in others a desire for rest, a longing for peace and quietude, which overbears all minor considerations; and not being able to command the personal services of the wings of a dove, falls back upon steamboats and railway trains, and at times more antiquated media of locomotion.

The former feeling hurries its victims to the busier haunts of men—impels them from city to city like so many "wandering Jews"—inoculates them with the odious mania of vulgar sight-seeing—drives them to the gaming-tables of Homburg or Baden-Baden—forces them to ascend Mont Blanc or explore the Matterhorn at the risk of their lives; and too often leaves them at the end of the holiday more jaded in body and mind than when they set out. This result has its uses, perhaps: for it may enable men, and women too, to settle down soberly to the monotonous round of occupations which go largely to make up what is called existence.

On the other hand, the more healthy desire for rest and recruiting woos people to the bracing air and still more bracing waves of the coast; or invites them to feast their eyes on the more varied beauties of the inland—on the swelling outlines of the mountains, the cool green of trees and fields, the shimmering beauty of sun-kissed lakes and rivers "glassing softest skies," the shady depths and graceful sinuosities of vales and glens, and the thousands of minor beauties which, combined with the Sabbath quiet of rural solitude, administer to the weary spirit a potent elixir, and rejuvenate the exhausted brain with a fresh spring of lovely thoughts and pure delights without alloy.

To those who choose the latter mode of spending their holiday, and who fly to other lands for scenes of beauty, we will ask—have you seen all that is worth seeing in your own country? If you have, there is nothing unnatural in seeking to extend the circle of your pleasures and information—nothing unpatriotic in being able to compare the beauties of other

lands with those of your own. But if you have not, we will say emphatically you act both unnaturally and unpatriotically. If, without giving yourself the opportunity of forming a judgment concerning the exquisite and varied lovelinesses of Irish scenery, you yet despise it, you are certainly unpatriotic. If, without despising it, you turn to other lands to look for delight to the eye and refreshment to the heart, you are as certainly unnatural. The cold indifference you manifest towards your own country, contrasts unfavorably with the natural affection which grows up insensibly in the breasts of the denizens of every land, the dwellers in every clime, for everything, whether beautiful or heroic, around which national pride can cling, and in presence of which national differences are banished and forgotten.

Perhaps there is not on the face of the earth, for its size, a country where the forces which, long ages ago, shaped the surface of the globe, have produced a greater variety of striking, picturesque, and beautiful forms, than our own island. Hollow in the centre like a basin, it rises all around outwards, and breaks into a series of fantastic mountain clusters, gorges, glens, hilly uplands, lovely lakes, and on the west coast stupendous cliffs and magnificent inlets, strewn about in such beautiful confusion, that one might fancy it was all the work of fairies in a fit of creative sport. From the basaltic columns of Antrim, which draw travellers from every land, to the ice-scored mountains of Kerry, there is not a patch of the island within thirty miles of the coast which has not its own special attraction. No need here to expatiate on the beauties of Killarney, which, though they do not receive the attention they deserve from the holiday-takers of Ireland, are nevertheless well-worn enough in print. No need either to descant on the loveliness of the Erne, which is even less visited and enjoyed by the thousands from Ireland who "do" Paris, London, Switzerland, or the Rhine. Cork harbor has received its due meed of praise in print; so has Bantry Bay, with the magnificent view from Glengarriff; Gougane Barra, that lake embosomed in hills, the very incarnation of solitude; the two Blackwaters, "the glory of Ulster, the beauty of Munster," and the Boyne; the Twelve Pins of Connemara; Wicklow, with its Dargle, its waterfalls, its superb glens, its lake "whose gloomy shore sky-lark never warbled o'er," its Luggelaw, its Vale of Avoca, its Lugnaquilla; the stern Galtees, with their Glen of Aherlow, most romantic of valleys; Lough Dearg, with its fringe of mountains casting their gloomy shade over its stretching waters and tiny islands; the lakes of Galway and Mayo; the archipelago along the coast of the latter county;

the Arran isles, with their extant evidences of a vanished race ; the stupendous cliffs of Mohir, calmly defying the shock of the Atlantic in its fury ; even the romantic highlands of Donegal, as yet but little known ; all these have been praised in print, tempted speculations in guide-books, and visited to a greater or less extent—though generally less.

Now when a native of Ireland has beheld all these in their widely varying aspects he may fairly believe himself entitled to a change of scene. And yet they are only the larger features of an exhaustless chain of beauties. One might wander for months in Kerry, without going nigh Killarney, or the localities of the guide-books, and yet feast his eyes on fresh beauties, striking and unexpected, every hour. The coast-line from Tralee to Bantry, including Dingle and Kenmare bays, will repay any tourist, weary of familiar paths, with an unending variety of nature's sublime pictures. Almost anywhere you choose to go in western Cork the same result awaits you. If you follow the course of the Bandon river from Dunmanway to Innishannon—which latter is a delightfully situated village, perched high above the river at the foot of a tall fir-clad hill, against which the stream brawls over its rocky bed in vain, and desisting from a useless effort bends sharply away into the valley—you will never regret it. Or if you choose to cross the Waterford hills from Youghal, and stand on the brow of that which overlooks the vale of Dungarvan, you will see the little town and its harbor at your feet—beyond, the rising upland yellow with corn—and for background the rounded domes of the Coome-raghs rising tier on tier, until on the broad head of the highest the blue sky seems to rest like the globe on Atlas' back ; while to your right is the unbroken sheen of the sea, with here and there a speck of sail, and to your left the peak of Knockmeledown starts up thirty miles away—the whole panorama not easily surpassed for magnificence and amplitude.

However, if we were to go on enumerating the less frequented scenes of beauty and grandeur which are scattered so profusely over the island, we would have to write a book. We had intended to say a word for the watering places, which are now tolerably numerous, and most of them rising rapidly, for instance—Bray, Bundoran, Dunmore, Rostrevor, Kilkee—but we have already exceeded our allotted space.

THE DEAD MONK'S FINGER—A LEGEND OF THE KREUTZBERG.

By J. D. DALY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Having accomplished this final disposal of the stolen finger, John Smith performed an act of great solemnity. Taking off his hat, and turning his face to the sky, he gave utterance to a declaration or vow to the following effect. He declared that if the finger ever reappeared again he would fully and freely accept it as a conclusive proof of supernatural agency ; that he would no longer cling to the belief that its constant reappearances were extraordinary coincidences and nothing more ; that he would repent and make restitution to the fullest extent, as the voice had repeatedly seemed to demand of him ; that he would sell all he possessed in the world, and give the proceeds to the Monastery of the Kreutzberg ; and, lastly, that he would enter that monastery and join the community, the humblest and most repentant of men.

Here our friend, the melancholy stranger, arrived at the last page of his manuscript. As he folded and tied up the sheets, he observed that he had only written out his extraordinary history so far up to the present time, but hoped to put on paper some day the remainder and most thrilling part.

"Meanwhile," he added, "it is getting late" (which was indeed the truth), "and I confess to feeling slightly confused by your hospitality" (also a fact), "so it may be better on all accounts to leave the narrative at its present stage until after breakfast in the morning."

Although recognizing the prudence of this suggestion, our feelings had been so wrought upon that we were most anxious to hear the rest of this singular man's history, and especially how the finger got out of the crater of Vesuvius. Indeed, I believe, we would willingly have sat up all night rather than leave our curiosity unsatisfied ; but our friend was obdurate.

"No, gentlemen," he said ; it will be better not. Not to-night—to-morrow *you shall know all*; and if ever human being deserved full pity and sympathy for suffering endured you will find that I am that being. I leave it, gentlemen, to your ingenuity to discover, if you can, between now and breakfast time to-morrow, an answer to that terrible question, how did the finger emerge from the crater of Vesuvius ?"

Beyond this we could not get him, and he left us for the night, wringing his hands and sobbing, and showing other symptoms of the most extreme distress and affliction. My friends and myself passed a full hour after his departure in discussing the man and his singular history, and in speculating as to how the finger made its reappearance, or seemed to do so, from the burning mountain. We agreed that he was a singular sort of monk, to say the least of it, and we were now unanimously of opinion that he was not exactly what could justly be called mad. We were undecided as to whether his narrative of the stolen finger was a pure hallucination, or had really some foundation in fact, which his nervous and obviously imaginative disposition had greatly magnified. We thought it possible that there was more than one finger mixed up in his story, and we recognized that, so far, at least, the frequent reappearance of the finger or fingers was fully accounted for, even in his own version, by natural causes. However, to us, as to him, the great point seemed to be *how the finger got out of the crater of Vesuvius*, and after various speculations we could make nothing of it. It was clear to us that the finger must have been destroyed in this instance, and its reappearance could only be attributed to supernatural agency, if it really did reappear. With that general and unsatisfactory conclusion, we parted for the night, to wait the solution of the mystery in the morning.

As I was undressing in my room, some one knocked at my door, and in response to my "Come in," the mysterious stranger entered, looking pale, nervous, and excited.

"Well," said he, pressing my hand, "you have been discussing the question as to how the finger got out of the crater. Now, how did it get out ?"

I told him as kindly as possible that we had arrived at no precise conclusion on the subject, and hinted that it would gratify me if he would there and then enlighten me on the subject.

"No, no !" he replied, "in the morning *you shall know all*," and thereupon he hurriedly made his exit.

CHAPTER IX. AND LAST.

The morning came, and we waited anxiously the promised conclusion of the story of the mysterious stranger, and the clearing up of the great question, how the finger reappeared from the crater of Vesuvius. My two companions and self breakfasted in silence, and afterwards waited for some time, with a little impatience, the reappearance of the monk. He was certainly slow in coming ; but then he had gone late to bed, and was decidedly (to use his own expression) "some."

what confused by our hospitality. Eleven o'clock came, and our boat was due at mid-day. We began to get uneasy, as we had no reason, beyond our interest in the story, to prolong our stay at Coblenz, or, indeed, to be there at all. I rang the bell for the kelner, and inquired if the monk had finished his breakfast yet. The kelner did not seem to understand, and I explained that I referred to the gentleman who had come with us the previous evening. Oh! if that was who I meant, he understood. Yes, the gentleman had had an early breakfast—at 7 o'clock—and had gone away immediately afterwards. He had left a note for me, with instructions to the kelner to deliver it when I asked about him. I immediately directed the kelner to bring me the note. He fetched it at once. The following is a copy of the missive:—

“Preusicher Hof, Coblenz.

“GENTLEMEN—I am deeply grateful for the great interest which you manifested in the narrative I have submitted to you. I have feared at times that you doubted my sanity, and I freely acknowledge that my excitement has more than once justified your suspicions. The case is indeed a most distressing one.

“What am I to do? You know my story, and you already know its end. You know that the marvellous and invariable return of the stolen finger at length brought me to complete repentance, and made me a monk of the Kreutzberg. But there is, alas! a missing link.

“*How am I to get that finger out of the boiling lava of Vesuvius?* That is what has absorbed all my faculties for some time.

“It is possible that my mental perturbation has prevented me from being sufficiently explicit, though I trust you have quite comprehended my position. In order, however, that there may be no mistake, I will repeat (*i.e.* if it is a repetition, of which I am uncertain in my present demoralised state of mind)—I will repeat that I am one of the most successful writers of legends of the Rhine. I do Rhine legends for Murray and all the best guide-book publishers, and have hitherto been remarkably successful. But in this legend of the Dead Monk's Finger I am brought to a full stop at Vesuvius.

“How am I to get out of the lava? I need hardly say to gentlemen of your intelligence and education that not even a finger of iron could come out unharmed from boiling lava, much less a finger of bone and sinew.

“What am I to do to get that finger out? The whole legend is spoiled unless I can solve that problem. A satisfactory solution of the question would be a clear 50 guineas in my pocket, to say nothing of an enhanced reputation as a writer of Rhine legends. If any idea on the subject occurs to you I beg that you will favor me with it. A letter addressed to me at the Post Restante, General Post Office, London, will reach me.

“Pray drop me a line if any solution of the difficulty occurs to you, and I shall continue to be, as I now am (for the many favors you have heaped upon me),

“Yours most gratefully,

“JEREMIAH O'FLANNAGAN.

“P.S.—There is a little bill of mine unsettled at the hotel. Counting on your generosity with the fullest confidence, I have mentioned to the landlord that you would settle it.

“N.B.—*How did the finger get out?* That is the question.”

We were struck dumb with amazement! Here was a precious ending to the “Legend of the Kreutzberg” and our interest in it! And the wine and brandy he had drunk, and the dinners he had eaten at our expense! And the five thalers we had given him for “the poor!” And the time we had lost over this swindler and his absurd story! Might all the plagues of Egypt fall upon him! Nothing but a resort to oriental forms of malediction could satisfy our rage, and having relieved our minds by the utterance of various curses *both* loud and deep, we came to a practical con-

sideration of the position. Clearly, we had been “sold;” the case was a most ridiculous one, and the less said about it the better. We paid our bills, settled that of O'Flannagan without demur, and got away from Coblenz as fast as possible.

It was some days before we were able to perceive and enjoy the humorous side of the adventure, for one is naturally slow in seeing a joke of which he himself is the victim. But we did at last attain that happy frame of mind, and were able to laugh heartily at our own simplicity, and the conscious or unconscious roguery of the scamp who pretended he was John Smith, of London, but who really bore the detested name of O'Flannagan.

THE END.

AUTUMN.

Hail! Autumn, crowner of the hopes of Spring,
Season of plenty, sunshine, and of mirth!
In thy full lap thou to mankind dost bring
Thine off'rings sweet from out the teeming earth—
Ripe fruit all bursting with their luscious juice,
Bright flowers low bending 'neath their blooming weight,
And rich grain, mellowed, ready for our use—
Thou holdest in thy hand the nations' fate;
Since all God's creatures—every living thing—
On thee depends for life-sustaining food;
Dire famine on this earth thou mayest bring,
Or harvests rich, according to thy mood.
Hail! beauteous Autumn, golden-haired maid,
How shall we pay thee for thy bounteous store
Of wealth? What grateful offering shall be laid
At thy pure feet to lure thee to our shore?
Shall we a garland twine of thine own leaves,
And flowers, and fruits, and ears of golden corn,
And form a chaplet such as Ceres weaves,
To crown the empress of full plenty's horn?
Shall we of fragrant blossoms form a chain
To bind thee to our hearts, and make thee stay
Till thou hast promised o'er those hearts to reign,
And rule them wisely with thy gentle sway?
Or shall we of the sunbeams make a crown
Of dazzling brightness to adorn thy head?
Since thou that sunshine ever callest down
To ripen all that gives us daily bread,
'Tis meet that it should shed upon the brow
Of Autumn its pure splendor; while its rays
Shine forth in glory, demonstrating how
The Creator worketh His mysterious ways.
Shall we acknowledge thee as queen of all
The other seasons?—which in truth thou art,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer, as they fall
On earth, still bear to thee a minor part,
Bringing expectation, blent with hope and fear,
While royal Autumn full fruition gives,
Fulfilling hope: with plenty thou dost cheer,
With bounteous hand, the heart of all that lives.
But vain it is to offer thee a gift,
For we have nought save what thyself hast given;
Unrewarded must we leave thee then, and lift
Our hearts and thoughts in gratitude to Heaven
For this and all the blessings He bestows
On us. Unworthy as we are, we'll call
In prayer on Him from whom all goodness flows,
And to Him give our hearts—our lives—our all.

C. B.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

JOAN OF ARC.

The triumph of the English arms at Agincourt had rendered Henry V. supreme in the north of France, whose unfortunate monarch, Charles VII., was reduced to the last extremities, having to contend at the same time against the regent Duke of Bedford, brother of "Prince Hal," and also against the Duke of Burgundy, who had lately enlarged his dominions, and who commanded the resources of Hainault, Brabant, and Holland. Marches, battles, defeats, had for some time made up the sum of King Charles' reign; his fortunes were opposed alike by inveterate enemies and treacherous friends; his finances were at zero; and every expedient was being tried to sustain the royal cause, when good luck brought to his assistance a real heroine.

On the day of the Epiphany, 1412, was born at Domremy, in the valley of the Meuse, a girl, the daughter of poor peasants, Jacques D'Arc and Isabelle Rommie. As she grew up, she is erroneously said to have served in a small inn near the town of Vaucouleurs, in Lorraine. There, however, she first attracted notice by her masculine habits and strength, and presently by her accounts of her visions and communion with the unseen world. The belief that she was inspired became an *idée fixe*, and she soon impressed her family and neighbors with a similar conviction. How are we to account for the "spirit voice" which she was assured she heard? Of the extraordinary influence of a strong imagination producing sensible images on the optic and aural nerves, we have many instances; some temporary, some more constant, as in the case of Swedenborg. Certain it is that Joan was an enthusiast, and no charlatan, as she was so long represented to be. The best burlesque poem ever written is intended to represent her as such; and (in his "Henry VI.") even Shakspeare, who represents her as a type of audacity, colors his conception of the Pucelle with the popular ignorance and hatred of the ignorant England of his time—he even represents her invoking the devils to aid her, and who quit her at the turn of her fortunes. Poor Joan, indeed, fared ill from great poets, until Schiller drew her more to the life in his drama. Voltaire, whose works are filled with the most contradictory views and opinions, nevertheless treats her as a truly grand and heroic spirit in his Universal History.

It happened that just at the time, 14th February, 1429, when the sceptre of Charles VII. was becoming more and more a shadow, the parents of Joan brought her to Sir Robert Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, with their story of her visions, her voices, and the intimation she had had "from above" that she was destined to drive the English out of France. On hearing this, he, doubtless, smiled and shrugged, but became so impressed when the girl began to speak—when he saw that she was courage personified—when he recognised the natural superiority of intelligence which Joan evinces from the time she appears in history—that, in accordance with her desire, he sent her with horses and six men as an escort to the king, then at Chinon—a maiden, as she called herself, inspired by divine grace to save the monarch and his kingdom. It is said that although the king approached *incog.*, she recognised him at once among his nobles. In an old chronicle there is an illumination of the meeting—the king in his state; a courtier introducing young Joan, who is then only in her seventeenth year, is middle-sized, black-haired, broad-chested, stately, with a high broad forehead—and two little pages whispering about the event in the background. The king, who doubted her inspiration, placed her in his household for two months, during which she never ceased to exhort him to give her men and support, that she might repel his enemies and exalt his name. He thought her unsound in mind, for she spoke under the impressions of her imagination, as a person inspired, superior to nobility and royalty; and the expressions she used with respect to her communion

with the Deity and the angels, were considered "dangerous to be believed, as well for fear of the anger of the Lord as for the blasphemous discourses they might occasion among the vulgar." After a while, however, impressed, like Baudricourt, or perhaps perceiving the use to which such an extraordinary enthusiasm could be turned, he had her armed, gave her a command, and a standard, "on which she caused to be painted the names JESU X MARIA." "All her conversation," says a contemporary writer, "was of God. She was a God-intoxicated woman; this caused many to have faith in what she declared herself to be." Learned clerks and prudent persons of rank examined her, to find out her real intentions, but she always replied—"Let the king but trust and support me, and I will drive the English out of France." The Maid, as she was now called, went with Charles to Poitiers, and thence, armed *cap-à-pied* and commanding a number of warriors, to convey provisions to the French then besieged in Orleans.

The English had been engaged in the siege of that city for seven months, and had reduced it to great straits by the fire from the sixty batteries and towers they had erected round the walls; for war was carried on pretty much as in Roman days, though firearms had been introduced a few years before. Joan's fame had preceded her. The citizens, delighted at her arrival among them, resolved to fight to the last. Charles had sent them reinforcements of 7,500 men, who, led by Joan, conveyed the provisions along the Loire to the town, and though attacked in force on the march by the English, repelled and drove them off.

Next day, after her arrival in Orleans, the Maid rose early, armed; addressed the army, and inspired them to attack the besiegers. They sallied out, attacked the wooden tower of St. Loupe, which was a powerful work and garrisoned by 400 English, whom she put to the sword or captured. Next day she made another sally with similar results, and the next led her men-at-arms against the tower which commanded the bridge, and in which "were the flower of the English chivalry." The fight was desperate, but victory followed her, for the most famous captains and knights fought beneath her holy banner. The English nobles—Lords Suffolk, Talbot, Scales—seeing their chief towers of attack burned, consumed the remainder, got the relics of their forces together, and marched out, expecting the French would advance to give them battle. Joan, however, perceiving that the enemy must retreat, and that the relief of the town was the first thing to be attained, prevented her warriors from issuing forth, and the English presently marched their much diminished forces away. On the 4th of May, 1428, the siege of Orleans was raised. The French took the field with some 6,000 men, and marched against the Earl of Suffolk, who was quartered at Gergean. He sent to the Duke of Bedford in Paris for aid, and 6,000 men were despatched. Forthwith Joan, the Duke d'Alençon, and other "captains," assault the town, take it, slaughter numbers. The English fly to Beaugency and thence to Paris. There is a consultation in Gergean. The princes ask her "What is to be done?" "Advance in God's name." "But where shall we meet the enemy?" "Ride boldly and you will be conducted to them." Both parties are on the advance, are near, yet unseen by each other. The French are at a large village named Pataye; the country is covered with woods and hedges; a company is dispatched to reconnoitre; they send out a stag, which runs direct to where the English are lying; they set up a shout and reveal themselves. Preparations for battle are instant. The plains are so covered with hedges, etc., that they have to fight on foot; so much the worse for the English, who are strong in cavalry; they are broken and fly, leaving 1,800 men killed, and many prisoners. All is over by two in the afternoon, when the French captains assembled to return thanks to God for their victory. Great are the rejoicings when they return to Orleans with their captives.

Meanwhile the Duke of Burgundy comes to Paris, where he renews his alliance with the English. Preparations for

maintaining the contest are made in several directions. Reinforcements, commanded by the Cardinal of Winchester, land at Calais, and proceed to Amiens. Picardy and Burgundy send their men-at-arms. King Charles's army is also largely reinforced. He goes to Troyes—where Henry V. wedded Katharine in Shakespeare's famous scene, and in reality—whose people open their gates; then advances to Rheims, which he enters 6th July, 1429, attended by a noble chivalry, and where next day he is crowned by the archbishop of the cathedral, surrounded by his princes, barons, and knights—Joan in full armour standing beside him, holding the consecrated banner. So grateful was the king for her services that he ennobled her family, conferring on them the title of Sys, with a moderate estate in land. Thus, the two objects which the Maid proposed were carried out. She had beaten the enemies of her country, and had her king crowned.

But the English were meanwhile preparing revenge. Bedford collected ten thousand men from England and Normandy, and marched towards Paris, intending to give the king battle. They met at Epiloy: for two days Joan, whose dictates were still supreme, hesitated as to the commencement of the struggle, which took place on the third. Great was the slaughter on both sides; victory on that of the French. Both parties were inflamed with hatred, and neither was quarter given or ransom taken that day. The French then took Compiegne, and some months afterwards, led by Joan, attacked Faeuquet of Arras, a commander of the Duke of Burgundy, and overthrew his force, and beheaded him. The duke of Burgundy was shortly after engaged in rallying his army between Condun and Compiegne. On the afternoon of Ascension day (*i.e.* on the 24th May, 1430, scarcely a year after the deliverance of Orleans) the Maid and some of her captains sallied out of the little town, in force some 600 horse and foot, for the purpose of attacking the host of Sir Bando de Noiselle, who were stationed at the end of the causeway of Marigny. The tocsins sounded; the English formed their forces in battle array along the meadows of Venetia, and so much did they appear to outnumber the French, that a retreat was ordered by the latter in the direction of Compiegne, leaving Joan to cover the rear, she being anxious to save as many men as possible. They would have got safely into their lines, but for a strong reinforcement of Burgundians coming up, who charged the rear guard on the open plain. Here a knight dragged Joan, who was severely wounded, from her horse, and sent her on to the Count of Vendome, at Marigny, who put her under strong guard. The English declared they were more rejoiced at her capture, than that of five hundred combatants. Their army, and that of the Burgundians, drew up in martial array; the air was filled with shouting. Joan of Arc was then sent, guarded by Sir John de Luxemburg, to the prison of Beaulieu, where, as in other places of duration, she remained many years. The Regent Bedford, a good representative of those barbarous days, deemed a severe punishment necessary. The university of Paris charged her with heresy, witchcraft, and decided either as the puppets of the regent, or from a mingled spirit of ignorance and revenge; and she was declared a superstitious propheticess of the devil, a blasphemous of God and the saints, etc.; and, as such, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to fast on bread and water. During her examination, being asked "why she dared to assist at the consecration of Charles with her standard?" "Because," said she, "it is but just that the person who has shared in the toil, should also partake of the honor."

STREET WATERING IN ROME.

The following is the exact description of how they water the street in Rome:—

First.—Paolo leads the horse that draws the water-cart; this answers two purposes—it gives Paolo something to do, and it keeps the horse in the right course.

Second.—Giuseppe swings about a gutta percha tube that

hangs from the barrel. For this the reasons are obvious: if it were not kept swinging there would be a little stream in the middle of the street, instead of a gentle rain all across it; and also, it gives Giuseppe a cool and lazy day's work.

Third.—When the barrel was filled with water, some one forgot to replace the bung, so Jacopo has to sit on the aperture to prevent the water dashing out.

When the authorities introduced the western form of water cart, the Romans justly remarked that instead of giving an easy occupation to two or three men, only one person was required to manage the cart; so they broke the machine, or threatened to rise in insurrection; in short, things looked grave, and it was thought better to go back to the old plan. Here in Ireland we sometimes reason about things in this somewhat fallacious Roman fashion.

GROUSE.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

"The waters will ebb, the waters will flow,
And dreams will come and dreams will go
For ever."

While the nightingale warbled her sweet sorrow-strain,
And poured her full heart in her tremulous song,
Whose music, half hushed by its exquisite pain,
Died fainter and fainter the forest among;

By the old castle ruins, deserted and bare,
Was no sound but the wan waves that moaned as in pain;
And my heart, sad with thoughts of the old times that were,
Grew faint with wild yearning and dreams that were vain.

In old mirth lurked a sadness, old hopes breathed despair;
Seemed dim dead faces to flit to and fro;
In the shadowy beauty of death, phantom-fair,
The form of the woman I loved long ago

Stood silently "there in the faint crimson streak
Of the sunset that flushed all her bosom and hair,
The eloquent blood mantling soft on her cheek,
With the strife of the rose and the lily still there;

And the self-same deep violet eyes that she had;
Her breast's snowy splendor in its own soft unrest;
And the light of her smile, half sweet and half sad;
And the white rose her dainty lips pressed;

And still on her finger the old love token,
The troth-ring I gave by the trysting tree;
And the tender old words, in the tender tones spoken,
On the waves of remembrance came borne back to me!

Sweet the old love-look o'er the fair face stole,
Her hand linked in mine, and her rich fragrant breath
Pulsed soft o'er my cheek, while her lips drained my soul
With the warmth of their passionate kisses to death!

In the dream-haunted twilight faint-whispering I swear
The tender old words in the tender old tone—
Where, where shall I flee from my heart's wild despair,
And the agony left by a dream that has flown?

Harrow.

P. T. B.

THE GARDEN.

HINTS ON THE CULTIVATION OF MIGNONETTE IN POTS FOR WINTER BLOOMING.—In the month of September there are always plenty of seedling mignonette plants to be found in the garden. Choose those with about six leaves, take them up carefully with a good ball of earth. The roots are very delicate; if injured at all the plant has no chance of living. Plant in six-inch pots. Two plants may share the same pot. The soil should not be rich. Keep them in the shade until they show signs of growth. Leave them in the open air until there is danger of frost. When brought into the greenhouse they should be given a very sunny place.

Water sparingly, avoiding the leaves. If larger plants are taken up, the blossom should be nipped off on transplanting. The lady who has kindly given these instructions is never without mignonette during the winter.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

The London season is over; London is dismal and deserted. To the uninitiated and unfashionable, the great metropolis would seem to be at its best; the parks and public gardens never more beautiful. The bright sun has found its way into the gloomiest streets, bestowing a cheerfulness unknown to them for more than nine months of the year. The broad thoroughfares seem handsomer than ever, and palaces, churches, and fine buildings display their architecture against a blue sky, and have cast off for a time their half-diaphanous veil of fog and smoke. It is the fashionable drives and promenades that are deserted and melancholy—the shops that are dismal and depressing. The elegant millinery, the charming robes, the glittering jewelry, the tempting nick-nacks, are no longer beheld. The attractive window-dressing, that is an art in itself, is neglected. Probably “the dresser” has obtained his holiday, and is now at the seaside, revelling in the unaccustomed luxuries of freedom and fresh air. All sorts of half-soiled, half-crushed, old-fashioned articles crowd the windows of west-end shops, and the commonplace, tasteless way in which they are displayed is the only thing that makes us conscious how clever the usual arrangement of the articles disposed to tempt the public must be. Even “annual sales” and “selling off” are pretty well concluded now. Shops which made a great display of “reduction of prices,” and tempted a crowd for awhile, have sunk into a kind of dull apathy. But there are still great bargains to be obtained by the seekers of such. Dresses of buff cambric, yard wide, for 3s. 6d. the complement of twelve yards; fine muslins of equal length for 5s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. each dress; washing silks from 25s. to 30s.; parasols for 2s. 6d. Muslin and cambric dresses have been sold at remarkably low prices this year. Cambrics, or percales, as they are technically called, with handsome patterns, can be had for about 7d. or 8d. per yard; muslins as low as 3½d. of a coarse quality, a fine one for 7d. or 8d. Piques are selling at 9d. and 1s. per yard, and the cretonne chintzes at 9d., 10d., and 1s.—the latter in extremely handsome patterns, with green, violet, buff, and black grounds.

Plain decided buff dresses are now scarcely ladylike for outdoor wear. In the house they are acceptable, and always look fresh. Extremely pale buff muslins are unobjectionable. Dresses of Holland do not look well when once washed. But there is a new material, closely resembling brown Holland, but closer and richer looking, and appearing to be a woollen fabric. This is a French cambric—cool, and very desirable both for children's and ladies' dresses. We recently saw a little girl in a costume of this, made with a plain skirt, and tunic edged with a frill and looped up. The frill was set on with a heading, and run on a cord. Both edges were finished with narrow Cluny lace. The bodice had a similar frill round the neck, and down the front a frill run in the centre. Bell sleeves, with coat sleeves under, both trimmed with a frill like that on the tunic. A sash of the material was edged also with lace. Dresses of this kind look equally rich in town, country, or seaside. Cottons and cambrics of shades of browns or grays, trimmed with washing lace or braid, are very much worn. Also a new material is a grenadine, similar to the French cambric above described, but so fine as to be like grenadine. These dresses are embroidered with sprigs of silk—blue, green, or crimson. They are very ladylike, very new, and very pretty.

Shades of subdued buff or brown Holland color harmonise better with deep crimson than with blue—a combination English ladies rarely seem to understand, but which the French constantly make. In fact, deep crimson or damask

is a *better* complement to any yellow shade than blue, which contrasts too violently, and produces a gaudy harsh effect. Before the season quite broke up we observed a charming morning toilette on a beautiful young foreign lady, driving round Rotten Row. Her dress was of the Holland-colored new French cambric we have already described, very simply made. She wore an Italian straw bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, straw ribbon, and a damask rose. Her waist-band and a bow at the throat were of a deep damask red or dark crimson.

Muslin tunics over colored silk skirts will be very much worn as the season becomes too chilly for muslin alone. Indeed, many ladies always prefer them. A plain long skirt and muslin body and tunic—the tunic of ample size, and cut by our “shawl” or “polonaise” pattern, may be merely hemmed and looped up each side, or it may be edged with lace or a frill. Short dresses and dresses long enough to float slightly on the ground, generally bear a flounce. The latter, however, can be worn plain. We will describe a couple of muslin over silk dresses that are more elaborate.

1st—A blue silk short skirt and high square body, inside under the body folds of tulle across the bosom. On the skirt large vandykes not very wide, half a yard deep, made of muslin ruche. A box-plaited flounce between, following the vandykes, being under them only. Thus the flounce is vandyked at the top, and the upper spaces between the vandykes are plain. Above this two muslin frills, one over the other, covering the head of the muslin vandykes, the top one with a heading. Tunic of muslin. Apron front caught together at the back. In this, first two frills, one over the other, as on the skirt. A space and one frill with a heading. At the back over all a full double panier falling over the vandyked flounce on the skirt. A broad sash with long loops in two sets one over another, and long ends. A bow above at the waist. The square body is edged with a muslin or lace frill, and a blue ruche above. Coat sleeves with over cuffs of deep frill, puffy lace ruffs, square in shape and mingled with blue bows.

2nd dress.—Bright brown silk. Single rather deep flounce. Above that a double puff of silk, with a narrow frill at each edge, the whole overlapping the flounce. High body of silk. High body of muslin. Tunic like the first, but the front edge with only one frill. Above it lace insertion, run with brown ribbon; no sash. A brown waist-band, and double loops and ends of wide ribbon on the hips towards the back. Double loops and skirt ends at the back of the neck, lying on the back of the bodice. These are fixed in places, so as not to be disarranged in walking. Bell sleeves with double ruches, headed by insertion, run with brown.

In the skirt of the dress are a series of straps from the waist nearly to the bottom of the flounce. Each strap is a puff of muslin, with a frill each side, and rounded across the lower end, where it finishes on the skirt. Where the frill joins the puff, each side is a row of brown velvet. At the end above the rounded frill a handsome, wide, brown bow. This sort of trimming is very effective and stylish, and not expensive. With care it can be worn a season without washing, and may then be cleaned and restored, if desired.

A very elegant dress can be made as follows—Long skirt, very deep flounce, headed by a full ruche. On one side of the front, at the top of the flounce, place a triple bow and two ends of sash ribbon fringed out. Panier open in front, sloped away and caught towards the back with a ribbon bow, sloping down behind to the flounce. Bodice high behind, low and square before, with a ruche round, bell sleeves drawn in to the arm above the wrist, with a full frill, and under frills of muslin. A ruche round the armhole and above the frill, and from the armhole to the frill two ruches joined at the armhole, but apart at the wrist, where a bow unites them. The centre of the sleeve is open (or not), showing the white muslin sleeve. On the body there is a bow at the bosom, and another at the waist. This dress

is very pretty in azure blue silk, the flounce, panier, and frills and puffs of white muslin, edged with lace. The bows of black terry ribbon or velvet, with very pale blush pink roses; a large rose in each large cluster of bows, and a rosebud in the small ones. A plain mauve dress also looks pretty thus, with tea-roses; a pink dress with damask roses.

An afternoon dress is thus made—Skirt just on the ground; two flounces, each headed by a quilling; panier in four pieces; open in front; two tulip-shaped pieces each side of the front; two very large pieces pointed to corres-

pond, frilled into the side seam, and caught off at the centre of the back; all edged by a frill, headed by a quilling of ribbon. Bodice trimmed as a high one behind, and low square in front, and round the armholes, with quilled ribbon; two rather long, square coat ends put on behind, trimmed with a frill and a quilling; hanging sleeves, edged with a frill and quilling, and deep muslin under-sleeves.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.



Fig. 1. Pattern for Braiding Children's Frocks.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PATTERN FOR BRAIDING CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

Fig. 1.—Stitch on the braid, folding it over to form the corners. To wash well, braid should be stitched or run with

a back stitch at both edges. For white braid use I. and W. Taylor's Eneachordia Cotton No. 8, and H. Walker's Patent Ridge-eyed Needle No. 7. Work executed with good cotton and needles, presents a superior appearance to work done with inferior materials, which is apt to seem clumsy.

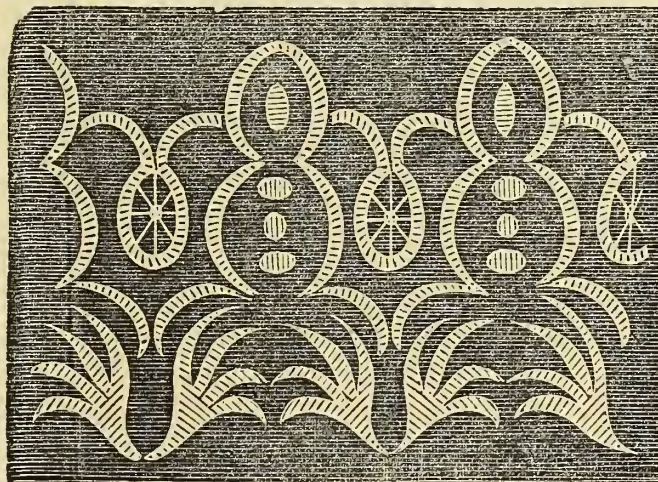


Fig. 2. Muslin Embroidery.

Fig. 2.—Muslin Embroidery.—Trace the pattern. Run it with I and W. Taylor's Embroidery Cotton, and H. Walker's Elliptic Embroidery Needle to raise it. Over the raising work in satin stitch. The elliptic needles will be found to

facilitate embroidery considerably. The ordinary needles, on account of the coarseness of the cotton, stick at the head instead of passing through readily. The size of cotton, etc., must depend on the material in which the work is executed,

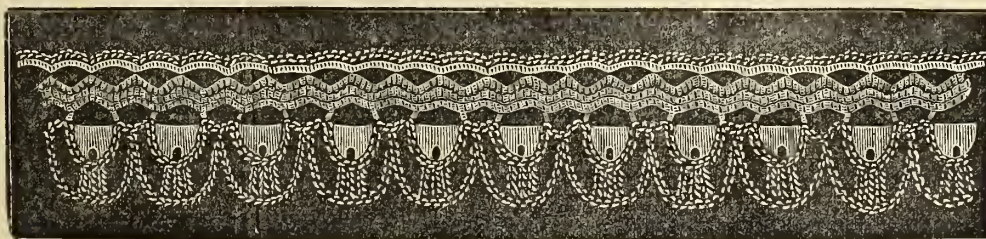


Fig. 3. The Baby's Edging.

Fig. 3.—The Baby's Edging.—The materials: I and W. Taylor's Crochet Thread No. 6, H. Walker's Penelope Hook No. 3, a piece of fine waved vandyked braid. First row: 1 double through the 1st wave, then 7 chain, and 1 double through each of the next waves to the end, and fasten off. 2nd row: *, through the first loop of 7 chain work 1 double, 1 chain, 2 treble, 1 long, 2 chain, 1 long, 2 treble, 1 chain, and 1 double, and through the next loop of 7 chain work 5

chain and 1 double, and repeat from * to the end, and fasten off. 3rd round: *, through the first loop of 4 chain work 4 treble, then 5 chain and 1 double through the next 5 chain, 5 chain, and repeat from * to the length required, and fasten off. Along the top, as a heading, work 5 chain, and 1 double through each wave to the end. The second row should be formed of 7 double through each loop of 5 to the end, and fasten off.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The state of affairs in France remains critical enough. As we intimated last week, a compromise has been effected between the majority of the National Assembly and M. Thiers on the question of the presidency of the republic, which, to say the least, creates an unusual position. M. Thiers, by the law now passed, is immovable president as long as the present chamber remains in existence, yet, nevertheless, is permitted to retain his seat amongst the deputies, with full liberty to speak on any question whenever he may feel so disposed. He is, in fact, his own prime minister, but from the immovable nature of his position as president is almost entirely free from the responsibility to the chamber which naturally attaches to prime ministers in other assemblies. Nevertheless, strange as the anomaly may seem, it is not without excuse. The assembly must have felt that it could not at present afford to expel its most eloquent member and its most experienced, though not most consistent, statesman. One thing in the arrangement is well worthy of remark—namely, that all parties in the chamber have agreed by a large majority to the establishment of a republic, though only as a provisional measure ostensibly. Yet it must seem peculiar, to even the least thoughtful, to find such a solution for the difficulties of France adopted even temporarily by a chamber which counts amongst its members eight dukes, with marquises, counts, and barons in proportion, and more than one-half of whose members bear names indicative of noble ancestry. M. Gambetta proclaims with great confidence that if the present chamber were dissolved the mass of newly elected deputies would be sent in by the people of France pledged to establish a permanent republic ; and the action of the monarchical representatives, who erect a temporary one coterminous with their own tenure of position, lends force to the assertion of the late dictator, commands attention to his words they are not in the habit of receiving generally, and gives them an authority quite different from his usual wildly enthusiastic republican utterances.

After four weeks of questioning, recriminating, accusing, and defending, the trial of the first batch of the Communist prisoners has been brought to a close, and the verdict of the court-martial has been promulgated along with the sentences imposed. This first batch included all the members of the late Commune who, surviving the capture of Paris, fell into the hands of the government ; as also Lullier, a naval officer who deserted his colors and went over to the Commune at the beginning of the disturbances, and at one time held the position of commander-in-chief of the Communal forces. This man, who is generally said to be mad, the court-martial found guilty of desertion and decoying soldiers, and sentenced to death ; but the government have already commuted the death punishment in his case. Another, named Ferre, whom the evidence pointed to, more or less clearly, as the promoter and prime mover in the abominable massacre of the hostages, has been likewise sentenced to death ; but to him there is small chance of governmental clemency being extended. Urbain, a schoolmaster, and Trinquet, a shoemaker, have been found guilty of all the charges preferred against them ; but extenuating circumstances—such as saving lives and property in peril—having been proved in their favor, they were sentenced not to death, but imprisonment with hard labor for life. Against every other member of the Commune all the charges imputing personal dishonor have been thrown out by the court-martial. Assi, Billioray, Champy, Regere, and Ferrat, are acquitted of all complicity in arson and murder ; but being active promoters of the Commune, are sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress,—a penalty less severe than that before-named. The others are sentenced to various terms of transportation and imprisonment, with graduated mitigations of hardship. Courbet, the painter, will receive but six months' imprisonment in a political prison—a very trifling punishment indeed—and Clement but three. Two of the accused, Parent and Des-

camps, have been acquitted. It will thus be seen that though the mode of trial was one which we who live here could not approve of, and though the manner in which it was conducted—receiving all sorts of loose hearsay evidence and general statements, without testing the truth of the witnesses by cross-examination—is utterly repulsive to our notions ; nevertheless, the court-martial has exercised a vast amount of discrimination. Indeed, the general feeling is one of astonishment—not only in Paris, but almost everywhere—at the lightness of the sentences ; a leniency unparalleled after civil war, save by the conquerors in the gigantic fratricidal struggle which for four years rent the United States. Nevertheless, we cannot but think the court-martial acted wisely and patriotically in the matter ; for after civil strife the important thing to take into account is, after all, rather to lay the foundations of future concord, than to take vengeance on the guilty for their crimes. If we could combine both it would be most satisfactory ; but the experience of history, especially modern history, is against the likelihood of this combination ; and consequently we regard with great interest the methods taken by the existing government of France to strangle the demon of discord which has so long scattered misery and bloodshed over that fair land.

The stronghold of Mahomedanism and polygamy in Europe—that offence to civilization and Christianity—Turkey, is always in trouble of some sort, either from within or without. Despatches have been received at the Porte, according to the *Levant Herald*, reporting the junction of a portion of the Catholic Albanians with their Mussulman comrades in revolt against the government, followed by a fierce encounter between the troops and the mountaineers. The governor-general had ordered a general disarmament, and this was carried into effect on the 18th ult. Whether it was this measure which fanned the flame of revolt or the news of the withdrawal of the recall of the unpopular *vall*, certain it is that the Catholic mountain tribes immediately flew to arms, and marched upon Scutari to the number of 4,000 men. At two or three hours' distance from the town the rebels were met by the whole of Mehemet Ali Pacha's division outside the walls, and an engagement ensued, in which the Albanians, with their old flint locks, were literally mowed down by the modern rifles and mitrailleurs of the soldiery, and driven back in wild confusion to the hills, leaving, it is said in one despatch, 2,000 killed and wounded on the ground—although this number is probably exaggerated. According to the latest despatch—received, of course, from the government side—it was not until the commander-in-chief had made a fruitless effort at conciliation, and the Albanians had themselves opened fire upon the troops, that extreme measures were resorted to ; and then (says the despatch) “we only had to mourn the loss of a few martyrs, but the mountaineers fell by hundreds under the breech-loaders of our infantry.”

For several months past, the leading statesman of the Porte has been in a most precarious state of health, or rather of illness. The grand vizier, Ali Pacha, was the right arm of the present Sultan ; and being of a jealous disposition, contrived to banish every other able man from the councils of his sovereign. His death now would, therefore, leave the Sultan in a very awkward position. Nevertheless, nothing else may be expected, for we learn from a telegram of last Monday from Constantinople, that Ali Pacha continues in a very precarious condition, and Mahomet Kabrioli Pacha is also seriously ill. It is feared that the death of both is merely a question of hours. Kimmil Pacha, the president of the council of state, or the present Minister of Marine, will probably be appointed vizier *ad interim*. The actual successor, however, will not be appointed until after the expiration of a month.

We have again to call attention to the ravages of cholera ; and though the coming cold weather decreases the proba-

bality of its introduction here, it is, nevertheless, as well to keep the attention of our readers awake, lest they might grow careless on the subject of preventives. We read that at Czimochon, a village in the district of Lyck, in Prussia, containing only 470 inhabitants, there have been 89 persons attacked with cholera, the malady proving fatal in 46 cases. The most complete measures of precaution have been taken to prevent the epidemic from spreading. Cholera now prevails more or less through Prussia. As regards Russia the news is no more reassuring. The following appears in a Lombard telegram from Warsaw, dated August 29:—"The cholera epidemic continues to rage in Lithuania with unabated vigor. From the official reports published, it appears that more than half the cases occurring prove fatal. In Wilna the epidemic has recently attacked the upper classes of society, the wife of the Governor-General Potapoff falling a victim to it."

This is truly the international age, in which everything can be satisfactorily arranged between peoples save international law. We have had international exhibitions, international railways and telegraphs, international shooting matches (at metal targets, and with the most peaceful intentions), international band contests, international prize-fights (to the glory of civilization), and international horse-racing, foot-racing, yacht-racing, and boat-racing. Of the latter about the most remarkable was that in which two boats' crews with their crafts left the Tyne to compete with American oarsmen on their own waters. At the first race, on the Kennebecasis river, Renforth, the champion of England, exerted himself so violently that congestion of the lungs supervened while he still handled the oar; nevertheless he pulled away until he fell down at last in the boat, and he died in two hours afterwards in the arms of his comrades, the victim of his own immense muscular strength.

The special reporter of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* telegraphs from Halifax, Nova Scotia, a detailed report of the great four-oared race that took place there on Thursday. The weather was boisterous in the morning, and the race was postponed till the afternoon. Seven crews were entered—two English, from the Tyne, Chambers' crew (late Renforth's), and Winship's crew; one from the States, Coulter's crew; one from New Brunswick, the St. John's crew; and three local crews from the neighborhood of Halifax, Pryor's crew, Roche's crew, and Barton's crew. All these crews rowed except the St. John's crew, and their absence from the race gave rise to all manner of remarks on their want of courage, and led to the circulation of very unpleasant rumours about Renforth's death. From the character of the course, there was great advantage in the inside berth, and this advantage Winship's crew got when the lots were drawn for places. When the Renforth crew, stroked by Chambers, appeared on the water, they were received with most enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the crowd. The six crews got very fairly away, but before three strokes were made Chambers' crew appeared in front, and steadily increased their lead, till at the end of the first fifty yards they were two boats' lengths ahead. At two hundred yards Winship's crew rather gained on Chambers', but at the end of two miles Chambers' crew still led all the boats by fifty yards. The race appeared a certainty for them; but unfortunately they had a mishap in turning the buoys, which lost them full 200 yards. Winship's crew quickly took advantage of this misfortune, and never lost it. The race during the last three miles was very severe. Chambers' crew, although practically out of the race by their misfortune, never slackened a stroke, but rowed gamely on to the finish. Winship's crew came in winners by three boats' lengths; Prior's, crew second; Chambers', third, only two lengths behind; Coulter's crew fourth; Barton's crew fifth; Roche's last. There were 50,000 persons present. Great sympathy was expressed for Chambers' crew, who had rowed under such adverse circumstances, and would certainly have won had it not been for the misfortune that befel them.

While we are on the subject of international matches, it may be as well to state that Friday afternoon week witnessed the sailing of the *Livonia* for New York. Her mission is to race the champion American schooner for the Queen's Cup won by the *America*, owned by Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, at the Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes, nine years ago. The New York Club have met Mr. Ashbury's views, and agree to sail a yacht selected from their fleet against the *Livonia*, vessel for vessel, so that the merits of the competing craft will be satisfactorily tested. Handsome a model as the *Livonia* undoubtedly is, she has hitherto failed to realise the expectations formed of her, but a recent overhaul has resulted in her being got into better trim, and a yacht is never seen at her best in her opening races. It is the opinion of many yachtsmen, however, that the *Cambria*, which competed in vain against the New York craft, when she first sailed was both a faster and better sea-boat. The vessel to do battle for America has not yet been chosen, but the *Sappho* may not improbably sail, and the second week in October is spoken of as the time of meeting in American waters. Mr. Ashbury is desirous of sailing a series of matches.

Another accident, says the *Swiss Times*, has occurred in mountain climbing, which, as usual, is the result of great imprudence. M. Fritz Bodmer, a student in the Polytechnic School of Zurich, left the Hotel due Piz Bernina on the 21st inst., to make the ascent of the Piz Tschierva, going by way of the glacier of Rosegg; and, notwithstanding the earnest advice which was given to him to take a guide, persisted in setting out on his dangerous expedition alone. Ample time having been allowed for his return, but without anything more having been seen of him, his friends grew greatly alarmed, and sent a party of men, headed by an experienced guide, to search for him. On reaching the summit of the peak, a note in M. Bodmer's handwriting was found, containing these words:—"Arrived at 2 p.m. Will return by the glacier along the platform under the glacier of Rosegg." Now this glacier contains many deep crevasses, and the party not being able to obtain any further trace of the missing gentleman, although they made diligent search for him, were obliged to conclude that he had fallen into one of these fissures and perished, and we think that there is only too much reason to fear that this will prove to be the case. M. Bodmer was the only son of a professor in the second school of Zurich.

West Indian storms are rather stiff, if they be in general like one of which a telegram from New York informs us that "a hurricane and some earthquakes occurred at St. Thomas on the 21st inst. Not one house escaped without being damaged, and hundreds are destroyed. One hundred and fifty persons have been killed or wounded."

Those who remember Mr. Walter Montgomery as the leading stock actor of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, many years ago, and since as a star performer on the same boards, where he was always welcome, must learn with profound regret of the melancholy termination of his existence and prosperous career. It was only on Wednesday week last that Mr. Montgomery was married, at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, to Miss Laleah Burpee Bigelow, an American lady, and the announcement appears in Saturday's papers. He returned from a brief wedding-tour on Friday evening, and proceeded to his residence, 2 Stafford-street, Old Bond street. Shortly after his arrival, at about eleven o'clock in the night, the report of firearms was heard in his apartment, and it was found that he had shot himself with a small pistol, which he appears to have placed in his mouth. Medical assistance was immediately procured, but life was extinct. At the coroner's inquest the evidence went to show that the unfortunate actor had overworked his brain for years, one gentleman deposing that he went through as much mental labor as six men; that for some years back he manifested extraordinary irritability, which was generally

regarded as extreme eccentricity ; that his circumstances were prosperous, and his recent marriage happy ; whereupon the jury returned a verdict of insanity. The funeral of Mr. Montgomery took place at Brompton cemetery, on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock. The convoy was small, and all the undertaker's arrangements were conducted with a decent simplicity. The attendance of the members of the theatrical profession was tolerably large. Amongst the American actors present were—Messrs. Dan. Leeson, H. Wall, F. Allen, and H. Palmer, manager of Niblo's Gardens. The English stage was represented by Messrs. T. C. King, Fernandez, George Jordan, Walter Joyce, H. Vincent, Brittain, Wright, G. Shore, Lilly, L. Fredericks, J. Royston, and E. Atkins. Miss Woolgar, and also Miss Cleveland, who had played with the deceased in some of his Australian engagements, attended to pay the last tribute of friendship to the deceased. After service in the church of the cemetery, the remains were lowered beside those of T. P. Cooke ; and Mrs. Montgomery, wife and widow in the same week, knelt over, and dropped the wreath of orange blossoms she had worn at the altar over the coffin. The scene was very touching, and more than one stranger was moved to tears.

According to the *Buffalo Express* of the 29th ult., five persons have perished this summer by being swept over the Falls of Niagara, of whom two were carried over in a boat during the last week of July. No living person, it is said, saw the terrible event or witnessed the agonised struggle which they doubtless made against the fate which had overtaken them ; but the circumstantial evidence is such as to leave no question but that they lost their lives in the manner stated. Alexander Lanclot, a French Canadian, had for some time resided with his wife and three children on Navy Island, where, doubtless, he has been visited at his house by more than one to whose eyes this record of his loss may come. On the 26th ult. he crossed in his boat to Chippewa for the purpose of getting supplies. At the usual time he did not return, and the distress of his family grew greater and greater when hour after hour passed without bringing any tidings of him. At Chippewa, too, others were seen in mourning, for when the news reached them that Lanclot had not returned to Navy Island, it was made known that he started away from the shore at twelve o'clock that same night, accompanied in his boat by a man named Edward Bogardus, belonging to that village. The route they were obliged to take lies but a little way above the rapids. Some mischance—the breaking of an oar, or some such fatal visitation—must have set them at the mercy of the current, which irresistibly bore the hapless boat to the rapids and the cataract brink, over which it and its occupants were hurled. The friends of the lost men remained in suffering suspense until the 18th, when all doubt as to the tragical occurrence was set aside by the discovery, below the Falls, of fragments of their boat and a flour sack which they were known to have with them. Neither of the bodies have been recovered.

A piece of heroism at sea is reported, which we deem too striking to pass over. A contemporary describes it in the following words :—Few of the wrecks that were caused during the recent gale are of a more painful description than the loss of the schooner *Petrel*, of Thurso, the crew of which were landed at Dunbar, on Wednesday forenoon, by the fishing-smack *Edouard Auguste*, No. 44, of Ostend, Louis Vantomme, master, and six of a crew. Donald Brander, the master of the lost vessel, reports that the *Petrel* left Sunderland on Tuesday for Thurso, with a cargo of lime-shell. All went well until Thursday night, when the vessel was caught in the gale about twenty miles to the north of Kinnaid's Head, and blown right out to sea. About midnight the heavy seas, that were continually breaking over the vessel, ignited the cargo and set the schooner on fire. To add to the distress of the crew, the small boat had been stove in by the violence of the storm, and was made

quite useless. During Friday the gale continued to blow with great violence, and the vessel to burn, and nothing was left for the crew but to remain in the doomed ship. During the height of the storm on Friday, a brig was sighted, and signals of distress made ; but such was the violence of the gale, and the fury of the sea, that the brig was driven helplessly before them, and could render the schooner no assistance. Friday night was passed in the burning vessel, the crew expecting every moment to fall victims either to the sea or to the flames. On Saturday morning, however, the storm abated somewhat, and the perilous position of the crew was observed by the smack *Edouard Auguste*. The smack bore down upon the vessel, and though there was still a tremendous sea running, the master, Vantomme, put off with several of his men, and succeeded, after great difficulty, in rescuing the whole of the crew of the *Petrel*. The *Petrel's* crew are somewhat scalded about the legs and arms, but not seriously, and have lost all except the clothes they wore. They were treated with great kindness on board the Belgian smack. The cabin was given up for their use, and everything possible done to promote their comfort and convenience. The smack had been seven weeks out, and was short of provisions, and, after getting the crew on board, sail was made for the mouth of the Frith, and the crew, four in number, were landed at Dunbar yesterday. The *Petrel*, which belonged to Mr. Robert Miller, Thurso, was left burning off the Dogger Bank. Messrs. Barclay and Co., Belgian Consuls, took charge of the smack, and the crew of the *Petrel* were forwarded to their homes by Mr. Jaffray, banker, agent for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. This is the second time that Vantomme has rescued a crew from a similar position.

ON MUSIC.

Every reader of the EMERALD who is at the same time a lover of music, must have read with delight and interest the beautiful essay on the Ancient Music of Ireland which appeared about six weeks ago. The very spirit of Irish melody breathed in this charming piece, which could only have been written by one whose appreciation amounts to genius, and to whom the wild and plaintive music of her native land is the vital expression of the history, the character, the sufferings, the memories, and the aspirations of its oppressed, wronged, maligned, but most gifted and most sensitive people. Would that the matchless music of Celtic Ireland were more loved and prized amongst those who are now, for good or evil, amalgamated with the nation, and who cannot, however they may injure her, dissociate themselves from the land of their birth. Were they rocked in their cradles to the airs in which the soul of Ireland dwells—did they drink in their inspirations through the impressionable years of childhood—it could scarce be but that they should feel the subtle spell throughout their whole being, and that the cold indifference or the bitter bigotry of the alien should melt into that passionate love of the dear old land which is born in all her true children, and cannot expire, except with life ; nay, I will believe that it does not die with the mortal frame, and that the last wish and prayer of the exiled Irish girl, that her spirit might revisit the green hills of holy Ireland, whilst "foreign mould lay hard and cold" beneath her buried head, was one of those intuitions which fulfil themselves.

Perhaps there is no influence which more entirely permeates the whole nature (always supposing that it is an appreciative nature) than music. An American poet has called it "one of God's best ministers," and those who have often felt it

"Loosen the serpent which care had bound
About the heart to stifle it"—

will re-echo the saying. A French author of exquisite taste and sensibility has said—"On admire ce qu'on voit ; mais on sent ce qu'on entend." The essence of our deepest feelings, our sweetest emotions, our best inspirations, floats

upward on the "tides of music's golden sea," and we feel borne by it beyond the narrowing bounds of our poor mortality, into "eternity, our due." I have sometimes thought that if there was one gift I should desire more than another, it would be to weave those enchanted melodies which carry the soul into the region of the infinite, and enable it, divining the mystic melody of the universe, to say with calm triumph—

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear;

Each sufferer has his thought, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear,

The rest may reason and welcome—'tis we musicians know."

Next, however, to this rare and divine gift, is the power of appreciating music, and this power may be cultivated so greatly as to raise and etherealize the whole nature. A continuous and dutiful attention to true music, a careful perusal of the best writings on music, will educate one who, however defective in genius, has some music in the soul. It is now some years since I have had the delight of listening to any of the gifted interpreters of the mighty masters in the art; indeed, with one or two exceptions, recalled the more vividly from the pleasure they afforded, it is years since I have heard music at all; and as I cannot call forth any sweet sounds myself from any instrument, there is a chance of cold silence intervening between the cherished remembrance of a time when I listened entranced to the strains of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Haydn, rendered by the magic genius of Joachim. A magnificent passage in music, which a friend has lately pointed out to me in "Consuelo," has recalled my musical recollections, and acting on the suggestion of the same friend, I have translated the passage in question for the readers of the *EMERALD*, feeling sure that many will peruse it with the same intense pleasure which it has given me. I fear, however, that I have been unable to convey in another language the exquisite beauty of style which renders the French of the authoress of "Consuelo" such a well-spring of delight to any one who appreciates that language. One of the concluding sentences will be recognized as the opening quotation of the Essay on Irish Music; the translation will therefore be read with interest in connection with the essay. The wonderful description of the national music of Bohemia might have been written for that of Ireland, of which it has been said, in a similar spirit, "that whole ages of wrongs and woes have breathed themselves forth in the plaintive wails of the Irish melodies."

TRANSLATION FROM "CONSUELO."

"There is a species of music which may be called natural, inasmuch as it is the product neither of science nor of reflection, but of an inspiration which soars above rules and conventionalities. This it is which is the music of the populace, but especially of the peasantry. What beautiful melodies are born, breathe, and die amongst them, without being ever honored by a correct notation, or limited to the definite version of a composition! The unknown artist who improvises his rustic ballad whilst watching his flocks, or whilst guiding his plough, finds it difficult to retain or to formulize his fugitive ideas. He communicates this ballad to other musicians, like himself the children of nature, and these carry it from hamlet to hamlet, and from cottage to cottage, each one modifying the original air after his own genius. Therefore, these pastoral songs and tunes, so piquant in their naïveté, or so profound in their sentiment, are gradually lost for the most part, and seldom exist for more than a century in the memories of the peasantry. Trained and educated musicians do not generally take any trouble to collect these airs. The greater number of such musicians disdain these melodies, not possessing the intelligence or the sentiment necessary to appreciate them; others are disheartened by the difficulties which they encounter, when they attempt to discover the true and original version, which, perhaps, exists no longer even for the author, and which has certainly never been recognized as fixed and in-

variable by its numerous interpreters. Some have altered it from ignorance; others have developed, ornamented, or improved it by their superior genius, because instruction in the art of music had not taught them to restrain their instincts. Indeed they were probably not aware that they had transformed the original air, and their simple auditors were no wiser. The peasant does not examine or compare. When heaven has created him a musician, he sings like the birds—above all, like the nightingale, who is always improvising, though the key note of the ever-varied song is always the same. Besides, the genius of the peasant is of unlimited fertility; he does not need to register his productions; he produces them continually, like the earth which he cultivates; he creates at all times, like the nature from which he draws his inspiration.

"The heart of Consuelo was endowed with all the innocence, the poetry, and the sensibility, which comprehends such music, and loves it passionately. She was a really great artist, and the learned theories which she had studied, had nowise injured that freshness and sweetness which belong to inspiration and youth. . . . The wild chants of her mother had been to her the source of poetic life, and her memory had never ceased to draw from this fountain. Consequently she was deeply touched by the music of Bohemia—a music which is the voice of a pastoral, warlike, and enthusiastic race, who are grave and gentle, and yet possess all the elements of force and activity. In this music she felt new and striking characteristics. Albert interpreted it with an intense realization of the national spirit, and the pious enthusiasm which had created it. In his improvisations there breathed forth both the deep melancholy and the thrilling anguish which slavery had impressed on his own character, and on that of his people; and this mélange of sorrow and of valor, of exaltation and of despair, these hymns of remembrance, broken by the cry of woe, were the most perfect and profound expression both of the unfortunate Bohemia and of its unfortunate son.

"It has been truly said that emotion is the aim of music. No other art arouses so sublimely the deepest sentiments of the human heart; no other impresses the soul so profoundly with the glory of nature, the beauty of reverie, the characteristics of races, the tumult of their passions, their languors and their sufferings. Regret, hope, horror, meditation, consternation, enthusiasm, doubt, faith, glory, repose, all these and more music bestows on us, and takes from us, according to the measure of its inspiration and to the extent of our reciprocity. She even creates actual scenery for us—and without descending to such puerilities as the effects of mere sound, and the narrow imitation of real sounds, she enables us to see through a mysterious veil, which enhances and etherealizes them, the exterior aspect of the spots to which she carries our imagination. There are certain strains which bring at once to our mind's eye the grand phantoms of ancient minsters, whilst, at the same time, they place us in rapport with the souls of the builders, as they knelt within the fanes they had raised to chant their devout hymns. For those who know how to express powerfully and truly the music of peoples, and for those who know how to listen to it, it is not necessary to travel round the world, to visit various nations, to enter their national buildings, to read their books, or to traverse their plains, their mountains, their gardens, or their deserts. A Jewish chant, truly rendered, will make us free of the synagogue. Scotland, with its history and scenery, is mirrored forth in a Scottish air, just as Spain is in a Spanish melody. In this way I have often visited Poland, Germany, Naples, Iceland, and India, and I know more of these lands and of their peoples than if I had studied them personally for years. In a moment I am amongst them and live their life. It is the very essence of this life that I feel when I hear their music."

I will send you at another time a translation from another French author, which it will be interesting to compare with the above splendid piece of eloquence.

IERNE.

THE GALLANT COMRADE.
(From the German of Uhland.)

I had a gallant comrade,
And a better ne'er could be ;
The war-drum called us loudly,
Forth to the battle proudly
We marched in company.

A bullet whizzes towards us !
Brings it death to either heart ?
Alas ! he's wounded sorely,
At my feet he lies before me —
He of myself a part.

His hand he feebly proffers
While I my charge renew :
"My hand can grasp thine never,
But in the great For-Ever
Be thou my comrade true."

C.

ELISE.

(From the French of Chateaubriand.)

See, the coffin descends ! with the unsullied rose,*
The pale tribute of woe which a father has paid :
Thou hast borne them, O earth ! and in thee shall repose
The fresh flow'r and young maid !

Never, never to this world profane them return—
To this poor world of suffering, misfortune, and woes !
The wind blights and destroys, the sun withering doth burn
The young maid and the rose !

Poor Eliza, you sleep—whose years hurried so fleet !
Ah, no more is your fear of the fierce summer hour !
Now the fresh early mornings of both are complete,
Of the maid and the flow'r !

* It is a French custom to lay flowers (especially white roses) upon the coffin, and around the dead.

INTERESTING NOTES.

The short Dublin season of Italian Opera commences on Monday next, under the management of Mr. Mapleson. There are two valuable novelties among the artists—Mlle. Marie Marimon, a soprano of the lighter order, who took London by storm this year ; and Signor Agnesi, baritone, a finished singer and actor. "Anna Bolena" and "La Figlia del Reggimento" are the (comparative) novelties in the repertoire.

A new collection of Essays and Lectures by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is announced.

The Royal Academy of Belgium has just elected Mr. W. P. Frith a member of its body.

Charles Fechter lies seriously ill with an affection of the throat.—*Boston Advertiser*.

A volume of stories and speculation, by Mr. R. Dale Owen, the spiritualist, entitled "The Debatable Land between the Two Worlds," will be published immediately.

The late Mr. George Ticknor left a revised copy of his "History of Spanish Literature," which has been sent to press, and will shortly appear.

Mr. J. T. Fields intends to publish in a collected form his reminiscences of Thackeray, Dickens, and other writers, which have in part appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., announce a popular edition of Thackeray's works, in monthly volumes at five shillings each. The first volume, "Vanity Fair," will be issued on the 1st October.

Madame Ristori, the great Italian *tragedienne*, is about starting for a campaign in the Danubian Principalities, where she has never yet been heard. She will give representations at Bucharest, Galatz, and Odessa.

Mr. Swinburne is about to send to the press the "Pre-lude" to his unfinished poem, "Tristram and Iseult," itself a

poem of considerable length and importance, being several hundred lines long.

Mills, the pianist, is up at the Catskill Mountains, catching trout. At last accounts he was hauling out about two hundred a day. He takes a piano with him, and plays with one hand and fishes with the other. But then Mills can do anything.—*New York Weekly Review*.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CHOLERA AND AUTUMNAL COMPLAINTS.—To oppose cholera, there seems no surer or better means than cleanliness, sobriety, and judicious ventilation. Where there is dirt, that is the place for cholera ; where windows and doors are kept most jealously shut, there cholera will find easiest entrance ; the people who indulge in intemperate diet during the hot days of autumn are actually courting death. To repeat it, cleanliness, sobriety, and free ventilation almost always defy the pestilence ; but in case of attack, immediate recourse should be had to a physician. The faculty says that a large number of lives have been lost, in many seasons, solely from delay in seeking medical assistance. They even assert that, taken early, the cholera is by no means a fatal disorder. The copious use of salt is recommended on very excellent authority. Other autumnal complaints there are, of which diarrhoea is the worst example. They come on with pain, flatulence, sickness, with or without vomiting, followed by loss of appetite, general lassitude, and weakness. If attended to at the first appearance, they may soon be conquered ; for which purpose it is necessary to assist nature in throwing off the contents of the bowels, which may be done by means of the following prescription : Take of calomel 3 grains, rhubarb 8 grains ; mix, and take it in a little honey or jelly, and repeat the dose three times, at intervals of four or five hours. The next purpose to be answered is the defence of the lining membrane of the intestines from their acrid contents, which will be best effected by drinking copiously of linseed tea, or of a drink made by pouring boiling water on quince seeds, which are of a very mucilaginous nature ; or, what is still better, full draughts of whey. If the complaint continue after these means have been employed, some astringent or binding medicine will be required, as the subjoined : Take of prepared chalk 2 drachms, cinnamon-water 7 oz., syrup of poppies 1 oz. ; mix, and take 3 tablespoonfuls every four hours. Should this fail to complete the cure, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of tincture of catechu, or of kino, may be added to it, and then it will seldom fail ; or a teaspoonful of kino alone, with a little water every three hours, till the diarrhoea is checked. While any symptoms of derangement are present, particular attention must be paid to the diet, which should be of a soothing, lubricating, and light nature, as instanced in veal or chicken broth, which should contain but little salt. Rice, batter, and bread puddings will be generally relished, and be eaten with advantage ; but the stomach is too much impaired to digest food of a more solid nature. Indeed, we should give that organ, together with the bowels, as little trouble as possible, while they are so incapable of acting in their accustomed manner. Much mischief is frequently produced by the absurd practice of taking tincture of rhubarb, which is almost certain of aggravating that species of disorder of which we have now treated ; for it is a spirit as strong as brandy, and cannot fail of producing harm upon a surface which is rendered tender by the formation and contact of vitiated bile. But our last advice is, upon the first appearance of such symptoms as are above detailed, have immediate recourse to a doctor, where possible.—*Beeton's Household Management*.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUESTIONS.

Will anyone kindly give me some slight account of the Abercorn College in Dublin ? When was it founded, and what is the course of education pursued there ?

IERNE.

"WOMANLINESS."

A very pertinent question was asked in the last issue but one of the *EMERALD*, namely, "In what consists the *womanliness* by which we lay such store?" Well may we ask, for this womanliness is deemed more than the equivalent of many precious things. You may advocate higher mental culture, professional careers for women; you may prove that they stand in need of fresh fields for remunerative work; you may show beyond dispute that occupation is almost synonymous with health and happiness; and that a woman's energy, under existing circumstances, is often forced to throw itself away upon trifles that are certainly far from worthy of the time they take, and quite undeserving the name of employment. Do all this, and more than this, and you will still be met by the objection, "Learning makes a girl unwomanly; professional life would unsex her. The only womanly work is to be found at home."

Clearly, it is thought that it is better women should be useless, dependent for support on their male relatives, discontented and unhappy, than that they should follow their instinct or ambition, become self-helpful and useful to a larger circle than that of the family; and this decision is arrived at because it appears in the novel position to which many a woman's inclination leads her she would lose "her womanliness."

I crave a definition. What on earth is this charm, to be preserved at the cost of so much that is desirable—almost essential? It can hardly be moral work, for that would not suffer from a woman's having a large sphere of action. It is not any gift of intellect, for surely the mind gains by being exercised; and it is not anything outward, any kind of physical beauty, for that would not be injured by an education that should aim at developing a woman's best and noblest qualities, or a career that called them forth. Many tell me that "womanliness" is a subtle charm that does not depend for its existence on the great gifts of head or heart. Some say "womanliness" is "fascinating weakness," and they add that it is irresistibly attractive. It was so to David Copperfield when he met with it in Dora; but the "womanliness" of which she is typical, does not stand the wear and tear of daily life.

Why should we be so anxious to keep up the supply of it?

They tell me it is charming for a woman to give proof of her dependence upon men; it is in a high degree "womanly." Thus, it is attractive for a woman not to be able to take care of herself—to require an escort for every expedition she may wish to make. It is interesting to be afraid of strange dogs, to scream a little (and tunelessly) at the approach of danger of any kind, even if it should come in the form of a wasp. There is a charm in not understanding Bradshaw, in being obliged to appeal for information in any matter requiring arithmetical knowledge, and in having to ask the meaning of any turf phrase or slang expression that may crop up in a general conversation. I am told a woman is charming from the fact of her not being able to carry parcels, be they even her own shawls, books, or music; and, in the eyes of some, to pout is an advantage. A good deal of nervousness is permissible, indeed desirable; for instance, a woman is thought the more of for fainting on hearing any painful news.

I have heard much praise of this sort of "womanliness" in the abstract, but my experience inclines me to believe that it is only valued as an adjunct; that though it is lauded to the skies as a thing good in itself, it is only appreciated when it presents itself in company with good looks. No less an authority than the Bishop of Orleans says, "that a woman, because she is twenty, is told she sulks divinely!" When your spectacled and moustachioed grand-aunt mislays her railway ticket, loses her luggage or her temper, fails to make out her sum in arithmetic, goes into hysterics instead of making herself useful when any one cuts their finger, asks you what you mean by "seedy old buffer," loads all her neighbors with her wraps and packages—when, I say, you

relative has been "fascinatingly weak" after this fashion, I fear she still will have failed to arouse the feeling of intense admiration due to conduct so womanly—I say, rather, so childish.

The heroines of history are proposed as models to our young girls. They are truly admirable, though they lack the feebleness and dependence that are thought worthy of preservation at all risk, and at any and every sacrifice.

Perhaps the explanation is, that when a man gives a beautiful woman a shrine in his heart, and raises her on a pedestal, he is terrified at the distance between his "Diva" and himself, and he is enraptured if his idol shows its "foot of clay." It partly seems to equalise the divinity and the devotee, and consequently, the man welcomes puerilities in a beauty and delights in them, but recognizes them for what they really are in an elderly and unattractive person.

GROUSE.

A LETTER.

Nought but a few brief lines they were—

Only a letter from one most dear—

It spoke not of love; but that I knew,

And my foolish heart had no need to hear.

There were no terms of endearment used—

Only a word that was joy to me—

That word was "dearest," and well I think

A sweeter and better there could not be.

That word kept ringing in my ears,

And I carried the letter upon my heart,

And I vowed as long we both were true

That letter and I should never part.

A month had passed, and distrust crept in,

A very serpent within my breast,

The sweetest words were turned to gall,

And my heart could find no rest.

I sat and thought one winter night,

Till my brain and heart began to tire,

Then I took my letter from off my heart

And cast it into the fire!

Time fled on, and back there came

The trust that out of my heart had fled,

But when it returned it was in vain,

For writer and letter both were dead.

M. C. GVOILE.

IRISH LACE MANUFACTURE.

Our contemporary, the *Irish Times*, in its issue of August 26th, has the following appropriate remarks on this most interesting subject:—

"Among the branches of Irish manufacture which have won European celebrity, lace making may be mentioned as occupying a prominent place. Residents in Dublin at the present season have an opportunity of seeing what delicacy of texture this beautiful fabric can assume, by visiting the establishment of Mr. P. A. Keane, 2, Upper Sackville-street, where specimens of almost every known description of lace are for inspection. One large piece, described as having been made many hundred years ago, is a most interesting example of Irish art workmanship, the work being of the finest, and the pattern most elegant. Perhaps Mr. Keane's greatest claim to public patronage is that the goods he supplies are made for the greater part in Ireland, and that he directly or indirectly employs hundreds who would otherwise be severely pressed by contracted means."

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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for housekeepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—Dublin: O'Toole & Son. This interesting magazine continues to enjoy a tolerable share of popularity amongst the ladies of Ireland. Its pages abound with matters specially suited to the taste of the "gentler sex," including a number of beautiful poetic effusions."

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THE EMERALD:

THE

IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 15.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

ON ITALIAN OPERA.



LORD Chesterfield, the pink of politeness, is credited with the saying, that the man who goes to hear an opera should leave his brains at the ticket-box with his money until he comes out. There is a tincture of wit in the assertion, but not of truth. Notwithstanding that his lordship took some trouble to instruct the world in politeness, the world has been ungrateful enough to reject most of his modish "principles." With respect to Italian operas in particular, a special disregard has been shown to his canon; for men with brains delight in the entertainment, and feel that their thoughts are richer for the three hours spent in putting their minds under the magic spell of music; while it is beyond question that it takes a man with brains of no common quality to compose an opera. Lord Chesterfield has long since passed away, and is only remembered now with something like a sneer; but the institution against which he launched his feeble wit survives and flourishes. Generations have followed his lordship to the tomb; and among the keenest delights which the most refined of their day could number was the pleasure which a good representation of a good opera afforded. And now, in our own time, when the hurry and bustle of life pushes everything weak out of the way, and forces it to find its own level, like water; and when the duties and ordinary pleasures of social life leave little time for the play of softer emotions; even now, the Italian opera is a welcome guest to many, and woe's dispositions the most opposite. All sorts of people go to be floated along on the mighty tide of song, which hurries away equally the noble and the mechanic, the gentle lady and her maid, the man whose head is white with the cares of sixty years, as well as the joyous youth just entering eagerly on the doubtful strife of life. If you have within you the almost divine faculty of appreciating the divine art, whatever your sphere or feelings, you come under the influence of its laws on a perfect level with everyone else; for the world of sweet sounds is the true universal republic.

Of all the forms into which music has been shaped by genius, the opera is the most popular. Reasons enough exist for its being so—reasons which are likely to retain their power while civilization lasts. The chief is that in the opera music does not stand alone. It is assisted by the skill of the scene-painter and the art of the actor. The eye is pleased by the one—the emotions called forth by the succeeding strains made more impressive by the other. The special ex-

cellences of a great tragedy or a good comedy are combined with those of an oratorio. The delivery of a song is assisted by the eye, arm, and attitude of the singer; the effect of a quartette or chorus enhanced by the disposition of the figures on the stage.

The very nature of the building in which an opera is given, with its curved form, and boxes and galleries rising tier over tier, imparts a warmth of tone in striking contrast to the cold angularity and dull dead level of most concert rooms. You take your seat amid a blaze of light, just as the conductor mounts into his. If the opera have an overture, you hear a few sharp taps of the baton as a notice to the band to get ready; the violins are lifted to the shoulder, the wind instruments to the lips; every eye is on the conductor; there is a wave of the baton, and away goes the band into the overture like the start of a horse-race. Perhaps it is *Faust*, and you hear a succession of weird and long-drawn harmonies, suggestive of the unfathomable; perhaps *Don Giovanni*, and you are startled by a braying syncopation at the outset, which merges into a torrent of melody rolling over a bed of magnificent harmony; perhaps *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and the instruments dash away in a whirlwind of impetuosity, which never relaxes to the end; or perhaps the lively *Barbiere di Siviglia*, with its piquant vivacity and charming alternations. In any case you are sure to be enchanted. And yet you are only at the threshold of the opera. You are only enjoying the soup—the meal is a long one, and there are many dishes.

The bell rings and up goes the curtain. The chorus is arrayed on the stage, and takes up the strain which the orchestra has just commenced. It moves off, leaving a couple of the principal characters, who immediately proceed with a little dialogue. It is the opening chapter of the novel, which enables you to grasp the position of the characters introduced to your notice by the author, as well as to obtain a hint about the other parties who are to come in later. There is a song—a duet perchance; and another arrival reveals to you that some one is in peril—that a marriage is about to take place—a war is determined on—a duel to come off—a rival in the way—a lost child found—a piece of treachery discovered—a fair maid to be wooed and won—or one of the thousand incidents which excite hope or doubt, arouse emotion, and awaken interest. The character of the music changes—a new set of feelings has to be expressed—there is a trio in which contending passions are skilfully woven together in the harmonic web; the story is advanced a stage; and the three go off to make room for a new scene, in which the plot thickens, the interest becomes breathless, the situa-

tion exciting, the incidents rapid; and the chief vocalists break into a quintette in which melody and harmony strive for mastery in the expression of varying emotions; and the orchestra enriches the theme with its own voluptuous swell and infinite variety. And so ends the first act.

In the next you are treated to a different fare. The situations change. The lover is jealous—cannot rid himself of the old affection, though agonizing doubts rack his brain, and drive him into frenzy. He will not believe a word from the pretty lady who pleads so earnestly before him, and with such melting pathos; and you wonder how he can resist such melodious entreaty, backed by such protestations of truth and constancy. The chorus take sides with one or the other as the case may be; the lover declares his distracted state in tones of anguish which elicit cheers from the audience; there is a heartrending duet, to which a chorus is tacked on, wherein the villagers express their opinions resonantly; but all to no purpose—the jealous man is inexorable, and, like Rachel weeping for her children, refuses to be comforted; so he rushes off in a manner that might qualify him for Bedlam.

Again the scene changes. The trumpets in the orchestra bray out in martial strains, and a body of armed warriors march on in battle array to sing the praises of war or wine—for operatic soldiers seem to have an equal predilection for both. The villain of the story is their leader, and he purposes accomplishing his ends by force. He is always the baritone; and the manly quality of his voice is taken advantage of to give musical expression to rage and hate. But just as success for his plans seems certain, a hitch occurs. He is foiled, obliged to retreat in confusion, and departs thundering his determination to try again.

Another scene. A happy change has taken place in the affairs of the lovers. The clouds of doubt have been swept away from the mind of the tenor, and he is now the pleading party. Wonderfully well he advocates his cause, indeed; but the band, we suspect, has a great deal to do with his success. He sings a delightful strain, in which sorrow blends with tenderness; and now stealing up through the general accompaniment an oboe wails, a violoncello glides, a cornet breathes in a few soft notes, the violins answer his tender phrases with phrases as tender, and the flute lets fall a liquid passage like oil on the troubled waters; and when the tenor has finished, the reconciliation is complete, and the audience so enchanted that they most illogically make him go over the whole again. The now happy pair express their satisfaction and mutual esteem in notes of love and joy; and the chorus, who are sure not to be far off, chime in to say how much they like the happy turn affairs have taken.

If it be not a tragic opera, this is the conclusion, and you may leave your seat. As you go away you realize that your feelings have been stirred to their inmost depths, and your mind kept in a state of pleasant activity; and you know that you have been a gainer by the night's entertainment. On your way home snatches of some delightful strain float across your memory, bringing with them a strong aroma of the past enjoyment. To-morrow and the next day—weeks, months, nay, years after—the same melodious passages will recur, recalling past scenes with a power of association given to nothing else; while the remembrance will be always redolent of the pleasure it evoked when first heard; and then you will understand fully the truth of Keats's noble line:—

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

PAINTED CON AMORE.

(From the German of Elise Polko).

Years had passed—we are writing of the year 1660—since the youthful and beautiful widow of the celebrated copper-plate engraver, Matthew Merian, of Frankfurt on the Maine, had become the wife of Jacob Morveld, flower painter. The artist's eye had been quick to recognise the superior charms of the fair one, and with pardonable eagerness he hastened to secure the prize. Sooth to say, she had not been slow in responding to his advances, for she was well nigh weary of the lonely cloister-like life she had been leading; besides, Jacob Morveld was handsome, as well as clever; he had more work on hands than he could finish, and his paintings were greatly sought after; and fetched the highest prices; the old town, too, was proud to call him her well-beloved son, and the most exclusive circles were open to himself and his consort. Madame Marie's beauty was of a style so bright and bewitching, that it could never have been intended to fade unseen; and, in truth, their lives resembled the passage of a butterfly through a garden of flowers—from festival to festival, a succession of fetes. Indeed, when Madame Marie appeared in the saloons of her friends in the splendid attire in which she loved to deck herself, you might have taken her for the impersonation of one of those luxuriant golden-haired roseate beings which Reuben's pencil loved to charm upon the canvas. And with what a proud consciousness, yet graceful withal, she would accept the homage so universally paid her! This she felt was her due; here she was in her element; she had at last attained the summit of her ambition; and Jacob Morveld loved his much admired wife, and was proud of her as one is proud of the possession of a much coveted jewel, while his eyes followed her with tender gaze as he saw her in the crowd the fairest among the fair. Meanwhile, at home in the gloomy painter's dwelling, there sat one sorrowful and alone, upon whom no one found time to spend a thought—Sybilla, the only child of the departed engraver. Her existence threw the sole shadow across the otherwise sunny path of her mother. Madame Marie—that is to say, whenever she gave herself time to think about the child at all—fretted and grieved over her as an object of unfeigned pity and commiseration; for—Sybilla was ugly. Not a single feature of the lovely woman was reproduced in her daughter; not a trace of that complexion of milk and roses, the blue eyes, golden locks, and ruddy lips; a shy glance from beneath black eyebrows, so dense, that you could scarcely judge of the darkness of the melancholy eyes; the most irregular of profiles, a firmly closed mouth, a dull bronze hue through the skin that never seemed to glow with a warmer tint, a small ungraceful figure—such was the offspring of this matchless woman. And upon the soul of the child lay the pressure of the consciousness of this weight of ugliness. Sybilla had but too early learned to interpret the looks of her mother; for there is nothing so sensitive as the youthful heart—nothing that needs and demands more love, or is more ready to return it ten-fold, than a child. The young girl drew back terrified and wounded from the pity of a mother's heart. That was not the warmth giving light which the young bud needed in order to unfold itself to perfect bloom.

The dead father—he had loved her; and she mourned for him with a wildness of grief that absolutely terrified her mother. The child could not be induced to leave the studio; it remained crouched in the same corner where it had been accustomed to sit in its father's life time, its gaze fixed on the empty place at the table. In the evenings the child would fall asleep in its hiding-place, and then they would carry it to bed. By degrees the mother came to regard the studio as Sybilla's rightful property, and so it was still considered when the successor to the departed set up his easel there. For a time the child preserved a gloomy silence towards her mother's new companion; but it was not in the nature of things that any human creature could long resist the charms of Jacob Morveld's bright smile and cheery voice,

least of all the heart of a child so sadly in need of some one to love it; so soon the little one crept out of her corner, and might be seen standing hour after hour beside his easel intently watching his progress. She would also cull the best flowers in their little garden, and sort and arrange them for him most carefully according to his directions; but she never seemed to take any real pleasure in these lovely creations of nature, she never adorned herself with a flower, no bright blossom was ever found in her play room; another strange interest occupied her, which her step-father was the first to discover. In her loneliness she had made companions of the spiders; and now she carefully collected the little caterpillars, beetles, and insects that clung to the leaves and stalks of the flowers. The more insignificant the creature was the more care and attention she would lavish upon it. "Is it ugly?" she would ask her step-father; and when the answer was in the affirmative, she would gaze upon the despised insect with a smile of ineffable tenderness. The child had collected quite a menagerie of dumb insects around her; she had chosen them for her play-fellows, and she protected and cared for their life by every means in her power, and deeply deplored their death whenever it occurred.

Jacob Morveld tried in different ways to secure the attention of the child. He put a pencil in her hand, and encouraged her to try and draw her favorites. After a few trials she succeeded in the most astonishing way. Indeed Sybilla showed so much talent, that the painter was delighted, and carefully watched its development. Under his eye groups of the most varied kind—caterpillars, beetles, flies, gnats, and spiders were sketched. The young girl worked with untiring zeal, and constantly prayed her step-father to initiate her into the mystery of the paint brush and colors. "I must give them clothes, lest they perish with cold," she would say; and Jacob Morveld gave her regular lessons, and she made such astounding progress that soon he would take her little studies of color into the great painting room where his pupils worked, and send them as copies from house to house. A gleam of light had shone into the young soul pointing towards a sunny path, and gratefully and cheerfully she set herself to walk in it. Sybilla had long ceased to work in the studio. A young pupil of Morveld's, Anton Graf from Nürnberg, had displaced her. Her work table now stood in her mother's room, and it was only in her intervals of leisure that she could carry on her favorite study. Madame Marie kept her daughter all the more closely to household work as she considered the girl's talent trivial and unimportant. Sybilla's figure was now tall and slight; and when the small head bent over her work, the heavy black plaits of hair hanging down on the neck, beneath the neat cap of the *Bürgers mädchen*, the line of profile, though still irregular, was yet fine and attractive. At least so thought that one whose easel stood behind the half drawn curtain in the studio, just opposite the bow window—namely, the young Nürnberg painter. Could Madame Marie have seen how frequently her husband's handsome pupil glanced across—but she would never have believed that such beautiful blue eyes could ever see aught to admire in her ugly child. Now and then a tiny bouquet of flowers would stand in a glass of water on the sill of the bow window, and the dark eyes of the maiden would rest upon them with the same expression of tenderness which of old she would have bestowed upon the spiders and caterpillars. Whose hand may have plucked them? Sometimes the eyes would take another course. A stolen glance would find its way into the studio. The fine head of the youth, with his dark brown locks, clear open brow, and eyes brimful of fun, stood in such bright relief against the wall of the painting room, that it might well have attracted the gaze of others besides a young timid girl. Not seldom their eyes met, which always called forth a blush on the maiden's cheek. These slight tokens were all that appeared for a long time. At most a greeting would be flung across, or a word exchanged when they chanced to meet on the stairs or in the passage; but when the master and pupil had left the painting room,

and the mother was engaged elsewhere, Sybilla would hasten to the loved studio and gaze with rapture upon the works of the young student, whose talent Jacob Morveld so warmly and so often extolled as extraordinary.

It happened one morning that one of the richest and most liberal patrons of the flower painter's art came in, and going from easel to easel, offered a handsome prize for the brightest and cheeriest flower piece that should be completed within a given period. His young wife, whom he adored, had lost her infant, and was grieving so terribly for it that he was planning night and day how he could divert her attention, and get her to turn her eyes, weary with weeping, to something bright and cheerful. This visit had caused great excitement, and the pupils of Jacob Morveld eagerly competed for the prize. Never had there been such diligence or such secrecy in the painting room.

One day in mid-summer, as Sybilla was sitting on the door steps, following the unsteady course of a fly which her slender fingers had just released from the web of a spider, Anton Graf approached her with the question: "Why do you spend so much light and tenderness upon those ugly creatures, Sybilla?"

"Because they love me, and loved me when I was a poor lonely child; now I love them again!"

"But other beings love you too."

She slowly raised her eyes to his.

"Perhaps the poor blind man who fetches his daily meal; who else could love so ugly a being?"

"Everyone whom you gazed at as you gaze at the little insects upon your hand."

If you could have heard that, Madame Marie!

Sybilla was silent, but a thrill ran through her frame, and a flush of joy illuminated her features. She bent her head, and after a long sweet pause, she asked with unsteady voice, "Do you really hope to win the prize the day after to-morrow, Anton Graf?"

"Would your beautiful eyes accord it to me?" he asked.

"Yes. But there is one thing wanting; your lovely spring flowers are too much alone in your picture. In the spring everything is full of life and spirits. Why do you not give your flowers some cheerful company? You do not know how sad it is to be alone."

"What sort of company do you mean?"

"Bright beetles, flies, butterflies."

"Do you not know that I could as soon attempt to paint you as to paint a butterfly? Believe me I would have done it long ago had it been possible."

"Would it grieve you very much if you had to yield the prize to another?"

The young painter jumped up—he had grown deadly pale.

"To another!—I would leave your town the same day—I would not spend another hour in it, were such a misfortune possible," said he passionately.

"The same day," she repeated, as if in a dream.

At this moment Jacob Morveld came up. Sybilla rose to join her mother in the house. Next morning, Sunday, studio and painting room were closed. The lovely weather tempted everyone out into the open air. It was proposed to spend the day in the woods. Only Sybilla begged to be allowed to remain at home. She who never complained could scarcely open her eyes from headache, and stayed at home alone, to the evident grief of Anton Graf. But on their return, in the evening, she met them with such a radiantly cheerful face, that Madame Marie stood on the threshold of the door staring at her in amazement. Could it be her ugly child that looked and smiled like that?

The next day was fixed for the decision. The coverings were removed from the pictures—the beautiful mourner passed on the arm of her husband from easel to easel: she alone was to be the judge. Sybilla lay in the bow window with her hands folded, trembling; the curtain in the studio had been let down; a dull murmur reached her; presently hasty steps were heard—Anton Graf stood before her in extreme agitation.

"Are you going?" she cried, half senseless from terror, and stretched out her hands towards him. "Is all lost? Who has gained the prize?"

"My picture—but your butterflies—your lovely blue butterflies! O Sybilla! come—I am to fetch you—they want to see the most wonderful painter and the best beloved being on earth!"

A cry of extreme bliss, and the solitary one lay on the bosom of her beloved. But on that memorable day, Sybilla Merian had become a butterfly herself; that one night in heaven, while yet upon earth, had given her wings—the wings of love. The name of Sybilla Merian was of world-renown, and is mentioned with honor to this day; but, however glowingly in after days she may have portrayed the gorgeous colors of the beetles and butterflies of distant torrid zones—how life-like soever her flies, beetles, and butterflies may have appeared—none ever rivalled in brilliancy of coloring or correctness of outline those first blue butterflies upon which she tried her paint brush on the picture of her beloved. None ever flew out into the world so bright, so life-like again; for they, above all, had been painted by Sybilla Merian *con amore*.

ISA.

BE BUT MINE.

Be but mine—from the fount of thy love let me drink,
And I'll walk without dread by the cliff's rugged brink;
The Past for a moment shall cost me no tear—
I'll gaze in the Future without any fear.
Though the hopes of my youth should grow dim and decline,
My life shall have sunshine if thou'lt be but mine.

Be but mine, and thy presence shall banish the cloud
Of friendships cougealed by the world's false crowd;
Let me hear but thy voice breathe the old witching song,
That I've hung o'er in rapture the summer day long.
And I'll feel, as the notes round my heart softly twine,
I but covet one prize on this earth—be but mine.

Be but mine, and our home with contentment shall teem,
And the Past to look back at shall seem but a dream;
We will dwell in a world of bliss of our own,
Where a halo of joy round our lives shall be thrown;
Of roses we'll build to love's goddess a shrine,
And sit in the shade of its leaves—be but mine.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

JOAN OF ARC—PART II.

We left the French heroine in prison, under the guard of John de Luxemburg, the agent of the Duke of Burgundy, who exercised a strict watch over her, chiefly in the expectation of the ransom of so important a captive. Had she been allowed to remain in the hands of the Burgundians, it is likely that imprisonment would have been the only punishment she would have suffered from this section of the enemies of the king. But so disastrous had the patriotic efforts of this singular girl proved to the English that they were resolved by any means to get her into their power. The barbarism of the age, and the savage state of life in a country desolated by intestine war, must be considered when we seek to account for the inveterate hatred evinced by the English for the Pucelle who had declared that "peace must only be made with them at the point of the lance."

The purity and nobility of her character, her courage, energy, success, to which the inspiration, in which many believed, contributed, determined them to destroy not only her life, but her pretensions and fame, as the latter would still act as a potent impetus to the French after her death. The first object was to obtain possession of her, and for

that purpose the following plan was adopted. Henry VI., still a youth, had become king of France by the treaty of Troyes, and a demand was made in his name to John de Luxemburg, only too willing to accede thereto when it was backed by ten thousand francs—the highest ransom then given for the highest prisoner. Again, as she had been captured near Compiègne, in the neighborhood of the diocese of Beauvais, they made this circumstance a ground for her being incarcerated in the castle of that town, in the middle of the district held by them, and for the purpose of having her tried at Rouen, which was in English hands, as Paris was in those of the Burgundians. Some time passed in these preparations, and she was finally transferred to the castle of Beaufort, and thence brought in chains to Rouen, where she was cast into a cell, to whose walls she was fettered by heavy irons, and watched day and night by a guard of three soldiers. When at Beaufort, so desperate was she rendered by the apprehension of falling into the hands of the English enemy, that she sprang from the top of one of the high towers to the earth. Perhaps the air inflating her dress served to break the fall; certain it is she was only stunned. She was discovered lying insensible, and carried back to her prison. When asked afterwards why she had made this effort to escape, her simple reply was, "I could not help it."

Among the preparations made for her trial and condemnation, were a series of inquiries instituted in Domremy and in other directions, with the design of injuring her character; but ridiculous gossip, of which her enemies could make little, was the only result. The trial commenced in the chapel-royal of the castle of Rouen, on the 21st of February, 1431. The direction of this infamous procedure was given to Pierre Conchon, Bishop of Beauvais, whom Charles VII. had expelled from his see, who had taken refuge with the Cardinal of Winchester, and whose interests and injuries rendered him a thorough instrument of the English. As the college of Poitiers—for in those days the universities of each power were as opposed as their military forces—had declared Joan innocent of sorcery, it was necessary to go to that of Paris to declare her guilty. The belief in sorcery was widespread in those times, and the European tribunals destroyed numbers of unfortunate people, many of them innocent, and others who had "a screw loose," as we say. In Michelet's rhapsodical historiette, "The Witch," some such instances may be found. The Cardinal of Winchester, the Earl of Warwick, tutor to Henry VI., and the Duke of Bedford, were present at Rouen during the trial, influencing its tenor while remaining unseen. There was a portentous gathering of assessors, doctors of theology, civil law, and what-not, and the strictest appearance of form was preserved. Five days were passed in the public examination of young Joan, but so unfavorable were the replies dictated by truth for their purposes, that all those big-wigs saw their case would be ruined except some other method was tried. Accordingly they resolved that she should be examined in the privacy of her prison by parties selected to culpate her, so that bar, bench, witnesses, were all her enemies, and her only friend her innocent self. Many queries were put to her respecting the "voices" she asserted to have heard urging her to the course she had pursued. Her statement was that when, in her thirteenth year, as she walked one summer noon in the garden of her father's cottage in Domremy, she saw a light in the direction of a neighboring church, which thrilled her with terror, and heard a voice inspiring her to a life of holiness, and proclaiming that a day would come when she would go into France; that, after this, visions of saints, St. Michael, St. Catherine, and Margaret, and of angels appeared to her, to whom she made a vow of virginity. But though such visions lasted until she was seventeen, she never communicated such wonders even to her family until that age, nor did they occasion any change in her habits of life, except that she became more absorbed in pious thoughts. Joan had received a good education for a country girl of her

period, and was an admirable hand both at needle and spinning-wheel. When directly interrogated, she replied, "I believe my visions are from God." Asked whether she thought she was in a state of grace—"If I am, God keep me, if not, place me there." "Does God hate the English?" "Of that I know nothing; but I know they will soon be driven out of France." Some one asked, among many such ridiculous queries, whether she placed more confidence in her banner or sword. "In neither; in God only." In the spring of 1429 the voices began to inspire her with the idea that she was selected by heaven to save France. Then it was she confided first with her uncle, Durand Louvart, by whom she was brought to Baudricourt, and presently went to the king at Chinon, a distance from Vaucouleurs of one hundred leagues, over districts ravaged by the French and English and Burgundians, in safety. A young man in her village stated that she had promised to marry him, but at the bishop's court she exploded his claim.

She had been a prisoner twelve months, yet the contemptible King Charles VII. never stirred a finger to save the heroine who had restored to him his kingdom; and it is now clear that a clique at court were little less desirous to get rid of her than the English, of whose inveterate animosity there remain some desperate illustrations. Joan had become seriously ill during the progress of her infamous trial. Immediately the Earl of Warwick sent his most skilled physician to attend her. "For my king," he said, "has bought and holds her so dear, that he would regret she died a natural death, or any but at the stake." Accordingly, after her condemnation to perpetual imprisonment, the ruse was had recourse to of taking away her female apparel, and substituting for it that of a man, which she was obliged to wear; the inference made from this trick was, that after her recantation, which had been forced from the lonely girl in her horrible prison, she had relapsed into her former errors; and she was condemned to the fire. On the Sunday before her death she again reasserted that the voices she had heard were realities, and her belief in her revelations. Again the judges were summoned, her condemnation made out in form; and on the following Wednesday she was led to the stake, weeping before the inexorable tribunal, out among the pitying people. "Ah, bishop," she cried, as she passed Beauvais, "I die through your means! If I had been put under other keepers, this would not have happened me"—alluding to the male attire.

The scaffold was a lofty erection, the faggots heaped thickly around it. Numbers wept. Joan asked for a cross. A soldier broke a staff, and gave it to her thus shaped. She ascended; and still there was some hesitation, when the soldiers cried out, "Come, priests, hasten! do you want to keep us here till dinner?" The faggots were lighted, as "O Rouen! Rouen!" she cried, "am I then here to die? I fear that many will suffer through my death." When the flames touched her she shrank—shuddered—uttered a cry. Ere they gathered round her, she exclaimed, in a firm voice, "My voices have not deceived me! My voices were from God!" Then, as the whirlwind of flame enveloped her, lost in prayer, her last words were, "Christ! Christ!" Hell was but a brief time between her and heaven.

Thus perished the heroine without whom northern France would most possibly have remained an English province—but for whose appearance in history France would, at least, have been delayed some centuries in concentrating into a great nationality.

In the Old Square in Rouen, where is seen on one side the trial-chamber, prison, on the other the cathedral towers, a fountain was erected on the site of the place where the Maid of Orleans was burned. This was destroyed during the old Revolution, and another has been erected, surmounted with an ideal figure of the armed heroine, pointing heavenward with her sword.

THE MERMAID.

She sat in the glow of her loveliness,
And she combed the wealth of her golden hair
Out over the folds of her sea-green dress,
And her neck and snowy bosom bare.

And she sang the while a low sweet song,
Like the murmur of waves as they woo the strand;
It floated the darkling cliffs along,
Till the light breeze wafted it far inland.

And it reached a lordly castle at last,
Where a young knight sat in his lonely hall.
"Now bring me my steed and my armor fast,
For my way lies far through the shades that fall."

And the knight rode out through the castle gate,
And, lured by that trancing melody,
He rode full far and he rode full late
Till he came at length to the moonlit sea.

And there was the mermaid sitting yet,
While the moon shone bright on her golden hair,
And the young knight thought, as her glance he met,
He had never seen mortal maid so fair.

He sprang from his steed and he grasped her hand.
"You are come at last, O my love!" she cried,
And together they sat on the shining sand
By the sparkling ocean's crystal tide.

"Sweet maiden, I love you well," he said.
"Then come, my knight, and dwell with me
Where the coral bowers cluster rich and red
Round the amber caverns beneath the sea."

"But what would become of my lady love
Who sits in her bower and waits for me?
And who would comfort my mateless dove
If I were to go and dwell with thee?"

Then she murmured tender words, and low:
"Oh! cold is this earthly love of thine,
To the fervid fire and the passionate glow
That burns in this bursting heart of mine."

"Why, why did you tell me, my love! my own!
Each night we have met in the moonlight here,
That my image dwelt in your heart alone,
Since another is far more prized, more dear?"

"Oh! stay with me, love, whom I love so well!
Ah! me, if you leave me my heart must break;
I will pour out my life in the word farewell,
And glory in dying for your sweet sake."

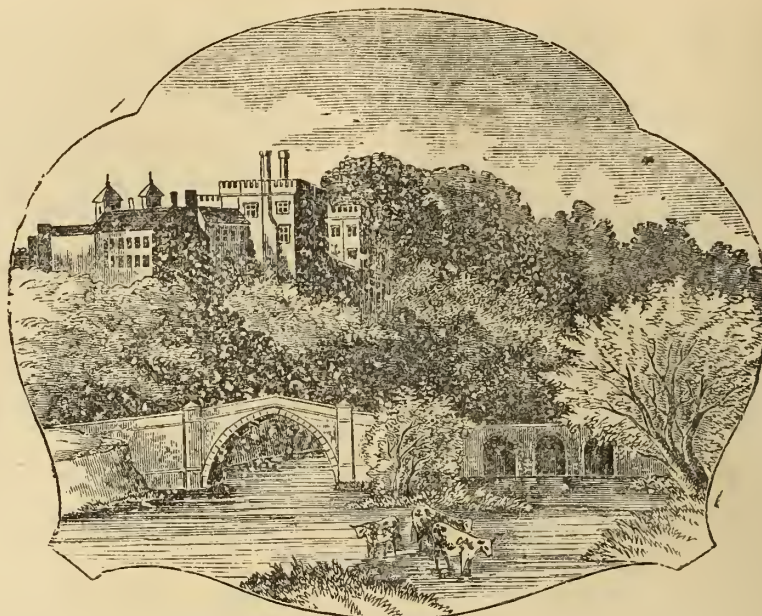
Then she flung around him her white arms fair,
And pillowed his head on her snowy breast,
And covered him o'er with her golden hair,
And lulled him with syren songs to rest.

And while he lay in a charmed sleep,
She drew him under the shining wave,
And through the pathless azure deep
She bore him away to her coral cave.

The lady weeps in her lonely bower
For the faithless lover who comes no more,
And droops and fades like a cankered flower,
For the grief-worm gnaws at her bosom's core.

And meanwhile far 'neath the azure wave
Her false love lies in a dreamful rest
On the shining sands in the mermaid's cave,
And pillows his head on the mermaid's breast.

THOMAS F.



LISMORE CASTLE, IRELAND.

LISMORE CASTLE.

The scenery around Lismore Castle is highly picturesque, like most of that along the Blackwater, which, rising in the ravines of Slieve Lougher, in Kerry, flows in a full volume through the stately park of the Duke of Devonshire. This district formed part of the estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, the manor and lands having been transferred by Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, to the adventurous knight, navigator, and historian, for a yearly rent of £13 6s. 8d. From Sir Walter it passed to Sir Richard Boyle, who beautified the place considerably, and added many buildings to the original structure, a part of which was destroyed during the rebellion of 1641, when it was attacked by 5,000 Irish led by Sir Richard Beling, and defended by young Lord Broghil, third son of the Earl of Cork, whose stubborn gallantry forced the besiegers to retire. The castle has undergone many sieges, but is chiefly interesting from its having been the birthplace of the celebrated Robert Boyle, "the father of modern chemistry"—the seventh son and fourteenth child of the Earl of Cork—on the 26th January, 1626. The structure, which is massive, and, from its site on a steep rock, once a strong position worthy of its old name (*Lis mor*, the great fort), is now for the most part modern, an old turret or two only connecting it with the warlike past. Its courtyard is sombre and magnificent, thick woods rising from the river encompass it, and the great carriage avenue, with its rows of gigantic trees, is one of the finest in any domain in these islands. Among the distinguished personages who have visited it in time past, was the great Earl of Clarendon, the historian, who, during his progress through the south in 1686, passed a night there. Three years afterwards James II. stopped there, and on being brought to the lattice in the high turret which still bears his name, started back appalled at the depth of the precipice over which he stood—his nerves, very likely, being as much shaken by his political as his physical position at that time. Then it is also notable from a council having been held there in 1785 by the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Rutland. The prospect which the king beheld from that tower was indeed superb—the Blackwater winding through its emerald plain, the huge mountains lining the landscape on each side, and the great woods, whence the coo of the pigeon is heard at noon, and the hoot of the owl when darkness is settling down over the long sea of sunset. At points along the river

may be noted Clincrew, where the Knights Templars had a residence; Molana, where Raymond le Gros is buried; the fort of the Desmonds; and Dromana, from which place the old countess of Desmond set off for England, in her 140th year, to demand from James I. the restoration of her jointure.

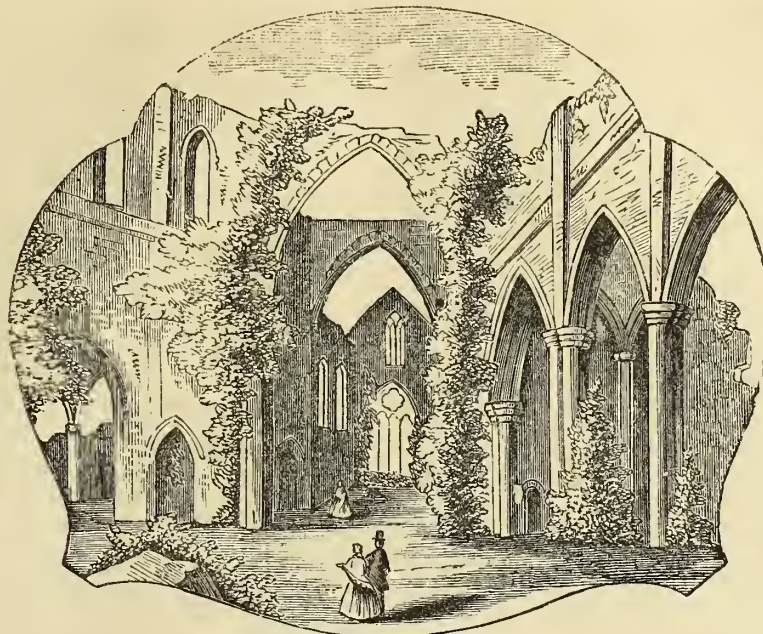
Lismore was founded in the early part of the seventh century by St. Carthagh, and is said to have once contained twenty churches. An old writer says: "It is a famous and holy city, part of which is an asylum which no woman dare enter, and is full of cells and monasteries, whither holy men resort in great numbers from all parts of Ireland and Britain." A somewhat doubtful tradition states that King Alfred, called by the Irish *Flin Flan*, received part of his education at the college of Lismore. It is more certain, however, that it was from this place Henry II. promulgated the first English law made in the country.

The Blackwater ceases to be navigable at Cappoquin, on the mountain above which is Mount Melleray, the settlement of the monks of La Trappe who were dispersed by the French in 1831, and who obtained 575 acres of waste ground, which by their industry they have turned into a tract of verdure. Under the present castle, which was built by King John, 1185, are the famous salmon weirs, at some of which so many as six hundred are sometimes taken at a haul. Some of the chambers of the castle are tapestried in old fashion, and the walls exhibit a few good pictures. Over the gate is the motto—"God's providence is our inheritance."

Count Giambattista Carlo Giuliani has published in Verona a very interesting work entitled "*Della Tipografia Veronese, Saggio Storico-letterario*," which describes the progress of the art of printing, from its introduction in Verona down to the present day.

Desiring to perpetuate the memory of a legacy of £46,000 left to the University College Hospital by one of his patients, the late Mr. Yates, Dr. Hare, who was formerly one of the physicians of the hospital, has erected a marble tablet in one of the wards. Baron de Triqueti was the sculptor employed.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is preparing a drama, to be produced at the Prince of Wales's theatre, on the withdrawal of *Caste*, with which the theatre is to be re-opened to-day.



TINTERN ABBEY.

RUINS OF TINTERN ABBEY, CO. WEXFORD.

Within a short distance of the mouth of the bay of Bannow, in the county of Wexford, at the foot of a lofty hill, stands the ancient ruin of Tintern abbey, a picturesque and imposing object. It was originally founded by William Earl Marshall of England and Earl of Pembroke, who wedded the lady Isabella de Clare, daughter of Earl Strongbow by his second wife, the princess Eva MacMurrough, in whose right he claimed the lordship of Leinster. The Earl of Pembroke, when at sea, was in great danger; he made a vow that in case he would escape, he would build an abbey on the spot where he would land. His bark found shelter in Bannow Bay, and he kept his vow by building the above, and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Now that the warm summer days have passed, a change of clothing becomes necessary, and as the autumn seems likely to be fine, we, therefore, offer our readers a brief description of a few handsome costumes we have been permitted to inspect, with headaddresses to match.

1. A dress of grey foulard striped with blue, plain bodice and long sleeves; tunic of blue silk, and corslet buttoning down the front, and trimmed with two cross bands, looped up at the side with bows; the tunic trimmed with deep fringe. A bonnet of black tulle, with a ruche of black lace over the forehead, tea-roses at the side, and tulle veil over the chignon; black ribbon strings with a plaiting of tulle at the side, and fastened below the chin with a bow of corded ribbon.

2. Grey silk dress bordered with a flounce arranged in groups of three plaits, fastened down with a bow of same; tunic trimmed with handsome fringe; if black fringe is used, the dress may be worn in slight mourning, and has a very pretty effect. A black chip bonnet with corn flowers at the side and long veil at the back; black velvet strings, continued over the crown of the bonnet. If the bonnet is worn with the dress as slight mourning, white roses with spray of black leaves may be substituted.

3. A walking costume of chocolate brown silk, with three plaited flounces; each flounce headed by a row of velvet the same shade as the dress. The tunic is trimmed with a plaiting of silk, and a row of velvet above it. A tight fitting

black silk jacket, handsomely trimmed with white or black lace, according to taste. A black straw hat, with narrow leaf, and trimmed with *torsade* of black gauze, which forms a large bow at the back; a tuft of black feathers is placed at the side, and fastened with a white wing; two long black velvet strings are tied over the chignon.

4. A promenade costume of water green silk, bordered with a gathered flounce, headed with bias folds of the silk; a row of black lace over the top heading. Tunic open and pointed in front, looped up at the sides only, and falling quite straight at the back; trimming to correspond with that on the skirt. High bodice, with basque. A straw hat, ornamented with black lace lappets and field flowers, with long spray falling over the back hair. The Victoria and Raglan mantles are in great favor. Some of the former are made of thick soft faille; the handsomest are trimmed with real old *guipure*, headed with a braided pattern in gold colored *soutache*.

5.—The following is a pretty and very effective costume for a young lady:—Dark violet silk with five flounces, trimmed at the edge with narrow black velvet; tunic of tea-colored foulard, forming in front a square *tablier*, edged with a frill of foulard; the tunic is fastened at the sides with rows of violet silk or black velvet. Gipsy hat trimmed with black velvet strings and wreaths of dead leaves.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

M. Janssen has been commissioned by the French Government to proceed to the east to observe the total solar eclipse of December next. He has, therefore, been compelled to decline the offer made to him by the British Association to take part in the British expedition.

Sir Sterndale Bennet has given the directors of the Royal National Opera Company permission to perform (for the first time on the operatic stage) his cantata "The May Queen," which will be produced at St. James's Theatre next month, under the direction of Miss Rose Hersee, who will represent the May Queen.

M. Brosset has published at St. Petersburg another part of his French translation of Oookhtanes, an historian of the tenth century.

CURRENT EVENTS.

As long as the affairs of France remain in an unsettled state the interest of Europe will be concentrated on that country. She has filled so large a space in the history of Europe, and her people have displayed under adverse circumstances such extraordinary activity, that French politics must be watched closely as an index to the prospects of quiet on the continent. At present all is uncertain. The form of government is nominally republican; the majority of the Assembly is essentially monarchical; the latter disagree on most points with the president of the republic, and only refrain from disposing of him finally through a well-grounded fear that anarchy might ensue. They argue reasonably enough that a republic with order is infinitely preferable to a monarchy combined with revolution. Outside the Assembly the republican leaders are stirring up the inhabitants of the large towns to a vigorous pronouncement in favor of their views; the agents of Napoleon III. seek to awaken the peasantry to enthusiasm for the Corsican family; the Orleanists are actively working on the trading classes, with whom the junior branch of the Bourbons has been always popular; and the Legitimists receive support and devotion from the landed aristocracy—the heirs of the old nobility which was so near being blotted out of the world altogether by the guillotine of the first Revolution. Here are elements of discord seething in the national crater, which in all probability will in the end terminate in an eruption.

The adjournment of the National Assembly will have taken place before the EMERALD is in the hands of its readers; and for awhile at least the uneasy feeling generated by the constant excitements and sensations in that body will be done away with. Indeed, the thought that now seems most to agitate the public mind of France—or at least that part of it which pays any attention to politics at all—is the advisability of the dissolution of the present National Assembly, which was elected principally with a view to secure peace, and is stated to be altogether out of accord with the country on some of the most important questions of French national life. But the Assembly views with distrust a fresh appeal to the ballot-box. It has the whip-hand now, and refuses quietly to surrender. It will not dissolve itself, and by the arrangement lately made with M. Thiers he cannot dissolve it, since his position and power as president are limited to the existence of the present house of representatives. There is every prospect, then, of a continuance of the late unsatisfactory state of things after the adjournment is over; and the one thing which could compel the Assembly to dissolve—force—is hardly likely to be resorted to at the present juncture by the leaders of any political party in France. In view of these circumstances it is not irrational to predict that, loose and unsatisfactory as is the nature of the provisional republic now in existence, it will yet hang together until the indemnity is paid and the Prussians have totally evacuated France.

The first instalment of the indemnity having been duly paid—chiefly in hard cash, but some of it in bills at three and six months on unquestionable security—and various details between the contracting powers at last satisfactorily arranged, the Germans have received orders to commence the evacuation of the departments of the Seine and Oise—that is to say, the country in the neighborhood of Paris still in their occupation—and such of the forts of the capital as up to the present they yet hold. This news was naturally received with great gratification, not unmixed with annoyance that the occupation should have occurred. On the reception of the intelligence from General Manteuffel, M. Thiers gave a dinner of thirty covers to the principal French and German officers. Generals Chanzy and Ducrot were present among others, and seemed on the best of terms with stern and grizzled Manteuffel. It is odd enough to find men who a few months

ago were eager to destroy each other's lives, now sitting at the same table, partaking of the same joints, and drinking the same toasts—the only cause of the change being that a few people in high station thought proper to agree on stopping the bloodshed. Verily, the soldier, after all, is but as the water of a mill-race; when the sluice-gate is raised—that is, war declared—he rushes down frothing to do the work cut out for him; when the gate is lowered he resumes his placid uselessness.

The court-martial trials of the Communists still go slowly on. Indeed if it be meant seriously to bring before a court in turn every one of the thirty thousand prisoners said to be in the hands of the government, we suspect that two or three revolutions will have taken place before the work is completed, and most of the present ministers passed away from earth. After several months only a few have been brought to trial. Last week we alluded to the sentences on the chiefs. This week we have to notice the sentence on Colonel Rossel, who, it will be remembered, took up the command of the Communal troops after the wounding of Dombrowski, and displayed uncommon skill and energy in the defence of the city. Rossel was tried for rebellion on account of fighting against the established government; but there was also a charge of desertion against him, as he was, unquestionably—up to the time of his taking part in the insurrection—an officer of the regular French army. He was considered a scientific soldier of high repute, though only twenty-six years of age. Rossel has been condemned to death for desertion. A curious point will be raised in the Court of Appeal against the decision of the court-martial. The military law punishes with death “desertion to the enemy.” If the Communists are admitted to have been an enemy, and not rebels, they should be regarded as belligerents. It is believed that the government, rather than acknowledge anything so dangerous to their authority, will rescind the sentence of death in Rossel's case.

The trial of the *petroleuses*, as they are called, commenced before the fourth court-martial, when five women were arraigned on a charge of having set fire to houses in Paris with petroleum during the last two days of the Commune. There never was a better instance of the absurdity of trial by court-martial than in this case. It was proved clearly enough that three of the women were unquestionably leading bad lives, that they had uttered very atrocious sentiments, and that altogether their existence was discreditable to humanity; but it was not proved that they were concerned in any way with the deeds of arson with which they were charged. Nevertheless the court-martial—possibly arguing that the women were bad enough to be capable of any wickedness—very placidly found them guilty, and sentenced them to death. There is something shocking to our notions of justice in this arbitrary judgment; and we certainly see little difference between it and murder. Indeed successive governments in France are grievously to blame for the existence of such fallen females, whose ignorance, acted on by bad example and pernicious teaching, is the real cause of their degradation. It is surely high time for the government of France to introduce some broad and effective system of schools, to rescue the lower orders equally from the utter darkness of ignorance and the mischievous false light of infidel education.

Prince Bismarck's work was not ended with the humiliation of France. Problems as difficult to solve start up within the new-made German empire itself—may, under the walls of the Emperor William's palace, in the very city of Berlin itself. That capital of the empire is a rising city, with a population ever increasing, and said now to number close on 900,000 souls. Lodgment for the additions to the population becomes a necessity, and speculators build largely. It may not be generally known that the Prussian workman

is about the longest worked and worst paid in Europe. He labors twelve or fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, and receives for his week of seventy or eighty hours much less than the English mechanic for a week of less than sixty. It seems to have dawned on the builders of Berlin that they received a less share of the profits on building in that city than workmen elsewhere would have got; and this information is said to have been afforded them by that mysterious but decidedly powerful organization, the International Workingmen's Society. Upwards of 20,000 members of the building trades ceased to work some weeks ago; the masters still refuse to comply with the men's demands; and Berlin is dotted over in every direction with half-built houses. The owners of existing houses, seeing their opportunity, asked increased rents from their tenants, who refused, and thereupon received notice to quit. In Berlin as much objection is made to involuntarily giving up a room or a house as in Ireland a farmer has to surrendering his "little bit of land." The tenants refuse to quit; the populace everywhere support them by force; and when the law succeeds in ejecting a tenant, the house he occupied is, as a rule, pulled down by the neighbors. Most of the notices to quit terminate on the 1st of October next; and the Berlin government are very anxious as to the turn affairs will take. Large bodies of soldiery and police are being already drafted in to the city, to prepare for eventualities.

The International seems to have been busy elsewhere than in Berlin. Eight thousand engineers struck some time ago at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a working day of only nine hours, and an increased rate of wages. At Sunderland, but a short distance away, the masters conceded the demands of the men, and business there is flourishing. The masters of the former town refused to give way, and endeavored to import foreign workmen, who, when brought over at great expense, as a body became discontented, declared themselves lured thither by misrepresentation, and went away again. The result on the iron trade at Newcastle must be awful. Of the 8,000 men who went out on strike, only 2,000 now remain on the books; the inference being that 6,000 have migrated elsewhere. But strikes are occurring all over England at present, where the International is said to have a great number of adherents. Belgium is notoriously a stronghold of the dreaded Workmen's Association; and for this reason the latest news received from Brussels has peculiar significance. We read that a general strike of engineers had taken place. All the workshops had been closed since noon on the twelfth instant. The masters had resolved not to grant the demands of the men. The *Garde Cinque* had been called out—which is suggestive enough of disturbances, actual or apprehended. It seems very probable that the International is testing its strength in various countries with a view to ulterior operations. It was rumored last week that Karl Marx, the founder and chief of the society, had died; but as yet we have seen no particulars of the death, or heard of the funeral. Could the rumor be a ruse to throw governments off their guard, and leave Dr. Marx liberty to come and go whither he listed?

The University of Vermont has decided to follow the example of the University of Michigan, by admitting women as students on exactly the same terms as men. It seems probable that the complete success of the experiment at Michigan will lead to the adoption of the principle, sooner or later, in all parts of the United States.

From France comes the intelligence that Miss Putnam (who is an American lady) has undergone the very strict examinations for the degree of M.D. in Paris, and that she has passed very creditably. This is the second case in the Paris faculty (the first being that of Mrs. Garrett-Anderson)—the innovation being made quietly.

In Moscow the medical faculty have come to the conclusion that it would be of special utility to women to be allowed to acquire thorough medical knowledge at competent medical schools, and afterwards to practise without hindrance. The question of special classes for women has also been inquired into; and as, in Moscow at least, it has been found impossible to institute classes solely intended for women, the faculty are of opinion that female students ought to be allowed to take their places along with the male students in the classes and lectures of the medical faculties and in the medico-chirurgical academy. The entrance examination will be the same for female as for male students. The result of the report by the faculty to the council of the Moscow University was that the views presented by the faculty were fully adopted by the council. Means were taken to communicate with the curator of the Moscow school district, by whom steps must be taken to carry out the recommendations.

The *Queen* says: "Miss Rye sent a communication to the Newton board of guardians last week, intimating that she was willing to make arrangements for despatching pauper children of that union as emigrants to Canada. It was agreed to inform Miss Rye that there were no children in the house of such an age as to make them suitable for emigrants. Miss Rye has found a follower in her emigration movement for girls, in the person of a Roman Catholic priest at Liverpool, Father Nugent, who lately sent out from that port a batch of eighteen young women, mostly of Irish extraction, as emigrants to America, in the steamship *Calabria*. On reaching the other side of the Atlantic they are to proceed to Indianopolis, in Kentucky, where situations are awaiting them upon their arrival."

THE SINGING TIME OF LIFE.*

In this our weary pilgrimage
There are some joyous hours;
A season brief of happiness,
Of sunshine and of flowers;
A golden time care cannot taint
With trouble, nor with strife,
When heart, and soul, and voice proclaim
The singing time of life.

The path we tread is smooth and green,
There's music in the air,
All nature smiles in rainbow sheen,
There's sunshine everywhere;
But soon the shades of evening fall,
When doubts and fears are rife,
And slowly, surely, fades away
The singing time of life.

Yet I have heard the old man sing
Marching life's path along;
And I have marked unhappy youth
That never knew a song;
Deep misery to the heart had pierced,
Ay, sharper than a knife,
Killing, with joy, and hope, and faith,
The singing time of life.

Oh! pity on the heavy heart,
And on the silent tongue,
That echoes no responsive note
To music and to song!
And mercy fall like heavenly dew
On man, or maid, or wife,
That knows no more, or never knew,
The singing time of life. J. D. DALY.

* Suggested by some lines in the Devonshire patois.

A WINTER'S DAY IN BRUSSELS.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

Everybody tells me that Brussels is the most picturesque city possible to see in the summer. I have no doubt of it; but I can hardly believe it can ever have been seen to greater advantage than I saw it on one day last January, when the frost was at its hardest, the snow at its deepest, the air intoxicatingly clear and pure (for eyes and lungs just escaped from London), and the sunshine dazzlingly bright. To my fancy the scene had all the atmospheric beauty of the far North, without the desolation which makes it painful. I entered the Park at half-past eight, by the gate opposite to the Palais Ducale, and felt that I had never seen anything so beautiful. The long lines of lofty trees, so gaunt ordinarily in their wintry nudity, were so thickly laden with the fine, brilliantly white snow, that they looked like a fairy forest of gigantic ostrich plumes, under a canopy of the brightest blue. Such was the clearness of the air that every line of every building stood out in the distance, and the light showers of snow which fell at intervals of a few moments on the wide expanse of white ground, divided themselves into distinctly visible geometrical devices. Neither flakes nor dust was there, but a soft floating cascade of stars, wheels, crosses—all the exquisitely regular and delicate forms of the snow crystals. I traced millions of these prisms after they fell, and there they remained unaltered. I carried hundreds about on my dress, unmelted, for hours. The hush of deep snow was on everything; and, as I walked down the Rue Royale, every window presented me with a picture. Closely marked with ice, they were covered with fantastic and graceful forms—here a cluster of palms, there tufts of ferns—on this one an African tangle of vegetation, on that a bit from an English hedgerow, with moss, and tiny star-like wild flowers. Where the frost had less power, or the glass was thinner, I noticed beautiful, minute, curiously regular designs, cunningly laid on, as by the fingers of a skilful lace-worker; and thought that the origin of many a priceless web of fine lace of Malines or Brussels might be traced to the artist hand of the Frost King. No wonder that Hans Christian Andersen loves the snow, and makes his fairy princes hold their high court in the winter. The lions in the Place du Congrès had grand white manes and tufts, and on all the elaborately carved façades of the houses the fruits and flowers were served up in glistening snow, as at a Persian feast. Looking down from the broad steps behind the Column of 1830, over the many-fashioned roofs of the old town, the effect was equally beautiful. As the power of the sun increased, the blue and the white grew more and more distinct, and from the Gothic spires and towers the statues—saintly, warlike, or grotesque—in their mantles of snow stood out boldly, and every bit of gilding on roof or vane glittered. If the view from the Place du Congrès included the towers of Sante Gudule and the spire of the Hotel de Ville, it would be, I suppose, unrivalled; even without them it is exquisitely, variously beautiful. The descent of the steps brought me by a rapid transition from the quarter of modern luxury to the quarter of ancient grandeur—to the superb cathedral, whose towers had apparently been studded, from their base to the pierced galleries which form their summit (near the sky, as it seems to mortal midges gazing up from the noble platform beneath), with closely set rows of diamonds, which sparkled in the sun. Nowhere was the effect of the snow crystals so beautiful as here; nowhere was the clearness of the air so welcome; for it gave every line, every detail of the beautiful cathedral its full value and meaning.

I was bound for the Pensionnat de St. Louis, where the deaf and dumb are taught to speak, on the system so vividly described in the *Cornhill Magazine* a few years ago; and Ste. Gudule and the Grande Place were not in my route; but I could not resist a detour which should show me the statues of Count Egmont and Count Horn, the blazoned façades of the King's House, the quaint rich architecture of

the ancient mansions of the corporations, the long lines of historic effigies which illustrate the eventful history of the two countries, and that wonderful roof with its dormer windows jutting up among the dismal slope of slates, which reminds one, from one point of view, of an inverted war ship of the Armada period, and, from another, of a primitive picture of Noah's ark, with all the portholes open, to air the zoological collection. The whole place was white and glittering, and empty! No obtrusive market-baskets, no clattering, chattering women in hotels. The obnoxious portrait of a giantess, which some days previously had occupied the pavement in front of the eminent corporation house of the Brevers, and obscured some of its beautiful carvings, was withdrawn. The cold had proved too much for the marketwomen, and the giantess did not "draw" a frozen public. I had the Grande Place all to myself, and the statues, and the phantoms which throng thickly everywhere in this old historic treasure house, but most do congregate there, where the splendid, wicked past still holds monumental state. Count Egmont's mantle was green draped, and Count Horn was apparently shaking the snow from the hat which he holds with one hand, while the other clasps his fellow hero and martyr.

I went on my way thinking that spring, summer, and autumn were superfluous seasons; and so elated by the expressive beauty of the face of the earth, and the sky, and the handiwork of man, that I could hardly feel the fitting solemnity with which one ought to go into the presence of some among the most afflicted of human beings.

It came with the sight of them. Boys of all sizes, from the little child just changing his teeth, to the big looking fellow with a scrubby attempt at a moustache; no handsome faces among them, only a very few which were not positively ugly; a general look of attention and concentration; an appearance of disease in many instances, for the rest, well fed and comfortably clothed. The head of the establishment, Brother Cyril, a slight active man, with a keen, kind face, and eyes trained to such use of their natural bright expressiveness, that I felt I should rapidly come to understand him without words—showed me all his charges at their lessons in the various class-rooms. Large rooms, well warmed and well ventilated, with the usual school-room furniture, and colored prints, which, at first sight, one would take for the ordinary schoolroom prints on the walls. But closer examination shows that they are not merely those. They represent an immense number of objects whose nature and use, familiar to others from infancy, are mysteries to the deaf and dumb. A "brother" stands at the desk under a black board, containing a description, written in chalk, in a fine hand, of the objects and actions displayed in a colored print which hangs on the board, and I observe two things immediately. The mouths of all these boys are loose, misshapen, and heavy; and their eyes, with very few exceptions, bright, are never turned from Brother Cyril's face. They do not look at me; each one wants to *talk* to Brother Cyril, who sits down at the top of a form, and puts his hand tenderly round a little fellow, who looks delicate and anxious. This is a new pupil, but perhaps he can salute the visitor. "Bon jour, madame," says Brother Cyril, in a low voice, and the child, with a bow to me which shows that he understands the meaning of the saying, in a squeak, but quite articulately, "Bon jour, madame." I started. I had realised that I was among the deaf and dumb, and I expected to see wonders, but when the child spoke I felt that I had not realised what I was to see. The lessons went on, Brother Cyril and I in the character of spectators. The boys told me in speech all about the print—that the cow walked, the dog guarded the sheep, and the man laughed. Then a little fellow, who seemed uncomfortable in his mind, put out his hand to Brother Cyril, and afterwards pointed to his thick woollen stockings and *sabots* (the others had boots), and there ensued a dialogue in which the brother spoke with his beaming eyes and a soundless motion of his finely cut lip, and the child spoke with

his muffled voice, to him and then to me: "J'ai des sabots, parcequ'ils sont plus chauds, j'ai des engelures." The whole class talked and laughed with their teachers, and there was a capital joke among them about some little bet, involving *bonbons*, the gist of which was that Brother Cyril was accused of cheating. The wit of the party brought this delicious pleasantry out very skilfully on Brother Cyril's asking him with reference to the picture, "I am not an ass, what am I?" and being answered, "A man," he recklessly went on, "Et qu'est ce que fait Frère Cyril?" "*Il trompe!*" said the wit, with a fine appreciation of the humour of the reply, and the others laughed. The variety of the sounds they made was very striking, some of the voices harsh, grating, hoarse, others flutelike and faint, some muffled, others a series of sobs, but in every case the articulation was discernible. When there was hesitation, the brother would pronounce the word, and touch his own throat, chest, or lips, to guide the pupil as to the mechanism of the sound, and if that would not do, he would lay the pupil's hand or finger on the spot, and speak the word again, so that it vibrated in the nerves of either. These dumb boys counted for me up to twenty, and showed me on their slates, and their fingers, that they understood the meaning and the use of the sounds they uttered, and one who said *quaterorze* for *quatorze*, looked up, sensible of the error, and counted it perfectly, after observing the motions of the teacher's mouth in repeating only twice. I heard these dumb boys correct their own errors in pronouncing the genders of nouns. "*Epicier*," said one, to the picture of a woman measuring out sugar at a counter; then, watching the brother's smile and lifted eyebrows—"epicière."

In another room I heard a more advanced class read, and answer questions on the subject of their reading with such intelligence, and such interest as I have rarely seen among schoolboys; and the most advanced in this class had been, the teacher told me, a whole year in the institution before the system told on him at all. Then there came a sudden awakening of the intelligence, his mind grasped the truth that there was a bridge over the gulf which parted him from his kind, and his progress has since been extraordinarily rapid. In this class the boys told us how they passed their just terminated holidays. I observed a number of accurate wooden models illustrative of every kind of handicraft, arranged on shelves in this room.

Brother Cyril's class-room contains the most advanced pupils, and presented to me a spectacle which I felt no description could have made me realise, and which I cannot hope to describe to you; I can merely give you the bare facts. About twenty boys, of every age between ten and eighteen, sat before the desks, which formed a hollow square, their books open before them. They rose on our entrance, and saluted me with a unanimous politeness unknown among articulate Britons, and addressed themselves with evident pleasure to their lesson. It was a portion of the catechism, and they answered perfectly, each in his turn. Then they had a talk with Brother Cyril, who told them about me, and asked me to speak to one of them. I spoke to Joseph, a very intelligent lad, but in vain. Brother Cyril told me to move my lips soundlessly, I did so—in vain. Then he asked, soundlessly, why they did not "see" Madame? They never use the word "hear," because it could not convey to them any meaning; they *see* speech. Joseph replied instantly, "*trop petite bouche*;" and drew his poor mouth down at the corners, to show me that the feeble movements of mine did not suffice. Then they read the fable of "*Le renard et l'oie*," and had a talk about it. They told me all about the fox in general, and this particular fox.

"How much did the fox pay for the goose?" asked Brother Cyril.

"Nothing. He stole it."

"Who owned the goose?"

"I do not know."

"Was the fox good?"

"No, he was a thief."

"A thief! he ought to be punished. How are thieves punished? Answer in one word."

"Prison."

"Then the fox ought to go to prison."

"No, no, no (vehemently)—he has not reason."

Then they told me the names of numerous carnivora; and appealed to Brother Cyril in a difference of opinion between Joseph and a neighbor, as to whether monkeys were carnivorous. Brother Cyril said no, and Joseph remonstrated "*Oui, oui, le singe grand comme l'homme*." Brother Cyril apologized. Then came the animals which are eaten, and honorable mention was made of rats, in connection with the siege of Paris by the boys. Did Brother Cyril think the ass was of the number of animals to be eaten? Brother Cyril had heard that it made very good food, but had never eaten it. All this in an easy, chatty way, and so natural that but for the strange uncouth tones in which the words which the speakers could not hear were uttered, it would have been impossible to believe that these speakers were dumb. Brother Cyril told them I was coming again, and when I took leave of them, Joseph said, "*Au revoir, madame*." As we went down through the long passages, I noticed a strange thing. We met two of the Frères, also teachers, severally, and Brother Cyril addressed each. But not in words. The teachers of the dumb spoke to each other by their eyes and their gestures without a sound. I had the privilege of reading a few pages in MS. of a work by Brother Cyril, shortly to be published, explanatory of the principles and practice of the system. I hope a good translation of it will be produced in England.

I asked him about the *morale* of his pupils, and whether he held the general belief in the inherent viciousness of disposition in the deaf and dumb. He said no, certainly not. An *idée fixe* of a bad kind is very formidable in their cases, but, if you can be the person to inspire the idea, you have them entirely secure and devoted to you. There is absolute concentration in their minds; their teacher, if he loves them, is their *master*; but all depends on gaining possession of the mind opening to a consciousness of its powers and use. The severest punishment known at the Pensionnat de St. Louis, a punishment never resorted to except in extreme cases, so profound is its moral effect, is Brother Cyril's formal refusal to take the hand of a pupil reported to him as not having been "*sage*."

This noble institution comprises also a large school for the blind, which I am to visit next week.

I next turned my steps towards the large ambulance beyond the station "*Au Nord*." My way led me along the Boulevards, and by the Jardin Botanique, hidden under the shining snow. I had just seen what the devotion of Christian men was doing to alleviate one of the gravest and most mysterious afflictions of humanity. I was going to see what the devotion of Christian men and women was doing for the alleviation of horrible injuries and sufferings inflicted by human beings upon one another, in the interests of lawless ambition, with the murderous recklessness of brute force, and the impunity of night over right.

A GRAY DAY BY THE SEA.

By the shore of the grey seas,

Solitary, sad, sublime

As the wastes of space and time,

Wave follows wave, even as the flood

Within the frame of pulsing blood,

That lives and dies in harmonies;

Until to me all Life seems one,

And yonder moving moon and sun

Heart and brain of the mighty strain

Vibrating an endless rhyme

Through the infinities.

T. C. IRWIN.

INTERESTING NOTES.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts offers, through the British Horological Institute, a prize of £50 for the best essay on the Balance-Spring. The Astronomer-Royal, Sir C. Wheatstone, and Mr. J. F. Cole have consented to act as judges.

Dr. Dasent succeeds Mr. Froude in the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*.

A contradiction is given to the statement that Mr. John Forster is about to publish a life of Charles Dickens.

The *Musical Standard* says that Sir Michael Costa is engaged in the composition of a new oratorio.

The actual sale of the "Battle of Dorking," in pamphlet form, and exclusive of the seven editions of *Blackwood's Magazine* containing it, has been up to the present time just over 110,000.

The Society of Arts have consented to give their co-operation to the Polytechnic Exhibition, to be held at Moscow next year, in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Czar Peter the Great.

Mr. Le Poer Wynne, Bombay, C.S., has offered a prize of £100 for a translation of Guillemin's "Heavens" into Hindoostani.

The Porte St. Martin Theatre, destroyed during the late troubles, is to be rebuilt, and will re-open under the management of M. Raphael Felix.

Mr. Grant's "History of the Newspaper Press" is now completed, and will be published immediately. It consists of two large octavo volumes, and traces the history of our newspaper journalism from its commencement down to the present year.

Mr. G. Scott is now engaged on the most important part of the Class Catalogue of MSS. in the British Museum, namely, the arranging in chronological order of all the state papers and letters in the national collection, from the Conquest to the latest acquisitions.

The death is announced of the well-known Spanish essayist and publicist, Signor Julian Sanchez Ruano.

M. L. Beins has lately published an interesting monograph on the Grand Pensionary of Holland, Jan de Witt, and his foreign policy at the time of the peace of Westphalia.

Another investigator of the Albanian language has appeared in the person of Dr. Francis Miklosich, of Vienna. The second and third parts of his Albanian Researches are devoted to the Romanish elements of the language and the comparative grammar of the verbs.

The Commissioners for the International Exhibition of 1872 are prepared to receive new compositions of merit from musical writers for the opening ceremony.

The Rev. Dr. Griffiths has presented to the Brighton Free Library thirty folio volumes of the works of Handel.

It is said that Mdle. Lawroski, the singer, is about to leave the stage, and marry a Russian prince.

It is stated that M. Gambetta is only waiting for the end of the state of siege in Paris, to bring out a newspaper as his organ, under the title of *La Patriote*.

Karl Stur, the caricaturist, has just published in Brussels, a curious brochure, of about twenty pages, entitled, "Histoire du Pied de Nez, depuis les Temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours."

The business of the English and Foreign Library Company has passed into the hands of Mr. Mudie.

It is stated that Professor Watson, of the University of Michigan, has discovered a new planet in the constellation Capricorn, of the tenth magnitude. This is the 115th of the series.

A version of *Les Misérables* of Victor Hugo has been produced at Wood's Museum, New York.

The *Athenæum* has the following:—"We learn that a controversy has arisen between M. Gounod and Messrs. Novello respecting the publication of the former's music, which is likely soon to occupy the attention of the courts."

Mr. O'Shaughnessy's new volume of poems, "Lays of France," will be published next month.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

MOSELLE CUP.—One bottle of best sparkling moselle; one bottle of soda water; the rind of a lemon; two sprigs of borage. Let it be well iced.

CLARET CUP.—One bottle of the best claret; one bottle of soda water; one wine-glass of brandy; one wine-glass of sherry; half the rind of a lemon; two sprigs of mint; two or three sprigs of borage. Make it two hours before using it, and ice it for an hour.

WHITE SOUP (MAIGRE).—To make a quart of soup, take a pint and a half of new milk; put it in a saucepan, with three table-spoons of oatmeal, two of onions, one of carrots, one shallot, and half a small turnip. Reduce this to one pint by gradual boiling; press it through a wire sieve; add another pint of milk and half a gill of cream. Let it boil ten or twenty minutes. It should have two teaspoons of arrowroot, two yolks of eggs, and a little pepper and salt.

LEMON SUET PUDDING.—This pudding is said by some of the medical profession to be more wholesome than any other. Quarter-pound of suet, chopped fine; quarter-pound of sugar; quarter-pound of crumbs of bread; the peel and juice of one large lemon; two eggs. Boil for three hours. Serve with custard as sauce.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PINE APPLE SALAD.—A slice of orange and a slice of apple placed together, cutting away the core of each; powdered sugar shaken over them. Repeat the process till there is sufficient for a dish; then pour orange juice and a glass of sherry over it, with plenty of sugar dissolved in the juice. This has been pronounced a perfect imitation of the pine apple flavor.

TO STRENGTHEN THE HAIR.—Take a tablespoonful of Florence oil and a teaspoonful of whiskey, well mixed together, and with a little bit of flannel rub the roots of the hair about three nights in the week; or, try a wash of one penny worth of borax, one penny worth of powdered camphor, and sixpence worth of glycerine. Mix well together, and wash the hair with a sponge and a little of this once a week.

A WONDERFULLY SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR TOOTH-ACHE.—Oil of thyme, oil of cloves, and spirits of wine. These ingredients to be mixed in equal parts. Apply on cotton wool.

BE STILL—BE STILL.

Darkness comes on; day is forgot in night;

Birds sleep, for in the sun they sang their fill;

The earth, like God, is almost hid from sight—

Be still—be still!

Leaves drop; the water ripples at my feet;

Far in the dark, winds whisper on the hill;

Close by is jessamine, the air is sweet—

Be still—be still!

Silent the earth—silent the skies and night—

Some mighty spirit hushes it at will;

O strong soul! make me also in thy might

Be still—be still!

Hold thou my trembling hands; touch my hot head;

Say to me, "Rest you!" and I will—I will!

May I not share the quiet of the dead?

Be still—be still!

Close by is jessamine, the air is sweet;

How sober wood and river, field and hill!

I too shall rest, leaves drooping at my feet—

Be still—be still!

HARRIET.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—"Remembrance;" "Killarney;" "I miss the smiles;" "Musings;" "Wife;" "One of many;" "Autumn Flowers," etc.
GROUSE.—Certainly. Write to remind us at the expiration of the term.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

Once more has the Emerald Isle welcomed to its shores her who, before all others, may be called the queen of song. On Monday night our short opera season opened with the always welcome, if somewhat hackneyed, "Il Trovatore," the part of *Leonora* being sustained by Madlle. Tietjens, who was received with that unanimous burst of applause which invariably greets her on an opening night in our city, where we are happy to say it has not yet become "unfashionable" or "underbred" to testify in public to the pleasure we derive from the performance of a great artist. It is needless to say that each number which fell to the share of the heroine, was rendered in the true spirit of the composer, and that the power and fidelity of her acting were equal to her vocal efforts. In many instances the appreciation of the audience was shown by a unanimous *encore*, but in only some was this exacting demand complied with; in the case of the touching and dramatic duet with *Manrico*, "Ah! che la morte," the enthusiasm of the audience was irresistible, and the effect, if possible, greater than before. Signor Prudenza, who sustained the part of *Manrico*, made a favorable impression, and fairly shared the honors with Madlle. Tietjens. The admirable singing and fine acting of Madame Trebelli-Bettini gave even more than the ordinary significance to the part of *Azucena*. Signor Mendioroz, who appeared as the *Conte di Luna*, has a fine baritone voice, and gave the famous "Il balen" in such spirited style as to elicit a unanimous *encore*. Madlle. Baumeister was a graceful representative of *Inez*, and the fine voice of Signor Foli told admirably in the music allotted to *Ferrando*.

Madlle. Marimon made her *debut* in Dublin on Tuesday evening in the character of *Maria* in Donizetti's "Figlia del Reggimento"—a character admirably suited to her vocal and dramatic powers. Madlle. Marimon achieved an unqualified success, both as singer and actress; her voice is pure, sweet, and powerful, and her acting was unconstrained and *naïve* throughout. Madlle. Marimon was well supported by Signor Agnesi as *Sulpizio*. The sweet and touching air, "Convien partir," formed a pleasing contrast to the archness and *naïveté* of her rendering of "Sorgeva il di." But the great triumph of the night was at the close of the opera, when she executed trills and runs of the most intricate nature, with clearness resembling the warbling of a lark. The fine tenor of Signor Vizzani was heard to advantage as *Tonio*; and we have now an opportunity of speaking highly of this gentleman's acting, of which we had no earlier occasion of judging, though we predicted a brilliant career for him, when his fine voice and good style of singing made so great an impression at the concerts in January. At the close of the opera Madlle. Marimon was recalled, and a number of bouquets thrown to her.

Donizetti's opera, "Anna Bolena," which was presented on Wednesday evening, takes up the story of Henry the Eighth and Anna Boleyn, at the commencement of the estrangement between her and the king, when he is led away by the attractions of Lady Jane Seymour. The chief deviations from history consist in the betrothal of Anna to Lord Percy, and her becoming insane.

The cast on Wednesday evening was almost identical with that of Her Majesty's Opera on the first production of "Anna Bolena" during the season just past—the single exception being that the part of *Jane Seymour* was taken by Madlle. Colombo instead of Madame Sinico. Madlle. Tietjens, who was received with prolonged applause from all parts of the house, fully sustained her great reputation in this her latest impersonation. From the touching air in which Anna recalls the memories and emotions evoked by the strains of the young minstrel, down to the tragic climax of the story, was one succession of triumphs. Words are wanting to describe Madlle. Tietjens' portrayal of the agony and despair of Anne, when she heard the king's denunciation of her; for she knows that her accuser will also

be her judge, and that from that sentence there is no appeal. To our mind, Madlle. Tietjens is never heard to such advantage as when she is alone upon the stage, with no surrounding pageant to divide our attention; it is then we feel the power of this great artist to lead us captive into those bright regions of poetry and romance, which, after all, go further to make up the realities of life, than much of what the world calls "real." *Henry the Eighth* found a fitting representative in Signor Agnesi, whose rich baritone voice is rapidly gaining for him an important place in public favor. *Lord Percy* was represented by Signor Prudenza, who sang well and carefully; but we think the music somewhat too dramatic for his style, which appears to belong more to the romantic school. Madlle. Colombo was a tolerably good representative of *Jane Seymour*, but her acting is constrained and unimpassioned, and serves to mar the effect which her singing would otherwise produce. Madlle. Fernandez made a decidedly good impression as *Smeaton*, and received the distinction of an *encore* to her first air. Special mention may be made of the trio, "Io sentii sulla mia mano," for *Anne Henry*, and *Percy*, which was exquisitely interpreted, and deservedly *encored*.

At the conclusion of the opera Madlle. Tietjens was called before the curtain twice, and greeted with tumultuous cheering and a torrent of bouquets.

Our limited space forbids us to do more than record the second appearance of Madlle. Marimon, in "Sonnambula" on Thursday, when the highly favorable impression created by her previous performance was fully confirmed. The other parts were all satisfactorily rendered by their several representatives, and the house was well filled by an appreciative audience.

To hear such artists as Madlle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, in two such important parts as *Semiramide* and *Arsace*, is a treat long to be remembered. In saying that Madlle. Tietjens' personation of the queen may be classed among her greatest achievements, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, we accord to it the highest possible praise. "Bel raggio," and "Dolce pensiero," may be instanced as models of brilliant vocalization, and the entire scene with *Assur* as marked by histrionic power of the highest order. The enthusiasm of the audience reached its climax at the termination of the great duet, "Giorno d'orrore," and the vociferous *encore* was quite irresistible. Signor Agnesi as *Assur* ably supported Madlle. Tietjens, in the scene where he taunts the queen with having poisoned her husband. The *Oro* of Signor Foli is deserving of very honorable mention. To-night the charming "La Figlia del Reggimento" of Donizetti is to be repeated, and we doubt not will attract a large and fashionable attendance.

AUTUMN SILKS.—Lyons silk for autumn and winter is called *faillé*. It is simply gros grain, soft and lustreless, with smaller cords than that of last year. Thick reps are objected to, as they break when folded, catch the dust easily, and soon become rusty. Black *faillé* has rather less blue tinge than has been used of late, but is not yet a full deep black, and its lustre is very slight. For day dresses there are "cloth colors" so dark that they barely escape being black, white evening silks are as pale as possible without being white. In rich fabrics a sheet of solid color, clear, pure, and admirably brought out, is preferred to any design of figures. Silks of three tones of a color will be worn for a single costume. The nicest gradations of shades are obtained by color artists in French manufactories by submitting the three pieces of silk to the same dye. The darkest silk is dyed first, then the color bath is weakened for the second shade, and still further weakened for the third. The tones then harmonise, and there is no danger of thrusting together a rosy-brown and a yellow-brown, a bluish-grey and one with pink tints, the beauty of each being destroyed by the other.

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THE EMERALD: The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—Dublin: O'Toole & Son. This interesting magazine continues to enjoy a tolerable share of popularity amongst the ladies of Ireland. Its pages abound with matters specially suited to the taste of the "gentler sex," including a number of beautiful poetic effusions."

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THE EMERALD:

THE

IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 16.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1871.

[Vol. II.]



ON MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

DUBLIN has the reputation of a musical city, and its inhabitants are proud of and applaud that reputation. They will assure you, with a modesty only equalled by the veracity of the assurance, that the approbation of a Dublin audience is sufficient to secure the success of a public singer in any part of the world. "Once they pass the Dublin audience they may go anywhere," is an avowal that may be heard everywhere within the Circular Road, when some vocalist of world-wide fame, who has sojourned in every chief city of Europe, pays a hurried visit to the provincial Irish capital. If it be indeed true in any sense, then Dublin should be for its size the most musical place on the face of the earth, and its inhabitants—or at least a considerable number of them—should employ all their leisure moments in fiddling and fluting, strumming and shouting; musical societies, if not as plenty as blackberries, should at least be numerous and well supported; unknown artists who offer themselves to the test, seeking that mighty approbation which is henceforth to be their guarantee to all the world, should at least be heard in order to the formation of an opinion; and speculators who give vain value at fair rates to the Dublin public should not be ruined when they bring an entertainment to the city.

We are afraid that the contrary of all this is the case. It is notorious that concert and opera troupes more often lose by a visit to Dublin than any other city in the Three Kingdoms. An artist who comes here unknown—that is, who does not bear the London brand—the stamp of the approbation of the London press—may sing or play to empty benches for all the Dublin public cares. Its love for music is not so strong as to make it unloose its purse-strings on experiments. No, no. When all the world has been ringing with the praise of an artist for months, or perhaps years, then it occurs to the judicial Dublin public that its money will be compensated for by astonishment. It certainly is not its love for music which brings it to the concert-room or theatre. It must have some guarantee beforehand that money's worth in the shape of wonder is in store for it. And this is the more singular, since, in other respects, the people of Dublin, high and low, rich and poor, are much more remarkable for extravagance than economy. The amount of money expended, for instance, in the purchase of stimulants—in every grade of Dublin society—is something fabulous. If we contrast this one fact with the nig-

gardliness displayed in artistic matters, it will be hard to escape the conclusion that the Dublin public loves music less than strong drink.

In the matter of musical societies we think they have rather gone back than forward. Twenty years ago there were four good and enterprising musical societies in Dublin—the Antient Concerts, the Philharmonic, the University of Dublin, and the Madrigals. To-day the first and last of these are defunct. Other societies have sprung up, but we cannot say to replace their predecessors. The Antients—as it was popularly called—was the means of putting before a Dublin audience most of the great choral works which have been written, and of bringing over good artists of every description who might never otherwise have set foot on the shores of Ireland. Its trained chorus, under the able direction of Mr. Joseph Robinson, was as perfect for its numbers as anything to be heard abroad. The Madrigals made use of some of the best of these in the production of the quaint compositions from which the society derived its name. Both classes of works—the great choral and madrigal—were thus heard to the very best advantage. Taste was inevitably improved when the language of the great composers was interpreted intelligibly; and a generation grew up which loved their works. When it passed away no successor was found. With the decease of these two societies choral singing came to an end in Dublin; because there is not even yet here a single highly trained chorus.

Of the four societies above-named, the Philharmonic and the University survive. The former puts the very highest class of music before its subscribers, and keeps up a fair orchestra. It likewise brings artists from abroad, and has treated its audiences to the very foremost instrumentalists of the age. The grand symphonies and grand overtures of such men as Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, figure in its programmes, and are in the main well performed. But we are afraid, after all, that love of music has little to do with the desire of many to become subscribers to the Philharmonic. We have heard the loveliest and tenderest *adagii* of Beethoven talked through the whole time by a very large proportion of the audience; and the tones of the band seemed struggling up hazily through a hum and buzz, the result in all probability of little flirtations and the small chit-chat which elegant society now dignifies by the name of conversation. The Philharmonic is very particular as to its members—must know who's who before admitting them; and in consequence, membership is regarded as conferring the stamp of the very highest society. In a city of lawyers,

physicians, and merchants, where every year brings new men to the front of their class, the cause of the longevity of the Philharmonic may be readily ascribed to another cause than that of innate love for music.

The University Choral, from its very nature, maintains a precarious existence. It must depend largely on the ever-changing population of Trinity College. Herein, however, lies one of the secrets of its continued existence. It has not to depend solely on the natives of Dublin; every year the provinces send up a fresh accession of strength; and it is not improbable that, as long as Dr. Stewart guides the society, it will continue to live in a more or less flourishing condition.

There are two other musical societies in existence, of later growth; but it appears to us that their ambition is wrongly directed, and that they are seeking to accomplish very great ends with very inadequate means. We must, however, give the members the credit that they intend well; although we do not think they will have a beneficial effect on the cause of music if they persevere in a wrong direction.

As for the music of the masses, it has developed itself into a series of organizations known as "the city bands." If Dublin be judged by these, its claims to the appellation of a musical city are very small indeed. Most of "the city bands" are of the very simplest. "The ear-piercing fife" and "the warlike drum" are in greatest favor. The shrill scream of the one slightly deadened by the harsh rattle of the other can represent music to very primitive minds only. As for the few brass bands possessed by some of the trades, they are all of recent organization, and, though not very pleasant to listen to, are probably as good as could be expected for the practice they have had.

Concerning the quality of the music retailed in private mansions there is no need for us to say anything. A contributor has described it very fully in a recent article; and we have merely to give our opinion that the description is life-like as regards Dublin.

Taking into account, then, all those circumstances, the claim of Dublin to being considered a musical city is more than doubtful. And yet, it is very much to be wished that it were not. As the actively employed minds of our age must have relaxation, they could hardly find any so free from harm—or rather so powerful for good—as the producing or hearing of sweet sounds. Amongst our young men this is especially the case. If music were more generally cultivated, in all probability so would temperance be. The absence of natural stimulants induces the desire for artificial ones; and it is scarcely too much to say that the want of well-managed concert rooms is the origin of many well-managed gin palaces.

QUEEN KATE.

A TALE OF LONDON LIFE.

"I shall be a queen!" said Kate; and there was no one by to contradict her. Still, appearances were against the probability. She sat on the muddy bank, with her feet in the muddy water, her tangled hair tossed by the winds, and her frock torn. "I shall be a queen!" she repeated, and paddled luxuriously in the filth. Behind, was a stripe of garden with cabbages and beans, leading to a dismal hovel. This was the palace in which Kate lived, and out of its smoky window she looked on her kingdom. Ah! it was a great thing to be queen under the circumstances!

Kate shoved her hair back, and got up; she was tired of

paddling. She sang a little song, and had a little dance with her damp feet over the cabbage stalks on her way home. It was darker inside than outside, and dirtier. She set out the plate and cup on the table, poked up the fire with a bit of burnt stick, and squatted down in front to wait for her father. The flame shone upon her mouth and eyes—royal brown eyes! and upon her shoulders peeping through her rags. She took her finger and drew silently in the ashes some fancy, some plan worthy of a queen. A shadow crossed the door-way.

"Well, old 'un!" she remarked cheerfully, finishing her sketch with the help of her thumb, and looking up.

"Oh, it's you, Sam!" she said, and nodded. "Where's the old 'un?"

The person so familiarly addressed by royalty was—a vagabond. His face was unmistakeably that of a vagabond, and his legs and general appearance—there was no doubt of it.

"In the lock-up," returned he gruffly.

"Oh," said Kate, interested—not surprised; "been long there?"

"These two hours," answered the other, shuffling off his neckerchief and moving out.

Kate sat with an unclouded face by the ashes, drawing with her finger. She finished her design, cocked her head to one side, and approved of it, and then went out among the cabbages. Most of them smelt abominably, but she caught up her ragged skirt daintily, and picked her steps to the least inoffensive, where she crouched down, and tearing off the juiciest of the leaves, ate it then and there, without troubling to alter her position. The feast had all the freshness and delicacy of a first meal, being breakfast, dinner, and tea in one. It was true she had had vague dreams of a roll and a red herring in a piece of newspaper, but those were lost with her father—and even queens are doomed to be disappointed. When the stalk was well cleaned and pitched neatly over the bank, Kate got up (the ground and cabbages were wet with damp), and went to the water's edge, where she settled herself to spend the evening. By settling herself, I mean she folded her frock conveniently over her knees, and put her feet in—for she was not encumbered with shoes or stockings. Then she leant her face on her hand and watched the mud oozing over her toes. Her brown eyes sometimes followed the tangled weeds waving in the water, or the boats as they crept sluggishly up and down—not pleasure boats, it was too dull and misty for pleasure. She had no interruptions except that of her hair blowing into her face. Kate sang to herself in a low voice. Being queen, she had the choice of all words and tunes. Time passed; darkness and fog closed round her! she felt no wretchedness, no loneliness, no fear. Under every circumstance she was queen. When the minute came that she thought fit, she left the outer darkness, and went, still singing, into the inner darkness; made her way straight to her bed of straw, pulled it out a little to her comfort, lay down with her head on her crossed arms for a pillow, and without loss of time fell asleep.

Next morning she was up early, with the whole day before her. She dabbled her hands in the muddy water, and made them a little dirtier; rubbed her face with her wet hands, and made it a little dirtier; and tugged back her tangled hair, making it a little more tangled—if that were possible. Then she munched through two cabbage leaves, and pitched the stalks into the river, and then turned into the street refreshed, singing the song of the night before. She knew the days and hours she could see her father in prison, just as well as she knew the way to the prison, and the gates, and the turnkey. As she walked along she honored everything with her notice, holding her head to one side, and stepping out firmly. There was not a milkman, or a postman, or an apprentice, or a school girl that escaped her brown eyes. She walked leisurely; there was no hurry. Business men streamed out of their houses—creatures of a different race from her, who slept between sheets, and wore more than

one garment, and had water brought into them in basins. She could not help admiring their general sleekness of appearance, though in every other respect she despised them absolutely. At the door of a public-house two red-faced men whispered—vagabonds. She nodded to them, and they nodded back. Just round the corner hurried an old gentleman, watch in hand, very orderly and well washed. Kate seized her opportunity, laid aside her dignity for the moment, thrust herself before him, bobbed down the most hypocritical of little curtsies, and boldly demanded “a penny, please, sir.”

The assault was so unexpected and sudden that the old gentleman fell back alarmed. “What did you say?” he said to the brown eyes. Both brown eyes and mouth had plenty to say.

“Ah,” said the month, “I haven’t tasted a bite of food this morning, please, sir; and mother’s out washing, and father’s broke his leg, and there’s ten of us at home, starving, sir—ten of us at home, starving,” she repeated emphatically. The old gentleman was completely taken in. He fumbled for a penny, and brought out a shilling. Her success so delighted Kate that she did not scruple to show her feelings in a wild Indian’s dance on the pavement, to her benefactor’s astonishment and horror. Truly, they were of a different race.

She disposed of her gains to the very best advantage, laying them out in something more savoury than raw cabbage. For solids she chose bread and bacon; for liquids, gin. The sun was shining full upon the busy streets when she continued her road. From the quiet bye-ways she passed into the great thoroughfares; she was familiar with everything, knew her way everywhere, and nodded to twenty vagabonds in the crowd. She reached the prison at the right hour precisely. The turnkey recognized her; he had seen her often before. He was in a good humor. “Good day, my girl,” he said.

“Good day, my jail-bird!” she answered, and she swept past him, with a toss of the head and a swing of the ragged frock that sent him into a roar of laughter. The father and daughter met with perfect coolness and indifference. There was no waste of sensibility on either side. He was a grey-haired, stooping vagabond, with some touches of humanity still visible about him.

“Well, little ‘un?” he said.

“Well, old ‘un!” she returned, and they stood eyeing each other.

“How long?” inquired she, composedly, after a short pause.

“Six months,” replied he, “and I wouldn’t have touched them stuffs—I wouldn’t—if it hadn’t been for you at home, little ‘un!” and he fell to blubbering, and wiping his eyes with his coat sleeves, most probably for the turnkey’s benefit.

“Ah!” said she, in the same tone of interest that she received the news of his imprisonment—“ah!”

“You’ll get on,” said he meekly, still with the turnkey uppermost in his mind. A smile curled her lip, and her eye sparkled. Get on? Of course she’d get on. How did she always get on? As long as there was food in the world she’d lay hold of it somehow, and as long as there were fires she’d keep herself warm. The speech was for show entirely. The father trusted the daughter. They were perfectly independent. She poked her head in and peered round.

“Snug here?” she remarked, nodding approvingly.

“Quite snug.”

They stood silent a moment, eyeing each other again.

“Well,” said Kate, “I’m going, old ‘un.”

“All right,” said the man; “look in again.”

“If I’ve time,” called she, half-way down the passage; and she sang shrilly till the building echoed with her voice, and she woke the turnkey up with a start.

Being a queen, Kate had no one to control her—no one to say, “You shall,” or “shall not.” She went where she wanted, stayed as long as she wished, and came away when

she liked. She was perfectly bold and shameless. We shall not follow her. In the evening she returned home in high spirits. The sun set gorgeously on the river and weeds, and changed the hovel to a real palace; but Kate thought more of the muddy water than the blazing light, paddled, and was happy, with her ragged frock tucked up to her knees; then skipt across the cabbage stalks into the dirty hole, and lay down on the straw to sleep, for the last time. In the morning she was going to start on a journey. She was going out into the world. Sons and daughters who are going out into the world rarely leave home quite unattended. Generally they are followed by the prayers of a family, the tears of a mother, the wishes of little brothers or sisters. Kate was all alone. She looked to herself for all she needed, and never beyond, and she trusted herself entirely. The fact of superiority in age, education, rank, virtue, and power had never dawned upon her. She knew no humility.

On awakening in the morning, she prepared to start. There was not much to be done. She had nothing to pack up and carry away. The furniture was worth nothing, and the chipped jug, plate, and cup worth nothing; so she left them, and stepped out into the world. This time she was going to leave the city behind, with its houses and men, and go into the country. She had once been a little way, and lain under a hedge on the grass, and she remembered how sweet the air was, and how fresh the water and berries. The sun poured upon her uncovered head and shoulders as they peeped through her rags. By evening the dusty road brought her to a farm-house, where she begged for her supper. This time it was a different story:—“Father dead, and mother run away and left us!”

The woman neither listened nor believed the tale, but threw her out some cold porridge meant for hens, which Kate devoured with relish, sitting on the doorstep. Later, she squeezed under a gate into somebody’s orchard, ate largely of somebody’s fruit, and fell asleep stretched on the moss. When she awoke, night was around her, gray and solemn. She felt her way along the path into a garden. In front was a house with the lower windows open and a lamp lighted on a table. Kate drew nearer and stared within; all was aglow, warm, and comfortable; an old lady sat knitting, with purple ribbons in her cap; a servant with a tray opened the door. Kate watched a minute, and then turned into the porch, thick with trailing plants, and threw herself down in the corner to spend the night. It was harder than the straw mattress, certainly; but so sheltered overhead, and the air so sweet—so deliciously sweet! She closed her eyes, and the old lady’s voice murmured from the lighted room beside her. After a little time, a shadow came between her and the light. A tall figure stood at the side-window with a hand on the blind. Kate heard the words distinctly, though they were whispered—

“Barbara, come here! There’s somebody there.” Barbara was either deaf or absent, for the words were repeated—this time a little louder, and the tone a little more shaky.

“Barbara, come here! I’m sure there’s somebody there.” Mistress and maid drew together, and peered intently. Kate was discovered. She did not move, or care in the very least.

“Barbara,” said the old lady tremulously, “let’s go to the door together, and see before sending for the police.”

And then, as they moved from the window, the old lady added: “Now pray, Barbara.” Steps sounded along the passage, a hand opened the door, and the trespasser turned her face to the candle, and the gaze of the two trembling women peeping cautiously. The old lady was short-sighted. “Who are you,” began she with forced boldness, “and what do you want here?”

“Law!” exclaimed the servant, whose eyes were younger; “it’s a child! My goodness gracious me!”

Kate was drawn to her feet, and stood convicted, rags, bare shoulders, tangled hair, and all. She accepted her fate calmly, as became a queen. The old lady held the candle above her head.

"Barbara," she said mildly, "she has no stockings or shoes. Her frock is ragged, and she has no hat. She is thin, dirty, uncared-for—show her in."

And the door with the word was closed, leaving Kate in a mansion of light and warmth. The old lady led the way into the sitting-room. She was tall, but stooped. Kate followed, without shame, without humility. The walls were hung with bright pictures, a clock ticked on the mantel-piece, a cat lay in a basket by the window, the carpet and curtains were red. Kate took all in at a glance. The old lady seated herself in the arm-chair. Calm goodness lay in her blue eyes, and marked the lines of her mouth. Her dress was of soft gray; pure white nestled round her throat and wrists. She was good. They were of a different race.

"Barbara," said she (the servant stood by, curious and attentive), "perhaps she is hungry. Get some bread and cheese, and"—she called after her—"perhaps she is thirsty; bring a tumbler of milk."

Barbara disappeared. The two looked at each other. Kate's eyes shone through her tangled hair intensely observant; the old lady pondered with pity.

"Child," said she, at last, "who are you?"

Kate's memory reverted directly to the last lie; but she found it easier to tell a new one.

"I'm nobody," said she. "I've no father or mother, and I ran away from aunt 'cause she beat me."

The face and eyes here bore false witness. The old lady looked and believed.

"No parents!" said she, deeply touched. "Barbara!"—she appealed to the servant, just entering, heavily laden—"do you hear? This poor little girl is an orphan, and has been badly treated by her aunt, so that she was obliged to run away!"

"Law!" exclaimed the compassionate Barbara, "poor little thing!"

Kate eyed the contents of the plate and glass. Food moved her far more than sympathy.

"Put a chair in for her," said the old lady. "She will be tired. Give her her supper, Barbara; make her eat."

And in all the graciousness of benevolence the two women vied with each other to minister to the little recreant.

(To be continued.)

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MRS. ANNE RADCLIFFE.

The authoress of "The Mysteries of Udolpho"—who has been called the Salvator Rosa of English romance, though by such an association the compliment is reflected much more on the Italian painter than the English writer—was born in London on the 9th of July, 1764. Ward was her maiden name, and almost all her relatives lived in handsome and independent conditions, with the exception of her father, who was a tradesman. By the father's side she was connected by descent with Cheselden, the famous surgeon; by the mother's, with Halifax, bishop of Gloucester, and the doctor of that name, physician to the court. At an earlier period, one of the chief branches of the family tree was a foreign graft, a Dutch engineer, one of the De Witts, who came to England in Charles I.'s time with the object of draining the Lincolnshire marshes. He settled in that little British Holland, and one of his children, born at Hull, became an ancestor of Miss Ward's mother.

In her youth Anne Ward was admired for the grace of a form small in stature, but of admirable symmetry; for the charm of a complexion which seems to have realized Herrick's "cream and claret commingling;" for the beauty of the mouth, the eyes, and level brows, and the varied animation of her countenance. One of the early and leading characteristics of her mind was an intense admiration, or rather worship—that union of love and wonder—for the glories and solemnities of external nature (we may be sure in its more majestic and sombre aspects), and her delight in music; both of which are abundantly manifested in her works.

Such pleasure, also, did she, when a girl, take in verbal harmony, that she was accustomed to get her friends to read to her many of those passages in Greek and Latin poetry noted for their organic melody—to a fine ear and intelligent mind a still higher pleasure than that of listening to vocal or instrumental music. Her delicate organization is said to have rendered her too retiring in her manners to shine in general conversation, though possessed of a most ready and flexible fancy; and, like all creative spirits, she loved rather to brood over her conceptions than express them. Almost all her life was, indeed, passed in retirement; and among the few literary notabilities with whom we find her acquainted were Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Piozzi, Dr. Johnson's friend, whom she possibly met at Chelsea, where Mr. Bentley (married to her mother's sister, and of the firm of Bentley and Wedgwood, so well known in fictile crematic art) resided.

In her twenty-third year Anne Ward married Mr. William Radcliffe, an Oxford man and law student, who became proprietor of the "English Chronicle," a circumstance which doubtless developed her literary tendencies; for two years after, in 1789, she produced her first romance, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunboyne," a wild and romantic Scottish story of the middle ages, of which it conveys a very fanciful idea. Although little remarkable as a first production of untried genius, the peculiar turn of that of the authoress for the gloomy and mysterious is evidenced in it. In 1790, however, appeared the "Sicilian Romance," a work of real imagination, which captivated the reading public by its adventures and scenery. Hitherto the prose picturesque was an element almost wanting in English literature. Richardson, with his Dutch accuracy of detail, had as little sympathy with the aspects of nature as Fielding, nor, except in some of his verses, and in the night storm in "Count Fathom," is there a trace of it in Smollett, although some of the rapid sketches in his "Travels in Italy" are somewhat pleasing. In Sterne, to be sure, there are a few delicious vistas, but only introduced like the backgrounds in the pictures of the great figure painters. It is to Mrs. Radcliffe we are indebted for the place which descriptions of natural scenery have since occupied in fiction; and within their limits—which may be compared to those of Poussin contrasted with Turner—scarcely any writer has since equalled her. Of course we look in vain in her works for such great pictures of vigorous and truthful detail as a later period has produced, such as the storm and shipwreck in "David Copperfield," or many of Hugo's pictures of beauty and repose, or broad epical realizations of elemental strife. For the union of tone and detail, nevertheless, in the gloomy scenes she so much affected, she remains as unrivalled as Rembrandt.

In the "Romance of the Forest," published in 1791, a still further advance, both in conception and artistic power, was observable, and this work placed her on the elevation her genius still commands. In 1793 Mrs. Radcliffe made a trip to the Rhine, where the feudal scenery, the numbers of aged and ruined castles pinnacled along the banks of the river, the old towns and the forests, so congenial to her romantic fancy, doubtless elicited some of the conceptions and coloring she shortly after threw into "The Mysteries of Udolpho," for which—so high had her repute as an enchantress of romance risen—she received the then unparalleled sum of £500. This work created her an immense public; the readers who rushed to place themselves under her spell, counted by hundreds of thousands; nor, despite the exhaustive efforts of the French school of novelists and romancers to enthrall their readers by the interest attaching to awe, and the current works of English, Irish, and American writers—many of them far superior in the delineation of life, passion, character, as they are in dramatic structure—has the charm of her gloomy pages lessened much in the present generation. Four years afterwards Mrs. Radcliffe produced "The Italian," for which she received £800, and which was as popular as "The Mysteries," but which was

destined to be her last work of fiction. She was but thirty-three then, and in the full vigor of life and creative power; yet in the midst of both she retired from the literary world, folded the splendid ebon wings of her imagination, nor longer "smoothed this raven down of darkness till it smiled." Many conjectures were offered to account for the inactive silence of her remaining life, and the critics, who must have something to say, suggested that she ceased to write because she had begun to copy herself—that, after "The Italian," she was afraid of herself, as some one said to Sheridan respecting the "School for Scandal." But it is more probable that she was content with those works, by which she had formed a school, with whose innumerable and inferior imitators she did not care to compete. It was even confidently reported that she had become insane—a similar suggestion of restless inanity having, we recollect, been made respecting Dickens, who has left a chronicle of the amusement it afforded himself and his friends—and that she was the inmate of a private asylum. Mrs. Radcliffe, however, appears to have loved retirement, and to have preferred to notoriety the sequestered calm of domestic life. That, however, during this long period she was not inactive, her posthumous works testify. For twelve years previous to her death she had suffered from spasmodic asthma, a complaint which proved fatal to this amiable lady and admirable writer on the 7th of February, 1823.

The chief imaginative power displayed in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances is that by which she enthralls interest by working on the passion of fear, excited by the invention of incident. The original conception and development of character was either a faculty she did not possess, or did not enter into her plan of writing. Hence the interest attaching to her personages arises from the distresses and dangers they meet with, the evil purposes by which they are followed, etc.; and the effect is almost entirely produced by such descriptions, and those of externals. It is the situations and scenery which are dramatic, more than the characters. Nevertheless, some of the delineations of her terrible characters are in the highest degree impressive, quite as much so as those of Byron, who, despite his more subjective treatment, appears to have colored some of his conceptions from sympathetic perusal of her pages. The art of mystery she possessed in a high degree, and many of her portraits are like some of Rembrandt's faces, whose terrible interest arises from the shadows through which they are seen. This is manifested in full force in the introductory scene in "The Italian," and many other places. Perhaps her most dramatic scene is that in "The Mysteries of Udolpho," where Secchoni, just as his arm is raised to murder its heroine, discovers her to be his own child—a scene of which she has the credit of being the first conceiver, and which has been worked up in after years by Hugo in the banquet in "Lucretia Borgia," and, with varieties, by many others.

"In harrowing up the soul with imaginary horrors," says Hazlitt, "making the flesh creep and the nerves thrill with fond hopes and fears, Mrs. Radcliffe is unrivalled among her fair countrywomen. Her great power lies in describing the indefinable and embodying a phantom. She makes us twice children. All the fascination that links the world of passion and the world unknown—all the poetry of romance—is hers." As we have said, the interest of the scene is not connected with the characters—with Adeline, Emily, Vivaldi, Ellena—which are mere attractive points that lead our imaginations through the horrors of the scene—keys for stirring the springs of terror and suspense in ourselves. She is, however, supreme in her knowledge of these emotions, and in creating the resources for arousing them. As in Martin's pictures, we think less of the figures than the scenes, objects, and localities. Some have declined to admit that she is a good painter of landscape, which so predominates in her fiction, because it is frequently indefinite; but, considering her darker pictures, there is a merit in letting them only appear through an atmosphere of gloom, in which definition is lost in the obscure. Among her pictu-

resque paintings of both sorts may be mentioned the first glimpse of the castle of Udolpho; the desolate house on the shore of the Mediterranean, over which the clouds scud and the sea-birds scream, selected for the murder of Ellena by her father; the ruined villa, with its tottering turret, in the deserted court, where Schedoni is attacked by Spalatro. Then, to pass from gloom to beauty, we have the sylvan scenes surrounding the mouldering mansion where La Motte finds an asylum, the moonlit streets of Venice, the sunset dances on the bay of Naples. The plan adopted in her *denouements*, of seeking to account by natural means for the mysterious and seemingly supernatural incidents which created so appalling an effect in the preceding portions of the romance, is not always successfully executed. The unravelling of the plot is indeed that part of fiction in which some of the greatest writers have failed. Maturin, in the "Castle of Montorio," adopted Mrs. Radcliffe's plan with like unsuccess; and, as a principle of imaginary art, it appears to us to be a mistake; however great the ingenuity displayed, it must lessen the impression previously created, and is much as if, in the last act of "Hamlet," "the dead corse in complete steel who has revisited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous," were to appear without "the very armor he had on when he the ambitious Norway combated," and announce himself as Mr. So-and-so, the stock actor.

Mrs. Radcliffe was accustomed to make an annual tour with her husband, generally along the south and south-west coast of England, and in such trips noted her impressions of scenery in a Journal, extracts from which were published in Talfourd's Memoir of her in 1826. The graphic sketches in those pages, as they reflect observation and not imagination, are at least truer to nature than those in her romances. Among them may be noted the description of the sea view at Ramsgate; of the shore at Beachy head, with its cliffs and ruined rocks; of the night prospect from the terrace of Windsor Castle; and of the storm at the Isle of Wight in 1801; in all which her picturesque pen is in a high degree brief, forcible, and felicitous. Take the following notes: "After dark, a storm with thunder and lightning; listened to the strong steady force of the wind and waves below. The thunder rolled and burst at intervals, often so mingled with as to be undistinguishable from that of the waves. No complaining of the wind, but a strong and awful monotony. Lightning very blue; showed at moments the foaming waves far out. Glad to hear from the other side of the house cheerful voices talking and singing. Storm subsided, rolling toward the Sussex coast. This the grandest display of the elements I have ever seen—a token of God directing the world. What particularly struck me was the appearance of irresistible power which the deep monotonous sound of the wind and surge conveyed; nothing sudden or labored; all a continuance of sure power, without effort." Or the night scene from Windsor terrace, where, by the way, a shadowy incident occurred to her exactly like one in "The Mysteries of Udolpho": "The lights and shades of the park below, the obscure behind them, the low and wide horizon which one seems to look upon, the grandeur of the heavenly arch which appears to spring from it, the multitude of stars visible in so vast and uninterrupted a view—surely it was here that Shakspeare received his first hint of the appearance of the ghost—

" 'Last night of all,
When yon same star that westward from the pole
Had run its course to mark that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one.' "

Miss Ada Dyas is engaged by Mr. W. H. Liston, at the Royal Olympic Theatre, to play the heroine in Mr. Wilkie Collins's new drama of *The Woman in White*, Mr. G. Vining will appear as Count Fosco.

ONE OF MANY.

"There was only the sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed;
But rest to the weary spirit—
Peace to the quiet dead!"

The glory of the sunset's glow
Falls on her pure pale brow,
So restless but an hour ago,
So calm and peaceful now!
The white lids veil the violet eyes,
The lips are tightly pressed,
And the heart that throbbed so wildly, lies
For evermore at rest.

But though the breath has fled, the rose
Still lingers on her cheek,
And we who watch her hushed repose
Half hope to hear her speak;
We cannot think her truly dead,
So lifelike, still, and fair,
With the glory shining round her head
And on her golden hair.

Oh, how we loved her!—how we loved
Her gentle winning ways!
Like sunshine through her home she moved
To brighten all our days,
Until he came with lying art—
False love of lip and eye—
And won our darling's tender heart,
And left her then to die.

Ah me! 'twas sad to see her fade,
Grow paler day by day,
Till hope, so cruelly delayed,
Had wholly passed away;
And then our flower's young life gave way
Beneath her deadly woe;
"But one of many," friend, you say—
"It happens often so."

Ay, one of many!—there's the curse!
But one more broken heart!
It cannot make the world the worse,
So few will feel the smart;
And he and just such other men
May go their careless ways,
Live long reproachless lives, and then
Die full of years and praise.

But though such crimes our social laws
Hold trivial (and thus make them);
And men may keep the world's applause
Though winning hearts to break them—
I warn them, when the reckoning comes
Before the judgment seat,
For broken lives and darkened homes
God's vengeance will be great.

THOMAS F.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Most of the establishments of the city are now displaying the fashions for this month; and amongst them are some very charming novelties which I shall feel great pleasure in describing. First, I must speak of those for wearing during the present season; but of one fact I am convinced, that we are likely to have quite a revolution in our fashions. I saw at one of the leading houses of our city the following beautiful toilette suitable for a marriage. The bride's dress was white double poplin, with long train. A bouillonné of white tulle reached half way up the skirt, and upon it fell at regular intervals long sprays of orange blossoms and leaves. The entire skirt was veiled with white tulle; the bodice had basques at the back, and joints in front, and trimmed with a fringe of orange blossoms.

Another dress was for evening wear, and was of rich white corded silk; the skirt bordered with a double flounce of white tulle plaited à la Russe, and covered with a silken

fringe. A tunic entirely of Alençon lace, and above the tunic a small basque of white silk fringed at the edge. Train of white satin, and over this a train of Alençon lace commencing at the waist, and terminating at the bottom of the skirt. A sash with wide ends, made of striped velvet, and faille ribbon. The bodice, according to the Duchesse de Bourgogne style, cut with a point and bordered with Alençon lace gathered round the shoulders; the sleeves terminated with ruffles of Alençon lace.

For the present season I will indicate some elegant costumes of black faille, a most useful fabric, which is becoming now-a-days quite indispensable. Most of these costumes are made with a skirt trimmed with two gathered flounces, with a third flounce which commences at the sides, and is seen only at the back. The tunic is rounded in front, and forms at the back only a gathered basque which falls either upon the skirt or upon two wide sash ends. This tunic is edged with deep fringe.

Cashmere garments for outdoor wear are considered very elegant; they are trimmed with a profusion of jet upon the folds at the back, and likewise all round the garment. Jet is coming into favor again, and will be much worn during the winter.

At present bonnets are assuming a frightful shape. The crowns are wide and flat, and the brims covered with flowers or other ornaments; strings are reappearing, which I consider a very useful change for the winter, as they look and feel very comfortable in cold weather. Many young married ladies are wearing hats even in Paris. Some round hats of black lace are seen trimmed with long Spanish jet, like that of Figaro in the "Barber of Seville," made of black lace and tulle, and fastened to the left shoulder.

Serge is much worn for little children's frocks and pelisses, especially fine white serge, which looks very effective trimmed with a band of bright colored ribbon, or bias fold of plaid silk.

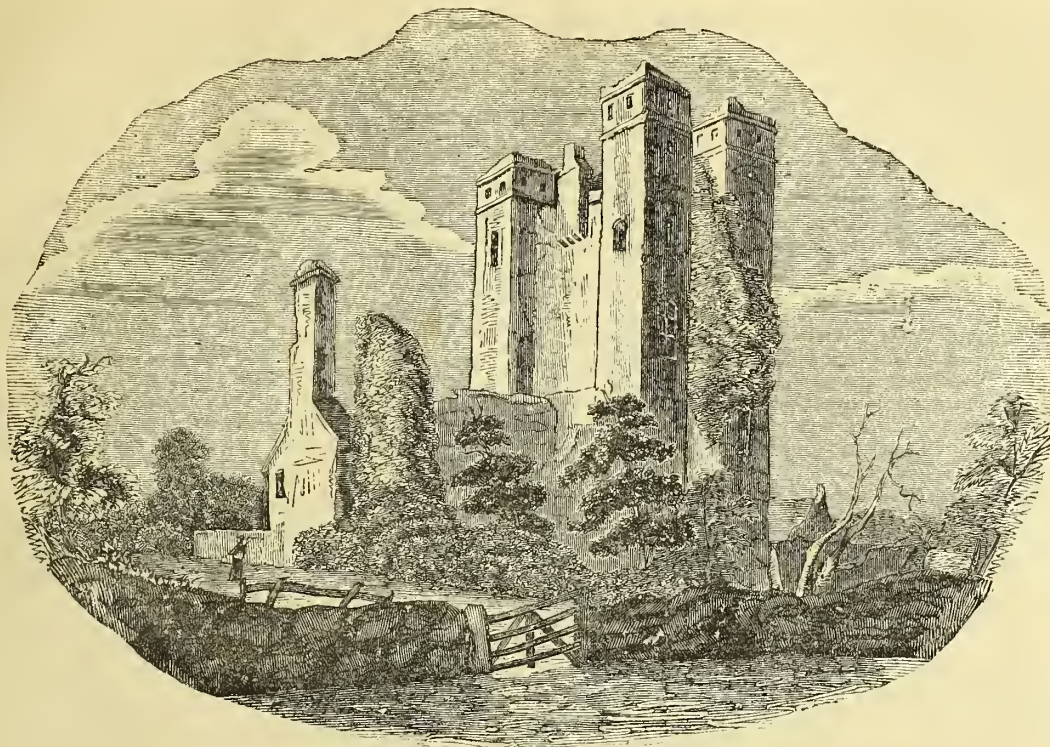
For washing dresses nothing is more serviceable than fine piqué; it does not tumble quickly, will bear enough wear, and does not get dirty as soon as muslin. A charming little pelisse for a child of four was made of this material, trimmed all round with a broad band of thick insertion edged with embroidered frilling.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

DUNSOGHLY CASTLE.

Dunsoghly Castle, of which we give an illustration, stands near Finglas, a district not unmemorable in Irish history. It was above the hill on the town that St. Patrick, looking southward towards the Liffey and the little village of Dublin, is said to have prophesied that it would once become a great city. The old abbey, like the larger one in Kilkenny, was dedicated to St. Canice, who had been one of the disciples of St. Finian at Clonard, and who was a friend of Columbkille, whom he several times visited, crossing the seas to Iona, doubtless, in one of those skin-covered boats in which the Celts were accustomed to achieve such long and dangerous voyages.

In 1171, Finglas was the scene of the battle which took place between Roderic O'Connor and the forces of Strongbow. The Danish governor of Dublin, Hasculph, had been expelled by the English, and had returned with a fleet, which he had collected in the Isle of Man and other places, at the same time that several Irish chiefs mustered their forces against the common foe, instigated to this course by Laurence, the archbishop. The Danes held the river, the Irish were in position at Dalkey, Clontarf, Kilmaham, and Finglas, where O'Connor's army extended to Castleknock. The English, shut up in Dublin, were reduced to starvation; so great was the scarcity of food that a measure of wheat sold for a mark. Under such desperate circumstances a council was held by the Strongbonians;



DUNSOGHLY CASTLE.

and their leaders, Raymond le Gros (whose title was, perhaps, a misnomer at this juncture), Miles de Cogan, Fitz Gerald, and others, having divided their forces, forced their way out of the city, forming three companies, one of which fell on the troops of Roderic O'Connor and dispersed them after a desperate engagement—Roderic escaping, while Hasculpt was taken prisoner.

At Finglas, at this time and afterwards, there was a large yew wood, from which the Irish were accustomed to shape their bows—the most formidable weapon of war in these ages, as in those when the battles of Creedy and Agincourt were won by its instrumentality.

Finglas was destined to be associated with subsequent martial memories. There, in 1649, the Marquis of Ormond encamped, previous to the battle of Rathmines, in which the governor of Dublin, Jones, was victorious. And the same year Cromwell passed through the town on his way to the siege of Drogheda. Near Finglas also stands a house in which King James slept when he was retreating from the disaster of the Boyne, and William III. encamped there immediately after on his way to Dublin, where, on Sunday, the 6th July, he went to Patrick's Cathedral, preceded by the bishops, and heard a sermon delivered by Dean King. In 1716 Thomas Parnell, the author of "The Hermit," was vicar of Finglas, and the place is several times alluded to in the correspondence of Swift and his friends.

The stern old castle of Dunsoghly retains much of the old baronial air, suggestive of the times when great fires threw their glow on fair ladies and brave men; when the harper chanted strains of love and courage; when strong ales and Gascon wines were lavishly circulated in its panelled and tapestried chambers. The marked features of the structure are the four high square towers, one of which is occupied by a winding stairs, while the others are divided into small rooms. In the lower or ground floor is a large kitchen, from which a stair leads to the drawing-room—a

spacious wainscoted apartment. A flight of twenty-one steps leads to the second floor; another of twenty-three to the roof. Above this, ten steps conduct to the watch-tower, from which a fine and very extensive prospect is attainable. Thence may be seen the church of Screen, the mill of Garristown, the hills of Mullahow, Hollywood, the Man of War, the castle of Baldergan, the shores of Lough Shinny, Lambay, Ireland's Eye, Howth, the blue bay and Dublin mountains, and the plains of Kildare; alike the woods of Santry, and Dublin, under its smoky veil, in a wide circular panorama. The prefix Dun shows that the place was a fortress long before the settlement of the Plunkets. Near it is the family chapel, a small aged structure with an arched doorway, on which is a slab representing the accompaniments of the Crucifixion in char carving, and the initials of John Plunket Miles de Dun Soghly, 1573.

Dunsoghly, which had been the property of John Finglas, was granted in 1422 to Henry Stanyhurst, and passed to Sir Rowland Plunket, youngest son of Sir Christopher, Baron of Killeen, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1432. In 1446 the latter was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Henry VIII. made his son Judge of the Common Pleas. Several legal dignitaries succeeded to its possession. Its owner in 1641, Colonel Richard Plunket, had £400 offered for his head by the Council. It had its author as well, in Nicholas Plunket, who wrote "A Faithful History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in Ireland from 1641 down to its conclusion, with a prefatory account of the state of the kingdom previous to that year"—a work long retained in MS. by his posterity. From the latter named personage descended Nicholas Plunket, whose estate passed to his three daughters. Near the place is Fieldstown, long occupied by the descendants of the Counts de la Field of Alsace, whose castle still stands in one of the passes of the Vosges mountains, and whose earliest Irish branch came over with William the Conqueror.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The attitude of the German and French governments just now is full of interest. Prince Bismarck is really a marvellous man. Having forcibly severed Alsace and part of Lorraine from France, against the expressed will of the greater part of the population, he had little reason to expect content in these provinces. Alsace contains the most active manufacturing district in France, and the ordinary consequences of so bitter a war, concluding with violent severance, would naturally have interfered powerfully with the manufacturing prosperity of the province. As a matter of fact it has done so to a great extent. Many of the wealthy mill-owners left Alsace and set up their business in convenient parts of France; while thousands of the workmen emigrated. Bismarck, anxious not to have conquered a barren acquisition, made a proposal to M. Thiers which that astute old gentleman was quite willing to accept. Under this proposal the raw materials necessary for manufacturing Alsatian goods are to be allowed to enter from France on easy terms for the next two years by which means the manufacturing vigor of the province will be called forth, and the strong discontent sure to follow in the wake of decay avoided. The bribe to the French government for this concession is the immediate evacuation of six departments more than the number specified in the original treaty, which would save France the support of 30,000 German troops for the whole of the time that must elapse till the complete payment of the enormous indemnity guaranteed to Germany.

Notwithstanding the manifest advantage of this arrangement, there were men in the French Assembly who opposed it—manufacturers, who could see their own gain but not their country's loss. At length, after tacking on an article not included in the preliminary communications of the two governments, and which of course gave greater advantage to France, the Assembly passed a bill empowering the president of the republic to agree to the treaty. This was done in an extra sitting, after which the Assembly adjourned and departed to enjoy its holidays. But the German negotiator is not at all satisfied with this appended article, and refuses to ratify the treaty. It has been given out that he was ill, and unable longer to continue the conference; but this is supposed to be an ordinary diplomatic ruse, which will give him time to refer the matter back to Bismarck himself. Whatever decision the great diplomatist may arrive at, there is one thing very certain—that M. Thiers' position is by no means a bed of roses. The Assembly do not scruple to put him into the most awkward predicaments, and, as he himself told them, expect him to make arrangements with the conquerors as if they were the conquered, and as if the present government of France were not endeavoring to repair the damages brought about by the folly and corruption of its predecessors.

The trials of the Communists still proceed with painful slowness; and the appeals made to the Court of Cassation have been rejected in every case. A soldier who was convicted of having allowed Communists to pass out through the encircling line has been shot. This is the first of the executions, and in all probability will be the last. The government is possibly sick of bloodshed. Rochefort, whose bitter wit did more to secure the downfall of Napoleon the Third than anything else whatever, has been put on trial for aiding and abetting the Commune. It is said he answers sharply, vigorously combating the charge. He avows himself to have been all through opposed to the men who then ruled Paris; but it must be admitted from the writings that appeared in his paper that he was equally opposed to the men who ruled at Versailles. He seems one of those restless spirits whom no government could satisfy, and no laws restrain. It is certainly a singular state of society where a man who can legitimately assume the title of

marquis deliberately lays it aside, and seeks to identify himself solely and entirely with the working classes, their claims, and complaints. With Rochefort, two others, who assisted him in writing for the paper, are being tried. We strongly suspect the court-martial will condemn them, more from the idea that such men are dangerous at large than any strong belief in the truth of the charges made against them.

As for the working classes, they have made a commotion so uncommon, so universal, that it is difficult to escape the conclusion that some central machinery is at work to produce such widespread results. The movement has extended to Ireland, for we find strikes going on in Belfast and Ballymena; while several of the most active industrial centres in England are suffering paralysis from the same cause. Many of the English employers of labor have agreed to the demands of the men, which went in two directions—namely, increase of wages and reduction of the hours of labor. The demand is based on the theory that it is high time for the working man to share in the benefits conferred by machinery.

At Newcastle Sir William Armstrong and other masters of iron foundries continue to offer vigorous opposition to the demands of the men. About 500 Belgian and Danish engineers and laborers having been imported, and in all probability receiving some serious annoyance (though the newspapers do not say so), armed themselves with picks and crowbars, and rushing out of the foundry in a body, commenced deliberately pulling down the adjacent houses, and injuring every one that fell in their way. This, of course, rather adds to the complication than takes from it. In the end it will probably be found by both masters and men that Newcastle-on-Tyne is no longer a great engineering centre, and that the business it might have retained is gone elsewhere.

But widespread as the movement is in England, it has attained still greater dimensions on the continent. In Belgium and Prussia are the localities where it has attained most prominence. Most of the employers of the former country at once conceded the demands of the men, and the struggle was over in a few days. In the latter, however, a very persistent fight is being waged. A telegram informs us: "The strike movement continues. The coopers are preparing to strike for higher wages, and will probably do so at the beginning of next month; the case-makers have, like the joiners, demanded an addition of 25 per cent to their present wages, and a reduction of working hours. A great number of turners are projecting a strike. A general assembly of tailors has resolved to supply the joiners with weekly voluntary collections while the strike lasts."

Scarcely a country in Europe but has its internal troubles. The death of Aali Pacha has profoundly disquieted the Turkish empire, and made a projected loan, much needed by that bankrupt state, a failure. The relations between it and Russia, never very cordial, are said to have "grown cooler." Last week the troops were engaged in shooting down their Albanian fellow-subjects; this week there is intelligence of their campaign against Nejd, on the Persian Gulf, by which we learn that they had entered El-Hasa unopposed, with a force of 1,800 men, having lost about 1,200, or 40 per cent. of their army, in getting there. All the Arab contingents had deserted them, with the exception of the Sheikh of El-Kuwait, on the plea of scarcity of food both for man and beast, the Muntefik Arabs declaring that their loss in horses alone amounted to £10,000. The last authentic news from the interior of Nejd appears to be that Su'ud is superior at Riyadh, while his brother Abdallah is outside, but not very far off, without any following. It is further reported that the heads of the people in Riyadh insist upon a reconciliation between the two

brothers, in order to a combined effort being made to expel the Turks, who are not likely to gain any permanent advantages through their present campaign against Nejdl.

Of home news there is but little. The most prominent event is the unopposed election of Isaac Butt, Q.C., for the city of Limerick. The event derives its importance from the fact of Mr. Butt being one of the founders and leaders of the new "Home Rule" agitation, and of his having been elected as an apostle of the home government idea; as well as by the fact that he was supported in his candidature by men professing differing creeds, religious and political, and the circumstance that the candidate himself was not present during the greater part of the canvas nor at the nomination.

SONG.

I think of my love in that season the fairest,
When Nature's first garland is shed o'er the earth,
When each tree's a gay choir of songsters the rarest,
And sunbeams with smiles greet the young flowers' birth.
I think of her, too, when, from blossoms full blowing,
The amorous beams kiss the bright dewy tear;
As when autumn with brown burning glances is throwing
A trinket of fruits round the neck of the year!

Her face in its varying sweetness reveals
To my fancy the springtime—its sunshine and showers;
When beams her soft eye my soul thrillingly feels
That the summer has come, though all bare were the bowers.
For she is my verdure and music of spring,
My sunshine of summer, my autumn's bright store;
'Tis she whose dear presence around me can fling
The charms of each season when they are no more!

LEANDER.

RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

It is not long since, in the pages of the *EMERALD*, I expressed deep regret at the fact, that the national music of Ireland was so little appreciated or cultivated by the classes, who, from position and education, cannot but have weight in the country. Had time allowed me, I had intended to make some remarks with respect to the desirability of reunions for the cultivation of music, especially of Irish music. If our Irish gentry would but initiate concerts for their poorer neighbours, in which all ranks could enjoy themselves and take part with mutual esteem and friendliness, what kindly and pleasant feelings might grow from such meetings! Why should not the "lord of the manor" entertain his tenantry at such meetings, as well as at harvest homes? Why should not the daughters of the house exercise their musical gifts for the happiness of those who will not fail to value the little attention thus paid them, as well as to enjoy, with true appreciation, that delightful art, whose power to charm, elevate, and soothe, have made it synonymous with the joys of heaven?

There are no people more genuinely musical than the Irish, none who have poured more soul and pathos and sweetness into their national melodies. Alas! for those who cannot feel their beauty! Well would it be for them if they possessed a tithe of the sensibility and genius which distinguishes the race whom they have so long misunderstood. Well may the poet exclaim—

"O ye who have vanquished the land and retain it,
How little ye know what ye miss of delight;
There are worlds in her heart, could ye seek it and gain it,
That would clothe a true noble with glory and might."

"I speak that which I do know," and not for the wealth of Golconda would I barter the treasure of love and fidelity that exists in the Irish breast for those whom it holds dear; and it is not hard to win the affection of the Irish peasantry. How much better would it be for the country if its gentry

sought to gain that affection, by endeavoring to diffuse comfort and joy amongst their poorer neighbors, instead of carrying abroad the revenues obtained from the land, and abdicating the duty and the happiness of using the advantages of station and education to benefit the people amongst whom their lot is cast?

It is impossible to think without a pang, of the hard, cheerless, poverty-stricken condition of the poorer classes of Ireland. Surely some effort might be made by those who possess the power, to introduce some variety and amusement into lives of such monotonous toil and privation. I can testify to the extreme delight caused by concerts given in country parts, where the ladies who played and sang probably gave as much pleasure to their listeners, as Tietjens and Marimon afford to the eager habitués of the opera. Why cannot other Irish ladies do likewise? They would not only be giving pleasure—they would be also helping to bridge over that chasm which unfortunately exists between different classes; they would be diffusing an influence of the most refining kind amongst their poorer neighbors; and in so doing, they would surely be fulfilling some part of "woman's mission." For amongst the many theories on this subject, it will be generally admitted that it is specially the province of woman to cast a gleam of grace and poetry over the workaday existence of the world. Music is one of the most potent charms to effect this; but in dwelling specially upon the desirability of promoting as much as possible the culture of music—and of national music in particular—I by no means wish to ignore the many other recreations that might cheer and enrich the lives of our people. I sincerely wish it were possible to direct more attention to this subject. I often think that the drunkenness which is, alas! the besetting sin of our people admits of much excuse. It has, indeed, been called the "luxury of despair;" and it seems to me a cruel pharisaism to make no allowance for the temptation to forget cold, hunger, dreariness, weariness, and privation in the Lethe of intoxication. Those who desire to combat this sad failing, should set themselves to raise and brighten the condition of the working classes. It was with great pleasure that I read the other day an admirable article in the *Mail*, on the subject of popular amusements, and I make no apology for reproducing the principal portion of the remarks in question. Your contemporary was commenting on the late "faction fighting," and then proceeds:—

"What it does indicate, we believe, is a want of rational amusement, physical and intellectual, for a people lively of imagination, gay of heart, social even in their quarrels; but yet condemned, by the dislocation of our social habits, to the most dull and saddening life passed by any European population. There are no cricket or foot-ball matches, no volunteer marchings-out, no chorus singing, no penny readings, no gatherings of persons of various ranks for common diversion, in Ireland. Is it a matter of wonder that the lower classes attempt to fill the dreary void in their hours of freedom from work by demonstrating, by drumming, by fighting with each other, or with the government? It was but a letting off of that superabundant *vis vite* that was celebrated in the Dublin police courts this week, and a century earlier in the famous Dublin lyrics, 'Lord Altamont's Bull' and 'The Night before the 1st May.'

I wish that I could lay my hands upon another article which appeared in the *Mail* a few weeks ago, and which would be specially suited for the columns of the *EMERALD*. The article I speak of was devoted to the condition of "working women;" and the writer dwelt with much force upon the over-worked and dismal lives of this class of persons, and upon the great need for providing means of instruction and amusement for them. This is a matter in which I should specially like to interest the readers of the *EMERALD*. We women of the higher classes might surely give some time and thought to the condition of our poorer sisters, and might use our knowledge and influence to help them forward in the social scale. It ought to be a happiness

to do so ; and certainly any little efforts made in this direction will bring their own reward. Indeed, I have been sometimes surprised at the warmth of feeling manifested to myself, and should certainly be sorry to have missed the affection which rewarded a little interest and kindness. I believe that any lady who mixes much with the Irish poor, animated by sympathetic feeling, and desirous to act as a friend, may inspire the same sentiments amongst them. A great deal of really useful work may be done amongst the girls, beginning from a very early age. If a lady will herself undertake the instruction of a class of girls, the results are excellent, as I can say from experience ; and how widespread these results may be, when we reflect that each of these girls will probably be a wife and mother, with the immense influence which wives and mothers must possess, recognized or not. As I think it may be both useful and interesting to many of your readers to hear of some of my experiences amongst the poor, I shall give an account in the EMERALD of a school which I organized and conducted for some time in the wilds of Donegal. But as my remarks have already extended to some length, I will defer doing so to another time.

IERNE.

REMEMBRANCE.

"Remember?" Nay, I would I could forget ;
For all that I remember brings me pain :
Its sweetness makes the present bitterness,
And then I wish to live the past again.

And as that cannot be, I would forget,
For well I know those days can be no more,
And could they come again they would be changed—
My faith would not be as it was before.

Now, when I pass the golden autumn fields,
And see the sunlight glowing on the sheaves,
I join again the links of those old bonds
That bound us once, now scattered like dead leaves.

And when the moonlight streams o'er those tall pines,
And shines across the bosom of the lake,
I see my past reflected clearly there,
And suffer for its sweetness, and your sake.

If you are happy, then I am content ;
I would not cast a shadow on your life ;
If recollection brings to you no pain,
Why, it is well—you have the lesser strife.

But do not say "remember!" Rather pray
That all the past may be forgot by me ;
For then, perchance, I can have happiness,
Which now, rememb'ring thee, can never be.

M. C. QUOILE.

A STORY ABOUT CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. Field, who is contributing a series of papers to the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of "Our Whispering Gallery," narrates the following little incident, related to himself by Mr. Charles Dickens during a summer evening walk among the Kentish meadows a few months before he died :—"I chanced to be travelling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times* when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other

persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House,' then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking them what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected ; but when he attacked the author's private character and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a travelling bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which, if they had been true, should have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with an eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course, I began by modestly doubting some statement which I had just heard touching the author of 'Bleak House' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and impertinence. 'You seem to speak,' I said, 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?' He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question, but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile charges one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked me if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well ; no man knows him better than I do ; and all your stories about him, from beginning to end, to those ladies, are unmitigated lies.' The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it,' I said, and coolly taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing. We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my truthful companion ; but if I were to live a hundred years I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned as white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and, bidding them 'good day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution :—'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after truth, and avoid lying as you would eternal perdition.'

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The second week of our too short season of Italian opera opened on Monday, with the well-known and ever-popular "Don Giovanni" of Mozart. The acting and singing of Mlle. Tietjens, as *Donna Anna*, from the opening scene, in which she discovers the body of her murdered father,

and gives vent to her agony of grief and horror in the expressive words, "Padre mio! mio caro padre!" down to the last scene in which she appears, were incomparable, and called forth the warmest plaudits of the audience. Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, if wanting somewhat of the indescribable charm of Mdle. Patti, in the role of *Zerlina*, rendered the part with an ease, grace, and sufficient dash of coquetry, to win at once the hearts of the audience. The well-known "Batti, batti," was given with such charming mingling of lively and pleading tones, as to elicit an enthusiastic *encore*. The part of *Elvira* was taken by Mdle. Colombo. We fear we cannot predict great things for this lady. Her voice, though pure and correct in intonation, lacks richness, and is entirely unsympathetic, and we are afraid she will scarcely prove an efficient substitute for the versatile and popular Mdle. Sinico.

Signor Agnesi was a charming *Leporello*, and was duly appreciated; his delightful version of "Madamina, il catalogo," winning a unanimous *encore*. Signor Vizzani was suffering from hoarseness, which necessitated the omission of "Il mio tesoro," but he gave "Dalla sua pace" very fairly, and was well up with the others in the concerted music. The part of *Masetto* was well filled by Signor Zoboli, whose by-play with *Leporello* in the ball scene formed a most amusing feature. The *Don Giovanni* of Signor Mendioroz does not lose much by comparison with many of the great artists of the day. The minuet was danced by Mdle. Ricois, M. Desplaces, and the *corps de ballet*.

On Tuesday evening "La Sonnambula" was repeated, with one change in the cast, Signor Prudenza essaying the part of *Elvino*, under circumstances in which he could not do justice to himself. A more fitting representative of the part of *Amina* could scarcely be found than Mdle. Marimon; her success, both as a singer and actress, was unqualified, and the house was quite as well filled as on the previous evening.

On Wednesday, Mdle. Tietjens, in compliance with a universally expressed desire, repeated her great character of *Anna Bolena* with, if possible, greater success than before. How truly may it be said of this great artist, that she "touches nothing which she does not adorn;" her powerful genius bearing her triumphant above all difficulties, and giving new life and deeper meaning to the thoughts of the composer.

On Thursday, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was produced. Mdle. Marimon, who was announced for the part of *Rosina*, was suddenly withdrawn on account of a severe cold, and the character was assumed at short notice by that unsurpassed artist, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, who was as much at home in it as she is in everything she undertakes. Her singing of "Una voce," and of a charming French romanza in the lesson scene, called forth those electrical storms of applause with which opera-goers become in time familiar. *Almaviva* is an ambitious character for so young a tenor as Signor Vizzani, associated as it is with the greatest names in the world of music, ever since the first production of Rossini's delightful work, but he contrived to get through it very well. The *Figaro* of Signor Mendioroz was fully up to the mark, although beforehand we scarcely expected it to be. The small part of *Marcellina* was appropriately performed by Mdle. Baumeister.

On Friday Mdle. Tietjens again appeared in her great character of *Lucrezia Borgia*. To chronicle the many beauties of Mdle. Tietjens' *Lucrezia* would require us to particularize every number in which she took part. From her entrance, when she gazes upon the sleeping form of her son, *Gennaro*, and gives utterance to her emotion in the exquisite cavatina, "Com'è bello," to the closing scene, wherein she implores her son to take the antidote which she has prepared for him, and sees him die before her eyes, because he insists on sharing the fate of his companions, Mdle. Tietjens held her audience completely spell-bound. Her whole demeanor in the scene where she urges the Duke to punish the culprit who has insulted her name, concluding with the ap-

peal for mercy when she discovers that it is her son, baffles description; it was one of those triumphs of genius which must be seen and felt. Madame Trebelli-Bettini fully sustained her great reputation as *Maffio Orsini*; her first air, "Nella fatal di Rimini," made a strong impression, and her brilliant rendering of the famous *brindisi*, "Il segreto," was the best we have ever heard, and received with a unanimous *encore*. Signor Prudenza had a difficult task in the part of *Gennaro*, but he performed it well, and was many times warmly applauded. Signor Agnesi sang the music of the Duke's part with perfect taste. His delivery of "Vieni la mia vendetta" was excellent, and in the trio he gave ample support to Mdle. Tietjens and Signor Prudenza. The band and chorus were perfectly efficient; but the preponderance of brass instrumentation always injures the effect of the voices somewhat in this opera, though we think the defect was less observable last night than we have heard it. At the conclusion of the opera Mdle. Tietjens was called forward to receive a richly deserved ovation. All honor to the Irish nation who have given to this great artist a place in their hearts, in which she has "never had an equal, and will never have a rival."

OH! SAY WAST THOU IN CARRIG?

[Of this little ballad the two first stanzas are translated from the opening one of that beautiful old Irish song, "Rhi thu thin Carrig." The verses added were written to carry out another idea in a similar form.]

Oh! say, wast thou in Carrig? and didst thou see my true love there?

And didst thou see her aspect, so radiant, womanly, and fair?
My pure white apple-blossom, clear and fragrant, didst thou see?
Say didst thou see my heart's life-pulse, and did she think of me?

Oh! yes, I was in Carrig, and I did see thy true love there,
And I did see her aspect, so radiant, womanly, and fair!
Thy pure white apple-blossom, clear and fragrant, I did see;
Yes—I did see thy heart's life-pulse, but she did not think of thee!

Ah! sure the thought that's dearest is the farthest from the tongue!
But if thou sawest my sweet-faced maiden silent in the throng—
If not a smile or look of fondness given to man thine eyes could see—

I'll not believe it of my love but that she thinks of me!

Oh! yes the dearest thought of all is farthest from her tongue!
And I did see thy sweet fond maiden silent in the throng—
Not one smile or look of fondness given to man mine eyes could see;

And yet I'll swear it of thy love that she does not think of thee!

But do not ask me more, for sure my riddle I must tell;
Down, at a stroke, from her fair tree thy flower of sweetness fell,
With not a word or look for any, in her wake lies she—
The life-pulse of thy heart is dead, and does not think of thee!

Oh! say thou wast not in Carrig, and never saw my true love there!

She could not die and I not know it—she, my life, my care!
But, if thou saw'st her dead, tell only what thine eyes did see—
Death may have frozen my sweet flower, but still she thinks of me!

ALPHA.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Professor Fawcett will contribute an article on the House of Lords to an autumn number of the *Fortnightly*.

M. Barrere is the author of "The Story of the Commune," by a Communalist.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, are about to publish a new serial work, entitled "The World of Wit and Humour."

Mr. Horton C. Allison has just completed the composition of a new oratorio, entitled *Prayer*, the words of which are taken from St. Matthew's Gospel.

Mr. Smiles' new work on "Character" is in the press.

Mr. Ruskin has founded a separate mastership for teaching drawing in connection with the Slade endowment of an Art Professorship at Oxford. Mr. Ruskin proposes to open elementary schools in the course of next month, in the University Galleries, Oxford.

Mr. George Dolby's opera company, consisting of Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Patey, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper, have sailed for the United States.

Mr. Henry Leslie has in preparation a new Musical Annual for 1872, which will be published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and will contain contributions by Blumenthal, Virginia Gabriel, Henry Smart, C. Godfrey, and Henry Leslie.

A bust of the late Mr. Grote is to be placed in Poets' corner, Westminster Abbey. The commission has been entrusted to Mr. Charles Bacon, the well-known sculptor, whose statue of the Prince Consort has just been completed.

Sir Julius Benedict's oratorio of *St. Peter* has been adapted by Dr. Von Grüneisen, and is about to be produced in Germany.

Dr. Rien, Keeper of the Oriental Department of the British Museum, has prepared a continuation of the Catalogue of Arabic MSS. in the Museum, and it has been published by the trustees.

The house in which Raphael is believed to have been born, at Urbino, is now for sale. It contains a *fresco* by G. Santi, and other relics of occupation by his family.

Sir Michael Costa is engaged upon the composition of his third oratorio. The German version of his *Eli*, which was performed at Stuttgart, will probably be given at Berlin in a short time.

Madame Patti has been singing at Hombourg in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Donizetti's *Lucia*, and Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*.

A selection of the most popular of Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, illustrated in colors, will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

It is at present doubtful whether Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, will be given first at Milan or Cairo.

The General Musical Association of Germany has determined to found a Beethoven Exhibition in commemoration of the recent Beethoven Centenary.

In consequence of a severe throat affection, Madame Rebour has been compelled to resign her engagement at the Carlo-Felice, Genoa.

Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are preparing a series of "Nile Sketches," by Carl Werner, for the coming season. The size of the sketches is 23 inches wide, by 17½ high, and each plate will be accompanied by descriptive text, by Dr. Brehm and Dr. Dunnchen.

A Zurich journal states that Professor Vægelli has discovered in the library of that town a decoration for a ceiling, painted by Holbein, and which was supposed to have been lost. This work will be sent to the exhibition of paintings by that master now open at Munich.

The *Canadian Bookseller* says that Professor Goldwin Smith has undertaken the editorship of a new magazine, which will, before long, be started in the Dominion.

The opera season at St. James's Theatre will commence with the performance of Balfe's *Rose of Castille*, with Miss Hersee as *prima donna*.

An International Exhibition of Fruit, open to the growers of all other countries, is to be held in the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, at South Kensington, on the 4th of next month.

An Exhibition of the Fine Arts, including paintings, sculpture in marble, and smaller carvings and drawings, is to be held in Calcutta in December.

Lady Herbert of Lea is translating the "Memoires Inedits de Lamartine." The original work was lately reviewed in the *Athenæum*.

Mr. Andrew Halliday has retired from the Dramatic Authors' Society.

A new novel, of an historical character, by Mr. Charles Gibbon, the author of "For Lack of Gold," etc., will be published about the end of autumn.

THE ROSE AMONG FLOWERS.

Now 'neath the silver veil of even
There roves amid her bowers,
Like Peri from the gates of heaven,
My rose among the flowers.

Her tint is like the rosy shells
Brought from the distant ocean ;
Her eye is dark as the gazelle's—
Its grace is in her motion.

From her smooth brow her hair flows down ;
The night doth seem upon her
To place her owu starred ebon crown,
And yield to her in honor.

Her tinkling footstep as she roves
Like yonder fountain plashes ;
And like a fire-fly through the groves
Her silver sandal flashes.

She sings ; the bulbul stays her note,
To list to sounds more thrilling—
On even's breath her accents float,
The air with music filling.

What wonder if my warmest prayer
Is that we ne'er may sever ?
Ah ! while thou singest love's own air,
I'd listen on for ever.

GEORGINA.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CONCERNING INVALIDS.—Never leave food about a sick room. If the patient cannot eat it when brought to him, take it away, and bring it to him in an hour or two's time. Miss Nightingale says : "To leave the patient's untasted food by his side, from meal to meal, in hopes that he will eat it in the interval, is simply to prevent him from taking any food at all. I have known patients literally incapacitated from taking one article of food after another by this piece of ignorance. Let the food come at the right time, and be taken away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time ; but never let a patient have 'something always standing' by him, if you don't wish to disgust him with everything."

In Miss Nightingale's admirable "Notes on Nursing," a book that no mother or nurse should be without, she says : "You cannot be too careful as to quality in sick diet. A nurse should never put before a patient milk that is sour, meat or soup that is turned, an egg that is bad, or vegetables underdone." Yet often, she says, she has seen these things brought in to the sick, in a state perfectly perceptible to every nose or eye except the nurse's. It is here that the clever nurse appears. She will not bring in the peccant article ; but, not to disappoint the patient, she will whip up something else in a few minutes. Remember, that sick cookery should half do the work of your poor patient's weak digestion. She goes on to caution nurses, by saying : "Take care not to spill into your patient's saucer ; in other words, take care that the outside bottom rim of his cup shall be quite dry and clean. If, every time he lifts his cup to his lips, he has to carry the saucer with it, or else to drop the liquid upon and to soil his sheet, or bed-gown, or pillow, or, if he is sitting up, his dress, you have no idea what a difference this minute want of care on your part makes to his comfort, and even to his willingness for food."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

REFORM IN DRESS.

SIR—Will you allow me to invite such of your readers as have "views" on the subject, to discuss in your columns the best means of setting about some reform in dress? The taste that dictates the fashions is the reverse of correct or artistic, and the cost of our unlovely attire is ruinous. The toilette pronounced to be the most perfect, is the one which most nearly imitates the outlines of the shepherdesses in Dresden china—little figures irrationally stuck all over with bows, looking hunchbacked by reason of excess of "panier," and mightily top-heavy owing to the superstructure of hair, flowers, and ribbons. What models! While convinced that this style is artistically indefensible, I plead guilty to having often thought it piquant when worn by a pretty person; but our eyes in this matter are so ill-educated, that it is not surprising we should have lost all right feeling about dress. No one thinks of looking at the question from an artistic point of view. The whole of the theory held on the subject consists in one or two maxims, the chief of which is "green and blue must not be worn together."

Harmony of colors seems to be better understood than correctness of form. To come to details, hats and bonnets seem, really, to owe their shapes to the freaks of insanity. I know of no hat or bonnet that is either useful or beautiful except a riding hat, which is not the latter, but may pretend to usefulness, as it averts accidents sometimes, and as it shades the eyes, though not so well as it might. Clothe a fine statue with modern garments if you want to feel how thoroughly contemptible is our taste in dress. I have sometimes thought the fashions were the creation of the levelling spirit of the age, for they tend to destroy nature's nobility; plain people may be improved by it, but fashion *must* rob a truly symmetrical form of the chief part of its grace.

It seems strange to say that the most picturesque costumes verge on the monastic. For out-door wear I know of nothing that surpasses in beauty the hood, and the long cloth cloak, which falls so naturally into lines that correspond with those of the pointed Gothic. I don't know whether such a cloak would not be somewhat cumbersome for some kinds of exercise; but I should think, for many purposes, it would be thoroughly useful, and I cannot but hope that a pattern garment will be discovered which will meet all the requirements of different circumstances. We must have "silk and purple" for our feasts, and something equally appropriate for other occasions; but this variety would be quite compatible with the observance of some wise code of matters of dress.

Enough has been said elsewhere to make it unnecessary for me to dwell here on the misery entailed upon families by extravagance in dress. There is one fallacy to which I wish to advert. It is this: many say that the purchase of hundreds of yards of mere trumpery is justified by the employment thereby given; but a proper economy teaches us to seek for the best obtainable result for our labor. We should look for things as useful as they are beautiful, and they should possess both these qualities in the highest obtainable degree. Judged by this standard, a small quantity of silk would be a better bargain than a whole bale of tarlatan. Of the two great evils of the prevailing style of dress, I suppose extravagant expenditure is the greatest, but the hopeless ugliness that is bought with so much money is nearly as great a grievance. If any thoughtful people could devise some kind of dress combining beauty and utility (it is natural to them to go hand in hand), it would be easy for those who liked the suggestions to adopt that style. So many feel the need of some reform in dress, that those who follow good advice need not fear singularity, except, perhaps, in their earliest attempts in the right direction. I think this task of reformation ought not to be beneath the notice of energetic

women, and (unlike most useful work) there is nothing to prevent their setting about it.

I cannot conclude my already over-long letter without expressing my gratitude to "Ierne" and others, who have given so much valuable information in answer to former queries of mine. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

L. L.

AFFLICTION.

Ah! why, dear friend, this sadness?

Those tear-drops dim thine eye!

Lift up thy heart in gladness

To Him who reigns on high.

Though disappointments meet thee,

And sorrows cross thy path,

While friends once loved now greet thee

In coldness or in wrath,

Let not the heart's affections

Be centred here below,

Where all earth's joys are transient,

And friendships come and go.

The vine-leaf with its tendrils

In unison doth twine;

So sorrows yet more closely

Our hearts to heaven incline.

And every loved one taken

From round the social hearth,

Is but a link that's broken

In chains which bind to earth.

Then let thy spirit, strengthened

With hopes beyond the grave,

Rise more and more triumphant

In Him who died to save.

J. G. D.

THE NEW COLORS IN FRENCH FAILLES.—Among the richest failles for autumn wear, the favorite dark hue for costumes is marine blue, of which three shades are supplied: the darkest is for the under-skirt of the costume, the lightest for the polonaise, and the intermediate shade will appear in the trimming. Then comes *noyer*, or walnut-color, rich sombre brown tints that will blend beautifully in winter costumes; *cendres*, more severe than the soft ashes-of-rose shade formerly seen, is also in three tones; Russian grey, refined blue grey shades—the first exceedingly dark, and the third as light as French grey; *tourterelle*, the familiar dove greys; *feutre*, or felt, a series of drab shades; *cinéraire*, lovely red purple hues—the lightest like Humboldt purple, the darkest almost wine-color; Van Dyck, the dark oil brown beloved by the great artist; cypress, three darkest green shades, scarcely removed from black; of *lie*, well named for the lees of wine, there are but two shades (as the lighter verges on crimson, a third tint would be too red to be acceptable); prune blue, in favor with blondes, is mazarine tinged with grey; *scabieuse* is the rich dahlia-colour introduced last winter; *fumée* is London smoke, the deepest grey, very *sérieux*, as the French say. There is no brilliancy to these shades, as they are made only in rich fabrics. *Noyer* and *cendres* are the colors that will best please fastidious tastes.

M. Gounod, it is affirmed, is now ready with the score of his new opera, *Polyeute*, but it is not yet arranged at what theatre the work will be first produced. The rumour that the French composer proposes to settle in London is at least premature.

A picture by Bartholomeus van der Helst, said to be a fine example, one by Rubens, and a Hobbema, have been offered to the trustees of the National Gallery by continental collectors. The gallery as yet possesses no picture by Van der Helst.

NEW SUMMER CLOTHING.

B. HYAM'S	NEW 20s. COAT,
	in the Newest Shapes.
B. HYAM'S	NEW 20s. COAT,
	in the Wimbledon Jacket
B. HYAM'S	NEW 20s. COAT,
	in the Marquis Jacket.
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B. HYAM'S	NEW 20s. COAT,
	in superb Black Cloths.
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	in Meltons.
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	in Fashionable Coatings.
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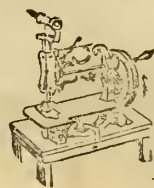
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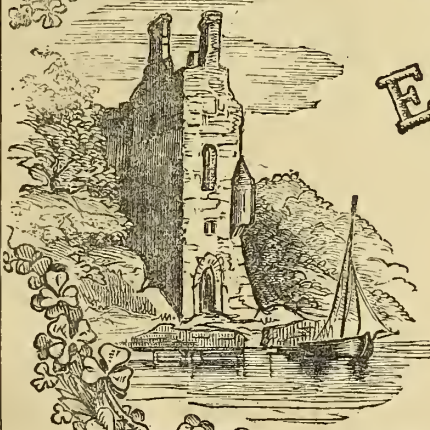
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THE EMERALD

THE
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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

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THE EMERALD:


THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 17.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

ON HOSPITALS.

 HERE is a good deal of dislike among the masses to entering hospitals. A strong belief prevails that these are institutions in which the poor are experimented on that physicians may attain knowledge for the cure of the rich. A settled notion is entertained that the hospital patient is treated with the greatest discomfort while living, and his body with the greatest indignity when dead. The restrictions as to admission of friends only at certain hours on certain days; the prohibition of presents which the ignorant are accustomed to regard as comforts—such as stimulants—and which they will purchase out of the slenderest earnings, impelled by that wonderful cordiality and tenderness towards the suffering which are among the most noble features of the life of the working classes; the necessary arrangement of a morgue in which to place the corpses of deceased patients—an arrangement absolutely revolting to the majority of the masses; these and other circumstances combine to perpetuate the vague fear of hospitals which undoubtedly prevails among the poor.

It is of the greatest consequence, therefore, for the success of these truly benevolent and noble institutions, that their management should be above suspicion. No care, however elaborate, in the treatment of patients while within the hospital precincts should be regarded as thrown away. The utmost attention to the sick ought to be dictated by the commonest rules of humanity, quite independently of the expediency of doing everything possible to induce the sick poor to avail themselves of the benefits every well conducted hospital affords. On the success of our hospital system depends in a great measure the proficiency in curative knowledge of each succeeding batch of students of medicine. Nay, more, our hospitals are schools in which our ablest physicians can learn something of the new forms which disease is perpetually assuming, and the whole world gains greatly thereby. The expediency of doing everything possible to render these institutions as perfect as can be, and especially to prevent them from assuming a repugnant aspect in the eyes of those whose poverty obliges them to have recourse to the hospital or do without adequate medical assistance, is beyond dispute. The two motives—common humanity and pressing expediency—one would think, should exercise such power over all concerned in the conduct of hospitals, as that nothing should be left undone to secure the comfort of the sick while in the institution, as well as to promote their cure.

And yet, if we can believe the many witnesses who have come forward on the inquiry at present proceeding into the management or mismanagement of the Hampstead Small Pox Hospital, there has been gross carelessness and grosser dereliction of duty on the part of several officially connected with that institution. A charge is made that a child who was brought into the Hampstead Hospital was announced to its parents as dead and buried, without any notification of the death or burial having been previously made to them. It is further charged that the child so buried was proved afterwards to have been another child; and on the parents again making application as to the fate of their offspring, no intelligence whatever could be given concerning it. At this present moment the unfortunate parents remain in a state of pitiful uncertainty. They do not know whether their beloved little one lives, and has been conveyed away, or lost in the wilderness of brick and mortar known as London; or where, if it has indeed been called above, its remains are laid. The mother can never visit its tomb, to solace her bereaved heart with the thought that the ashes of her child are near; nor indulge in the hope that her own may be laid in the grave of her little one, when, her time having come, death calls her too away. And out of this harrowing cell of doubt and darkness no gate of egress appears—into it no welcome ray of intelligence seems likely to stream.

Again, children deposed to having received insults and absolute personal cruelties from the nurses while in the very throes of their loathsome and painful disease. A man sent his daughter, then “a fine fleshy girl,” seven years of age, a patient to the hospital. After forty-six days he receives word that he may bring her home. He goes to meet his child rejoicing. She is carried out to him in a blanket, doubled up, her limbs twisted and useless, and her features in such a state that one of the nurses asked which was her face and which was her head. Her body, a mere bag of bones, was wrapped in a dirty bed-gown, and covered with enormous sores and other evidences of carelessness. This dreadful condition of the child was engendered, according to the sworn opinion of medical witnesses, by insufficient food and want of proper nursing.

One special feature of the Hampstead Hospital case must not be omitted. The witnesses allege that in a ward containing forty patients only two nurses were engaged. Medical men estimate that six small pox patients give full employment to one nurse. According to that estimate the ward should have had seven nurses. Considering that the

disease is one in which its victims are seized with delirious^s paroxysms, the little attention which two nurses could bestow on each of forty patients becomes at once apparent. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that the wretched inmates, suffering as they were, were nevertheless tied down to their beds with twisted sheets used as ropes, as well as by the violent maniac's strait waistcoat. The nurses could hardly have done anything else. But we are surprised when we read that insufficient food and drink were supplied to the patients, and that the whole working system of the hospital was a perpetual round of filth. Baths of dirty water, dirty towels, dirty sheets, dirty bed-gowns, are deposited to the patients, and that the whole working system of the hospital was a perpetual round of filth. Baths of dirty water, dirty towels, dirty sheets, dirty bed-gowns, are deposited to the patients, and that the whole working system of the hospital was a perpetual round of filth. Baths of dirty water, dirty towels, dirty sheets, dirty bed-gowns, are deposited to the patients, and that the whole working system of the hospital was a perpetual round of filth.

Fortunately for us, our Irish hospitals are managed in a manner that leaves but little to be desired. Complaints against any one of them are seldom if ever heard. Their managers are mostly our leading citizens; their medical attendants, physicians and surgeons of the widest reputation; and their system of nursing, whether by religious sisterhoods or paid nurses, as nearly perfect as can be. Yet even they, we must believe, will not be the worse managed, for the attention which the Hampstead Hospital case has directed to our whole hospital system.

QUEEN KATE.

A TALE OF LONDON LIFE.

(Continued from our last Number).

Kate was too old a worldling to be astonished, too ignorant to be moved. She only took to herself one of the many hypocritical parts she was accustomed to play when circumstances required, and had any advisable lie at hand ready. She ate at once, not because she was hungry, but because she might be hungry when there was nothing to eat. The old lady kept her eyes on her fixedly, trying to decipher the unseen soul. Glorious schemes formed themselves in her mind—of reformation and salvation. She should be washed, and have her hair brushed, and wear decent clothes, and go to school, and learn to read and write, and grow into an intelligent young woman, and make a respectable servant, and die a Christian. The fact was, she could no more conceive her companion's state of wretchedness, than Kate could conceive her state of goodness. They were hopelessly removed from one another.

"Barbara," said the old lady, "put the mattress James had into the back-kitchen. She shall sleep there for tonight. Take the extra blanket from up-stairs. Let her wash her face and hands in the scullery. To-morrow we shall see what can be done. Are you tired, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Kate, promptly—which was a lie.

"Does your aunt often beat you?" inquired the old lady,

screwing up her face into instant sympathy. "Are you in pain?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Kate—which was another lie.

Barbara returned. The mattress James had had was in the back-kitchen. The old lady, assisted by her, slowly mounted the stairs to bed. Kate stood alone, her eyes still shining through her tangled hair, intensely observant. The novelty of her situation engrossed her. She approached the table noiselessly; handled the parian vase, china card-plate, and nick-nacks; lifted and examined the well-bound volumes; felt the embroidered table-cover; then her eyes wandered to the flower-stand, the inlaid cabinet, the chimney ornaments. She noticed everything. Silently she calculated their value—their money value. In her soul she yearned to lay hands on them; her fingers itched to steal. When Barbara returned, she found her standing where she had left her, the picture of injured innocence.

"Come along with me, you poor little lamb," said she, and led the way. Kate underwent a salutary scrubbing in the scullery without impatience, and lied to Barbara so admirably that that good soul's pity knew no bounds, and she kissed the lying mouth before leaving it. No sooner alone, in possession of James's mattress, than Kate sat up and surveyed her position. She had no direct or deliberate intentions of harm, but took advantage of the moment for future enterprises. Her eyes shone, her heart beat. These were the grand moments of her life—the excitement was intense, the pleasure brilliant. She saw before her a splendid career of cunning and deceit. Her own resources delighted her, and this was only the foretaste of her power. Wide awake in the darkness, she was stirring long after mistress and maid slept soundly. She had the eyes and footfall of a cat. She rose noiselessly, opened the door, and passed out noiselessly, feeling and avoiding the furniture. After examining the ground floor, she mounted the stair and boldly entered the old lady's room. A night-light flickered on the table. The bed was hung with dark curtains. In the shadow she could see the old lady's face on the pillow, who breathed heavily, as she slept the sleep of peace, after praying for the poor little wanderer down stairs. Kate stepped noiselessly to the dressing-table, examined and cross-examined its contents—the glass pots, the perfume bottles, the two brooches in the pin-cushions, and the rings in the tray. Then she moved as noiselessly to the wardrobe, opened the door, felt and found the grey dress and its pocket, drew out the bunch of keys, and fitted the right one to the dressing-case that stood on the chest of drawers. Once, when the old lady roused and turned, she stopped—not alarmed, but watchful; and once, when she caught sight of her own dim figure in the glass, she started. Having satisfied her curiosity, without appropriating a single article, she took a last saunter. Above the mantelpiece hung a water-color. Kate stopped before it. It was the figure of a child, with up-turned face and folded hands—a child praying. She peered closely. She did not know what it meant: poor Kate! she knew nothing. Then, with triumph in her heart and step at her night's entertainment, she returned to James's mattress, and slept soundly till daylight awoke her. It was about five o'clock. The house was still. The sun streamed through the clean window, and showed more cleanliness and freshness. Kate jumped up, passed into the dark drawing-room, walked straight to the window, unfastened the shutters, opened it, and sprang out. The coolness of the morning surrounded her. She danced over the flower-beds as lightly as she had danced over the cabbage-stalks; stopped in the orchard to eat some fruit; squeezed under the gate, and away, away, to lie, and steal, and cheat to her uttermost, with no one to stop her, no one to say—"You shall not, Queen Kate!"

Opportunity favored sin. Crossing the turnpike, she climbed a stile and passed along a footpath into a copse, where stretched on the ground a man lay sleeping. He was respectably dressed and had a knapsack on his back. Kate stepped up to him with her cat step, and wickedness in her

eyes. Had it been useful or necessary she could have murdered him then and there. Crime was not hateful, or cruelty repugnant—why should it be? She loved nothing but her own will—hated nothing but what opposed her will. Fortunately for the sleeper she wanted his money and not his life. Slipping a cautious hand into his pocket, she drew out a purse, which she made off with before opening or examining. After five minutes' scrambling and rushing, she had crossed the stream and was hidden among the trees, where she squatted down in the dewy grass and looked at her prize. The contents far exceeded her expectations; there were two sovereigns and a half-crown. Kate hugged the purse to her adoringly; her eyes sparkled with greed. Two hours later an artist came across her seated astride on a gate with a piece of bramble stuck in her hair. He was enchanted with the fantastic figure, and straightway sketched her, giving her a clean face and white pinafore, and calling her "The Queen of the Village."

Kate's next destination was low—very low for royalty. She stopped at the first public house to spend her money and drink gin. It was not the first time in her short life that she had been drunk, any more than it was the first time she had stolen, or the fiftieth time she had lied. Let silence cover a multitude of sins. After astonishing and delighting the assembled company at the bar by the effects of her carousal, she staggered out to pursue her journey; but whether it was the heat of the sun, or the adulterated liquor, or Providence, or the devil (who had most to do with Kate), towards evening weariness overtook her, a strange heaviness seized her limbs, her head swam, and she sank down dead beat at the outskirts of a wood, beside a tumble-down shed. It was a lonely part of the country, but not altogether lonely. The miserable inmates of the shed, a man and woman, sat on a fallen trunk at the door. He was a woodcutter of huge proportions and dull countenance, more an animal than a man. She was thin, wan, poverty-stricken, with restless eyes and an eager mouth. Years ago she had had a child that she had loved and lost: to be hungry was endurable, to be cold was endurable, to bear bodily pain was endurable; but not this—not this! Night and day her heart clamored for its lost treasure, and her secret was betrayed in her face. After a few minutes she turned and saw Kate. Her eyes rested keenly upon her, a strange excitement growing in them; then she nudged her husband's arm, pointed with her finger, and whispered, "Ain't it like, Tom? ain't it like?" but the man neither moved nor looked. The woman gazed more eagerly, nudged him again, and repeated tremulously, "Ain't it like, Tom?" Then she rose and came to Kate, who lay with flushed cheeks. Fever consumed her, hidden poison was at work, and the flesh was weak. The woman bent over her more wistfully than curiously; her movements were very tender. She touched her hands softly—they were burning. Kate never roused. The woman stepped back to her husband; her eye shone with a sudden light, she trembled, the old happy life had returned to her. "Tom," she said, shaking her head, "the child's took bad. Lood at her! Can't ye fetch the doctor, Tom?"

Still Tom neither moved eyes nor tongue. He sat stolidly indifferent.

"Tom," she appealed again timidly, "can't ye fetch the doctor? The child's took bad. Look at her!" And she drew nearer and touched his shoulder. He shook her off savagely.

"I ain't agoin' to see after other folk's brats," he muttered between his teeth, without ever troubling himself to follow the direction of her look.

She returned to where Kate lay with a little sigh, bent over her a second, then gave a nervous twitch to her faded bonnet strings, a pull to her thin shawl, and started down the hill. The village was near. As she walked she repeated softly, "Ain't it like, ain't it like, now?"—with glistening eyes. She reached the house, and told her tale simply, winding up with a meek curtesy, and—"You'll, maybe, come up quickly, please, sir, for the child looks

awful bad, and has been took on a sudden," in her plaintive voice.

The doctor was a kind-hearted man. Something in her tone and mien pleased him. He lost no time in going. Still, it was dark when they mounted the hill together—a dark sky, and thick black masses of trees. The scene on arriving was a striking one. Inside the hut the man knelt before the fire which he had piled up to warm himself, and the flickering light magnified his giant proportions and revealed Kate in the corner. She had crawled in after him and crouched down unnoticed. Her face was more flushed, her eyes sparkling—the hidden poison was doing its work rapidly. She rose as the two approached, and stretched out her thin arm: "I'm a queen!" she said, and then threw back her head with a laugh. The doctor was struck with her fantastic mien. She acted her part with admirable dignity and grace. He took her hand—the hand that had so lately stolen. Tears streamed down the poor woman's face as she stood by. They were the first and last tears ever shed for Kate.

"Who is she?" asked the doctor. No one knew.

"Where does she come from?" No one knew.

"Has she parents?" No one knew.

"Ah!" he said, and was silent in mute perplexity. Her bearing and attitudes became her. He was interested and touched. He saw her loneliness, her youth, and he imagined he saw her innocence. All that could be done he did; but Kate—Queen Kate—was doomed to die. Her devilries were stopped. She revelled in her state, and exercised her royal will for hours; then sickened more and more, and in the grey of the second morning she slipped away unattended, as she had started unattended, leaving nothing behind her but her wicked little body in its ragged covering, and the stolen purse.

That was the beginning—the end comes hereafter. You who have had better lives, give thanks!

H. R. R.

STOLEN TREASURES:

Little love of old-time, many summers have flown

(How sadly, my heart!) since the last time we met;

And I still miss the sprightly, familiar tone,

And the sweet sunny glances, half shy, half coquette.

Those were happy old days when you called me "so rude"

If a flower or a glove or a kerchief you missed;

And do you remember (ah, dear little prude!)

How angry you were at your first being kissed?

And one summer eve, as with coy, graceful air,

You bent low o'er the rose-bed to pluck me a flower,

I loosened the ribbon that bound up your hair,

And its waved wealth rained down in a soft sunny shower,

Half shading your face; but your merry gray eyes

Their auburn prison peeped smilingly through,

As when from the depth of the storm-saddened skies

Laughs smilingly out one glimmer of blue.

Sweet! that ribbon still, though its color be fled,

I have kept for your sake from that bliss-laden hour;

And that withered white rose, though its fragrance be dead,

Is far dearer to me than the costliest flower.

Ah! dear little love, if the future's dim years

Shall be dark with the cares of the world's weary strife;

When, Niobe-like, hope shall die into tears,

And love be the only sweet sorrow of life;

When nought shall be left but the dreams of old bliss,

And remembrance shall only redouble despair—

My heart still will cling to that sweet stolen kiss,

And the ribbon, my darling, that bound up your hair.

P. T. B.

Harrow.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday Mdle. Ilma di Murska made her first appearance this season in the character of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and met with a very hearty reception. The skill with which she executed the most intricate chromatic passages was amazing, but neither her acting nor singing display that passionate earnestness, that identification of herself with the character she represents, which is essential to true tragedy. Signor Prudenza had a difficult task in undertaking the part of *Edgardo*, but he exerted himself successfully. Signor Mendioroz sang the music of *Enrico* with taste and judgment; and Mdle. Baumeister was a pleasing representative of *Alice*. Signor Foli did ample justice to the part of *Raimondo*; his manner was dignified and impressive, and his full bass voice told well in the solo "Dalle stanze," wherein he makes known the horrors that have followed the marriage of *Lucia*.

"Il Flauto Magico," given on Monday, attracted one of the fullest houses of the season. The music of this opera is extremely popular, while it possesses the additional merit of admitting the simultaneous appearance of "two first ladies." To the *Queen of Night* are assigned the most difficult and trying airs in the opera, but the peculiarities of Mdle. Ilma di Murska's voice are well suited to the exigency of the music, and have rendered this lady's assumption of *Astrifiamante* one of her most successful impersonations. The part of *Pamina* is scarcely the most prominent in the opera, but being undertaken by Mdle. Tietjens raises it to the place of highest interest, and invests it with a charm beyond what it could possess in the hands of any other artist. Her singing in the duet "La dove prende," and in that outpouring of passionate regret, "Ah, lo so," was charming, and entirely redeemed the character of *Pamina* from its dramatic extravagance. The part of *Tamino* was undertaken by Mr. Bentham, at very short notice, and was most creditably performed. Signor Mendioroz sustained the part of *Papageno* very fairly, and as the recollection of Mr. Santley's assumption of the part is fresh in the minds of Dublin people, the task was somewhat difficult. The concerted music allotted to the *Three Genii*, and the attendants of the *Queen of Night*, was very well given, and contributed materially to the success of the opera.

On Tuesday Rossini's *Barbiere* was repeated, when Mdle. Marimon was able to appear, for the first time in Great Britain, as *Rosina*. The well-known "Una voce," and the duet with *Figaro*, "Gia era scritta," were interpreted in a truly artistic manner; and the polonaise by Matton, introduced in the lesson scene, gave an opportunity for the display of the artist's flexibility of voice in the execution of such wonderfully florid passages, that an *encore*, though scarcely fair under the circumstances, was inevitable. The remainder of the cast being precisely similar to the former occasion, calls for no further comment.

On Wednesday Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo*, a comparative novelty in Dublin, was produced, and attracted a large attendance. The part of the peasant girl was sustained by Mdle. Tietjens, and afforded another proof of this great artist's wonderful power of identifying herself with any rôle she undertakes, and of her amazing versatility; for what can differ more widely than even Meyerbeer's two heroines, *Alice* and *Valentine*? and yet they have come to be ranked among the best achievements of this great lady. In the scene in which she meets the tempter, *Bertram*, and *Robert*, her magnificent voice and truthful, fervent style of acting told powerfully. Mdle. Ilma di Murska fully realised the expectations created by her former appearance in this character, and her delivery of the famous "Roberto tu che adoro" won the warmest plaudits of the house. The exquisite music of the cloister scene was finely rendered, and the chorus and orchestra were well up to the mark.

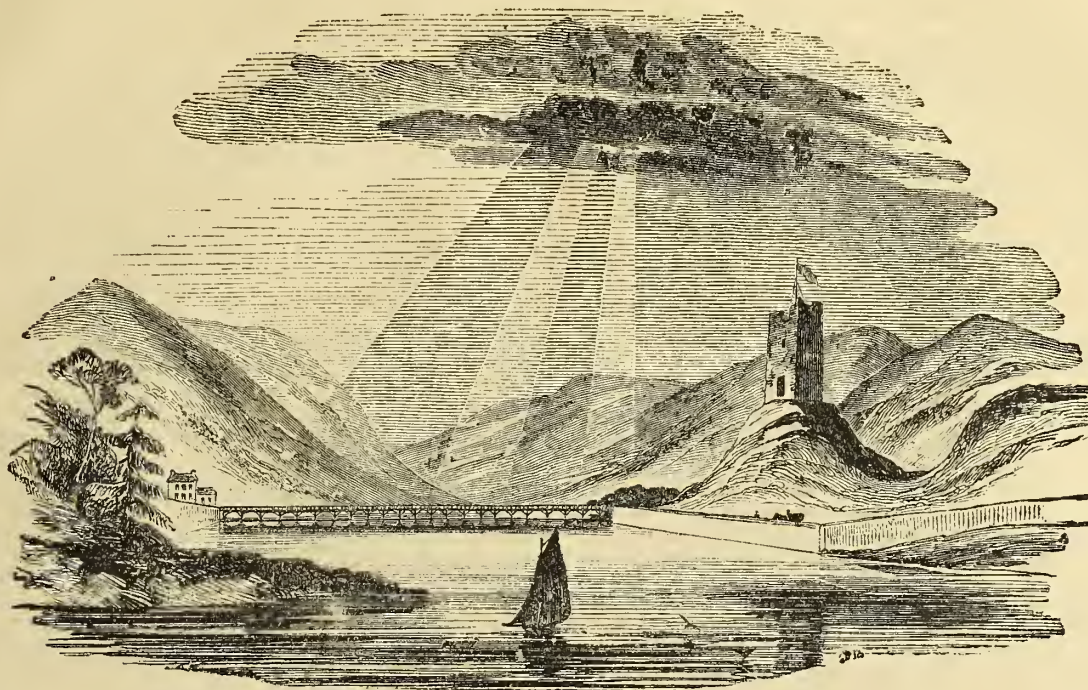
ITALIAN OPERA CONCERT.

A most brilliant and successful concert was given on Friday last at the Exhibition Palace, in which all the principal artists of the Italian Opera Company appeared. Mdle. Marimon, having recovered from her indisposition of the previous day, appeared at the concert, and achieved another great success. The gem of the concert was the famous duet from Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*, "Qui tollis," exquisitely interpreted by Mdle. Tietjens and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the effect being much enhanced by the harp obligato of Mdle. Jansen. Rossini's aria "Sorgete," from "Maometto," was finely rendered by the rich full voice of Signor Agnesi. Mdle. Tietjens gave Longfellow's "Snowflakes" (exquisitely set to music expressly for her by Mr. Henry Pontet), with such true feeling of the conception of both poet and composer as to draw forth a burst of enthusiasm culminating in an *encore*, to which Mdle. Tietjens, in spite of the arduous task before her in the evening, most kindly replied, by giving the fine old ballad, "Home, sweet home." Mdle. Colombo was very successful in the duet with Signor Caravoglia, "Quanto Amore." This lady also proved herself possessed of higher musical powers than we expected from her performance in opera, by her singing of "E strano poter," no slight test, too, when we remember that Dublin audiences have been accustomed to hear Mdle. Tietjens in the part of *Marguerite*. How charmingly Madame Trebelli-Bettini gave the romance from "Faust," "Quando a te lieta," needs not to be told; it was truly appreciated, and unanimously encored. Signor Foli sang "Se il rigor," from "La Juive," with that rich, full tone, which has made his singing so popular, and also the well-known "Brave old oak," which he gave with great spirit, eliciting an irresistible *encore*. Signor Vizzani's sweet tenor voice produced a great effect in Donizetti's romance, "Alma soave," and in reply to an *encore*, he gave, "La donna e mobile" in most finished style. Mdle. Marimon displayed brilliant vocalisation in a new polonaise, "Charmant espoir," and a song entitled, "L'abeille," both admirably suited to her special gifts. The concluding quartette, "Chi mi frena," was admirably sung by Mdle. Colombo, Signor Mendioroz, Signor Foli, and Signor Tesseman. The last-named gentleman is quite a stranger to Dublin, but his voice made so favorable an impression that we look forward to hearing him again, and we think he will prove a valuable addition to Mr. Mapleson's company.

THE TRUE POET.

Happy is he who sees in every flower
That Nature yields, a beauty all its own.
To him each daisy is a little star—
Each violet, half-hidden in the grass,
A mirror that reflects a cloudless sky,
As a pure soul doth mirror heaven. To him
Each bud doth seem a censer, that exhales
Its essence, like a prayer, unto God.
There is a language in each leaf and spray
That hath an all-persuasive eloquence,
Surpassing far the poet's "tuneful tongue :"
His feelings only give a meet response
To Nature's swelling canticle of praise,
Imprinted, and expressing, everywhere,
The glory and omnipotence of God.
He who beholds this ever-living tongue,
He who doth feel it vibrate in his soul,
Though he may ne'er express his fruitful thoughts
Within the boundary of melodious verse,
Heaven shall see his happy, grateful heart,
Shrine its own gift—celestial poesy.

GEORGINA.



FERRY CARRIG CASTLE.

FERRY CARRIG CASTLE.

Ferry Carrig Castle, of which we this week give an illustration, stands about two miles to the north-west of Wexford, and between that town and Enniscorthy, near the woods of Arthamont, the seat of the Le Hunts, a place granted to a colonel of the name by Oliver Cromwell, in whose body-guard he held a commission. Near this mansion is an old donjon now overgrown with mosses and grasses, among old cedars of Lebanon, which in remote times was a fortress of the Roches, who possessed part of this territory. There is a story told of one of those Roches, named Mat the Rough, which testifies to the ferocity of border warfare, so marked a characteristic of ancient days. Many incursions had been made into his territory by a neighboring chief named O'Morroë. Mat Roche, sometime after, managed to surprise and effect his capture; on which, having tied him to a stake or tree in the sands of the Slaney, then at low tide, he threw him a loaf and left him to his fate. Presently the tide rose, high and still higher, and finally closed over the head of this predatory character, like that of Gilliatt in the "Toilers of the Sea."

Ferry Carrig Castle, first constructed of wood and afterwards of stone as we now see it, was built by Lord Fitzstephen de Marisco, a Norman adventurer who came over to Ireland in 1169, two years before the arrival of Strongbow. Giraldus Cambrensis says that Dermid MacMorrough marched on Dublin, leaving Fitzstephen building his castle or hold on a certain rocky pile called the Carrig, which place, strong as it was by nature, he made still more by art. Here he was besieged by the men of Wexford, and for a long time defeated their attempts to overcome him. This was finally effected by a singular ruse mentioned in the annals of the period. The Irish demanded a parley with the English garrison, which being granted, they informed them that Strongbow and his knights in Dublin had been exterminated, and that a large Irish force was on the march to Carrig. This statement Fitzstephen regarded dubiously; on

which the Irish, we are told, made three bishops, who were their prisoners, testify to the fiction on oath. Thus convinced, Fitzstephen surrendered, and his fortalice became the property of the Wexford men.

In a speech made by Richard Lalor Shiel, and quoted in Moore's History of Ireland, the orator, who frequently turns locality into political capital, described Ferry Carrig thus: "Situated at the gorge of the mountains commanding the passage of the stream whose waters were darkened with its shadow, the place is invested with melancholy associations, and imparts a solemnity to the scene, which I may call the political picturesque;" and in an address at the Association, he declared that it ought to be pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland's final degradation—alluding to the Norman invasion. The ruin is indeed a highly picturesque object, situated as it is, overlooking a narrow part of the Slaney, which a little further down expands into the dimensions of a lake. In places the banks are thickly wooded, and nothing can be finer than the prospect of the surrounding mountains, comprising Mount Leinster, the long range of the Black Stairs, the three pinnacles named the Leaps of Ossian's Greyhounds, eastward the White Mountains, and to the north the rounded top of Slievebeg, and still nearer the historic Vinegar Hill; while in the remote horizon are seen the Wicklow Mountains and the mound of Tara. In allusion to Ferry Carrig Castle, the Chevalier de Montmorenci remarks, that in his various travels, the place to which it bore the most striking resemblance, was Trajan's Tower at the Paboquan pass on the Danube.

A laughable episode amid the tragic consequences of the Paris Commune is the trial by court-martial of sixteen little boys for insurrection, several of whom are only eleven years of age. Yet the court of military officers gravely heard the case, which was conducted with formality precisely similar to that of the trials of the leaders of the revolt.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

LADY MORGAN.

In the year 1775—it will soon be a century since then—a child was born in one of the old packet-boats crossing the Channel to Dublin, so that its claim to the nationality, Celtic or Saxon, which depends on locality, could only be determined by the Lucina, if such a professional were then on board, and by the log of the vessel. This child was Sidney, the future Lady Morgan, the lively and acute author of “The Wild Irish Girl,” “France,” and “Italy.” As she came into being between the two islands, so she derived her parentage from both. Her mother was a Miss Hill, a Shrewsbury girl, whom her father, Robert Owenson, married during one of his professional tours. Owenson, who was born in Tyrawley, in the county Mayo, in 1744, was a man of considerable talents and accomplishments, being distinguished, it is said, as a linguist as well as a musician. His early life was passed as a steward to Sir John Brown, of Castle Margaret, in Mayo. Private theatricals were then the rage in Ireland, where histrionic art had attained a far higher degree of refinement than in England; the pit in Dublin being an ordeal, which, if passed, conferred on the actor a patent to be applauded in less critical theatres. This passion for the drama, which the Irish of the last century possessed in common with the Celtic French in this, would, perhaps, have assumed a permanent development but for the events of 1800. In these countries it has much lessened since then—a circumstance partly attributed to the spread of serial literature, though in Paris it has not been affected by this cause. Owenson, who became what was called stage-struck in those days—an affection we do not hear of so frequently now—appears to have neglected his duties; and being conscious of real histrionic power, wrote to Goldsmith, requesting him to obtain an engagement in London. Dr. Oliver, who was always ready to lend a hand to a countryman in the great metropolis, where sharp experience had actively alturised his naturally genial and sympathetic nature, immediately wrote to David Garrick in behalf of Owenson. When he came to London, however, the great tragic and comic actor did not consider him up to the mark for a trial in Drury-lane, and sent him for a while to some of the provincial theatres, where he made such rapid progress that, in 1774, he performed at Covent Garden with applause, and the same year became a member of the famous Dr. Johnson Club, and the associate of Reynolds, Burke, and the rest of that eminent coterie. Doubtless, their Saturday evenings in Gerrard-street were often enlivened by the wit and admirable vocal accomplishments of the rising actor, who to such advantages added a fine personnel and deportment. Alluding to his appearance, O’Keeffe, in his Memoirs, states that he looked “like a true descendant of the Milesian race of heroes,” though by what means he was enabled to verify such a resemblance he has omitted to mention. Owenson’s first parts were high tragedy, as Edmund Keane’s first were low farce; but, like the latter, he presently discovered by experiment his natural powers, and for ever resigned the personation of *Tamertane* and other tyrants for the more congenial characters of *Major O’Flaherty* and *Sir Lucius O’Trigger*. In such he was never equalled but by Johnson and Power, while he far surpassed both as a singer of Irish songs.

His daughter was christened in Dublin, where an Irish gentleman of the old school—the claret-drinking, lavish, courageous Dublin improvisatore, Ned Lysaght—stood godfather for her. Lysaght’s compositions, which are of the occasional order, like others of the period, are in parts very characteristic of the social life of old Dublin: some of his songs deserve to be preserved, as they have been, in popular memory. Little Miss Owenson began to write verses at a very early age; and some of them, printed in the volume which appeared in her twenty-third year, evince a degree of precocious excellence in their way, similar to those of

Pope, though we now recollect her muse chiefly by the well-known song of “Kate Kearney.” It was on reading this little volume that Lysaght wrote the following verses, which remind one of the easy turn of some of the Greek epigrams:—

“The Muses met me once, not very sober,
But full of frolic, at your merry christ’ning;
And now, this twenty-third day of October,
As they foretold, to your sweet lays I’m list’ning.

“They called you ‘Infant Muse,’ and said your lyre
Should one day wake your nation’s latent fire;
They ordered Genius garlands to entwine
For Sidney—me, in faith, they plied with wine.”

In 1798, when his daughter’s first volume of verses appeared, Owenson was the most popular actor in Crow-street, where Mr. Jordan, and many of the old actors whose traits Charles Lamb has so delicately fixed in type, were performing. In 1794 he built the Kilkenny theatre, and succeeded for a time, both as actor and manager, in different parts of the country, until real tragedy, in the shape of the Revolution of ’98, banished the shadowy and smiling arts from the stage. Meanwhile, the Countess of Moira—associated with Irish music by Moore’s dedication—introduced the young poetess into the higher life of Dublin, where she often figured at the house now transformed into the Mendicity Institution, on the quay. In 1802 appeared her first novel, “St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond;” and not long afterwards, “The Novice of St. Dominick”—books in which she was as yet learning to write. In 1805, however, she published “The Wild Irish Girl,” which at once established her reputation. So great a favorite was this lively and charming romance, that it ran through seven editions in ten years; and, apart from its intrinsic merits of observation, sentiment, and fancy, is remarkable as the only book in which William Pitt could find diversion for his mind, stunned by the reverses which preceded his death.

In 1807 Miss Owenson wrote the opera, “The Whim of the Moment,” in which her father acted, after nine years’ retirement from the boards; and the “Patriotic Sketches,” in which we have capital descriptions of Irish scenery, a store of traditions, and an abundance of antiquarian and archaeological lore, which testified to the love of study which accompanied her through life, and which was still more solidly and brilliantly displayed in subsequent works. This book, as well as much of “The Wild Irish Girl,” originated from a tour she made to Sligo a couple of years previous and along the western coast of Ireland. Some months’ residence at Longford House, in Connaught, the seat of a relative, Sir Malby Crofton, is said to have furnished her with the model for her heroine, Glorvina, whose original was the daughter of her host. In Connaught also she met Thaddeus Connellan, the peasant schoolmaster, poet, translator, musician, who considered the Irish language superior to all save the Greek, and who illustrated his preference by repeating for her the description of Fion’s shield in Celtic, and that of the ægis of Achilles. In 1812 Miss Owenson married Sir Charles Morgan, who is said to have acquired his title by a hint she gave the Duke of Richmond at a viceregal ball. The marriage took place at Lord Abercorn’s mansion in Tyrone. A short time previous to the ceremony a letter arrived for her, which her sister took charge of. When opened afterwards, it was found to be from a young officer, an admirer of Miss Owenson, who had gone to the East, where, having obtained promotion, he wrote her a proposal. Lady Morgan’s sister likewise married a physician, Sir Arthur Clarke, whose medical treatises are still better known than the physiological and metaphysical work of the former. Sir Arthur was a gentleman as diminutive in stature as the author of the Melodies, and it was his *penchant* for taking the arm of tall Judge Day, which elicited the remark that they were like the 21st of June—the longest Day and shortest knight. In March, 1814, appeared Lady Morgan’s

novel, "O'Donnell," which Sir Walter Scott admired so much; and which, with "Florence M'Carthy," and "The O'Briens and O'Flahertys," constitute a trilogy then unrivalled in native novel literature. On the conclusion of the peace Lady Morgan and her husband visited France, where in the autumn of 1815 she commenced that series of studies of the country and its people, institutions, manners, etc., which she embodied in her eminent and interesting work.

To present such a picture as Lady Morgan gave of a great country, its classes of society, institutions, politics, literature, required great talents and opportunities, both of which the writer possessed. In her "France" we find the acutest powers of observation and analysis embodied in a style graceful, familiar, and animated—sound reflections, wide sympathies, and a courage in exposing existing evils which created admiration and gratitude, while it rendered the writer the object of virulent attack from the stationary and retrograde classes of the England of her day. The work was a great success, and its universal popularity led Colburn, the publisher, to offer Lady Morgan a sum of £2,000 for a similar work on Italy. So great a triumph was this also that 500 copies were disposed of the day it appeared, and the Paris and continental editions amounted to many thousands. Byron, who had considerable acquaintance with peninsular life, pronounced it "fearless and excellent."

Lady Morgan resided in Dublin until 1839, and here her house, 35 Kildare street, constituted one of the chief centres of reunion for the political (Whig) and literary aristocracy. Moore, Shiel, Maturin, and many others were among her guests, and the force of opinion created in her assemblies is said to have considerably influenced the growth of the movement which terminated in Catholic Emancipation, which she so eloquently advocated in the "O'Briens and O'Flahertys." In the above-mentioned year she removed to London, where her residence in May Fair became alike distinguished as a place of reunion for the wit, science, literature, and statesmanship of the greater capital. Many eminent men have been of diminutive stature, and several of our distinguished literary women have been remarkably petite, such as Miss Edgeworth, and Lady Morgan, who was still smaller in stature, she having been little more than four feet high—so that, beside her, Tom Moore must have assumed almost Brobdignagian proportions. Her head, however, was large and finely proportioned, her eyes large and luminous. At the viceregal balls, when all the ladies wore feathers and trains, the eccentric little figure appeared in a dress of extreme simplicity, with a broad gold band confining her wig, her large face full of animation, flashing wit on all sides. At the theatre, where she was always applauded, she wore a red Celtic cloak, fastened by a great gold Tara brooch, which gave her a somewhat gorgeous appearance. Of the amiability of her nature—despite her acute sarcastic turn, of which many instances have been preserved—and of the fidelity of her friendship all existing accounts testify. "The memory of the heart," said one of her acquaintances, "was with her particularly strong and retentive. Though formed to shine in the highest, she was never so engaging as in *petite comité*—her wit and humor were never so irresistible as when blended with her natural and generous bursts of feeling." Lady Morgan, whose vitality was singularly strong, lived until the 14th of April, 1859, when she died in London, aged eighty-four—certainly one of the most distinguished women the country has produced as an authoress, patriot, and wit. Her works, which occupy seventy-one volumes, contain the memorials her mind has left in almost every department of literature, poetry, philosophy, politics, fiction, travel, etc.

PARTED.

Great tears are shutting out the earth and sky,

Yet all the birds are singing overhead!

"In Death is there a pain so fierce?" I cry,

"For is there not a heaven for the dead?"

But after "Fare thee well," all hope is done!

"What is there *can* come after it?" I sigh.

The moments slip from me; I call, "O come!"

And there is none to hear or know I cry.

I writhe—this is too much. "O come to me!"—

All life resolves itself into a prayer—

The world is sad, the sea moans heavily—

There is a sadness in the evening air.

One moment—and joy crashes into pain!

One thought can change the whole world in a day;

We have not what we pray for, and we faint

Would drop our hands, be still, and cease to pray.

H. R. R.

THE STREAMLET.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

"Thou streamlet, silvery, bright, and clear,

That flowest onward year by year,

Upon thy brink I ponder now—

Whence comest? whither goest thou?"

"Out of yon gloomy rock I gush,

Over the flowers and moss I rush;

Smiling, hovers the azure sky

O'er my face as I hurry by.

"Thus in my childlike thought I flow—

Whither, I care not; for I know

He who from stone has summoned me,

He will my guide, my leader be."

E. F.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

We shall have great pleasure in describing this week, for the benefit of our readers, some very handsome costumes we saw worn lately. As the season is coming when small dancing parties are likely to be numerous, we will also call attention to a pretty ball costume.

With respect to walking costumes, I shall commence with the Dolly Varden, which is very general. One lady was attired in a petticoat of blue satin, with crossings of black velvet at regular intervals; the tunic and body pale fawn ground with blue flowers. Hat *en suite*, with convolvulus, and long pendant of leaves and buds.

Another costume, worn by a blonde, was *poult de soie* of plain mauve, with a flounce of a deeper shade of mauve, and small graduated flounces of each shade nearly half-way up the dress. The polonaise was of pale mauve, similarly trimmed, each flounce edged with narrow black lace. Hat of grey straw, trimmed with black velvet and grey feathers.

A ball costume, a dress of blue satin, trimmed with two flounces of Brussels lace, and tunic of satin, similarly trimmed; the body trimmed to match. The hair was prettily arranged in a coil *à la Grec*, with a silver band and silver wheat-ears.

A pretty mourning costume consisted of a petticoat of black satin, the tunic embroidered in white silk, and finished with black and white fringe; the jacket cut up at the sides and back, embroidered in white, and finished also with black and white fringe; a sash worn at the side of same. A small black hat and feathers.

As to opera jackets, we saw a most striking one of scarlet cashmere, embroidered in black silk and gold thread, with black and gold fringe, mixed and lined with quilted black satin. Opera cloaks of many-colored stripes are very fashionable and effective.

A corset from the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, will insure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

AWAKENED.

Whatever sweets my lyre has given,
 Were wakened first by woman's eyes ;
 Within their depths I found my heaven ;
 My condemnations were her sighs.
 I sought the Muses' fadeless art,
 As music can all ills disarm,
 To gain her smile, enchain her heart,
 Her very sense and soul to charm.

For years I slumbered in a trance,
 A garden of delicious joy ;
 I lived on woman's witching glance—
 With time I sported like a toy.
 I saw no goal I fain would reach,
 I marked no path through life to keep,
 Till woman, with soft glowing speech,
 First roused me from my aimless sleep.

"Go brace your nerves, and take the field—
 Be not the hindmost in the race ;
 Before he's tried let no man yield—
 Defeat itself is no disgrace."
 Yes, such the words—I mind them well—
 That gave my youthful songlet wings ;
 The tender glance that with them fell,
 More precious than the gift of kings.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, and CHILBLAINS, before they are broken.—1 raw egg, well beaten, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of vinegar, 1 oz. of spirits of turpentine, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. spirits of wine, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of camphor. These ingredients to be well beaten together, then put in a bottle and shaken for ten minutes, after which cork down lightly. In one-half hour the mixture is fit for use. Rub in well three or four times daily.

CARROT SOUP.—Boil some carrots till very tender in water, slightly salted ; pound them extremely fine ; mix them gradually with boiling water, in which there should be a good deal of butter ; pass all through a strainer ; season with salt and cayenne pepper, and serve it very hot. If only the outside of carrots are used the soup will be a very bright color. Turnip soup is made in the same manner.

CASTLE PUDDING.—Take the weight of two eggs of flour, butter, and sugar ; set the butter in a basin before the fire till half melted ; beat it to a cream ; beat two eggs for ten minutes ; mix them gently with the butter, sugar, and flour ; add nutmeg and grated lemon peel ; bake in cups for twenty minutes in a slow oven.

LEMON BUNS.—1 lb. flour, 3 drachms bi-carbonate of soda, 3 drachms muriatic acid, 4 oz. butter, 4 oz. loaf sugar, 1 egg, essence of lemon, 6 or 7 drops ; make into 20 buns. Bake in a quick oven 15 minutes ; they will keep a good while.

WINTER WRAPS.—The winter outdoor garments will be composite in form. The paletot will fraternize with the tálma, preserving a just medium between the very tight and the very loose garment. Velvet will be trimmed with lace ruches and edgings, and fringe will be used chiefly for cashmere. Many will be made of black or very dark blue cloth. Some will affect the military shape and ornaments, of course with moderation, and in the good taste which characterises the creators of fashion in Paris. Cloth will be interlined with soft wool, and lined with light flannel of bright colours, which will form a very narrow binding all round the edge of the garment. Large casaques are also in preparation, either of cloth or velvet, adjusted in the back and loose in front ; but the large bow in the back is no longer

used. This has given way to small plaited basques, which seem to divide the casaque into two distinct parts, one of which is a skirt, and the other a paletot loose in front and tight-fitting behind. Many waterproofs will be made of Scotch plaid in dark colours, instead of the dismal and ugly waterproof cloth which has been so long in vogue. These will be made with a cape, and of a less ungraceful form than those of the past years. Large cashmere cloaks with capes are also talked of, but their advent is as yet uncertain.

WORLD-WEARY.

The swallows are fled, and the roses are faded,
 The gladness and glory of Summer are gone,
 The skies with the sadness of Autumn are shaded,
 And I, sick with sorrow, am mourning alone.
 For hopes that were fairest have fled with the swallow,
 And dreams that were brightest have died with the rose ;
 And all that I seek in my prayers is to follow,
 And fly from the world, and the weight of its woes.
 But, love of my life ! whom my sad heart is mourning—
 (Now passed to the regions where spirits abide,
 And fled through the portals from whence no returning
 Can bring thee for ever again to my side)—
 Vain, vain are my yearnings to 'scape this existence,
 And seek thee in worlds that are fairer than this—
 To follow thy flight o'er the measureless distance,
 And find thee and clasp thee in glory and bliss !

My own ! if the wail of my weary repining
 Can pierce through the shadowy gates of the dead,
 And reach the far haven where thou art reclining
 Secure from the cares of the world thou hast fled,—
 Let thy prayers join mine to the infinite Spirit,
 The Lord of the universe, throned in might,
 That Death may unfetter my sad soul, and bear it
 To mingle with thine in the mansions of light !

THOMAS F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PETROLEUSES OF PARIS.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to make a few observations respecting the trial of the women called *Petroleuses*.

The opponents of Women's Suffrage thought they had gained a triumphant accession of strength in their opposition when it was spread abroad that Paris was demolished by women, who were said to have poured petroleum over houses, down cellars, etc. Now, whether the women of Paris committed any such atrocities, or whether the reports were concocted merely in the way that various calumnies against women have been circulated both in ancient and modern times, without any foundation whatever, I cannot say. But one fact is certain, and that is, that the women of France have no political rights whatever. The lowest, most uneducated man in France possesses the right of voting ; but not one woman has a vote, and no woman has ever been allowed to sit upon the throne of France ; so that, whatever misfortunes have befallen the country, they cannot be attributed to its recognition of the rights of women. Not long ago many female telegraph clerks in France were dismissed from their situations because they had not votes, and were therefore unable to support the government. In short, there is no country where the women, of the lower classes especially, were regarded with less consideration by law than those of France. Sensational writers, both French and English, newspaper correspondents, and so forth, told wonderful tales about the women of the Commune who destroyed the city of Paris by petroleum, and credulous readers felt horror-struck at the thought of the "hideous amazons," who, with

ferocious eyes, went rushing to and fro in their work of destruction. English opponents of women's claims held up these imaginary furies as terrible examples of what women would become if they got the franchise, or any political rights whatever. After a little time it was discovered that Paris was not quite demolished by anybody or anything; and that of the buildings that were destroyed no one could exactly say who were the perpetrators of the atrocities. Eventually it transpired that the bands of amazons, who were said to have been more cruel, more pitiless, than the worst men of the Commune (who, be it remembered, shot the Archbishop of Paris and the other hostages), dwindled down to very few individuals, poor ignorant creatures, against whom no positive evidence could be advanced. Nevertheless, they were tried summarily, and three of them have been condemned to death. So great was the prejudice against these women that no professional advocate in Paris would defend them. The male Communists of the worst description were defended by men of the law; but the women called *Petroleuses*, who could not be positively proved to have done any mischief with petroleum, remained without the benefit of legal assistance in their trial for life. My own opinion is that the odium cast upon the women of Paris arose in a great measure from that spirit which manifested itself so unmistakably among our ancestors, leading them to write and speak with bitterness of women's moral and intellectual faculties, and which even influenced law-givers and judges to decree that female criminals should be burnt for some of the offences for which male criminals were hanged or beheaded, in order that women might undergo a more torturing punishment than men for committing the same misdeeds. In this same spirit our ancestors frequently declared that women were "worse than men," and it is certain that, whether they believed such to be the case or not, they generally contrived to treat them worse than men.

It would be well if readers, both male and female, would carefully consider what they read, and not permit themselves to be led astray by emotional opponents of women's claims, to believe in stories derogatory to the female sex generally. I fear that until women gain the protection of the franchise they can never be sure of receiving justice and fair play. All oppressed classes meet with contempt, more or less, and frequently they even despise themselves and each other. Of course, I am far from asserting that all women suffer from tyranny or oppression. On the contrary, I think it is marvellous that so little advantage is taken of them in these days, although the oppressive laws remain the same as they were framed in dark ages, with very little alteration. Good men do not need laws to make them kind or just; but we all know that there are men who are neither good nor kind, and for these the law is a great teacher.

Nothing, perhaps, proves at present the growing spirit of justice among men in this country towards women than the numbers of them who have signed petitions to Parliament in favor of women's suffrage. This has been especially the case in Dublin; and indeed I think I may say that women would have a better chance of receiving justice and fair play in Ireland than in almost any other country—whether from the superior intelligence of the men or the superior merits of the women of the Emerald Isle, it is difficult to determine;—but such is my opinion.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ALEPH.

REFORM IN DRESS.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

Sir,—I think L. L. deserves thanks for her letter on the subject of Reform in Dress. Certainly, artistic beauty is sadly ignored by those who set the fashions in female attire; a vulgar and uneducated taste is often dominant; and the consequence is—as a great art critic has remarked—that the prevailing error in dress is a tendency to flimsiness and gaudiness. The way in which the great mass of women

accept ugly, inconvenient, and absurd fashions, one after another, certainly betokens a want of æsthetic perception. I take hope, however, from the fact that the hideous and inconvenient fashion of wearing large steel crinolines has passed away. This ungraceful, extravagant, and disagreeable fashion was the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste; and whilst it continued, nothing reasonable or beautiful in costume could be expected. It was really disheartening to perceive how the eye became reconciled to this monstrous fashion, and how completely all sense of grace and beauty in dress seemed to vanish in acquiescence with the prevailing mode. I cannot but think that anyone who would devise a really artistic style of dress would, in so doing, help to educate us. The mind is greatly affected by what meets the eye; and if we are always looking at what is false in taste, we shall feel the effects in our thinking. And as dress does, to some extent, become an expression of the mind, it would be well if we could avoid tawdriness and meretricious vulgarity in our apparel, and could realize and obtain "the grace and preciousness of simple adornment."

I have often wished that some permanent style of dress would find favor. The constant and complete changes in fashion are, to my mind, extremely provoking and wasteful. If one has a really durable and serviceable garment, why must one lay it aside, give it away, or set to work to alter, and probably spoil it, whilst it is still little or none the worse for wear. The variability of the fashions is really a great evil, and I often think with respect of the Anglo-Saxon ladies in England, of whom it is recorded that, for some centuries previous to the Conquest, their fashions in dress scarcely changed. It is really melancholy to think of the toil and trouble involved in the chameleon changes in the fashions. In fact I despair of the higher education of women *en masse*, whilst such an immense proportion of them are incessantly engaged in the "stitch, stitch, stitch," demanded by fashion. Take, for instance, the overloading of garments with trimmings and flounces; what an enormous amount of unnecessary labor this represents, even since the sewing-machine came to the assistance of over-worked seamstresses. In saying this, I by no means wish to depreciate needlework as a feminine employment. On the contrary, I esteem it very highly, and I think that proficiency and skill with the needle conduces greatly to a woman's happiness as well as to her comfort. I have always congratulated myself on a taste for needlework; it has not only been very useful to me, but it has soothed and cheered many a lonely hour. I think that there is truth in Ruskin's remark, "that a happy nation may be defined as one in which the husband's hand is on the plough, and the housewife's on the needle." And it is to be lamented that many of the old cottage industries, by which clothes were made at home, are on the decline. But a certain balance should be observed between manual and mental work; and if a woman spends her existence in the former, to the utter neglect of the latter, not only herself individually, but the community to which she belongs, will suffer. The intellectual life of a nation cannot but be affected by the fact that large masses of its women spend the greater part of their lives in an employment, which, however beautiful and indispensable in proper measure, is not, and cannot be, a substitute for the cultivation of the mind. I am afraid, however, that this state of things will continue whilst the love of dress remains such an engrossing passion as it is at present, both with rich and poor—gentle and simple. A style of costume which should be at once graceful, convenient, and simple, and framed in accordance with sanitary principles, would betoken a great step forwards in the mental condition of women; and in the hope that the discussion of the subject will produce some results, I beg again to thank "L. L." for her sensible letter.

IERNE.

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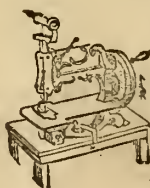
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THE EMERALD:

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[Vol. II.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.



FEW weeks ago one of our contributors threw out a suggestion regarding amusements for the rural poor which has attracted a good deal of attention. IERNE said, and said truly, that nowhere in Europe is there a population so destitute of systematic recreation as that of Ireland; and proposed to the gentry, whose position confers influence and compels respect, the getting up of concerts at which the upper classes would be pleased performers, and the lower delighted audiences. Independently of the benefit to our poorer brethren which the opening up of a new vein of ideas to them would confer—and which in itself ought to be sufficient inducement to the educated and wealthy—there can be no doubt that such common participation in amusements, even though on an entirely different level (like the feudal baron and his family at the table on the dais, while the retainers sit before one whose feet are no higher than the floor), would tend immensely to create that squire-and-yeoman cordiality between gentry and peasantry, which for centuries has been one of the pleasantest features of English rural life. The idea seems to us too good to be lost; and we hope to see it cordially taken up.

It is not, however, in country districts alone that the dearth of rational amusement for the working classes exists. In the towns the evil is greater, and productive of even more pernicious results. In the very county capitals, in most cases, there is not even a mechanics' institute or a lecture hall, or a public library—nothing, in fact, which could be used to relieve the tedium of the intervals between the monotonous round of to-day's avocations and the increasingly monotonous round of to-morrow's. The mind must either remain a blank or receive the impressions that are at hand. And what are these? Are they for good? Clergymen and others are perpetually inveighing against the increasing vices of urban inhabitants, and especially the ever-widening vortex of drunkenness, which seems about to swallow up cities and towns all over the land. But what good this invective? Where is recreation offered to the jaded laborer? Where excitement, to prevent his mind from settling down into fetid and unhealthy stagnation? Only in the dram-shop, which is open for him morning, noon, and night—only in the stimulants which poison the blood and boil the excited brain into reeling madness.

The truth is, that the crusade against drunkenness is conducted on entirely wrong principles of strategy. It is

as if the tactics and artillery of Von Moltke were to be met by the headlong bravery and lance-and-mace warfare of Cœur de Lion. Strong drink appeals to a human craving, and is in consequence successful; its opponents provide no substitute to gratify the appetite for excitement, and endeavor to make up by teaching, preaching, acts of parliament, and the prison cell, for their unskilful method. How can they hope for success? Is not nature stronger than law? The classes who attack most vigorously the prevalent love for the excitement of stimulants have themselves in other shapes excitements as strong, though not generally so deleterious. The squire has his fox-hunt and his steeplechase, his magisterial employments, his grand jury labors, and, above all, his participation in election struggles. The clergyman has his controversial and election excitements; the politician his. Scarcely one of the educated classes that has it not in his power to find a more potent stimulant in a natural way than the workman can discover in alcoholic excess. And we may be permitted to say that human nature at bottom is much the same in the poor as in the rich; from which it follows that some sort of recreation must be provided for the former, if we would hope to deal successfully with the evil of drunkenness.

The true way, then, to succeed with an enemy so potent is to outwit him. Provide for the working classes a fair share of natural recreation, and then you can enter the lists on equal terms with the insidious and deadly foe. But how is this to be done? Clearly, those who have knowledge and wealth must come to the aid of those who have neither, and establish, by the employment of both mind and purse, lecture halls, libraries, and concert rooms; and see that in these a constant supply is kept up of interesting discourses, interesting good books, entertaining musical performances, etc. This is the first step to be taken. It is accustoming the babyhood of social existence to stand; by-and-by it will gather courage and strength, and require no help to walk boldly of itself. But is not this an interference with political economy? some one will say. Does not every one know that unless these speculations are self-supporting they cannot live? Is it not absurd to ask one class of the community to pay for the amusements of the other? Is it not hardship enough that we have to support, whether we will or not, the idle and the impotent, without undertaking this extra burden?

To this we reply that thousands of benevolent people at present tax themselves liberally to support Permissive Bill and other associations, in the hope that at some time here-

after something may be done to check the spread of drunkenness. Is there anything more unreasonable in applying money to a purpose which will have a moral deterrent effect far greater than any act of parliament? Again, many a one finds his way into the poorhouse, and becomes a burden on the rates, who never would have been in that position if recreation of a temperate kind had reclaimed him from the excitement of intemperance. Further, the support such projects should require would be merely temporary, lasting only till the popular taste should be raised to the standard of the higher recreation. For instance, in London, the gentlemen who founded the Saturday Evening Concerts gave them every week for two years at a loss; but at the end of that time they became self-supporting, and have remained so for over twelve years. In Liverpool, Glasgow, and other large towns of Great Britain, in spite of the many rival attractions which they afford, Saturday Evening Concerts for Workingmen, under the judicious management of intelligent and philanthropic gentlemen, have remained a marked success, after undergoing the probationary term during which the taste of the workmen and their families was forming.

And it certainly is a gladdening sight to see the hard-handed toilers, released from the necessary thralldom of the workshop, with the price of their week's labor in their pockets, walk straight to their homes, wash and dress in their best, and in the gentle companionship of wives and sweethearts enter the concert-room to be amused for a few hours, before proceeding to a sober and healthy sleep in preparation for the Sabbath; instead of rushing, grimy and ill-clad, from the gate of the workshop, to leave the first-fruits of their week's toil on the publican's counter—commencing amid the fumes of the gin-palace a series of orgies which may terminate in the police station. Verily, the contrast is one which ought to set all benevolent people thinking, and not only thinking, but acting too.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

I am an old bachelor, as it is called, with a superstitious dread of "the sex;" but I can boldly say that there is one woman I am not afraid of—that is the wife of my friend Ned Boyle. I don't think there is in the world such another true-hearted, kind, considerate, motherly woman, as Ned Boyle's wife; and Ned is a lucky fellow to have such a partner. He chuckles when I tell him so, as if he knew it perfectly well, and rather enjoyed it, the sly dog! They have been married for I don't know how many years, and have I don't know how many children—not more horrible than all other children—flaxen-headed, blue-eyed rascals and misses that call me "Uncle Bob," pull me about dreadfully, tread on my gouty foot, involve me in games of cricket and croquet, and, by some secret magical influence, make me feel a pleasure in giving them costly presents from time to time. I believe there is a will at my lawyer's with the names of all these young imps in it; but that is *entre nous*.

It is of Mrs. Boyle I wanted to speak, not of her children. I wish I could photograph her in pen and ink for you. She is a comely lady, getting on in middle age, with just a tinge of gray in the well-arranged fair hair that covers her finely shaped head. She is always neat and sober in dress, gentle in manners, grave but pleasant, and kinder in heart than you can easily find out. It requires a knowledge of her for years to get at a comprehension of her immense stock of good nature and consideration for others. Boyle says he never saw her out of temper in his life, and I can believe him. So I can too, when he says he never knew her to fail in being

equal to any difficulty that arose. Once when a bad speculation in a Devon tin mine brought him face to face with ruin and disaster, she studied the position with intelligence and composure, and decided upon their future plan of life if the impending misfortune should really come upon them. Luckily the threatened danger passed away, but Boyle says he can never forget the help and comfort that woman was to him when he was himself distracted by fears and troubles, nor how calmly and resolutely she took the helm of the domestic ship at a time when other women would have gone into hysterics.

There is one very ridiculous idea in regard to Mrs. Boyle which I could never shake off. I suppose I must be some fifteen or twenty years older than she is; but somehow the notion floats in my head that she is my mother. It is something in her manner—some magnetic influence in her character—which gives one this absurd feeling. I mentioned it to Ned one day; he laughed, and said that was exactly his case; he always felt as if she were a sort of mother to him, rather than a wife. "For the matter of that," he added, "that motherly way and influence of hers has always been characteristic of her from her girlhood. I call her Mütterchen ('little mother'), as you know, and she had that pet name in her own family from the time she was four or five years of age. She was such a little mother in her way even at that early age, that she became entitled to and acquired the name." After that I of course wondered no longer at an old fellow like me falling under the motherly spell of Mrs. Boyle's large blue eyes. On the whole, I declare that I look upon her as the nearest approach to a perfect woman that I suppose is possible; and as I said before, she is the only one of her sex that I am not a bit afraid of. As I contemplate her surrounded by her happy family and contented husband, I cannot avoid recalling the idea of Walt Whitman, and pronouncing her to be "a justified wife and a justified mother."

There, that is a sufficiently ample eulogy for an old bachelor to pronounce on a lady; and I must get on with the narrative I have sat down to try my hand at.

I was up in Yorkshire, at Fred's place, last Christmas. I generally spend my Christmas in his fine old mansion; for he and I have known each other from our school days, and I am his only partner (sleeping) in his mining and manufacturing concerns. I always feel uncommonly happy in his family circle. Well, one night last Christmas, we were all sitting round the ample hearth in his big drawing-room, after dinner, when the youngsters commenced clamoring for a story, and a ghost story above all. They bothered "Uncle Bob" to that extent that at last I gave them some incoherent fragments of a ghost story I had heard when a boy. It was something about a coffin tumbling down a chimney, followed first by one limb and then another of a dead man, and so on, until the whole body had come down and completely arranged itself in the coffin. I had forgotten the circumstances which had provoked this phenomenon, as well as the moral (if there ever had been any) to be drawn from the occurrence; but I thought that what I did know was horrible enough to please any one. I was disappointed; my story was voted old-fashioned, improbable in the highest degree, and only fit for very small children. There's the "march of enlightenment" for you, and I hope you like it! I know I was not much younger than any of the young Boyles when this story was told me, and I distinctly remember that it impressed me profoundly; for I dreamt, for many nights after hearing it, that I saw the coffin and the limbs of the dead man come down the chimney. But, bless you! the youths of the "rising generation" are much too knowing and well read to believe in any such nonsense. That was all the thanks I got for racking my brains for a ghost story.

But Mrs. Boyle, who had been suiling all the time at my desperate efforts, came to my rescue by offering to tell a ghost story herself. There was a general clapping of hands at this, and a general outcry of impatience for the immediate

commencement of the story. We all drew up our chairs in a narrower circle round the blazing hearth, and settled ourselves for an attentive hearing, for we knew the story would be a good one.

Ned's wife put aside some knitting work in which she was engaged (she always kept her fingers employed when sitting still), and, taking a fire shade from the mantel-piece to screen her face from the light and heat, stipulated for a few minutes' reflection before beginning. This was, of course, granted, and there was an ominous and irksome silence for a period. Mrs. Boyle, with the fire-shade pressed against her face, was deep in thought. Boyle himself took one quiet yet rather uneasy glance at her, and then looked gravely into the fire. "Hallo!" thought I to myself, "here's a ghost story coming that will have a beginning and an end, and a moral to it, or I'm mistaken." After about five minutes' pause, Mrs. Boyle lifted her head, and said, cheerfully, but with a certain degree of solemnity in her tone:

"Now, I will tell you a ghost story, but I must warn you that it is not an out-and-out ghost story; it is not altogether about ghosts."

"Oh, but there will be a ghost in it, won't there, mamma?" exclaimed one of the youngsters.

"Certainly, dear, only it will not be a regular ghost story, you know."

"Oh, never mind about that, as long as there is a ghost in it."

"But will it be true, mamma?" demanded another.

"It will be all true, darling—too true."

"Hooray! a real true ghost story!" cried the youngsters.

"Yes; but, as a condition of telling it, you must be very quiet. You must not interrupt, and you must not ask any questions about it, either now or at any other time. I shall be sure to forget nothing, for I know the story very well."

The conditions were at once accepted, and warmly subscribed to.

Ned never took his eyes off the fire, but kept staring into it, as he trifled with his watch-guard. I expect he knew the story already.

Once upon a time—began Mrs. Boyle, keeping her face well in the shade as she spoke, and keeping it there too from beginning to end of her narrative—Once upon a time, now many years ago, there dwelt in a pleasant cottage near a great city, a young man and his younger wife. They were still young, though they had been married ten years. Ten years! Yes, the astronomers and almanack makers agreed in so naming the period, but to the couple themselves it hardly seemed ten months. But there were proofs that the philosophers were right, for though this couple loved each other with an ever-increasing, never-satisfied love, they had raised up witnesses against themselves. Little children played around them and called them father and mother. There could be no disputing it when one came to measure time by lapse of years and growth of children; yet somehow it seemed as if it were only yesterday when that boy over twenty ran away with and married that smiling and self-willed young girl of not yet twenty, both laughing at the absurdity of the shocked relatives who thought the match a hasty and rash one.

Hasty and rash! Why, they had been as happy as the angels in heaven for ten years! True, they had at first been poor, and had eaten their bread and cheese sparingly, but always with love and laughter. The young husband had said: "Darling, I have abilities, education, and courage; I am going to earn £500 a year; afterwards we must aim for £1,000." And the young, all-believing wife had replied: "Of course; you cannot fail." Nor did he; he soon had an ample income, and the scanty bread and cheese gave place to more substantial fare.

He was a brave young fellow of mixed Milesian and Scandinavian blood, that good stock being fined and tempered by foreign studies, foreign travel, and a little of the rough usage of the world. He had no idea of taking things

as he found them, but had early entered on the paths of self-reliance, and commenced hewing a way for himself with resolution and constancy, and bursting through the barriers which impeded his progress, with firmness and good humor.

He had seen the lady who was to be his wife—he knew and felt it—and he had lightly and laughingly surmounted all the obstacles which lay between him and her. He wooed and won her with manliness and honor, in spite of every impediment; and now he loved her dearly, and was proud of her, for her personal attractions, for her high educational accomplishments, for their romantic courtship and marriage, and, above all, for that she was, of his dear children, the dearer mother.

The wife was of foreign birth; tall, exquisitely formed; with the dark eyes and complexion of the Spaniard; and of the hot, impulsive disposition which characterises the races of the south of Europe. She seemed to love her husband passionately.

They were all in all to each other. Their pleasant cottage home and their children constituted their world. He devoted a portion of each day to remunerative literary labors in the adjacent Babylon; for he had soon earned a certain reputation and won a certain position which enabled him to command a good and sufficient income without any excessive daily drudgery. He might subsequently have done more and gained more had he chosen; but what can a man do who is deeply, desperately in love with his wife, his home, and his children? His keen appreciation of his domestic bliss would not permit him to forego more of it than was absolutely essential. In short, he had become uxorious, and, in a sense, lazy and self-indulgent. When done with "the city" for the day, he was always to be found at home, for truly to him "there was no place like home." In his house, in his garden, with his wife, or with his children, the golden hours of the afternoon, evening, and night, were passed; amusing himself with a little horticulture, constructing or decorating a summer house or bower, arranging a swing or other mechanical contrivance for the entertainment and exercise of his ever-exacting children, reading for their instruction or amusement, or telling them pleasant fire-side stories of a winter's evening—occasionally joining his wife in a song at the piano; so his out-of-city life passed.

Everybody said they were the happiest couple alive, and everybody, for once, was right.

One day a thunderbolt fell upon that happy home. It was totally unlooked-for, totally unexpected, totally unsuspected. The domestic paradise faded and vanished in an instant. The gates of the garden of Eden were closed, and a terrible spirit with flaming sword guarded them from all re-approach. The Fall had come again for this Adam and Eve. The home was desolate—the wife was *dead*, the children removed to schools. The husband alone remained for a short time amid the ruins of his domestic temple, and the shattered fragments of all his household gods. Friends and neighbors whispered amongst themselves what had happened. Their hearts were full of pity and sympathy for the now fierce and haggard looking man that passed in and out, but none dared to approach him with words of kindness and consolation which they knew were useless and inadequate. He had grown old in a few days, for he had fallen in a moment from a golden pinnacle of happiness into a black and unfathomable abyss of despair.

The shock was terrible; yet, after all, it was admitted that he bore it resolutely and well. He suffered as a man, but he endured like a man. So they all said. For all that, they did not know how deeply his heart was lacerated, nor how weak and unmanned he was by the blow he had sustained. They did not know that at the dead of night—all night through, for many nights in succession—that man, who was credited with and pretended to so much strength and resolution, wandered from room to room of his deserted home, with blanched cheeks and moistened eyes, wringing his

hands and beating his breast in the most pitiful state of agony—in the most abject state of weakness and prostration. They did not hear him moaning in misery of soul, "My God, this is too much for me! What have I done that this calamity should befall me?" They did not witness his feebleness of spirit, as he fell on his knees in the strange and hideous solitude, and murmured, in heart-breaking accents, of the woman who was *dead*—"My wife, my wife! my children! my home! my blasted past! my blighted future!" They did not know that, in the silence of the night, he cried to heaven for strength, for help, for guidance, in a voice so changed and broken, that it seemed no longer his own. The "strong and resolute man" was a mere child in these solitary hours—a poor, prostrate creature, weeping and writhing in agony on the bare floor of his chamber. They knew nothing, suspected nothing of these things; and as he passed before their eyes with closely knit brow, head erect, and firm tread, they said—"He feels it deeply, but he bears it bravely."

Yet, at last, after many days, he recovered the strength which he had prayed for in secret, and counterfeited openly. The first sharp anguish became mitigated, though he had sustained a wound which no time could heal. In body and in mind he survived the shock, but his wife, his home, and his hopes were gone; the delightful past was converted into a foolish dream and delusion, and the present and the future were embittered for ever. His ideal wife of ten years was dead and buried a thousand fathoms in the earth; but there was something somewhere—something detestable and loathsome—something that he had never seen and never known—that usurped the title and defaced the blessed and beloved image of the dead wife that was so dear to him. To shut out that horrible reality from his mind was his great and constant care, and in time he succeeded to a large extent.

Still his children were secured from the general wreck of love, home, and hopes, and that was an immense consolation to him. They were something to live and strive for; and for them he lived, and worked, and progressed as he had never worked and progressed before. Above all, there was one favorite daughter, a blue-eyed fair-haired child of four or five years of age. She had always shared largely in his paternal love, for she had always attached herself to him with singular love and affection. Even in the early happy days, in the cottage, she had claimed and established her right to the title of his "Little Mother," had constituted herself his personal attendant, and jealously usurped a thousand little functions about him, to the exclusion of her laughing and boisterous brothers. To her and his other children, but to her above all, he clung as the shipwrecked sailor holds to the rock which is his last chance of escape from the raging sea around him.

(To be continued).

THE BURIED CITY.

[On the coast of Miltown Malbay, county Clare, the peasant will tell of a mysterious city beneath the sea, never beheld by any but those to whom death or some great bereavement is near.]

On the slauting rock stands the young Eileen,
Looking so slight in the gale;
With an eager light in her eyes to be seen,
And a flush on her cheek so pale.

Her tattered garments are wet with the sleet,
On the wild rock where she stands,
With her basket of limpets beside her feet,
And her rude knife in her hands.

Her bare feet clasp the slippery weed,
With instinct grasp alone;
For of the strong wind she is taking no heed,
Nor the spray against her thrown.

All the life of her frame and soul
Is gathered into her eye,
As she gazes out where the waters roll
So drearily, heavily.

Those waters for her without a stir
Have parted on either side;
And she sees the buried city below
All in its buried pride.

She sees the buried city below,
Churches and palaces;
She looks on its beauty as still as the snow—
Its beauty and pomp she sees.

Ne'er in her life did young Eileen
City or town behold;
On the cold naked shore is her low cabin door—
On the shore so barren and bold.

Ne'er in her life did young Eileen
See dome or stately street;
And the buried city is fair, I ween,
For her bosom doth wildly beat.

Ah! child, dost thou know what that sight portends—
That sight which seizes thy breath?
It is death to thyself, or thy dearest of friends
(The loving heart's dreariest death)!

And few, I ween, are thy friends, Eileen—
Thy cabin holds them all;
Thy widowed mother who works in the fields,
Thy sisters and brothers small.

For them, away in the rocks all day,
In the wind, the spray, and the sleet,
Thou hast gathered the supper for which they wait,
That lieth now at thy feet.

O city so strange, O city so fair,
So near me, yet far away!
How wonderful is the hidden and rare!
How dark is our earthly day!

Roof, and column, and colonnade,
And the long fair paths of streets;
And the beautiful quiet o'er all of them laid!
Oh! wildly her young heart beats.

And she marks it not—that huge slow swell
Which heaves from ocean's deeps,
Comes nearer and nearer, with naught to quell,
And over the slant rock sweeps.

Over the wild rock sweeps and speeds,
Returns and pours in a flood;
And washes the shells, and lifts the brown weeds,
Where a moment past Eileen stood.

Is she down in the city so strange, so fair,
So near her, so far away?
Does she know all now of the hidden and rare,
And how dark was earthly day?

Her mother waited on through the dusk,
Till the moon gave ghostly light;
And put her little ones sobbing to bed
Without their supper that night.

And she bore the terror, the rending fears,
On through the watches dread;
Till at morn a rough fisherman brought her, with tears,
Her little Eileen dead.

The erection of the building for the International Exhibition at Vienna has already commenced, and the works are being pushed rapidly forward in order to get as much done as possible before the winter sets in.



GRAY ABBEY, CO. DOWN.

GRAY ABBEY, COUNTY DOWN.

When the adventurous Normans, in the twelfth century, made their remarkable descent on the Irish shores, and, through superior armament and organization, succeeded in effecting a permanent lodgment, one of the most daring and successful of the invaders was a knight of gigantic stature and herculean strength, John de Courcey by name. In the year 1177, impelled by the spirit so common among the men of his race, he decided on a bold move, with the object of securing for himself as much of the lands of Ireland as he could. Starting from Dublin with 320 men-at-arms, he marched on Dundalk, then as now a tolerably active port, and, pitting his armored soldiery against the defenceless natives, succeeded in capturing the town, in which he established his residence. Thence for several years he carried on incessant war against his weak and distracted neighbors; and, turning to account the insane jealousies and hereditary enmities of the surrounding petty Irish chiefs, succeeded, by 1183, in making himself master of the district called Uriel, which included the present county of Louth, and part of Meath, Monaghan, and Armagh. Afterwards he pushed his successes, by similar combinations of courage and artifice, into the surrounding districts, until the present county of Down was added to his conquests.

It was at that period no uncommon thing for men to spend their lives in deeds of robbery and bloodshed, and when death seemed drawing nigh, to endeavor to make atonement for all their wickedness by the foundation of churches and religious houses. Gray Abbey appears to have owed its origin to some such impulse; for it is said to have been founded by Africa, wife of Sir John de Courcey. This lady was daughter of Godfred, King of the Isle of Man. The abbey was finished in 1193, and handed over to a company of Cistercian monks.

"The remains of the abbey," says Dr. Stephenson, in the short history he wrote of it, "show it to have been a large

and sumptuous building. The east window of the church is a noble piece of Gothic structure, composed of three compartments, each six feet and more wide, and upwards of twenty feet high. On each side the altar, in the north and south walls, is also a stately window of freestone, neatly hewn and carved, of the same breadth as the great east window, but something lower. They are now grown over with ivy, which gives them an awful appearance. The cells, dormitories, and other buildings for the use of the family are in ruins; only enough remaining to trace out the compass of ground which the whole structure took up."

"In the troubled times that followed, the possessors of Gray Abbey were almost entirely free from care. But when religious differences were added to the distractions already in existence, the monks in due course shared the fate of their brethren all over the island. Still the structure remained unimpaired, until the extraordinary political combinations of Charles the First's reign. That king was engaged in internecine strife with his parliament in England, while the Irish Catholics, taking up arms in the first instance against the sovereign himself, were at length found on his side, and combating with the successful parliamentarians. Lesley, Earl of Leven, and Major-general Monro, with a Scots army, 13,000 strong, in the interests of the English parliament, invaded Ulster. The celebrated Owen Roe O'Neill—whose skill and courage, especially as evinced in his protracted defence of the town of Arras, earned the warmest praise of continental writers—came over to Ireland to assist his Roman Catholic compatriots. Before his wonderful success at Benburb, in which he utterly overthrew the Scots under Monro, he spent four years in training to warlike operations the very raw material which flocked readily to his standard. In the course of these four years he engaged in many skirmishes with Monro's army, sometimes being obliged to retreat into the bogs and fastnesses of Leitrim from the superior forces of his enemy—anon swooping down

on him suddenly, and driving him back to the eastern coast. In one of these latter raids Gray Abbey met its fate. It could give shelter to the Scots, and that was sufficient reason for its demolition. Nothing is sacred to the soldier but success ; and to assure it a little, the magnificent foundation of Lady Africa was destroyed by O'Neill's army, and never afterwards repaired.

Mrs. Hall says : " the vicinity of these ruins is beautiful and picturesque ; the residence of the heir of the Montgomerys immediately adjoins them ; and a pretty little temple has been erected on the grounds, in order to afford accommodation to visitors ; the place being, as it ought to be, in high favor with the townspeople of Belfast, who occasionally luxuriate in the delicious neighborhood." The engraving we give above is a faithful illustration of the ruined structure.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

LADY MORGAN—PART II.

Of Lady Morgan's writings a critic by no means favorable to her says : " In Lady Morgan's works there are not, perhaps, ten pages which may be considered faultless ; but at the same time in ten of her pages there are more original ideas, graphic expressions, pointed specimens of sparkling truth, than in four times the number in other works of the same class, whose correct mediocrity enables them to pass without general censure. Her faults are those of her sex and country. She is apt to be governed by impulses of feeling rather than by calm judgment. Her reasonings are frequently erratic, and her style too often overlaid with ornament and quotation, a fondness for elaborate terms and foreign phrases. But her merits immeasurably overbalance such defects. These, among others, are—a singularly lively imagination, a great fund of humor, a constant and fervid flow of animated language, often swelling into eloquence, much epigrammatic point, and felicity of expression. Add to these a large share of dramatic talent, and the acutest faculty of delineation, and we have most of the rare and shining qualities which her original, delightful, and erudite compositions exhibit." In her character, as in her writings, she was a genuine Irishwoman, abounding, as we have said, in the faculty of humor, so little displayed by the feminine mind in literature, before her time, at least ; and her novels have the merit of originating the school of humorous fiction, illustrative of Irish life, to which Carleton, Maxwell, Lover, Lever, and Lefanu belong. Many of the characters in her lively stories are founded on observation—not combinations of the fancy—indigenous realities, graphic, striking, alive. At the present day, when the great works of the lately-deceased humorists enjoy a dominant popularity, her tales are comparatively little read ; but they will always retain the value attaching to truthful delineation, and as pictures of a state of society gone by, whose evils they were influential in ameliorating. The same may be said of her " France " and " Italy," produced during her most vigorous mental period, which still delight us by the pictures of foreign life they present, as by the general reflections with which they abound. These books, the productions of an acute, observant, learned, and philosophical lady-traveller, have in their way but one literary rival—the " Germany " of the Baroness de Stael ; but while the latter excels them in impassioned eloquence, they far surpass the *chef d'œuvre* of Necker's daughter in variety of survey, liveliness, ease, and wit.

Among Lady Morgan's numerous other works, written at a later period, are " Woman and her Master," which created much interest on its appearance ; her Dramatic Sketches (1833) ; and Passages from her Autobiography, which is written in what is called the style *parle*, and is a prefix to her books of foreign travel. In it, as in Moore's Memoirs, we have, as in her Diary, a daily record of the eminent personages she met with, interspersed with their letters, and a sprinkling of the diamond dust of anecdote, which renders

it very agreeable reading. One of the results of her Italian visit was her " Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," and one of her latest novels, " Absenteeism."

In literature, as in life, numbers are found who have wit without humor ; but when a woman possesses the first, the other follows as its invariable attendant—this faculty being but wit allied to sympathy and feeling ; and a higher gift, as the greater contains the less. In a pretty image, Collins describes wit—

" Whose jewels in her crisped hair
Are placed, each other's beams to share."

Phrenologists place this organ between fancy and comparison or reason ; and the finest instances of it combine the lights of both. Imagination may be compared to a telescope, through each end of which an object is either increased or diminished ; reason, to the microscope ; and wit to the kaleidoscope. The wit of the north is more solid and graver than that of the south. That of Italy, as seen in Goldoni's plays, is an effervescence of animal spirits—pantaloon-ludicrous ; but they have better specimens than such as are found there. Spanish wit resembles that of England, and is mostly mingled with humor. That of America is extravagant ; and while in France it is logical, in Ireland it is more allied to the fancy. Nevertheless, though in many of the good things reported of Curran—we are inclined to think they are far from his best—the wit is that of words, Plunket's and Grattan's is that of reason and antithesis. Lady Morgan's conversation is said to have been full of wit ; and that in her writings, whether put in the form of personal remark, or in dramatic colloquy, is certainly racy of the Irish soil, as it is of the social period to which it refers.

The liveliness of mind, tact, and cleverness possessed by Lady Morgan enabled her to render any subject which she took up animated and interesting. This may even be said of her " Book of the Boudoir," in which she gives some of her experiences of fashionable life, and in which the thread of her biography radiates among such numbers of noble and distinguished people. This book, which appears to have been written with the purpose of showing on what intimate terms she was with the aristocracy, was long a favorite among lending library readers, who were desirous to acquaint themselves with the realities of West End life ; and it is still amusing, full of anecdote, and very characteristic of the authoress. Here, as in most of her later books, we have a profusion of quotation, and, among other more interesting elements, some stories of herself. Then there are instances of the bad taste, flunkeyism, and frivolity, which caused the book to receive such a thrashing from the reviewers. The *Quarterly*, when edited by Gifford, attacked her writings generally with reckless ferocity, as in the case of the articles on her " France " and " Italy," which had, at least, the allowed merit of affording more information on the actual state of society abroad than all the other works which had appeared for many years. " The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa " is her most amusing biographical book, and is full of historic, anecdotic, and artistic information respecting his period. " Woman and her Master " was too one-sided a dissertation to please the philosophical part of the public, at least, and remains unfinished—she having intended to have brought the history of woman down to her own day.

Another of her books, written in conjunction with Sir Charles Morgan, namely, " The Book without a Name " (1841), is full of anecdote, eloquence, and—what cannot be said of all her writings—good taste. All her productions must be pronounced to be extremely individual ; and however she flatters others, she never flatters herself. Her larger compositions display undoubted genius ; she has wit, fancy, and, to complete her Irish characteristics, humor, pathos, and patriotism. " So long," says a writer, " as wit fascinates, so long as beauty of style has power over the soul, and so long as goodness, gaiety, and dashing spirits

are in the ascendant, so long may we expect that the best writings of Lady Morgan will maintain their popularity with the reading public." There have been few more successful authoresses than "The Wild Irish Girl," she having received, it is said, £25,000 for her works. During the ministry of Lord Grey a pension from the Civil List of £300 was conferred on her as an acknowledgment of her services to the republic of letters. Sir Charles Morgan died in 1843. He was knighted in 1811. He is the author—besides numerous contributions to the "New Monthly Magazine," and reports written in his capacity as one of the Commissioners of Irish Fisheries—of "Sketches of the Philosophy of Life," in which he showed that he advocated the principles of Bichat and Laurence; and of the conclusion of the above work, entitled, "Sketches of the Philosophy of Morals."

IDEAL SKETCHES.*

I.—HEART SICKNESS.

Who is the maid who resteth listless—where
The casement wide receives the softened glow
Of Autumn—pillowed on a sister's breast?
O ye who never felt the chilling power
Of sickness steal within your pulsing blood—
O ye who ne'er have seen the healthy bloom
Fade from the face of the beloved one,
As from the Autumn rose—draw near and learn
A lesson that should touch the hardest heart.
Pale as the marble dawning into life
(As poets feign), she lies: her stainless brow
(O'er which her azure veins are easily traced,
Like streamlets through the snow) seems whiter still
'Mid her dark floating tresses, where the rays
Glide and for ever linger. On her cheek
A hectic glow—a mockery of health—
The signal of disease—now redly burns,
Like the last rose above the frosted earth.
Her violet eye, within whose liquid depths
Young love did seem to lurk, now grows more bright,
And dark, and bright again, like flame of fens
That flickers to benighted travellers' gaze:
Both lead but to destruction. Her pale lips
The faint smile scarce can bear, or whispered word.
O what a change is here! Oft have I seen
That countenance, which now is thin and white,
All dimpled o'er with laughter, while the blush
Of pleasure did suffuse it. With each tress,
Which now doth seem so mournful, blossoms twined
And zephyrs wanted. From her eye there glanced
Bright looks—they wounded, though not meant to wound;
Sly twinklings, that a latent joke expressed;
And a full gaze, by drooping lash unhid,
Expressing woman's love and constancy.
And the sweet words poured from her parted lips
With hope and joy harmonious, like the song
The nightingale doth sing unto the rose—
Her mouth that rose, studded with dewy pearls.
Yet do I hope that she who sadly views
The waving woods, the hills, the distant sea,
And sighs to think they are so far away,
Will range them at her pleasure; that the tint
Of health shall blush once more upon her face,
As comes the bloom upon the downy peach,
When she shall join the festive group again,
More dear to all, as from the grave restored,
Since each had wept her as already lost.

GEORGINA.

* These sketches are ideal in their treatment rather than in the matter.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

On Friday night, Verdi's "Il Trovatore" was repeated, and attracted one of the most crowded houses of the present season, which is not to be wondered at when we reflect that the cast included the two most popular feminine artists of the day, and that to each was assigned a part specially calculated to exhibit to the utmost her distinctive merits. We have already given our opinion on the performance of "Il Trovatore" by Mr. Mapleson's present company, and there is no need to go over the same ground.

The performance of "Oberon" on Saturday for the benefit of Mdle. Tietjens brought our short opera season to a close. The house was filled to overflowing, and Mdle. Tietjens was greeted on her entrance with a prolonged burst of applause, culminating in a cheer from all parts of the house. The character of *Rezia* is one of Mdle. Tietjens most charming assumptions, and affords scope for the display of such varied emotions that it has become one of the most popular in her varied repertoire. Her joyous rendering of "Yes, my lord, my joy, my blessing," was exquisite; and if possible finer, her delivery of the air, "O my wild exulting soul." A more charming representative of *Fatima* than Madame Trebelli-Bettini could not possibly be found; her graceful unaffected style of acting tells forcibly in the character of the "Lonely Arab Maid," whose love she warbles forth so sweetly in the simple melody, "D'Arabia sul confin." The lovely quartette, "Over the dark blue waters," which closes the second act, brought down a storm of applause; and when the act-drop was raised again, a handsomely bound volume of Moore's works was let down from the gallery, accompanied by a wreath of flowers and a few words of farewell to Mdle. Tietjens—the presentation being specially designed as a grateful memorial of the great vocalist's kindness in giving her time and talents to the cause of some of the charitable institutions of our city. Signor Caravoglia gave a truthful and lively reading of the part of *Scherasmin*; both his acting and singing were full of spirit. Signor Vizzani had an arduous part to sustain, but he interpreted it truthfully, and his singing of "Oh! 'tis a glorious sight" won universal admiration. Signor Tesseman was the *Oberon*, and had to sustain a trying part for a first appearance; he got through it, though obviously nervous in the solo pieces. Mdle. Fernandez was a good representative of *Puck*. At the conclusion of the opera Mdle. Tietjens was called before the curtain, and almost overwhelmed with bouquets; the whole audience rose, and cheer after cheer swelled forth from that vast multitude as from one voice—then once more the conductor lifted his baton, and a profound stillness fell upon the house, while Mdle. Tietjens sang "The Last Rose of Summer," as she alone can sing it. At its conclusion the enthusiasm reached its height, and three more prolonged cheers were given, as Mdle. Tietjens, bowing and smiling her farewell, withdrew from our gaze, and after having captivated all hearts, and won many fresh admirers by her wonderful genius and ineffable charm. Our mind ranges over the list of great artists which our generation has seen, and when we have recounted them all, we say again,

"There is none like her, none—
Nor will be when our summers have deceased."

ITALIAN OPERA CONCERT.

The second concert given by the Italian company presented a still more attractive programme, and proved even a greater success, than the first. The opening quartette from "Marta," "Mezza notte," was very well given by Mesdemoiselles Colombo and Fernandez, Signori Tesseman and Agnesi. Signor Vizzani, whose voice is specially adapted for romance singing, gave "Spirito gentil" with such tasteful expression as to win universal admiration, and he narrowly escaped an *encore*, to which, however, he had to respond after Balfe's ballad, "Tu m'ami ah! sì," set down for him in the second part of the concert. Signor Agnesi

gave a fine rendering of "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which appeared to miss its mark with the audience, and did not receive such hearty applause as it deserved; but there was not a favorable opportunity for an *encore*, because the audience were eager to hear Mdle. Tietjens, who was to follow, and to whom they accorded a right loyal reception. The aria appointed for her was from "Niobe," a work very little known; her delivery of it was exquisite, and she replied to the unanimous *encore*, with which it was received, by giving our national melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," which has been rendered doubly dear to the hearts of the Irish people by her adoption and sublime interpretation of it. Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" was most effectively given by Signor Foli. Madame Trebelli-Bettini gave a delightful rendering of Mozart's "Voi che sapete," but declined to reply to the *encore*, as she was suffering from cold, and had a severe task before her in the evening. Mademoiselle Ilma de Murska gave a brilliant rendering of Donizetti's cavatina, "A luce di quest'anima," and the first part of the concert closed with the famous duet from "Semiramide," "Giorno d'orrore," magnificently sung by Mademoiselle Tietjens and Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

The second part of the concert was opened with a duet from "Crispino," admirably sung by Mademoiselle Marimon and Signor Caravoglia. Mademoiselle Marimon also gave a valse by Ricci in marvellous style. Signor Agnesi was very successful in the air "A tu Palermo." Mademoiselle Colombo also made a good impression in a waltz melody by Signor Mattei, and the concert closed with the well-known quartette "Un di se ben," from "Rigoletto." The room was crowded by a fashionable and appreciative audience, and the concert was in every respect a complete success.

SONG.

The songsters fly home to the shade of their nest
 When the sun his bright face is seen hiding,
 The wild deer lie down by the tall mountain's crest
 When the tempest the night-wind is riding,
 The peasant hastes home to his cot in the vale—
 There's a wife and fond children to meet him,
 The cheek, that the toil of the day had made pale,
 Recovers its bloom as they greet him.
 'Tis thus my heart flies from life's wearisome gale
 Back again to those young summer hours,
 Where, with her I once loved, I went forth to inhale
 The scent of the dew-laden flowers!
 But why thus recal them? They bring back but pain;
 Yet the sorrow's with bliss so combined,
 That I feel I would seek the fleet pleasure again,
 Though it left but regrettings behind.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Sir Richard Wallace has purchased the Count de Neuwerkerque's celebrated collection of arms and weapons from the 15th and 16th centuries, at a price of £32,000.

Liszt is going to remove from Rome, to live partly at Weimar and at Pesth. Hungary has granted the returning Abbé a pension of £600 a year, with a title of nobility.

The Emperor of Austria has given 100,000 francs towards the reconstruction of the museum of Nancy.

Great preparations are being made in Germany for the approaching centenary celebration of the birth of Alois Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, who was born on the 6th November, 1771.

Mr. G. W. Martin is arranging a great Choral Congress of 20,000 voices, selected from the various cathedral and congregational choirs and choral societies and singing schools. The meeting will be held either at the Alexandra Park or Crystal Palace next season.

The *Constitutionnel* states that all the pictures which had been removed to the Louvre and sent for safety to Brest have been brought back, and most of them have been restored to their former positions. The Salon Carré has already been opened to the public, and the remaining rooms are being rapidly prepared.

The house at Urbino, in which Raphael is believed to have been born, is now for sale. It contains a fresco by G. Santi, and other relics of occupation by his family. A scheme for establishing a museum of art in it is promoted by the Academy at Urbino, the president of which is Count Gheradi. The price of the building is stated at £1,000, and subscriptions have been opened to procure that sum.

An American paper says that Mdle. Christine Nilsson, whose career in America has been hitherto confined to the giving of concerts, sacred and secular, commenced a series of operatic performances in New York in September. Within less than a year, it is stated on the best authority, the Swedish songstress cleared £30,000. It is probable that her transatlantic trip will close her career, to be followed by marriage.

Baroness Burdett Coutts has been invited to lay the foundation stone of the Working Men's Extension Wing of the Queen's Hospital at Birmingham. The ceremony is expected to take place about the end of this month. A sum of £5,000 has been raised in three years by the periodical contributions of 20,000 workmen in the principal factories of the town. This will be, it is believed, the first hospital in the kingdom erected by the contributions of working men.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

ADVANTAGES OF CLEANLINESS.—Health and strength cannot be long continued unless the skin—*all* the skin—is washed frequently with a sponge or other means. Every morning is best; after which the skin should be rubbed very well with a rough cloth. This is the most certain way of preventing cold, and a little substitute for exercise, as it brings blood to the surface, and causes it to circulate well through the fine capillary vessels. Labor produces this circulation naturally. The insensible perspiration cannot escape well if the skin is not clean, as the pores get choked up. It is said that in health about half the aliment we take passes out through the skin.

CAUTIONS IN VISITING SICK-ROOMS.—Never venture into a sick-room if you are in a violent perspiration (if circumstances require your continuance there), for the moment your body becomes cold, it is in a state likely to absorb the infection, and give you the disease. Nor visit a sick person (especially if the complaint be of a contagious nature) with an *empty stomach*; as this exposes the system more readily to receive the contagion. In attending a sick person, place yourself where the air passes from the door or window to the bed of the diseased, not betwixt the diseased person and any fire that is in the room, as the heat of the fire will draw the infectious vapor in that direction, and you would run much danger from breathing it.

NECESSITY OF GOOD VENTILATION IN ROOMS LIGHTED WITH GAS.—In dwelling-houses lighted by gas, the frequent renewal of the air is of great importance. A single gas-burner will consume more oxygen, and produce more carbonic acid to deteriorate the air of a room, than six or eight candles. If, therefore, when several burners are used, no provision is made for the escape of the corrupted air and for the introduction of pure air from without, the health will necessarily suffer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mavourneen" is not up to our standard.

"Hearts" is very pretty; the sentiment good and in the main sweetly expressed; but there is an occasional halt in the lines which compels us to reluctantly decline it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REFORM IN DRESS.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—The daughter of one of our representative peers exclaimed once, “she would that ladies’ dresses consisted of a sack, with four holes for arms and legs;” but as this may not be becoming to all, or convenient, we might, perhaps, improve on her suggestion, and adopt, as men do, one uniform style of dress, making merely a finer texture answer the changes necessary for state occasions. We speak of Turks as an inferior race, uneducated and slavish; and yet, could not one of the Sultan’s most abject slaves teach us a more beautiful and more convenient style than our present most absurd costumes present? We may even learn a lesson from Dr. Barter’s “Hammam,” and in the humblest waitress on the ladies there see more classic grace than in drawingrooms. Many a matron with large family will pour blessings on the head of “L. L.” if she originate a reform in the insane wardrobes of this age.

A CONSTANT READER OF “THE EMERALD.”

LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

As Paris has once more resumed its place as leader of fashion, and seems to have fully re-established itself, we may again with confidence follow its dictates. We have been favored with magnificent weather, of which ladies naturally take advantage; so that many are still wearing muslin and light toilettes—some even adopting a combination of muslin and velvet, which has a very pretty effect. At a *réunion* which took place last week I remarked several toilettes worthy of description.

The first to which I will call attention, and which is remarkable for richness, consisted of a petticoat of black velvet, trimmed with two deep plaitings of black satin. A tunic of old Louis XIII. guipure, looped up with velvet bows. Bodice of similar guipure, lined with velvet; square basques below the waist; sleeves with guipure *revers*. The bonnet, exquisite rice straw, with a coronet of light blue ribbon over the forehead, and a tuft of blue feathers at the side.

Several ladies wore black with a train of colored silk, and fastened up at one side. Some had a deep band of silk or satin round the train, and the contrast was remarkably effective.

Black dresses are now very much worn, and look pretty trimmed with colors; for instance, they are ornamented with colored satin or silk rosettes. These are sewn down the front of the bodice, and upon the skirt; they give the idea of bunches of violets being studded over the dress. Lilac satin has the best effect. The bonnet of black tulle, with a violet feather rosette and placed in such a manner as to give the effect of flowers.

For full dress wear, Maria Leczinska bodices are now reproduced, and they are most effective and graceful-looking. The first of these which came under my notice was admirable. The material was striped velvet and faille, and the color a rich crimson. The skirt was cut with a train, and the *retroussis* were most graceful-looking. A long scarf sash of velvet and silk fell over the paniers at the sides. The front was open at the waist, and a cascade of point lace filled the opening. Bows of crimson *gros grain* were arranged all along the lace.

As the fit of a dress depends largely on the corset worn, I am only performing a duty to my readers in recommending—as I can conscientiously do—the corsettes of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of No. 18 Dawson-street, to ensure a graceful fit in any of the costumes I have above described.

There will be a great demand during the coming winter for furs of all kinds. Blue fox, and, still more, silver fox, will be used for trimming mantles this season.

AUTUMN DAYS.

“Oh! sad and sweet in the woods to wander
In the golden light of an autumn day.”

Autumn days! dear autumn days! we love to linger over them, wistfully, dreamily, gazing far away into the distance, over woods and fields bathed in the golden light. A misty haze veils the blue hills on the horizon, softening their dim outlines, until mountain and cloud seem blended together. We see no roughness, no dull colors in the landscape. Thus time, whether it be a long or short period in our lives, whether months or years, draws a veil, a haze of sweetness, over our recollections of the past; we remember all the brightness, while the dark shadows that rested over us then are, comparatively, forgotten.

The beauty of autumn days is perhaps more *deeply* felt—to use the word in its simplest sense—than the fresh gladness of spring, or the brilliancy of summer; because there is so much sadness even in the very scent of the air, in the golden glow that shines through the beeches, and lights up the stems of the dark pines—a *remembering* look, an almost indefinable recollection, as of some sad, sweet music heard long ago. Autumn is essentially a time of looking back—not forward; we know how soon the dark cold days of winter will wither away all the loveliness.

Goethe tells us that the highest happiness and the greatest misery change the aspect of all our surroundings: “Das höchste Unglück, wie das höchste Glück, verändert die ansicht alle Gegunstände.” There are few of us who have not felt the truth of this. When any great happiness is gladdening our hearts, what a transformation is effected! the very air seems clearer and purer, and we look back upon such days, regretfully, tenderly, thinking them brighter and more lovely than any that can ever dawn for us in the future—days when, as Jean Ingelow so beautifully expresses it, “blue and green were glad together,” “days that are no more!” But, on the other hand, outward circumstances often change our moods, and the sweetness of the autumn days throws a shade of sadness over us, as we wander through the woods, where the only sound is the robins’ little plaintive chirp, so musical and yet so wintry; cheerful and blithe when the snow is on the ground, but inexpressibly sad now. A stray leaf flutters down occasionally, and the wind whispers sorrowfully through the beeches; but, save these woodland sounds, all is hushed and silent.

E. M. S.

THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER’S SONG.

(From the German of Uhland.)

A mountain shepherd boy am I;
Beneath my feet proud castles lie;
The sun’s first beams to me appear,
And linger longest with me here.

I am the mountain laddie!

The torrent’s native home is here,
From the rock I drink it fresh and clear,
Over the cliff its wild stream roars,
I catch it as it downward pours;

I am the mountain laddie!

The mountain is my heritage,
And when around the tempests rage—
From north and south send voices weird—
Above them all my song is heard;

I am the mountain laddie!

When thunders peal and lightnings play
Below, high in the blue I stay;
I know them, and I cry, “Hurt not,
But leave in peace my father’s cot.”

I am the mountain laddie!

Whenever war’s alarm bell fills
The air, and fires blaze on the hills,
Then I descend, and join the throng,
And swing my sword, and sing my song—

I am the mountain laddie!—A. C. D.

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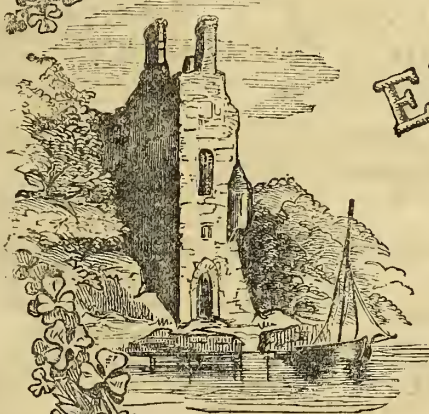
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THE EMERALD:
The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

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THE EMERALD:

THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 19.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.



F all the Women's Questions now so rapidly coming to the front, none have evoked such general interest or been met with such general sympathy as the question of higher education for women. Opinion on this subject has formed and consolidated rapidly, and under its influence action has been energetically taken. Colleges for women have been founded, and existing colleges and universities thrown open to them, in the United Kingdom and the United States, with results so successful as to lift the question entirely out of the tentative region. The Queen's-square College in London has enjoyed an exceedingly vigorous existence for a score of years. Its marked success induced the foundation of the college at Hitchen in 1869, which, even in infancy, finds that the applicants for admission exceed the space available, in consequence of which the founders project the erection of a much larger building in 1872. The Alexandra College, Dublin, founded in 1866, has been a success from the very first, and the number of pupils who resort its lecture halls is increasing. The same is said of the American ladies' colleges. In Michigan University the experiment has been tried of the combined instruction of both sexes; and although we are not in favor of the system, it is reported to have worked well. Of the thirty ladies in attendance last session, not one has failed; and it is confidently expected that between two and three hundred will attend the next term. University College, London, has a ladies' department also, which has been eagerly availed of, and with remarkable results. In fact, success has been stamped in characters so deep on all the efforts made to give women higher education, that the question has passed far beyond the experimental stage.

The old arguments against the wisdom of founding collegiate institutions for women are satisfactorily and completely overthrown by the logic of experience. It is no longer of any avail to urge that women are unfit by mental constitution for serious studies. Just as useless is it to urge that they are unwilling to engage in them. Both these objections are for ever laid at rest by the magic of facts. The successes of women at examinations as severe as those used to test the knowledge of undergraduates in the great universities effectually dispose of the first. The fact that the colleges for females at present in existence are nearly or wholly self-supporting gives the finishing stroke to the second. On the other hand, the most pre-

judiced man who has given the subject even a little consideration, cannot delude himself into the ignorant and absurd presumption that knowledge is injurious to women though beneficial to men.

One striking fact connected with this question must not be left unnoticed. It is that the successes of young women in the higher branches of study are much more remarkable than the successes of young men. And for this reason. Whereas the latter have the benefit of institutions in which primary and intermediate education are carefully attended to, and their minds are gradually led upward from the lower to the higher without having at any time to make any very great stretch, the reverse of this is the case with most of the former. The schools attended by the majority of the young ladies who have sought collegiate instruction, were in no way preparatory for the colleges—made no effort to concentrate the powers of the mind—did nothing to lead its marshalled forces upward and onward; but rather frittered them away by a “masterly inactivity,” or by devoting them to the acquirement of a few “accomplishments,” often frivolous, which were considered the “finishing” of education—the barrier beyond which there could be no progress—the seventh heaven, than which there was no getting higher. In view of this remarkable fact, it is not assuming too much if we assert, that an improved system of elementary and intermediate education for girls, which should enable them to enter on a course of higher studies unweighted with the disadvantages which at present clog their progress, must produce still more astonishing results. Young women of the calibre who now pass examinations, would then in all probability pass them brilliantly. The advantage gained would not be all confined to themselves. If the young men of our universities found successful rivals in their sisters and female acquaintances, more application would distinguish many of those same male undergraduates.

We are therefore impatient to see the state take the whole matter of feminine education in hand, and treat it in a broad and comprehensive spirit—a spirit in keeping with the importance of the subject. Independent of the monstrous injustice of expending millions of public money, and money the outcome of public foundations, on the education of the male sex, while the female is judged worthy of no greater care than is evinced in the establishment of primary schools for the poor; the matter is one which requires a complete overhauling, and entirely new arrangements. The right of everyone that chooses to set up a school,

though strictly in accordance with the economic principle of free trade, is not advantageous to the nation. Just as physicians must prove their right to practise, by establishing their knowledge of their profession, and demonstrating their power of treating the body in disease; so, in like manner, should teachers, who take charge of the far more important part, be compelled to submit to tests, and only be permitted to practise after obtaining their diplomas from properly constituted authorities. In teaching, too, a further safeguard is required. A system of compulsory inspection, founded on a general and comprehensive plan, should of necessity be established, in order to secure something like equality of results in the various schools of the country, and so to raise the general level. There would be nothing so harsh in the proceeding as the constant inspection to which licensed vintners have to submit; and considering the magnitude to the nation of the interests involved in a proper system of instruction, compared with the strict observance of the limited restrictions on the sale of stimulants, we see irresistible reasons for placing teachers under the eyes of properly appointed state officials.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

(Continued.)

Years afterwards there was another happy home in quite another suburb of the same metropolis. It stood back from the roadway in an ample garden, tastefully laid out in flower-beds, and sheltered from too much public observation by clumps of evergreens. The owner of the house was an elderly, grave-looking gentleman, with white gray hair. A young lady, his daughter, remarkable for her blue eyes and masses of soft, silken fair hair, lived with him. There had been a couple of brothers residing in the house, but first one had got married, and then the other: and the gentleman and his daughter were left the sole occupants, though almost daily the brothers or their wives visited them. There was another gentleman, too, who was in the habit of making frequent and long visits, and was, in fact, regarded as a sort of member of the family. He was, indeed, the accepted suitor for the hand of the blue-eyed daughter, though the actual marriage was a matter postponed to the indefinite future; for the girl had no thought of leaving her father, and the youth was too generous and considerate to desire to tear her away from the parent-stem round which she seemed to grow and cling like ivy round an ancient tree. *Du reste*, they were young enough, and could well afford to wait, for the girl was not yet twenty, and her affianced some few years older.

The love and tenderness which subsisted between the father and daughter were remarkable and unusual. They were all-in-all to each other, and their mutual affection seemed unbounded. Never was there such love and confidence between father and child, and child and father. With her near him he was happy and content; but even in her momentary absences he was restless and uncomfortable. She had long studied his character, knew his heart thoroughly, could anticipate all his wants and wishes, and read clearly every thought that was passing through his mind. Young as she was, there was a deep motherly feeling in her bearing towards him. With what tenderness and designed cheerfulness she would sit by his side and smoothe his white hair with her soft hand, or play and sing for him of an evening, or walk with him arm-in-arm in the garden or out of doors! Always pleasant and lively in his presence, he was, in her secret soul, the great object of her solicitude, anxiety, and sympathy. In short, she tended him and watched over him as a mother would tend and study a sick child, for, indeed, he had a chronic sickness, not corporal, but of the soul and mind, which had made

him old and feeble while yet a comparatively young man in years. A deep melancholy had long settled down upon him; he was rarely seen to smile, and then only in the company of his fair-haired daughter. But the cloud that had come over his life had not soured his disposition, or dried up his affections; rather otherwise, indeed, for it had made him kind, considerate, and benevolent towards all. He had suffered—but his sufferings had in many ways made him stronger and better, while physically weakening and aging him, and putting the gray alike on his head and in his heart. In the adjacent village all the little children ran to meet him as he walked out with his beloved daughter. They recognised him as a friend, and as a fountain of most acceptable small gifts, and less acceptable, but always kindly, advice and caution. Mothers came nursing their babies to the cottage gates, as the father and daughter passed along, greeting them cheerfully, and holding out the little ones for the kind-hearted gentleman to pat and speak to. Even the sometime rough male inmates of the cottages were glad to approach the gentleman with a civil salutation, and enter into brief conversations with him. And as he passed away down the road many a pitying look would be cast after him, and many a sigh of sympathy given for him. For somehow it had got abroad—by a sort of instinctive conclusion, as it were—that many years ago the gentleman had been married to a beautiful and adored wife, that she had died suddenly, and that from that time he had never been the same man, and had never recovered the shock of his loss. In the same instinctive manner they also knew well that they must never make any reference to his loss before him, for that such reference would cut him to the heart.

Yet, in spite of the shadow that perpetually hung over the gentleman's life, the home in the old ivy-mantled house was a happy one. All the members of the family lived on the most affectionate terms, and many and pleasant were the family re-unions there. True, the blue-eyed daughter never in any way referred to her mother, or inquired as to the sort of woman she was. She had never heard her mother's name mentioned, nor even found in the house any scrap of writing, picture, or other trace whatsoever of her. She remembered that once or twice, when a very little girl, she asked about her mother, but the inquiry was always so obviously painful and distressing to her father that she quickly learnt not to touch upon the topic. In short, she had never been told anything or acquired any sort of information regarding her mother, or in reference to the perpetual gloom which hung over her father; but yet, by the strength of her womanly instincts, by her intimate comprehension of her father, the knowledge of all that had happened grew upon her in the course of years, and now nothing was secret or concealed from her. Her business, indeed, was to conceal her knowledge, to carefully avoid all reference to it, and to shut her eyes to anything which, in less grave circumstances, would justify comment or inquiry on her part. At the same time, she perfectly well comprehended that her father was aware of what she had locked up in her mind. The understanding between them was too complete and intimate to admit a doubt of that, and he loved her all the more for the restraint she put upon herself out of her love and devotion to him.

One of her great anxieties was a habit her father had practised, as long as she could remember, of remaining locked up alone in his own room on a certain day each year. For the whole of that day he was never seen by a soul, touched no food, and permitted no one to approach him. Indeed the prohibition was unnecessary, for his daughter had too tender a feeling for his griefs to interrupt them, or allow them to be interrupted. Her filial anxiety had often induced her on those occasions to listen at the door of his room, and at times she fancied she heard a low sob or groan as he paced slowly up and down the apartment. The day was the anniversary of no recognized domestic event, but the daughter

knew that it was in some way intimately connected with the great catastrophe of her father's life. Another remarkable fact was that his was the only birth-day that was unknown and uncelebrated in the family, and was a subject utterly tabooed and kept out of sight. When the day of seclusion and mourning was over, her father appeared again, but haggard, weak, and worn, with deep traces of suffering and emotion on his face. In a few days his cheerful gravity and kindly consideration for every one around him returned, and he became himself once more.

Now that old house was haunted. There was a ghost about it for years, though long invisible and unsuspected by most of the inmates. It had first appeared one Christmas Eve while the blue-eyed daughter was singing and playing at the piano. All the members of the family were assembled in the roomy old parlour. There were the sons and their wives, the future husband of the daughter, a few other full grown persons, and a large number of juvenile guests; for the old man loved to see children happy and joyous. The Christmas tree was placed on a table at the end of the room, and had just been lighted up brilliantly to the great delight of the little people. The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, on one side of which the father sat reclining in an easy chair, looking unusually well pleased, and, as usual, lovingly regarding his daughter while listening to the melody she sent forth.

It was at that moment the ghost first came. It glided through the garden gate over the soft thick snow with noiseless tread, its garments of deep black spangled by and contrasting with the still falling snow. It swiftly moved through the garden, and up to the window, from which a flood of light poured through the imperfectly closed Venetian blind. It nestled itself close in amongst the ivy by the window, and stood there in the shadow of the foliage, so still, so concealed, that one might have passed within a yard of it without suspecting its presence. It could see into the room, through the intervals in the laths of the blind; and there it stood motionless for hours in the deep snow, never moving eyes or limb all the time. It might have been the Peri standing at the gate of paradise, looking wistfully through the half open portal at the joys from which she was excluded—it might have been such a lost and despairing spirit, from the terrible fixity of its thin pale face, and large dark eyes. Had it been mortal, the style and material of the death-black garments it wore would have indicated that the pallor and thinness of the face were not the results of poverty or distress, but rather of mental or physical suffering. But it was merely a disembodied spirit; for no human creature could stand there in the bitter cold and snow so long, and so motionless, nor gaze so fixedly for such a length of time with those dark lustrous eyes.

At length, as some movement inside indicated a speedy break up of the party, the ghost glided away in the same swift and noiseless manner as it had come.

Yet it had not been unobserved. One person saw it as it moved away. It was the blue-eyed daughter; she had gone to a conservatory projecting from the house, before the break up of the party, to get a hot-house flower for one of her little guests. Happening to look through the glass into the dark garden, she saw part of the outline of the black ghost standing by the window below. She had barely observed it when it glided away in the manner described, and she watched it pass out through the garden gate, and along the road outside. Surprised and alarmed she was at first, half disposed to call out, or rush at once down stairs; but she remained still, and gradually became involved in deep thought. She pressed her forehead against the cool glass, and thought and thought for some minutes. Then she slid down upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, wept and prayed earnestly. The ghost had given her a great shock.

But soon a clamor arose below amongst the parting and merry guests to wish good night to the "little mother," and

composing herself as well as she could, she hurried down to rejoin them. It was remarked that she did not look well, but she turned the observation aside by some common-place excuse, and got rid of the guests in due form.

How doubly kind, if that were possible, she was to the father that night, and how happy she was to see that he was in unusually good spirits! How kinder and more devoted than ever, if that still were possible, she was to him from that night for ever afterwards! Yet that night was an uneasy one for her. The sight of the ghost had troubled her sorely, and for hours she lay awake thinking of it, even rising from her bed several times to look out upon the snow-covered garden, with the vain idea that the ghost might have returned. But she saw no ghost that night, though it reappeared in her dreams all night long.

(To be continued).

THE MUFFLED PEAL.

List to the muffled sound of the bells,
Chanting the funeral dirge of a soul;
Yonder the source of their melody swells,
Only its echoes hitherward roll.

Songs of welcome to greet the saint
Rise from the lips of the heavenly choir;
Far-off whispers, uncertain and faint,
Steal down to earth, new hope to inspire.

Muffled and deep like the wailings of woe,
Still they are telling of triumph above;
Stifled moanings of sorrow below,
Yet they are breathing the accents of love.

* * * * *
But, hearken! a change has come over their tone!
Now it is bidding the mourner rejoice,
Then, as in heavenly antiphon,
Floats from afar their tremulous voice.

The strain which the ransomed are singing on high
No more is uncertainly borne along;
With mounting spirit and jubilant cry,
The militant church has caught up the song.

Mixed with the gloom of the saddest lays,
Whispers of gratitude ever ascend;
Forming one anthem of reverent praise,
Gladness and sorrow together blend.

R. J. P.

IRISH NEEDLEWORK.

It is gratifying to find that Irish pre-eminence in one branch of industry is receiving at this moment universal recognition. Since Mr. Disraeli's speech at Hughenden, commenting on the excellence of Irish needlework, the subject has attracted a good deal of attention, and the admitted superiority of Irishwomen in the use of the needle may be cited as a practical contradiction to the taunts directed by the English press against the Irish people for want of skill, taste, and industry. Mr. Disraeli greatly wishes that sewing were made in England part of the scheme of national education, as it is in Ireland, and he regrets the blundering manner in which Englishwomen attempt to mend or make clothes. The same remark was made by a "French lady," in a couple of letters addressed to the *Times* last Christmas, and which occasioned considerable remark. It is to be hoped that Ireland will maintain the position which she has fairly earned—that of producing the best needlework in the world; and as the matter cannot but be interesting to Irish ladies, we purpose to recur to it in our next issue.

IERNE.



DUNLUCE CASTLE, CO. ANTRIM.

DUNLUCE CASTLE, COUNTY ANTRIM.

There is not, probably, in the United Kingdom, a ruin so romantically positioned as Dunluce Castle. It is situated on the rocky coast of Antrim, about two miles west of the Giant's Causeway, and about four to the east of Portrush. Though not a building possessed of much architectural grandeur, its extent was considerable ; and the singularity of its position makes it one of the most interesting remains of the kind in Ireland. Dunluce stands upon an enormous mass of rock, rising sheer out of the boiling waves, which, with the sweep of the Atlantic roller, come thundering and foaming in vain rage against the natural citadel on which the castle was built. The structure covered the full extent of the surface of this mass, which shoots up almost perpendicularly from the sea for one hundred feet, and is separated from the mainland by a precipitous chasm twenty feet in width, and nearly one hundred in depth. An arched and narrow wall, one of the supporters of the ancient draw-bridge, is and has long been the only means of access to the ruin. The rock itself bears striking evidence of the long and incessant war waged against it by the Atlantic ; for the mass is caverned through and through from its outer to its inner front, probably where some softer material was blended with the remaining rock, and gave way before the perpetual friction. The castle is said to have been founded by the old Irish clan of the MacQuillans ; but afterwards fell into the hands of the Scotch MacDonnells, when, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, under "Yellow-haired

Charley," they returned to the country their ancestors had left to settle in the Scottish isles, and seized by force a great portion of Antrim, under the rude impression, probably, that in so doing they were merely taking back their own. Be that as it may, what they took they held, and many of their descendants are amongst the most respected of the inhabitants of Antrim up to this day. The Earls of Antrim are of Yellow Charley's race, and Dunluce Castle was anciently the residence of the family.

In John Banim's novel of "The Denounced," a most picturesque description is given of Dunluce, which we extract : "To the right, at a very little distance, the coast terminated in a gigantic mass of rock, falling almost perpendicularly into the waves, its summit more than a hundred feet above them. Upon this rock, covering nearly its whole extent, arose the ruins of an old castle, of which the rent and shivered gables and chimneys presented the most fantastic forms. Behind them spread the sea. Coursing their many-pointed top-outline, like a vapor, ran a narrow tongue of brownish land, in the middle distance. Above this, and much farther off—a foreshortened expanse of water parting both—reflected an irregularly conical hill, from the right-hand termination of which flowed the horizontal line of the ocean. And down upon that line the autumn sun was sinking in unclouded power, casting over it his radiance, till there remained but a golden dream of a division between the heavens and the waters ; onward, across the hushed waves, rolled his effluent splendor, heightened by the reflection of the sky, which he had already turned into glory ;

and against this dazzling glow boldly started up the huge perpendicular rock and the crowded fragments of the ancient castle, both in deepest shadow, except where fierce beams came bursting in through a window, a rent, or a broken doorway—the ragged outline of points and shatters all cutting blackly and sharply against the sheet of living light.”

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MADAME DE CHATELET.

Emile Gabrielle Bretueil was the daughter of the baron of that name, and born in Paris in 1706, the year in which Marlborough beat the Allies at the battle of Ramilies. The strong acquisitive intellect she possessed was manifested very early. Her father, who was a scholar, taught her Latin, in which she became a proficient, and, when still a girl, translated no inconsiderable part of the poems of Virgil. Besides languages, she cultivated the graceful accomplishments; was a fine musician, and possessed a charming voice. But literature formed her first delight; and her choicest and most constant companions were the works of the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. In 1725, when in her eighteenth year, she married the Marquis Chatelet Lomont, a lieutenant-general in the armies of the king, and the representative of one of the most ancient families in Lorraine. During the early years of this marriage she had three children, a daughter and two sons, one of whom died. We do not see much of the Marchioness during her residence in Paris, or previous to her literary *liaison* with the light, brilliant, and indefatigable Voltaire—an event which occurred in her twenty-seventh year. Voltaire, who was some twelve years her senior, had hitherto pursued a career full of vicissitudes, of persecutions, and distractions, solaced chiefly by his love of literature, which, he said, was the first and last passion of his life. When still a lad he had been imprisoned in the Bastille for a squib, and during his incarceration had sketched, and in part written, the *Henriad*, the only epic poem in verse of which France has to boast—a work not inferior, as regards invention and many of the most necessary elements of such compositions, to some other such national monuments, and whose inferior interest as an epic depends on its too proximate place in the prospective of history, and its ridiculous adherence to the mythologic machinery of ancient poems. This effort of an ambitious boy, which resembles the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, was completed during his exile in England, after his escape from the land of *lettres de cachet*; and the subscription for its publication, collected mostly in that island, contributed to augment considerably his previous moderate fortune. In England, which he visited several times when arbitrary power threatened his daring spirit in France, Voltaire resided among a little colony of exiled compatriots at Battersea, near Lord Bolingbroke and his clique, Pope, etc., who were his intimates; and appears at this period of his life to have lived chiefly alone—a “wandering Ishmael,” as Carlyle calls him. His admiration for the liberties enjoyed by the English, who had got over their revolutions some years previously, elicited his “*Letters on the English Nation*,” which was burned by order of the French parliament. When the storm blew over he returned to Paris, and began his career as a dramatic writer, having, while at the other side of the Channel, written the most agreeable of his histories, that of Charles XII. of Sweden—his friend Stanislaus, the ex-King of Poland, contributing the facts—a book whose style, animated by the spirit of action, has never been surpassed by any writer, or by himself. He had already become famous as a tragic dramatist, and was, by the discerning and unenvious, recognized as the natural continuer and supporter of the glories of Corneille and Racine, both of whom he excelled at least in dramatic movement and philosophical purpose; and counted many eminent persons among his friends. He was, however, fre-

quently engaged in paper, and even physical combats, with a host of enemies; and, as we see by his letters, constantly sighing for that retirement in which he could develop his genius without interruption. Among his intimates were the Marquis and Marchioness de Chatelet, the latter of whom he had known from early girlhood; the intellectual tastes of the lady and the poet-philosopher were similar; and all agreed to retire to an old chateau of the marquis in Lorraine, Cirey (near which the cannon frequently thundered in 1870), and cultivate the literatures and sciences in rural tranquillity.

“I was tired,” writes Voltaire, in his *Memoirs*, “of the lazy and turbulent life led in Paris; of the multitude of *petit-maitres*; of the bad books printed with the approbation of the censor and the privilege of the king; of the cabals and parties among the learned; and of the mean acts, plagiarism, and book-making which dishonor literature. In the year 1733 I met with a young lady who happened to think nearly as I did, and who took a resolution to go with me and spend several years in the country, there to cultivate her understanding far from the hurry and tumult of the world. This was the Marchioness de Chatelet, who, of all the women in France, had a mind the most capable of the different branches of science. She was as well acquainted with Latin as Madame Dacier; knew by rote the most beautiful passages in Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius; and all the philosophical works of Cicero were familiar to her. Her turn, however, was less to the classics than the mathematics and metaphysics; and seldom have there been united in the same person so much justness of discernment and elegance of taste with so ardent a desire for information. Yet, despite her love of literature, she was not the less fond of the world and those amusements which were adapted to her age and sex. She, however, determined to quit them all, and bury herself in an old ruinous chateau on the borders of Champagne and Lorraine. This she ornamented and embellished with tolerably pretty gardens. I built a gallery, and formed a good collection of natural history; add to which we had a library not badly furnished.” He taught her English, which she understood in three months; they read Newton, Pope, and Locke; and she likewise mastered Italian. Madame de Chatelet was at first an adherent of the system of Leibnitz, which she expounded in a work entitled, “*Institutions de Physique*,” written with clearness and elegance. But she afterwards attached herself to Newton, part of whose “*Principia*” she translated, and added an algebraical commentary, which Clairaut revised for her. It was at Cirey Voltaire wrote some of his greatest works; one of them, the *Essay on Universal History*, for her use. Here it was also that Voltaire composed his elementary treatise on the discoveries of Newton, which the Chancellor d’Aguesseau, who was a follower of De Cartes, withheld from him the liberty of printing in France, to which country it first introduced in a popular form the discoveries of the greatest of modern philosophers. Madame de Chatelet contended for the prize offered by the French Academy for an essay on the nature of fire (not understood in those days), a contest in which she was vanquished by the eminent mathematician, Euler.

Cirey, in which was the property of the Marquis de Chatelet, is a small village in the department of Haute Marne, standing between two hills. The castle occupies a rising ground, with meadows before it and a wood at the back, and the little river Blaise running near hand. All that money could effect in rendering this rural retreat a little paradise, was done. In the correspondence of Voltaire there are numerous allusions to its luxurious appointments, though it was only a portion of the structure which was so Parisianized, as we find from the letters of some of the visitors, who complain of having had to sleep in chambers remote from the centre of splendor. Some of these visitors—such as Mademoiselle de Defiant, in her correspondence—have given satirical accounts, both of the castle, Voltaire,

and the "divine Emile," of whom her guest says: "She labors so to appear what she is not, that no one knows exactly what she is. She has much wit; but desires to seem superior to all women by her knowledge of abstruse science rather than by agreeable information. And of her appearance: Figure to yourself a schoolmistress in her saloon, stately, erect, her look lost in space, the nose pointed and penetrating, two little eyes, green as the sea" (her eyes were black, by the way), "in complexion brown and red, teeth small and pearly, seated pompous, powdered, bejewelled, at six o'clock," etc. There is more of this description from the pen of the female Voltaire, as De Deffant was called; but the poet's account, as that of others, of the "Venus Newton," are much truer, if more flattering. With him she is the "immortal Emile"—"the friend of Newton and of truth;" and her eulogy is finely given in the epistle in which he dedicates his "Elements of the Newtonian Philosophy" to her.

The progressive course of matter and mind, they say, is from the gas to the solid, from metaphysics to positivism, from dreams to demonstrations; and Madame de Chatelet, who had at first been captivated by the vast but vague theories of Leibnitz, soon attached herself to the Newtonian system of philosophy. Her "Principes," and its Commentary, display a mastery of the abstruse subject she has condensed, and even an originality of suggestion. This work, however, did not appear until after her death, when it was printed in two quarto vols. Among her posthumous works also were a treatise on the existence of God, and one on happiness, both of which are attached to the edition of her Letters to the Marquis d'Argental, published at Paris by Hochet in 1806. Grave studies did not interfere with her love of amusement. Voltaire says of her—

"Son esprit est tres philosophe,
Mais son cœur aime les pommeps ;"

and in her tract on happiness she says that she laughed more at the marionettes than most people, and confesses the delight which any new object—a porcelain cup or piece of furniture—gave her.

The intimacy of these friends lasted sixteen years, six of which were passed at Ciry, where Madame de Chatelet died 10th August, 1749, aged forty-three, in consequence, it is said, of over-activity in pursuing her studies after her accouchement. She was buried in a chapel near the castle. Her son, born in 1727, was one of the victims of the Reign of Terror; and her grandson, a general officer, being suspected for his Girondist views, escaped execution by suicide.

FAREWELL.

The old vows forgotten—the old promise broken!

All the joys that were too much like heaven to last,

On this cold earth fled, and I keep not a token—

Not a link that still binds to the passionate past.

Ah! perhaps better so—O my darling, my own!

(How sweet the old words seem!)—the dark, cruel years

Have divided us twain, and have left us, alone,

The dreams of old bliss, and remembrance, and tears.

Ah! my own! though the thoughts of the old times that were

(Too dear, alas!) may be fraught with regret—

Though the past bring remorse, and the future despair,

Let us cling to our sorrow—do all but forget.

Ah! how selfish I am! Should a thought of me prove,

O my darling, my own! fraught with sorrow or pain,

Forget me—forget, too, our buried old love,

And the words that shall never be spoken again.

Harrow.

P. T. B.

RECREATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

MINERS' FETE IN GERMANY.

Having been much interested in an excellent article entitled "Recreations for the People," by Ierne, in the EMERALD of the 23rd of last month, and concurring fully in the views of the writer, it suggested itself to me that it might be useful and interesting to your readers to hear how such things are managed in Germany. The following is a brief account of a fête given to the miners at the mine Engelbert, belonging to the Westphalian Silver, Lead, and Copper Mining Company.

We left Siegen at 8 a.m., and after an hour's rail through the picturesque valley of the Sieg, we reached Wissen, from whence a drive of an hour and a half brought us to the village of Morsbach, where numerous flags, waving from windows and housetops, indicated that something unusual was going on. The three carriages containing our party drew up opposite the burgermeister's house, who politely asked us in. Here we waited for a short time, as the miners were still in the church, having commenced the day by marching from the mine in order to join in a thanksgiving service for the prosperity of the last few years.

Presently we heard the sound of approaching music, and on rushing to the windows, saw, winding down the street, a long procession of black "kitted" miners, marching in step to a lively air which ill accorded with the funereal appearance of the assemblage. First came the band, then two large black banners, followed by about a hundred miners marching in order. Upon the black banners was worked in white the mining device of crossed hammers, at a distance so like cross bones as to increase the funereal effect.

The miners' dress, which is all black, shows to much greater advantage on nearer inspection. It consists of a round cloth cap, with scarlet pipings, ornamented in front with silver crossed hammers; the *kittels*, which are made of black stuff or glazed calico, are a kind of blouse drawn in a little at the waist, and prettily trimmed with buttons, velvet, and fringe at the wrists and shoulders; on the arm is a little shield in black velvet with the silver crossed hammers; a large vandyked collar completes the *kittel*. Some of the party were much disappointed at the miners not having on their black leather aprons, which are part of the uniform, and, as they are worn behind, present a rather comical appearance.

The procession drew up in full length before the burgermeister's house, and a fine respectable body of men they looked. The band then struck up, and all the miners joined in singing their favorite song, "*Glück auf! Glück auf! der Bergmann kommt*," many smoking the inevitable German pipe all the time. I must not forget to mention that the bandsmen were also miners, and played uncommonly well. When the song was ended, the obersteiger (head captain), and the two steigers (under captains), stepped to the front, and the obersteiger addressed an appropriate speech to the burgermeister, to which he responded out of the window. At the conclusion of the speeches there was great applause, accompanied by a flourish of trumpets. The procession then formed again, the carriages joining, and all proceeded towards the mine, headed by the band. Engelbert is situated about three miles from Morsbach, in a deep narrow valley, and very sheltered and comfortable it looked, as a turn of the road brought us in sight of the offices, dressing-floors, and steiger's houses, all dressed out with many-colored flags. Various ponds, for ore-washing purposes, added to the picturesqueness of the scene.

On reaching the hill above the mines, we all left our carriages and walked down, very glad to get into comparative shelter, as it was blowing a hurricane on the hill. We passed under an arch of evergreens, and as the head of the procession reached the mines it was greeted by a deafening round of shots. While the miners were being marshalled into the tent, we had time to observe the very tasteful manner in which the whole place was decorated. The booth was hung

with garlands of evergreens, and over the entrance we observed the mining crossed hammers most ingeniously executed in gleaming silver-lead ore. Fir trees had been cut down and planted in blocks of ore in a semicircle round the door; piles of sparkling ore were ranged opposite; and, further back, in a vast number of neat little sacks, ready for exportation, was the produce of the mine for the previous month. Inside the booth the decorations were most tasteful and original; the garlands were composed of a most wonderful variety of materials; grey lichen mixed up with green leaves was most effective; also quantities of streaming stag moss, guelder rose, and mountain ash-berries were largely and effectively used. We also particularly noticed some pretty little wreaths of single holly leaves stitched together—one, in especial, looked pretty and comical, encircling a huge washing drum in the dressing floor.

When all the company had assembled in the ball room, the obersteiger made a speech to the miners, in which he recounted the chief events in the history of the mine for the last four years; what prosperity its working had brought into the neighborhood, what cause for thankfulness there was that in the course of those four years no accident of any serious character had taken place; with many compliments to the able way in which the company was managed by Mr. A. A. W. and Mr. W. H. W., and the kind way in which they looked after the interests of the miners. Many grateful allusions were also made to the generous allowance given by the company to the wives and families of those miners who had been in the war. After the speech was concluded, the miners were marshalled into the room where dinner was laid for over two hundred; they sat down in companies, each company attended to by its steiger; and a very well behaved orderly set they were. At first there was comparative silence, whilst the whole party were employed discussing the dinner, which consisted of soup, two kinds of meat, potatoes, two kinds of vegetables, and fruit. Nor was a plentiful supply of good Rhine wine forgotten. It was amusing to see the serious way in which the men set about demolishing what was set before them; and the office of waiters, filled by tidily dressed girls, was no sinecure.

After dinner there were some speeches; but it was soon evident that all were becoming anxious to proceed to the great amusement of the day—the dancing. The wives, daughters, and “*mädchens*” of the miners had been invited for this part of the entertainment; and when all were collected in the large booth, the band struck up, and the ball was opened by the *Frau General Direktor* dancing with the burgermeister, and the *Herr General Direktor* with the sonsy stout wife of the obersteiger, who danced better and more lightly than many a lady in a London ballroom; indeed we all remarked how very well the whole company present danced. It is the custom in Germany that the married men should dance first with their wives; and those who are betrothed should dance the whole evening with their “*krauts*,” unless especial permission to break through this rule is given; but this permission seems seldom to be asked for. We all laughed heartily at many of the couples; some old women, who in Ireland would do nothing more enterprising than crouch over the fire in a chimney-corner, here footed it bravely with the best of them, and indeed executed more wonderful capers and steps than one often sees in a slip-jig at home. The dance programme was as follows: “*Waltz* (trois temps), polka, schottische, galop, mazurka,” *da capo*. One characteristic German peculiarity seemed to me very dangerous—that of dancing with lighted cigars and pipes in their mouths; however, the partners did not seem to object, though to a looker-on it seemed almost impossible that their hair and kerchiefs should escape conflagration. I wish I could bring the scene before you, for it was one of the most interesting and uncommon that it has ever been my fortune to witness. The stirring music in capital time and tune; the picturesque dress of the miners; the energetic movements of the dancers; in fact, the merriment and life

of the whole scene, and the unaffected and naïve enjoyment with which all present entered into it, made it a far more interesting gathering than many a fashionable entertainment. All ranks mixed freely together without stiffness on either side; the burgermeister and frau burgermeister, the bergmeister (or mining official of the district), the doctor and parish clergymen, our own party, and some others, in all about twenty-four, represented the upper class; but the intercourse was completely without stiffness.

It required great exertions to keep the floor sufficiently clear for dancing. A certain number of couples took a few turns, and were then stopped, and a fresh set started; and great activity it needed on the part of those keeping order, to stop the couples who had just fairly got into the spirit of the thing, and were in nowise inclined to leave off. Notwithstanding, everyone was perfectly good-humored, and there was much laughing as Mr. W. W. pursued, and seized upon, some couple who were continuing their dance after their time was up, congratulating themselves on having dodged him. A great joke was, when the herr burgermeister himself, attempting to steal a march on the master of the ceremonies, was captured, and put to the tail of the row as punishment.

During the afternoon coffee and cakes were served for all present, and in the dancing-booth was a long row of great barrels of beer dispensed by some chosen and trusty men.

I was much amused watching one old miner who occasionally handed his glass to his little old wife; but if she took too long a draught he at once claimed it again, as if afraid there was not enough for both.

After dark the most characteristic ceremony of the entertainment took place. The miners formed in long procession, each bearing a torch, and headed as usual by their band, marched along the principal mine-gallery, right into the heart of the mountain, from whence they brought back in triumph a wagon piled up with the richest and brightest ore, on which they had bestowed their choicest decorations. They wheeled this along to the building where the ore is washed; the ore was then tipped over into the usual wash tank; a salvo was fired, and the surrounding hills illuminated with Bengal lights. The procession then re-formed, wound through the hills, and finished by placing their torches, so as to trace, as with a fiery finger, the letters A. A. W., the initials of the director of the mines. After this episode dancing was recommenced with renewed vigor, and kept up without flagging till one o'clock a.m., when the bersteiger again formed his brigade in line, and addressed them in a farewell speech, the point of which was, that after such a treat, they must try and have an even larger supply of ore for October than the one now before them for September. After pointing this moral he dismissed them, they having fully kept the promise they had previously made him, of being orderly, and not taking more beer than was good for them. Nothing could have gone off better than this fête, which seemed to afford the keenest enjoyment to the guests.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

As we are quite sure to have a continuance of cold weather for some time, it will be appropriate to give a description this week of some winter dresses. There are few ladies without a new velvet costume each winter, and I feel sure a description of a fashionably-made one will be found useful. First, a petticoat of velvet, with four flounces, each with a narrow heading; the flounces are not trimmed, as, when the velvet is good, it is much more elegant untrimmed. Over the petticoat a long polonaise with paniers. The polonaise is trimmed with either fur or lace, according to taste. For a home dress the polonaise is replaced with a Camargo tunic, very short in front, with paniers, tied at the back with faille bows.

The new Cashmere costumes are very graceful looking, and, although costly, are very durable. They are mostly all richly embroidered; the train is looped up at one side only. A beautiful faille sash completes the toilette. Guipure is often used for trimming Cashmere costumes, and at the edge a feather fringe is sewn. The effect is beautiful.

I have just been favored with an inspection of some very beautiful evening costumes, and shall endeavour to give a description of two of them, which I hope will prove useful to your readers. A silver-grey faille dress, bordered with a flounce of black Spanish lace, looped up at intervals with bows of light blue velvet; tunic of silver-grey faille, trimmed with Spanish lace. At the side there is a sash of wide gros grain ribbon, light blue in color. Light blue bodice, open in front; sleeves with ruffles. Another handsome dress, somewhat of the aqua-marine shade of green, attracted my attention at once. The skirt was trimmed with three flounces of a darker shade of green; round panier, looped up with bows of double faille; the bodice and sleeves trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

As the fit of a costume depends so greatly on the corset worn, the obtaining of one which combines grace with comfort becomes a matter of the utmost importance. On this head I cannot do better than recommend your readers to visit the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, where a corset can be procured which will insure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

Parisian bonnets are decidedly larger than those of last year. The crown is usually made flat, with a twist of ribbon all round it, and a feather at the side. An ornamentation for bonnets very much in vogue is wings of birds. The fashionable autumn bonnets are the *berets chapeaux* in beaver; they are trimmed with colored velvet, and are worn with costumes made of cloth and velvet, or Cashmere and velvet, which is a mixture just at present extremely popular in Paris.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—To one quart of common vinegar put two quarts of fresh raspberries. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Then strain them off, but do not squeeze them. Put in two quarts more. Let them stand as before. Repeat for the third time. After all this put the vinegar into a jar up to the neck in boiling water. Let the vinegar boil for ten minutes, having first measured it and put to every pint of vinegar one pound of lump sugar. Stir frequently while on the fire. There should, on no account, be fewer raspberries than the proportion mentioned. The vinegar will not be fit for use till the following summer.

HARE SOUP.—If you have not more than one hare you must have stock made of shin of beef, according to the quantity of soup you require. The stock is made separately, not with the hare. If you have two hares no stock is needed. The hare is to be nicely cleaned, the blood all saved, the best part of the meat cut off (the back and legs), the bones and all pieces broken and washed. The blood should be strained through a hair sieve. Put in a pan a piece of butter, some fine ground rice worked in a basin (not to be firm, but to dissolve), two carrots, two nice-sized turnips, some whole black pepper, celery, or celery seeds, onions—all put into the pan cold. Stir occasionally. Boil for four or five hours. Then strain all through a colander. It may be well to boil the day before using it. When cold skim off all the fat and grease. Then the nice parts that were cut off ought to be cut into small dice-sized pieces and put into the soup. Some dry them before adding them to the soup. Boil all for a good hour, or more, after adding the cut pieces of meat to the rest.

KEDGORIE.—Take a middling-sized haddock, a teacupful of boiled rice, four hard-boiled eggs, a small piece of fresh butter, and some cayenne pepper. Chop them, and mix them all well together. Send to table quite hot. Any white fish that has been dressed the day before will be very good for Kedgorie. It is an excellent dish for breakfast.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Miss Pearson and Miss M'Laughlin have had conferred upon them the bronze cross and diploma of the Société de Secours aux Blessés de France, in recognition of their services in the battlefields of Metz, Sedan, and Orleans. At the request of the President, they have consented to become members of the French Society, with whose ambulances they will serve in any future war, unless their services are specially requested by their own country.

The Municipal Council of Chateaudun have transmitted to Dr. Baxter gold medals of exceeding beauty, awarded to the surgeons of the Irish Ambulance Corps for their services in the late war. The medals are large, with the arms of Chateaudun in high relief on the obverse, and a suitable inscription on the reverse. The gold medals go to Drs. Baxter and Ryan; silver medals of same size and device to the other surgeons of the corps.

The ladies' department of University College, London, was opened for the winter session on the 27th ult. The session will last, with three weeks' interval at Christmas, until Lady Day. The course will be open to ladies above 17 years of age. Each class will be taught by the professor of its subject in the college rooms, and apart from other students.

M. Guizot attained his eighty-fourth year on the 4th October.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWER.

We have been frequently asked to afford accurate information concerning the rise, progress, course of studies, and professors of Alexandra College. An official document with which we have been favored furnishes these particulars with great clearness. We hasten therefore to reply to all inquiries by reprinting the following

RETURN FROM ALEXANDRA COLLEGE TO THE ROYAL COMMISSIONERS OF INQUIRY INTO PRIMARY EDUCATION, IRELAND.

Alexandra College was founded in the year 1866 for the purpose of supplying defects in the existing system of education for women of the upper and middle classes—of affording an education more sound, more solid, systematically imparted, and better tested than was at that time to be obtained in Ireland.

The age of admission was at first fixed at fifteen years, and afterwards reduced to fourteen years.

The college was established on a self-supporting basis, was set on foot by subscriptions from those more actively interested in the experiment, and has been sustained solely by the fees of the students. Two annual exhibitions of the value of ten pounds each have been given by the Visitor of the College since its commencement, and a few special exhibitions by others. All of these are open without restriction to and have been obtained by students of every denomination.

The college is governed by a Visitor and Council, who have the financial control and the final decision on all matters.

The Committee of Education, consisting of the Professors engaged in the instruction of the first divisions, have the control of the educational arrangements, and appoint, subject to the approval of the Council, to all vacant Professorships, and have power to add to or diminish the number of subjects undertaken to be taught in the college.

The officers are—a Principal, who has a seat in the Council, a Vice-Principal, Bursar, and Secretary, a Lady Superintendent, and Assistant Ladies.

A body of lady visitors, nominated by the Visitor and Council, perform the duty of sitting by during the hours of lecture, and report to the Lady Superintendent on any matters requiring her care, which come under their observation.

On the establishment of the college classes were formed and courses of lectures begun in Mathematics (Rev. T. T. Gray, F.T.C.D.), Drawing and Pictorial Art (T. A. Bridgford, R.H.A.), English Language and Literature (J. K. Ingram, F.T.C.D.), French Language and Literature (M. De Meric), German Language and Literature (Professor Selss, T.C.D.), Physical Geography and Geology (Robert J. Scott, M.A.), History, Ancient and Modern (Rev. R. T. Smith, M.A.), Latin (Rev. R. P. Graves, M.A.), Natural Science—Botany, Zoology—(Dr. E. P. Wright, T.C.D.), Science of Harmony (Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D., T.C.D.), Theology and Church History (Rev. H. H. Dickinson, D.D.)

The religious instruction is given in accordance with the doctrines of the Church of England and Ireland, but attendance on these classes is perfectly optional to the student.

The manner of instruction in the language classes is that of advanced exercises in composition, *viva voce* questioning, reading of authors. In the literature classes it is carried on by means of prelections and taking of notes, etc. In science, by lecture, demonstration, and experiment.

Attendance on a course of two years' study, with examinations conducted by printed questions and written answers four times during the course, is required from the candidates for certificates.

These examinations take place in the college under the care of the Lady Superintendent, two hours being allowed to the answering of each paper of ten questions. The answers are sent to the teachers, by whom they are examined and marked to a fixed standard, and at the end of each two years' course the papers of the candidates for certificates are submitted to independent examiners, who sign the certificate conjointly with the teachers. Several of the classes were immediately filled with eager and attentive students, many of whom were able to keep pace with and profit by these advanced courses of study; yet in the constant recurrence to the underlying foundations of knowledge needed in a thoroughly sound educational process, the experience of a few weeks only was required to bring to light the inaccurate, vague, and fragmentary nature of the education generally given to girls, the neglect of the rules of spelling, of the principles of grammar, the downright ignorance of arithmetic, the absence of any training of the mind, the meagreness of the so-called accomplishments on which so much time and energy had been wasted. The Council and Committee speedily became convinced that if the college was to exercise a really beneficial influence on the National education of girls and women of the upper and middle classes, one of two courses should be taken, either (1) the institution of an entrance examination, requiring proof to be given of acquaintance with the primary elements of knowledge, or (2) to subdivide the existing classes, and to add on classes for instruction in subjects not at first contemplated as requisite to be undertaken by the college.

Upon deliberation, it was decided that the establishment of an entrance examination would have the effect of narrowing the sphere of action by imposing a barrier to the entrance of timid students, and would be an injustice to those students and parents who were anxiously desirous to enter at once upon a better system, and who looked to the College as affording them the means of doing so. It was believed that even had parents and schoolmistresses generally been contented to relinquish the straining after the phantom of a "finishing education," and had been willing to enter upon the modest and unattractive groundwork of study which an entrance examination would set forth, many years must elapse before such a radical change could be made widely effective. The question of entrance examination was, therefore, laid aside until there shall be sufficient proof that it can be instituted with general advantage to the community. Classes were then begun in the College for instruction in the English language (*i.e.*, rules of spelling, exercises in dictation, grammar, reading, punctuation, composition), arithmetic (up to decimal fractions), geography (physical and political), history (English and European, as connected with England),

the elements of the theory of music and class singing, the elements of perspective and outline drawing; and in modern continental languages, a subdivision of the classes was made into three sections, beginning with the elementary principles of grammar. In addition to these, a kind of tutorial system has been attempted by the appointment of a staff of student teachers, who sit by in the hours of professorial instruction, and prepare the less advanced students after the class hour in the next appointed lesson.

In all these subdivisions of classes and additional classes, the instruction is carried on by means of question and answer, and by compositions prepared at home, and by correction of exercises in class. Examinations are held at stated times in these, as in the higher classes, the results of which are made known to parents twice a year by the Lady Superintendent.

Class rewards are not offered, nor have prizes been instituted, nor has it appeared either necessary or desirable that they should be. There is a very general appreciation on the part of the students of the value of the educational advantages offered to them. The entrances have been about 250 every year. There has been a steady *average* attendance of 170 students since the commencement, and the expectations to diligent earnest study are very few indeed.

The system has won the confidence of parents, not so much from the actual amount of "facts and figures" acquired, as from its power of developing a spirit of observation and inquiry, from the stimulus given to self-improvement by the gradual working up to a high standard, from a certain recognition of what is true and womanly in character—which, young as the College is, may almost be called one of its "traditions"—and above all, from the laborious and unceasing efforts of the professors to impress upon their pupils the importance of diligent, accurate, and conscientious habits of study.

A very remarkable and encouraging fact in the working of the system is, the development and increasing demand for the higher studies, side by side with this necessity for elementary instruction, so that it has been found desirable to appoint professors in many branches of knowledge which were at first omitted from the curriculum. Of these Ethnology and the Science of Language (Rev. R. P. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D.), Greek, Hebrew (Arthur Palmer, F.T.C.D.), Italian (R. Atkinson, LL.D., T.C.D.), Astronomy (Dr. Macalister, M.D., T.C.D.), and Elementary Physics, are studied with enjoyment by a fair proportion of students, who pursue them as an intellectual recreation after the main business of their education has been finished; while, in the direction of accomplishments, the scientific teaching of harmony has ripened into the practice of concerted music, both vocal and instrumental, of a strictly classical character.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REFORM IN DRESS.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—As the mother of four grown-up daughters I feel bound to thank "L.L." and "Ierne" for their sensible views on dress, and to wish them success in their truly charitable endeavours.

Would that all the respectable women could agree to adopt unanimously some more useful costume! How many long for the convenient Bloomer! Why is no one courageous enough to revive it? I find the so-called "short" dresses much more extravagant than long ones; for when my girls wore long dresses they looped or held them up, but now "the short dresses are not intended to be held up," I am told every time I remonstrate on seeing the muddy skirts. It seems as if they were made on purpose to reach the ground—which means *mud* in the country. I must apologise for the length of this letter, which may prevent your inserting it.

I am, Sir,

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

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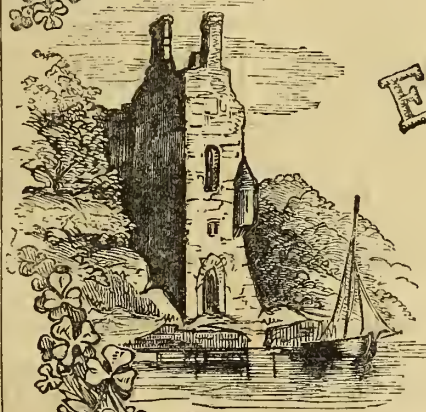
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THE
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JOURNAL.**



**VOL. II.
No. 20.
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THE EMERALD:

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—Dublin: O'Toole & Son. This interesting magazine continues to enjoy a tolerable share of popularity amongst the ladies of Ireland. Its pages abound with matters specially suited to the taste of the "gentler sex," including a number of beautiful poetic effusions."

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THE EMERALD:

THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

20.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21st, 1871.

[Vol. II.]

CHICAGO.*



FORTY years ago the name of Chicago did not appear on any map of America. A fortnight since it was one of the first cities in the United States. Its first state census was taken on July 1st, 1837, when its population numbered 4,170. In 1871 the city was inhabited by over 300,000. Its first railway, with forty miles of track, was laid in 1850; now there are more than forty railroads having direct connection with the city. It was the centre of the greatest railway traffic in the world—the chief depot of the grain trade of the United States—the principal city in the pork and beef provision interest. Its receipts for wheat for 1870 were nearly seventeen and a half million bushels; for maize over twenty million bushels; for oats ten and a half million bushels; for barley nearly three and a half; for rye over a million. In the same year the city received, between live and dressed, nearly two millions of hogs, and over half a million head of cattle. It did an enormous trade in timber, shingle, wool, hides, and spirits. Its traffic was astounding by the canals, the ships and steamers on the lake, and the railways. The number of trains arriving at and leaving the depots of the twelve main lines was averaged at two hundred and fifty daily throughout the year. The granaries of Chicago had among them some of the largest in the world. Seventeen of them received and discharged from various railways and canals, and had storage capacity for more than eleven and a half million bushels of grain. One, indeed, stored over a million and a half, while three others had each space for a million and a quarter bushels. Pork-curing and packing ranked next to commerce in grain as an industry. There were about fifty firms engaged in the trade, receiving for the purpose almost two million of hogs annually. The live-stock yards were marvels. The Great Union Stock Yards covered a space of 345 acres, and had accommodation for nearly 120,000 animals—cattle, hogs, and sheep. In these yards there were 31 miles of drainage, 10 miles of food troughs, 7 miles of streets and alleys, 3 miles of water troughs, 2,300 gates, 1,500 open pens, and 800 covered pens. 22,000,000 feet of timber were used in the construction, at a cost of over a million and a half of dollars. The water for these yards was supplied by an artesian well 1,000 feet in depth.

The site of Chicago is low. When the first settlement was made there the ground was a swamp. The engineering

difficulties which had to be overcome in the way of drainage to make the place inhabitable for so vast a population were enormous. But skill, here as elsewhere, has almost completely conquered nature. As there is scarcely any fall for the sewage towards the lake, artificial currents were designed by means of canals and steam machinery. A pure water supply was obtained by boring a tunnel under the stiff blue clay bed of the lake for two miles. This tunnel is lined with solid brick masonry, and has a clear width of five feet, and a height of five feet two inches. Powerful pumping engines raised the water in a lofty iron column over the highest house in the city.

The main streets were paved with blocks of wood, which had been found more durable than stone-paved or macadamised roads. The side walks of these main streets were stone-paved; but the greater part of the foot-paths of the city were of plank. Out of six hundred miles of sidewalk only about thirty were not of wood. The chief buildings were constructed of iron, marble, and a bituminous stone; but the ordinary houses were largely built of timber. This combined with the wooden sidewalks made the city peculiarly susceptible to great fires. Last year there was a conflagration which destroyed three millions' worth of property, and swept away two great avenues. The citizens were not blind to the danger, and had established a system of fire-signals, by means of telegraph wires from every district, all converging towards and centreing in the signal room in the lofty tower of the Town Hall—though it proved vain in the hour of need.

But not merely in a material way has Chicago made progress more astounding than any city of the world. Though its inhabitants dealt chiefly in provisions for the body, they were not neglectful in procuring nourishment for the mind. There were firmly established in the great mart last year five seminaries, in connection with different religious denominations, superior to any institutions of the kind in the whole American continent. Its schools, in efficiency, and in number proportionate to the population, were fully equal to those of the oldest cities of the States. The University of Chicago was a flourishing institution, with Classical, Scientific, Legal, and Special departments, and with an Academy attached, to which boys over twelve years of age were admitted to prepare for college, or obtain a sound business education. The libraries of this young university contained 25,000 volumes; its chemical, philosophical, and engineering instruments were complete; its cabinets not to be despised; and the most powerful telescope of America was in its possession. The newspapers of the city, likewise, were rated

* Most of the information concerning Chicago in this article has been gleaned from a very interesting paper in a recent number of the *Leisure Hour*.

equal to the best of the Union in literary ability and business enterprise.

In the midst of all the apparent worldliness religion was not forgotten. The city contained nearly two hundred churches. Of these the principal were distributed among—Methodists, 23 ; Presbyterians, 22 ; Episcopalians, 21 ; Baptists, 20 ; Roman Catholics, 19 ; Congregationalists, 13. No less than five Jewish synagogues and two African Methodist houses of worship were included among the remainder. Sunday Schools and benevolent associations also aided in the work of spreading religious knowledge amongst the mixed population of the great western city.

The marvellous growth of Chicago has been one of the proudest boasts of the citizens of the United States. They pointed to its development in every direction as an example of the energy of the "fastest" people in the world. And well they might. A fortnight ago it was a city considerably larger than Dublin, with a much greater population, and a trade whose magnitude lifted it out of the area of proportion with that of the Irish capital. What a change since then ! From the nature of its construction, the queen city of the west had been always tottering on the "narrow, sharp, and giddy" edge of danger ; at last it has toppled over, and been precipitated into the abyss of ruin. The fire which has been for two weeks in everyone's mouth passed over the city like a destroying angel, leaving in its track nothing but devastation and ashes. Out of 25,000 houses, 13,000 have been destroyed. Many of the streets now obliterated were a mile and a half in length. Two of them were noble avenues, lined with trees, and bordered with handsome villas perched daintily amidst gardens. The chief business portion of this great emporium has been swept away. Nay, even the suburbs, which extended over four miles outside the thick of the city, have in a great measure disappeared.

There is no need to enlarge on the horrors of the scene. The fancy of each of us has painted it in colors all too vivid, and thrilled our nerves with the terror of a mighty conflagration. One aspect alone need be touched on here. About 100,000 persons—men, women, and children—have been rendered shelterless. People who had been reared in the lap of luxury must, for some time at least, couch on the dew-wet grass, alongside their humbler brethren, who have often, mayhap, made acquaintance with hardship before now. For months—while the city is being rebuilt—this vast multitude must be dependent on charity for the bread that will fill its mouths and the clothes that will shelter its limbs. Until the current of trade shall roll again through its accustomed channels, the citizens of Chicago will be helpless as workmen without tools. It is enough to call attention to this fact—our readers will not overlook the duty which it entails on them. Nor, indeed, do we think it necessary to urge that what they mean to give for the alleviation of this monstrous calamity should be given quickly. It is a case for speed. Already the weak and delicate sink into the grave at an appalling rate under the pressure of unaccustomed hardship, while unsupported by fitting nourishment. By-and-by, when the general rebuilding of the city shall give employment to many, the tax upon charity will decrease, and at length wholly disappear. Now, therefore, is the time to put benevolence to most practical use. It may not be out of place here to mention one other consideration. Out of the 300,000 inhabitants of Chi-

cago, at least one-third were of our own race—emigrants from our own isle—who, by energy and industry, had contributed not the least share to the prosperity of their adopted city. There can be no reason for hoping that they have escaped the general ruin. It does not admit of doubt that they must share in the destitution. And it will not certainly induce us to hold our hands if we reflect that among those we would relieve are our whilom neighbors, men and women of our own kith and kin, of whose successful energy in the New World we have none of us any reason to be ashamed.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

(Continued.)

Many times after that night the ghost haunted the ivy-shaded corner by the window, and on two or three occasions the blue-eyed daughter had been able to observe the fearful apparition from the dark conservatory. Very many times she had gone up to the conservatory to look for the ghost, but, like all lost spirits, its movements were erratic and uncertain, and it was only on a few occasions out of scores of attempts that she had succeeded in seeing the ghost. But often and often of an evening, as she sang and played for her father, or chatted cheerfully by his side, she would cast an anxious, fearful, and scrutinizing glance towards the window, as the feeling came strongly over her that the ghost was then there and looking into the room. Was it pity for the poor ghost that made the blue-eyed daughter now almost invariably leave the Venetian blind in such a position that anyone outside the window could have a full view of the interior of the room ? It might have been some such feeling.

At any rate the ghost in black now frequently haunted the garden and the ivy-bowered window, always standing motionless in its chosen corner, in rain or snow, always staring steadily out of those dark eyes, nearly always coming in the worst of weathers, when no one but a ghost would be abroad ; never exhibiting any emotion that might be expected from a human being. Something, indeed, like moisture might be seen about the eyes and face on those occasions, but it could not have been tears, for a hand was never raised to wipe them away. They must have been merely the drops of rain, or melted snow, falling from the ivy above and around.

A few years more elapsed ; then an event occurred which gave the father a fatal shock. His dear blue-eyed daughter had a narrow escape in a street accident, and the incident seemed to affect him deeply. One day in the busy city she was passing across a crowded thoroughfare when a cab drove up at a furious pace. The horse had run away. She was in imminent danger of being run over, and her fright and the shouts of the spectators absolutely paralyzed her for the time, and rendered her incapable of moving forward or backward out of reach of the impending danger. At exactly that critical moment a tall lady, dressed in black, rushed forward, and with one vigorous push sent the girl reeling across the roadway, beyond all danger from the cab. The whole thing that requires so many words to explain was done in an instant. The blue-eyed daughter was saved, but the lady in black had hardly pushed her aside when she herself was knocked down by the galloping horse and run over. In fact she had boldly risked her own life to save that of the young lady.

The usual crowd assembled about the two women. The elder was insensible, and badly injured to all appearances. She was promptly conveyed to the nearest hospital. The younger woman, who had also become insensible, was taken to the nearest chemist's shop and quickly restored to consciousness. Her first thoughts were of her father, and to

him she rushed with all possible speed. He was greatly agitated when he heard of the narrow escape of his dear daughter, and when his first emotions had passed he expressed great anxiety for the lady who had so heroically saved his darling's life with so much indifference to her own. The fact of the removal of the lady to the hospital was ascertained, and it was arranged that the father and daughter should proceed thither on the following day to see her, thank her, and, if her circumstances permitted, reward her.

The next morning they proceeded to the hospital, accordingly. On inquiry they learnt that the lady had sustained a fractured arm and some bad bruises, but, on the whole, nothing very serious, though her escape from fatal injuries had been very remarkable. They were also informed that, from some cards found upon her, she seemed to be a teacher of music, languages, etc., by profession. On stating the nature of their interest in the lady permission was given to them to see her. At the entrance to the ward, however, they learned that she was asleep and must not be disturbed. They informed the attendant that they would sit by the bed until the lady awoke, as they were most anxious to thank her.

The daughter advanced towards the bed indicated, where the lady reposed with her fractured arm lying in splints outside the coverlid. Her face was very pale and worn, with many undoubted traces of pain and suffering of no recent date. Yet she was still a handsome woman, though not very young. Her long black hair lay like a fan over the snow-white pillow, and her long black eye-lashes lay upon her cheeks in equally strong relief. The blue-eyed daughter had barely impressed a light kiss on the forehead of the sleeping lady, when a deep groan from her father attracted her attention. She turned and found him standing at the foot of the bed, his face buried in his hands, a prey, apparently, to the profoundest grief.

"Father! dear father! what is it?" she exclaimed; "I am here with you quite safe; the lady is doing very well, and will soon recover!"

"Home, dear! home!" were the only words he uttered.

She saw the case was serious—that some dreadful emotions had possession of him. She conveyed him home with all despatch. His state of prostration was such that he had to be taken at once to his room, and a physician sent for. He never rose again from his bed. For weeks he lay in a state of prostration, only speaking at rare intervals, and then only uttering the word "Mütterchen!" His daughter was ever by his side, and the only indication of consciousness he manifested was in recognizing her, and clinging to her. The doctors avowed that they could do nothing for him; that his malady was mental, and not to be medically dealt with. After an interval of weeks the white-haired gentleman expired in the arms of his daughter. Her name was the last on his lips, and its echoes went heavenward with his soul.

She had cherished and comforted him through years which, but for her, would have been years of agony; she had thoroughly studied him, and so thoroughly known his afflictions and their cause!

The day appointed for the funeral arrived. The dead father lay awaiting the attendance of the undertakers who were to perform the last mournful duties. His afflicted relatives were all assembled in the house, prepared to accompany the body to its final resting place.

Suddenly there came through the garden a tall lady dressed in black. She glided up to the door of the house with a quick steady motion. She asked to see the blue-eyed daughter, and seemed to know her name well. She was ushered into a parlour while her request was being conveyed to the daughter. It was a pale, thin lady, with dark lustrous eyes. Surely it was the ghost that was wont to stand amongst the ivy by the window in the sleet and snow! The resemblance was perfect—it must have been the same.

The daughter entered, and at once recognized the lady who had lain asleep in the hospital ward. She ran to her with tears in her eyes to thank her, and tell her of the affliction that had fallen upon them. But the lady in black ran more quickly to her, took her in her arms, embraced her with fervour, and then fell supplicating at her feet, still holding the girl's hands and pressing them to her tear-bedewed face.

"Daughter, daughter!" she cried, "I am your most miserable and guilty mother! I have erred, but—O my God!—I have terribly suffered! Mütterchen, my dear Mütterchen! for the love of heaven let me see my dead husband, and die!"

"Mother! my mother! O God pity you, and help you! O mother! do not kneel to me! Let me kneel to you, and ask for that mother's blessing and that mother's love I have yearned for so long! Oh! the mother's love and the mother's blessing must be holy and good, no matter who or what the mother is."

And the blue-eyed daughter knelt beside the dark-eyed mother, and folded her in her arms, and kissed her a thousand times, and laid her head upon her bosom sobbing and crying.

"The blessing of heaven and the blessing of a broken-hearted mother be upon you for ever and ever, my child! But let me see my dead husband—quick, quick!—there is no time to lose."

The daughter led her to the room where the white-haired gentleman lay. The repentant wife kissed him lovingly on the forehead, and then knelt down by the bedside, burying her face in her hands as if in earnest prayer.

The blue-eyed daughter stole lightly out of the room to inform her relatives of what had occurred. Not inconsiderable was the sensation which the strange disclosure created. It was for some time the subject of low-toned and embarrassed conversation.

At length the daughter returned on tip-toe to the room where she had left her newly-found mother praying by the side of her newly-dead father. She found her mother in the same attitude of deep prayer. She waited a little, she called her, she touched her—no movement. She pressed the face to her's—it was chill and clammy. She rushed to the door, and called aloud to those below. "Come up, Edward, come up, for God's sake!" They ran up, headed by Edward, her affianced. He raised the head of the kneeling woman.

She was dead.

The long-separated husband and wife were at last united in death. They had gone to a world where there is mercy for errors, and where sins—ay, though as red as scarlet—are made whiter than snow.

As Ned's wife finished her story, she lowered her head and pressed the fireshade to her face. We said nothing; but her eldest daughter—a good, sensible girl—went softly up to her side, kissed her, and placed an arm about her neck. We were all of us sad and very silent—children included. Ah! it was a real ghost story, and no mistake! Ned had not changed his position the whole time; but I saw by the working of his face that he was greatly moved.

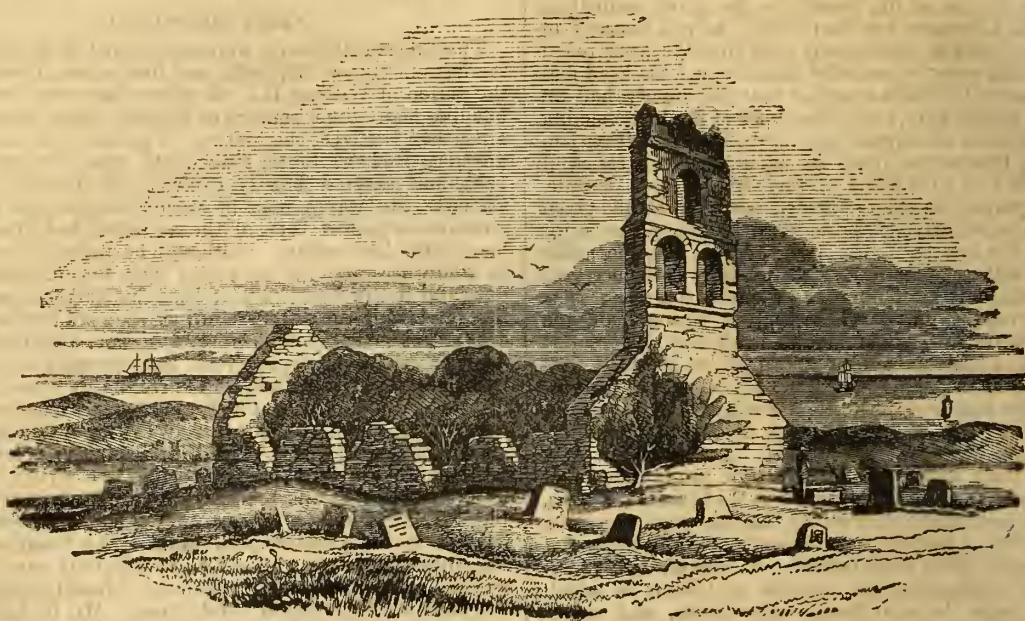
There was a dimness on my glasses, so I went out of the room to wipe them. Ned followed me.

"You know who the ghost was?" he enquired.

"I do, my boy," I answered; "and I know now why your wife is so good and so motherly to everyone. God bless her! and God bless you all."

J. D. D.

An actress of the Théâtre-Cluny, Mdlle. Moina-Clement, has received from Count de Flavigny the decoration accorded to the ambulancières who evinced courage and attention in aid of the wounded during the siege of Paris. That lady rendered herself remarkable by her unwearied self-devotedness.



HOWTH ABBEY, COUNTY DUBLIN.

HOWTH ABBEY, COUNTY DUBLIN.

The ruins represented in our engraving are those of a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, at Howth, and popularly known as Howth Abbey. That it had no claim whatever to the title of abbey is more than probable. It was erected during a period of incessant strife, early in the thirteenth century, when the Anglo-Norman barons who had settled in Ireland, if they had no enemies of the ancient race convenient on which to practise their warlike skill, "kept their hands in" by lively forays against each other. The structure itself bore evidence sufficient of the manners of the age; for it was built on a precipitous bank, considerably elevated above the water's edge, and was surrounded by a battlemented wall, which on one side impended over the waves of St. George's Channel, and on the other over a deep fosse. Such an arrangement is strikingly suggestive of the need the founders felt there might be for defence. A portion of the original building remains; but the whole of the north aisle is unquestionably of comparatively modern origin. The nave arches, which are of the pointed Gothic form, are six in number, and spring from rudely formed quadrangular piers, with the exception of the two adjoining the eastern end, which are separated by an octagon pillar. The church was founded by one of the St. Lawrences, barons of Howth. In it the mortal remains of more than one of the family were laid, and its aisles exhibited many a relic which bore record to the prowess of the bold barons. The history of the family, like that of all the chief Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland, has pages of wilder and more thrilling interest than any mere romance. The line exhibits, too, no unusual feature of the feudal races—violent contrasts between knights whose magnanimity was unsurpassed even by their courage, and scoundrels to whom no vice was too mean, no treachery too repulsive, no trick too low, to secure some personal advantage. Of the former, the founder of the St. Lawrence family in Ireland, Sir Armoricus Tristram, was a brilliant type in a rude age; of the latter, Sir Christopher St. Lawrence, nineteenth baron of Howth, was a loathsome illustration.

When Sir John De Courcey was commanded into Ireland by Henry II., in 1177, he invited his brother-in-law, Sir Armoricus, to accompany him. They landed at Howth, and

defeated the Irish who opposed them. The victory being mainly attributable to the skill and courage of Armoricus, the lands of Howth were allotted to him. They were dearly purchased, however, for he lost in the encounter "seven sons, uncles, and nephews." After a career of almost uninterrupted conquest in conjunction with De Courcey, the latter was recalled in disgrace. Armoricus was then in Connaught, but, on receiving letters from De Courcey, set out, at the head of thirty knights and two hundred heavy-armed footmen, to come to his brother-in-law's assistance. But O'Connor, king of Connaught, becoming aware of the retreat from his territory of St. Lawrence, with a large force intercepted and surrounded the Norman band. The horsemen were about to try to save their lives by instant flight; but Sir Armoricus cried out, "Who will may save his life by flight on horseback if he can; but assuredly my heart will not suffer me to leave these my poor friends in their necessity, with whom I would sooner die in honor than live with you in dishonor." After which he dismounted from his charger, and plunging his sword into it, said: "He shall never serve against them with whom he has so worthily and truly served before." And thus he made his arrangements to die with those who had no chance of escape, and whom, having led unwittingly into the snare, he would not then abandon. Verily, freebooter and man of blood though he was, not a little of the hero was in him. His example was followed by all the horsemen, saving only two young gentlemen whom he ordered to retire to a hill adjacent, to watch the battle, and after it was over to carry such news as they might have to his brother. Not one of St. Lawrence's band survived that day of slaughter except these two.

Christopher St. Lawrence, the nineteenth baron, was a man of entirely different stamp. It was his insidious arts, practised on the last earl of Tyrone (Hugh O'Neill, Elizabeth's whilom favorite and afterwards sturdy opponent), which brought about the event known in Irish history as "the flight of the earls." St. Lawrence was needy and unscrupulous. He professed Roman Catholicism, which gained him the confidence of many of the Gaelic and Anglo-Irish nobles of that persuasion. To some of these he appears to have suggested a conspiracy against James I., and then wrote forthwith an anonymous letter to the lord deputy Chichester to denounce the plot. After a little Chichester

and he made each other's acquaintance, and then, as the former says in one of his reports to the privy council in England, St. Lawrence was employed "to put buzzes" in O'Neill's ear—that is, to persuade him that the king hated him and would never be satisfied until he had his head and those of some of O'Neill's friends; that the deputy had on hand a plot for his ruin, etc. The result of all this scheming was that the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell fled from Ireland to save themselves from the imaginary vengeance of the monarch, and with many of their friends died in exile. On their departure the plot of which Lord Howth had given information previously was brought to light as a reason for confiscating the estates of the absent earls; but the noble lord was unwilling to stand forward publicly as the betrayer of his co-religionists. Under these circumstances a new trait was developed in his character. A young man, the Baron of Delvin, for whom Howth professed the greatest friendship, had been spoken to by the secret informer concerning the plot. Howth now went to Delvin, and frightened the weak-minded youth into allowing himself to be put forward as the giver of informations, by threats of the terrors which awaited him if he refused. As far as can now be judged, from documents in the state paper office and other evidence, the plot only existed in the brains of Howth, and reached no nearer to conspiracy than his communication of a rough plan of preparation for insurrection to a few Catholic noblemen of his acquaintance. However, it served as a reason for confiscating six counties of Ulster, in which Chichester, some London trade corporations, and others shared; and the nineteenth baron of Howth, the chief instrument in this simple process of easy enrichment, was not forgotten by the grateful lord deputy.

THE GRENADIERS.

(Translated from the German of H. Heine.)

Two soldiers, long captive in Russia detained,
To France were together repairing,
But as they the frontiers of Germany gained,
Then hung they their heads as despairing.

There heard they the tale full of sorrow and pain
For France, that her glory had vanished;
The legions, once mighty, were routed or slain,
The Emperor captive and banished.

There wept together the grenadiers,
The mournful tidings learning;
Said one: "How faint my strength appears!
And how my wounds are burning!"

The other spoke: "'Twas all in vain;
Would I were life resigning;
Yet wife and child at home remain,
For me in hardship pining!"

"Ah! what is my wife, what is child to me?
Far higher emotions awaken;
Nay, let them go begging, if hungry they be—
My Emperor captive is taken!"

"Dear comrade, grant my only prayer—
If death should now o'ercome me,
My body thou to France wilt bear;
In Gallic soil entomb me.

"Still let my Cross of Honour grace
My heart when death has bound me;
Then in my hand my musket place,
And gird my sword around me.

"So will I listen and calmly lie
Entombed, as a sentinel, staying
Till cannon I hear resounding nigh,
And steeds wildly prancing and neighing.

"For then rides my Emperor over my tomb,
'Mid clashing swords glittering o'er me;
Then, armed, from the depths of the grave shall I come
To fight for the Emperor's glory!"

A.C.D.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

The Edgeworth family were established in Longford from the days of Queen Elizabeth, and first appear historically in the period of William III., of whom they were adherents; but like many other settlers of English stock became more Irish than the Irish themselves. The father of our eminent novelist, Richard Lovel Edgeworth, was born at Bath in 1742, and entered Trinity College, but passed thence to Oxford. He was a man of varied talents and high cultivation—a perfect type of the accomplished Irish gentleman of the last century. Although he distinguished himself in literature, and, as is pretty well known, assisted his daughter in her novels, by at least his large experience of life, the strong turn of his mind was toward mechanical science. For several years before he became a permanent resident on his Irish property he was occupied in executing hydraulic works at Lyons, and is creditably remembered by his inventive genius, as illustrated by his improvement of the telegraph in 1767, long before the French adopted the system he originated; by the Cotton Counter; for the construction of carriages for transporting and laying down the iron way in bogs and marshes; and many other structural ingenuities; while he is the author of numerous essays contributed to the scientific periodicals—"An Essay on Roads, on which Carriages," etc., not to mention his purely literary works, such as "Poetry Explained," "Readings in Poetry," "Professional Education," and others. Mr. R. Edgeworth's first wife—for he was four times married—was Anne Maria Ebers, and his first child, the subject of our sketch, was born January 1, 1767, at Black Bourton, in Oxfordshire. Her father was much abroad during her childhood, during which her mother died, so that she was left in the care of her maternal relatives, who appear to have taken little interest in her education, as we may judge from the fact of her having to learn to read when sent to school in Derby on Mr. Edgeworth's return from France. At this period she was an ornary and ordinary little girl, with defective sight, and in no way remarkable as a scholar. Her mind blossomed late, as Dr. Johnson says of Swift; but her story-telling faculty was evinced while yet at school—a talent which received a sort of cultivation during her vacation visits to Mr. Day, an erudite eccentric, still dear to children as the author of "Sandford and Merton." Indeed, she states herself that her self-education only properly commenced when, in 1782—memorable year in Irish patriot history—her father brought her with him to Edgeworthstown, where she chiefly resided until his death in 1817. The contrast between English and Irish life in those days was much greater than at present, and it is to the novelty of the impressions which Miss Edgeworth received in this country that the development of her mind is due, and that we are indebted for the novel results of her pen, which have instructed and improved two generations of European readers. The love which communion with Irish nature elicited in the mind of this sympathetic and soundly sensible woman—a love which lasted to her latest hour—and her life-long labors to expose the evils of Irish life as it then was, to advance and render all classes—especially the poorer—happy, will always render the name of Edgeworth venerable in this country.

Her first book, "Letters from Literary Ladies," passed with little notice. Presently, however, she began to turn to account the opportunities she possessed for observing Irish life, which were considerable. Her father had become a resident landlord, agent, and magistrate, and she soon projected a series of stories illustrative of what she saw daily around her. Thus her career as an instructor may be said to have commenced with the "Parents' Assistant," "Early Lessons," "Harry and Lucy," but it was not until, in 1800, she published anonymously "Castle Rackrent," that her genius as a novelist was recognized. This book, which was written to show up the wretched contrasts then presented by life in Ireland, is an accurate transcript of the acutest and steadiest

observation, thrown, however, as far as the personages are concerned, into a purely imaginative form. It had a great success. To this succeeded her series of moral tales, among them "Belinda" and "Helen," which also achieved popularity. The "Essay on Irish Bulls," which was the joint composition of herself and her father, appeared in 1802. In this, the best instance is that of the man who was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that a tall Irishman was stooping over him from the next box, without appearing to notice him continued his letter in the words, "I would add more, but that a tall Irishman is looking over my shoulder and reading every word I write." "You lie, you scoundrel," cried the Hibernian. There is also the anecdote of the French officer who was so assiduous in recommending himself to Louis XIV., who, annoyed by his obtrusiveness, one day said : "Sir, you are the most troublesome officer in my army." "That, sire, is precisely what your enemies say of me," returned the other.

Mr. Edgeworth died in 1817, an event which so disturbed the happy literary life of his affectionate daughter, that for six years she abandoned her pen ; nor was it until her visit to Sir Walter Scott, in 1823, that she renewed her literary labors. The deep sorrow and many cares she had meanwhile experienced served, as her subsequent works attest, to strengthen and brighten her character and genius, and improve her judgment. The greater number of her best tales, such as "Belinda," "Leonora," "The Modern Griselda," "Moral and Popular Tales," "Tales of Fashionable Life," "Patronage," "Harrington," "Ormond," came out in succession after this period, together with the interesting "Memoirs of her Father," written at his request. The chief characteristic of Miss Edgeworth's writings is the union of vivid invention with the most admirable good sense and a large knowledge of life and manners. Sir Walter Scott delighted to review also the instances of rich humor and touching pathos in which they abound, and to point out the fine tact with which she has managed her Irish portraiture, and dwell upon her power of vivifying her characters so as to make them live as beings in the mind. In 1788 she had written an "Essay on Practical Education," which, however, at that time, she lacked the information to perfect, valuable as it is in parts. But "Edgeworth's Tales" may be said to be an educational course of reading, their purpose being to render life, on which she brings her practical and suggestive mind to bear in her various surveys of its phases, better and happier. All through her career she took intense interest in educational questions as the chief means towards such ends ; so that, apart from the amusing and interesting elements, the strong observation and fancy, displayed in her fictions, her works possess the more permanent value which attaches to the classics of culture.

"In reading her tales," says a critic, "we are in an atmosphere of realistic imagination and common sense. She presents to us no incredible adventures and no hyperbolic exhibitions of uncommon character or exaggerated passion. Without excluding love from her pages, she knows how to assign it its just limits. She never degrades the sentiment from its true dignity, or lifts it into burlesque elevation : it takes its proper place among the passions. Her heroes and heroines are neither miraculously good nor wicked. They are the men and women we meet and converse with all our lives ; with the same proportion of what is right and wrong, great and little."

A literary phenomenon has arisen at Greenock, in the form of a policeman-poet. Mr. McLachlan, who was for many years a member of the police force in that town, has in press a volume of verses, entitled "The Beauties of Scotland." Though self-taught, he is said to be a good classic scholar, as well as having pretensions to be a poet.

Joaquin Miller, the new American poet, has written for the November number of *The Gentleman's Magazine* a poem of considerable length.

IDEAL SKETCHES.

NO. 2. LOVE RETURNED. PART I.

Beside a maid, in whom we trace
That touching loveliness and grace

Which sickness gives (a heavenly gift
Irradiating form and face,

As if designed the soul to lift
Unto the angels' resting place)—
A minstrel with a brow of snow,
But with a cheek of southern glow,
Dark hair, and soul-lit, passionate eyes,
Deep as the blue of southern skies ;
With pitying look the minstrel stands,
A lute within his heedless hands.

Unconsciously his finger strays
Across the faintly-whispering keys,
Waking forgotten roundelays,
Sweet homely songs of other days,

And many plaintive melodies,
That rise unbidden from the wire,
And at their very birth expire.

To strike a bolder, happier strain,
He strives, but striveth all in vain.
The strings but answer to his thought ;

The virelays that charmed of yore,
Beneath his hand, with sorrow fraught,
Give gladness to the heart no more.

The tender romance melts and dies ;
The war-song loses all its din ;

The lute all tremulously sighs,
As though a fond heart throbbed within.

Dashing the tear-drops from his eyes,
With more of hope he sweeps the keys ;

A thousand varying symphonies
Like wavelets in succession rise :
Where they begin or where are ended
We know not, they're so sweetly blended.

He says : "Of yore, the troubadours
Have boasted of their many cures ;
For when they played the blind have gazed,
The dumb their wondrous powers have praised,

The lame have walked, the deaf their ears
Oped to the music of the spheres ;
All thought them angels in earth's guise
Of late descended from the skies.

There are a thousand forms of pain
No less consuming than disease—

The restless labors of the brain
That wear the spirit by degrees ;
The unexpected agonies

That almost still youth's hopeful heart,
When from his darkened path he sees

The brightener of his life depart :
But ah ! more bitter is the pain
To love, and be not loved again !"

What sudden tremor stirs the maid ?
Why does she start as if afraid ?
Her cheek and brow, which late were pale
As the wan visage of the dead,
Full suddenly are flushed with red,
Like even's sky before a gale ;
But when the pitying bard she hears,
Her grief has the relief of tears.

GEORGINA.

ON FASHIONS.

It is singular that mankind has been as constant in abusing the fashions of female clothing as womankind has been in changing them. Since the commencement of civilization, not a generation has passed in which women have not altered the style of their wardrobes, and every alteration has given as much umbrage to men as pleasure to the fair. Ladies never succeed in satisfying male critics in their costume. Not only do stoics and cynics sneer at the adornments of the sex ; but the epicurean, much as his soul may delight in the mental qualities and personal charms of his

beloved one, invariably ridicules the mode in which she dresses. It is the same in every age and every country—one sex ever assuming some new form of apparel, the other refusing to be pleased by any form. Helena taxes her taste and ingenuity so that Demetrius may deign to praise; he is never propitiated; her fine linen is always sackcloth in his eyes. If her raiment be long he rages; if short he chaffs; if she wears hair not her own by nature he laughs loudly; if she curls her own hair he smiles in derision. All efforts are vain. For woman to hope that any improvement which she may make in her toilette will seem an improvement to man, is proved by experience to be the most egregious “vanity of vanities.”

In this particular, while upon the one hand everything is novel, on the other there is “nothing new under the sun.” Horace was an ardent admirer of the beauties of his age, yet he was ungallant enough to despise the fashion in which the *belles* of Rome wore their hair, frequently dyed black, low down on their foreheads. Swift was skilled in captivating the best of the sex, as the mournful histories of Stella and Vanessa too truly prove; but he satirised their garb fiercely and coarsely; and the milder and more courtly Addison—highly esteemed by *les grand dames* of his time, so much so that a countess married him—gentle as were his manners, kindly as were his affections, objected to almost every portion of ladies’ attire, and endeavored to reform it in the columns of the *Spectator*. So with Goldsmith: easy-going Oliver professed that the style of feminine dress was in his mind most objectionable; and, though a dandy himself when he could afford it, abuses the mysteries of the female toilette in the “Citizen of the World.”

Stern religious journalists and worldly-minded profane wits, Catholic priests and Dissenting preachers, agree in censuring or laughing at the attempts made by womankind to adorn itself. The disciples of Knox made as energetic a “blast against the monstrous” follies of women as did the most ascetic friar; and the licentious wits of the period of Elizabeth and Charles II. were in this particular as severe as the sage Mr. Gosson, whose “pleasant quippes for upstart, new-fangled gentlewomen” were intended to induce many a gay charmer to destroy her wardrobe—to effect a transformation of a butterfly of fashion into a prim damsel “devout and pure, sober, steadfast, and demure.” The gayest and most amorous writers are, in fact, on this subject very like our gallant and amiable friends the reviewers of the *Saturday*.

It not unfrequently happens that a lady is advised to change her style of clothing by some old-fashioned and crusty relative, because, forsooth, it is displeasing to all men of sense. She might answer that it is impossible to please men of sense, as they have objected by turn, and in pretty much the same language, to every form of innovation on the primitive leaves and skins, to which she might readily demonstrate it would be inconvenient to return.

It may be asked, is there such a thing as taste and propriety in dress? We answer—yes, but it is ever varying; and as the *beau ideal* of costume has not yet been arrived at, and is not likely soon to be, there can be no harm, when a new raiment is necessary, in conforming in its shape or color to the prevailing fashion. Men may, *en passant*, be reminded that they are not “without sin”—they who so persistently fling stones at their peccant neighbors. The *beau ideal* of male attire has not been reached either. A “swallow tail” is not admirable from an æsthetic point of view; a chimney-pot hat is in the abstract preposterous; trowsers may be convenient, but, assuredly, an Englishman in his usual dress must appear very absurd to “that heathen Chinese.”

Moreover, gentlemen also have been fickle in their styles. Is not a modern man about town in externals far more opposed to the old cavalier than a “Girl of the Period” is to “Sydney’s sister, Pembroke’s mother?” There is not more dissimilarity between Dolly Varden and a Quakeress of the

old school than there is between a “swell” of to-day and a “maccaroni” of a century ago.

In our opinion it is useless for women to hearken to croakers. We are far from believing that Swift or Addison, with all their sneers, would have been pleased had their lady friends set an example of reform, and appeared in the easy and graceful drapery of an ancient Grecian lady.

Practical protests against prevailing male or female fashions are as unworthy of people of sense as they are ridiculous in the eyes of spectators. Living in a tub increased neither the wisdom, comfort, nor reputation of Diogenes.

It has been remarked that a fool distresses himself about the cut of his cloth, while a philosopher gives himself up to his tailor, whose business it is to dress him becomingly. What Ben Jonson says of words may also be said in reference to fashions:

“Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.”

A lady of taste will avoid alike singularity and vulgarity; she will not be arrayed so as to occasion either surprise or comment among the circle in which she moves; she will, according to her means, make the best of the prevailing mode, neither gaining notoriety by running in advance of it, nor ridicule by limping awkwardly behind it; she will pay little attention to the satirist, and hearken to the advice of her milliner; and she may reply to those who may remonstrate with her on her conformity to the “fashionable follies” of the age, that who thinks a faultless dress to see thinks “what ne’er was, nor is, nor e’er shall be.”

On another occasion we shall treat of some fashions now out of date, but once popular. T. M.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

I shall feel great pleasure in giving descriptions of some handsome winter costumes which I have had an opportunity of seeing, also of a fancy ball toilette, as during the present season they are most likely to be acceptable to your readers.

No. 1.—A violet silk dress, of two shades, trimmed with Alsace lace. The dress of the lighter shade. The skirt is trimmed with three cross-bands of light silk, edged with two narrow bands of dark silk, and with a row of lace at each side. A round tunic to correspond. High bodice, slightly open in front, with Duchesse sleeves. A black straw hat surrounded with a torsade of black ribbon, mixed with black lace, and fastened at regular intervals with bunches of violets mixed with leaves. A *pouf* of ribbon with flowers falls at the back.

No. 2.—Dress of chesnut brown faille, bordered with a deep flounce and three small upright headings. Polonaise of Tussore silk, trimmed with deep lace and insertion. The bodice has basques all round at the waist, and is puffed at the back. A Henri III. toque of black velvet, with a straight brim and the crown *bouffant*; a black lace ruche trims the edge; it is ornamented at the side with a tuft of black and white feathers; a bow at the back, with three falling loops and a long end.

Another handsome dress was of black silk, trimmed with ruches of white tarlatan, covered with black guipure, and a cross-band of silk above. The skirt was bordered with a deep flounce, above which the tarlatan and lace trimmings form festoons. Polonaise slightly open from the waist in front, bunched up at the sides, and with a full *pouf* at the back; wide Pagoda sleeves, all trimmed to correspond. A blue China crepe bonnet, ornamented over the forehead with a black velvet plaiting, edged with white lace. A tuft of bronze cock feathers falls over the back, and above a pointed piece of black lace, with a similar point of white lace beneath, both veiling the chignon. Long black velvet strings.

For ball costume a Watteau is highly effective and novel. The following was recently worn at a fancy ball: a short

skirt of white tarlatan, with narrow flounces nearly up to the waist. The panier, which was of white silk, with the tiniest pattern of pink rosebuds, intermixed with green leaves, was looped up at the sides with three lovely pink roses and large black velvet bows. The body, of silk like the panier, was made with a point in front and behind, and a basque nearly a quarter of a yard deep, which was shortened gradually as it came to the front, being trimmed with two rows of narrow velvet. A white muslin apron with two little pockets, both pockets and velvet trimmed with narrow velvet, completed the costume. Hat of white straw, turned up at one side, and trimmed with black velvet and rosebuds.

It is unnecessary to say that the appearance of a bodice, no matter how pretty in itself or how well cut, depends largely on the corset worn beneath. This is a matter which hardly receives the attention it deserves from ladies. I have great pleasure, therefore, in recommending to your readers the establishment of Madame Theodore Poirotte, 18, Dawson-street, Dublin, where they may be certain of procuring corsets which will insure graceful fit without interfering in any way with comfort.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT LEEDS AND THE QUEEN'S INSTITUTE, DUBLIN.

The Social Science Congress was opened recently at Leeds, with a speech from Sir J. Pakington. The Congress has assembled daily since its opening; and some sittings have been occupied by papers from ladies, and the discussion of "women's questions." Last week Miss Cardwell read an article on the work of school boards in relation to neglected and destitute children. She held that such children should be sent to day industrial schools. On Saturday Mrs. Marsh Philips read a paper on the evils arising from the present training and social position of women. She remarked upon the unsatisfactory state of female education, and upon the fact that numbers of women were obliged to rely for subsistence on their own labor, without any of the helps supplied to men, either by early habits of labor, suitable training, the possession of capital, or the mutual support of trades societies. She dwelt upon the increasing inefficiency of women of all classes for what had been described as the "profession of a matron." She recommended the formation of a national school league with a threefold object:—

"1st. To make a practical stand against the false luxuries and false standards of life, of happiness, and of merit, which prevail amongst us, by refusing compliance with them, and by acting on and establishing a truer civilization in their place. 2nd. To supply such information and protection to young women and others who are, or ought to be, assisting to support their families, or earning their own living away from their own homes, as might put them in a fair position of equality with their circumstances. 3rd. To supply the necessary domestic and industrial training to those girls who, for want of it, have not skill enough to earn an honest livelihood. By joining in such a union the members would virtually engage to promote the first object of their personal practice and habits, and they would agree in holding it to be a discreditable, unwomanly, and unladylike thing to lead frivolous lives, to be ignorant in domestic arts, or to follow extreme and unwholesome fashions.

Miss Todd, of Dublin, stated that an association of the kind suggested existed in Dublin, and that its operation had been attended with the best results.

A contemporary, remarking upon this paper and the discussion that ensued, says: "We are glad to see that at the meeting of the Social Science Congress at Leeds, one speaker at least was not unmindful of the Queen's Institute, Dublin, where instruction well calculated to fit them to take honorable and fairly remunerative situations in various spheres of life are given to a large number of young ladies. Miss Todd remarked that out of all who attended that institution there

was scarcely one who a year or two before anticipated having to earn her bread. But we cannot see why such a practical education should not be desired by all young ladies, and not merely by those who may have to work for their living."

There is no doubt that work merely for its own sake, leaving profit out of the question, is conducive to happiness and health; and it must be a grievous loss, both to the individual and the community, when faculties find no scope. The Queen's Institute in this city is doing an excellent and much needed work in providing training for women, which enables them to obtain employments in many branches of industry that were formerly closed to them. We sincerely wish the institution success, and hope that nothing will interfere with its career of usefulness. We hope ere long to place before our readers the last report of the institute.

IERNE.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

PLUM CAKE.—1½lbs. fresh butter, 1½lbs. currants, 1½lbs. flour, 1½lbs. grated sugar, 18 eggs (the whites of half of them), 2oz. citron, 1oz. candied orange, 6oz. sliced almonds, ½ pint best whiskey. The eggs should be well beaten, and the flour put in a spoonful at a time. The ingredients should be well mixed together, the pan well buttered, and the cake thoroughly baked.

QUEEN'S GATE PUDDING.—Half a pint of milk, 4 eggs. Whisk up the eggs with 2 large spoonfuls of sugar; add the milk quite cold. Stir all well together, butter the mould, and cover it over with paper or a cloth; put it into boiling water and let it steam about an hour. If the milk is not put in cold, the pudding would not turn out of the mould without breaking. It forms a clear sauce of itself, but is improved by a custard being poured over it.

INTERESTING NOTES.

The seat vacant in the French Academy by the death of the Duke de Broglie will probably be filled by M. Alexandre Dumas.

Mons. Arajar, astronomer in Madrid, is reported to have discovered a new planet, which he has designated "Conception."

Madame Patti and her husband have arrived at Brussels. She is to appear there in *Rigoletto* on the 17th inst., and in the *Huguenots*, in French, on the 20th.

The *Musical Standard* says that the new grand theatre at Rome will be opened next year; it will bear the appropriate name of Victor Emmanuel. Ole Bull is seriously ill, and his agent has been obliged to cancel his engagements. Mr. Santley and Madame Anna Bishop have arrived in New York. Rubini is said to have discovered a splendid tenor singer of the name of Devillier, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. The owner of this desirable voice is now having it cultivated under the auspices of the discoverer.

The new novel by George Eliot, which Messrs. Blackwood have announced, will be published in eight monthly parts, at five shillings each, making four volumes.

Mdlle. Schneider, who is in Paris, has just been presented by an unknown gentleman (who is said to be an Englishman) with a magnificent gold and diamond comb, worth 200,000 francs (£8,000 sterling). "A fool and his money are easily parted."

Mrs. Walter Montgomery is about to make her *début* as a public reader.

Sir Robert Murchison is dangerously ill, and paralysis has affected his speech.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUESTION.

Can anyone tell me on what historical circumstance Robert Browning's poem, "Good news from Ghent," is founded?—L. L.

STUDY AT HOME.

In considering the subject of Study at Home, it is natural to begin by a few words upon the students themselves, and upon the classification by which it will be convenient to consider them; and then to come to their studies, and the consideration of some of their difficulties and disadvantages; and it may be as well to state at once, that in whatever may be said on this subject, those girls only are considered who are really desirous to educate and develop their faculties to the utmost—who are not only willing, but glad to believe that a woman may have mental as well as physical gifts; and if so, that it is her duty to cultivate them as far as in her lies, and not to be content to spend her whole time and energies in the acquirement of the, in itself, not unimportant art of dressing, or of making herself a merely outward ornament in her home. Of those girls, therefore, who would fain be real students, according to their abilities, we shall find two principal classes: those, firstly, who make their own good, and that of others, the chief end of their study; and, secondly, those who study for study's sake. By the first, we mean those who have accepted, and who strive to act upon the truth, that woman's work, as well as man's, has to do with the world at large, and that the scene of her influence cannot be confined by four walls; for that, by her very way of conducting herself within those four walls, will act and re-act upon the outside world, and none the less, surely, because it may be mainly through the medium of those immediately under her; who believe that she is, in fact, man's fellow-worker as well as his helper—often his guide, and always his counsellor; and, therefore, that it is her bounden duty to seek to fit herself for her responsibilities; and to this end, whilst she is yet young, to choose out such studies for herself as will give her breadth and freedom as well as accuracy of thought; such as will calm and steady her judgment, and give her the power of deciding on the evidence laid before her; as well as those which will sensitise and refine her mind, and give her pure and elevated thoughts. The members of this class, therefore, make the great end of their education to be their own development and training for their future work. This is the practical class.

To the second division belong those more speculatively minded girls, who find their chief pleasure to consist in seeking truth for the truth's sake, rather than for the sake of its practical bearing, either on their own minds or on the world; who love to trace out, so far as is possible, the working of natural laws; their manifold relationships and interlacings, one with another; their perfect simplicity, amidst infinite complexity; their harmonious working, and beautiful results. These students would fain study the very nature of things to discover and follow the laws which govern them, and the ends towards which they are tending; the reward of their work being obtained, if they succeed in making manifest to themselves and to others, even one more of the many harmonies which exist amid, and are made all the more precious by, the dissonances and discords of nature and life. In choosing their course of study, therefore, those who belong to this class will follow very much their natural inclinations in their selection; inasmuch as they work rather for the sake of their subject, than with the conscious desire to educate themselves. If they be metaphysically or scientifically inclined, they will read metaphysics or science for their own sakes, rather than with the intention of developing and training their own powers.

These classes are not independent the one of the other, but are rather complementary and co-operative, each supplying and filling up the measure of the needs of the other; each having its own work to do in concert, whether consciously or unconsciously, with the other: the first, however, as having the most to do directly with others, besides being the largest and the most practical class, may be considered as being the most actually useful, since a woman must always have and exert a peculiar power of influencing those she comes in contact with—

“Of doing good, and of enduring ill,
Of comforting for ill, and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant hope”—

so that whatever will fit her for this work, will of necessity be the most beneficial to those about her.

In carrying out her projects of self-education, the student will probably find that there are a good many things to be guarded against, and a good many difficulties to be overcome. It is not always easy for a girl to find out what studies are best suited to her special tastes, or what may best fit her for her special work, even with the counsel and help of those older and with more experience than herself. Such counsel and help will, however, be especially valuable if the givers of it have met and overcome the same difficulties against which she is now striving to make way; but, in any case, she must depend in great measure upon her own judgment; and in the actual work, after all preliminaries have been settled, the more she depends upon herself, and the less upon external inducements to industry and perseverance, the better it will be for her own strength and firmness of character.

As to the subjects open for a girl to choose amongst, very few words are necessary in an essay like the present; there are not many now from which she need be debarred by the uncomfortable feeling of having “uncommon tastes.” It is no longer, happily, a very unusual thing for a girl to learn Latin, Greek, or even Hebrew; and it is to be hoped that Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Mary Somerville will not be left without followers among the girls of this generation; even women of mathematical fame are not altogether unknown; so that a girl may freely follow the natural bent of her mind in laying down her course of study, and need not be hampered by the dread of being thought strong-minded, or of being called “very blue.” In fact, the fear of this latter accusation may sometimes have a salutary effect in preventing a parade of knowledge: however, much need scarcely be said on this point, as a really well-educated girl is rarely guilty of such a fault, which is pretty nearly confined to shallow and superficial learners, and avoided by all those who are truly entitled to the name of students, who, by their very right to the name, show that the lesson which they have best learned, is that of their own ignorance, and who, therefore, are not likely to boast of what they do know.

(To be continued.)

FAREWELL.

Farewell!—the word springs from my heart
In sorrow, anguish, pain;
I knew not we were doomed to part,
Dreamt not I loved in vain;
I never thought of all the woe—
More deep than words can tell—
Comprised in one low-spoken “No!”
Compressed in one “Farewell.”

Farewell, thou sunshine of my life!
All joy with thee has fled;
My heart is now in bitter strife
With Fate, and lieth dead,
Mute, cold, and lifeless. Like this leaf
It budded, withered, fell!
Ah! no one knows what hopeless grief
Is in that word “Farewell!”

C. B.

The final farewell of Signor Mario at Covent-garden is to be followed by his appearance in Madrid in the spring, to sing in opera.

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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

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THE EMERALD:

THE

IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

21.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]

ON BALLOONING.



NE good result, if no other, is likely to come from the siege of Paris—the art of ballooning will receive more serious attention than has hitherto been given to it, and probably experience the developments of which it is quite susceptible, and the want of which was severely felt during the siege. Notwithstanding every imperfection and deficiency balloons were of important practical utility to the beleaguered city. In spite of the helplessness of the *aéronaut*, and his utter want of directing appliances or motive power, most essential services were rendered to the besieged by this precarious but only available method of communication with the external world. It is no small matter that, in spite of the strict character of the siege, thousands of letters were received from within Paris, in defiance of every Prussian precaution. The extra Parisian world was, on the whole, kept well informed of all that was passing in the city, and almost every day letters from “besieged correspondents” were to be read in the chief newspapers of this and other countries. The balloons also, by taking out carrier pigeons for subsequent despatch to the city, supplied the means of communicating with the besieged from the outside. In short, the “balloon post” was a peculiarity which will always mark the siege of Paris as a memorable historical event; while the success of the expedient will undoubtedly secure its adoption, probably on a more extended scale, under similar circumstances in the future.

No attempt was made to get into Paris by balloon means, and only one such attempt was contemplated by M. Fonville who (it may now be stated) designed starting four balloons from Lille, in the hope that at least one of them might reach the city. It is, perhaps, fortunate for that gentleman, and the *aéronauts* who were to participate in his enterprise, that there was not time for making the attempt, for the experiment would have been in the highest degree precarious in result and hazardous in execution. It would have been precarious to the same extent as all balloon voyages are, for he would have had to throw himself literally to the winds of heaven. In spite of the reports to the contrary, at the time, M. Fonville had no contrivance of any sort for propelling or directing the balloon. It would have been more than usually hazardous, because, had he succeeded in getting a steady north wind to carry him to Paris he could not have descended without his balloon or balloons becoming the target for all the German batteries around the city.

Certainly it would not have been the first time that a

balloon voyage had an objective point; nor, if he had succeeded, would it have been the first time that the objective point had been reached.

The Channel has been several times designedly crossed by *aéronauts*, and even far longer distances have been safely and quickly traversed and the desired destination attained. Mr. Wise and his companions, in 1859, attempted a balloon voyage from St. Louis to New York, and travelled more than a thousand miles of the distance with safety and satisfaction, before an adverse current of air compelled them to abandon the completion of their project. But all these efforts were dependent for their success on mere chance or luck. The wind favored the undertaking sufficiently long to make it a success; or the wind (as in hundreds of other instances) was not continuously favorable, and the intention was frustrated. In fact, to this day, there is no such thing as an artificial means of influencing in *any way* the course of a balloon, although hardly a month passes without accounts of some wonderful inventions, having that object in view. Yet *aërial* navigators are not exacting in their demands. They do not ask for a machine which would carry them through the atmosphere in defiance of winds, but would be perfectly content if they only had something which would leave them just a *little less* at the mercy of the winds than they are at present—something that would enable them to “tack” and steer, even if they had to depend for their main motive power on the wind. The *aéronaut* is still in the position, with regard to the atmosphere, of that first man who—

“Fashioned a boat of a hollow tree,

And thus became lord of the mighty sea”—

at least such lord as he could be without oars, sails, or rudder. These had to be subsequently discovered, and their discovery at once raised navigation to the dignity of an art. It is similar rudimentary contrivances that are wanted in ballooning before we can arrive at aerial steamships. While inventors are splitting their heads in trying to contrive Cuvier lines of the air, the *aéronaut* is merely begging for a rudder of some sort, and a stitch of sail. And it really is remarkable how little ballooning has progressed in an age conspicuously marked by mechanical and scientific progress of every description. Ninety years ago ballooning, then just invented, at once jumped to the condition which it exhibits at the present day. Not a single improvement of any importance has since been effected; and the balloon in which Professor Charles, in 1783, made, from the Tuileries at Paris, the second ascent ever attempted, was in all particulars similar to the balloons used now a-day—the silk bag varnished over with caoutchouc, the cord netting sur-

rounding it, the car, the valve, down to the very sand ballast, were the same as at present. In short the art of ballooning has been standing still since its birth, for we need hardly take account of the imperfect and dangerous hot-air balloons of the Montgolfiers. It is not perhaps altogether from want of attention, or from lack of apparent practical utility to stimulate the inventive faculties, that ballooning has been left undeveloped. The great difficulty lies no doubt in the subtle character of the medium in which the balloon floats—its want of sufficient resistance or “grip”—and also in the fact that the aerial ship is wholly immersed in that medium. A submarine ship entirely immersed would represent in the water the balloon floating in the air, with certain advantages in favor of the locomotion of the ship, due to the denser character of the water. There would, practically, be hardly any limit to the size or weight of the submarine ship, or the machinery which might be employed for its propulsion. With the balloon the conditions are—a bag full of gas of enormous size (and therefore powerfully influenced by every breeze that blows), and an incapacity for bearing any considerable weight of machinery or apparatus. Thus on the one hand, there are the hardest restrictions as to the weight, and consequently the power, of any propelling machinery, while on the other the comparatively enormous size of the balloon would require exceptionally powerful machinery to enable it merely to resist the action of a breeze. The conclusion is clear and inevitable, viz that machinery can never be of use in propelling balloons through the air. An aerial machine may be invented which can be directed at will through the atmosphere, but it must be an absolute flying-machine, and not associated with an unwieldy bag full of gas.

Balloonists are therefore wise in begging inventors, who are seeking to improve aerial navigation by means of balloons, to confine themselves to the search for something which shall correspond in effect to the sails, oars, and rudder employed on the water. Nothing further can be done by way of improvement. Setting aside every possible contrivance for guiding the course of a balloon, aeronauts would be most grateful for even the apparently small boon of an invention for preventing the rotatory motion of the balloon. The balloon while suspended in mid-air is continually revolving on its perpendicular axis, and it is impossible to conceive the bewildering effect of this motion on the ideas of the aeronaut, except by practical experience. Noting the surface of the earth from the car, as he sails along, and endeavoring to ascertain his whereabouts, this rotatory motion has the effect of making all the objects on the earth apparently waltz and whirl about him. The confusion is complete, unless the balloonist is both a man of considerable experience and well acquainted with the character of the country over which he is passing. Hence the extraordinary and, to many persons, incomprehensible ignorance of balloonists as to their *locus in quo*, of which there were so many examples—during the siege of Paris, some drifted out into the Atlantic, or sailed away to Norway, Germany or Belgium, in profound ignorance of whither they were going or where they were. Nothing perhaps more strongly demonstrates the absence of all progress in the art of ballooning than the want of some means to obviate this seemingly small difficulty, though it is one which in practical effect is very serious. It would, doubtless, have been remedied long ago had ballooning been treated as anything superior to a mere amusement. But the siege of Paris has demonstrated the great practical utility of balloons. They have been of some practical use heretofore, but not to any great or striking extent. They were employed in the late American war with doubtful effect; and they were frequently in requisition during the French revolutionary war. At one time great hopes were entertained by the French leaders of rendering balloons really serviceable; and in 1794 an aërostatic institution was established on the heights of Meudon, near Paris, and a corps of aeronauts formed for the purpose of reporting the movements of the enemy. General Jour-

dan acknowledged that a balloon, under the management of this corps, was the means of obtaining valuable information of the position and movements of the Austrian forces, thereby greatly influencing the results of the battle of Fleurus, near Charleroi. This, up to the commencement of the siege of Paris, may be said to be the only undoubted instance in which ballooning has been of important practical utility.

On whatever side we look we observe the aeronaut to be perfectly helpless and unaided. He goes into the air attached to his bag of gas, and everything else is in the hands of Providence. He is like a man left in mid-ocean in a mastless, oarless, rudderless boat, unconscious of his latitude and longitude, and unable to influence in any way the course of his vessel. He is completely at the mercy of the winds. Had ballooning received anything like a fair share of serious attention there would at least have been balloon charts in existence, for the more ready enlightenment of the aeronaut as to his position and course. The ordinary maps of a country are almost useless for that purpose to the balloonist. A general picture of the country, as it would be seen from a balloon, is what he requires, with the more striking and peculiar features conspicuously brought out. The shape of forests and woods, of towns and fortresses, and other objects covering a large superficies, if prominently shown on a map, all the smaller features of the landscape being sacrificed, would be of inestimable service to the aeronaut. He does not, like the mere crawler on the earth, want to know the position of every village, town, high road, valley, hill or river. His view of the surface of the earth is general and distant, and it would be advantageous to him to have his travelling chart drawn in accordance. His course through the air is most commonly very rapid, and consequently he must be able to judge of his position by a mere glance at his chart, or miss the opportunity of forming a judgment altogether.

The speed at which balloons ordinarily travel is perfectly amazing, and would alone compensate for all the other drawbacks in this mode of travelling, if only some little power of guidance could be secured. In several of the ascents from Paris, the balloon floated along with the wind with the most delightful ease and steadiness, at the rate of 70, 80, and 90 miles per hour. M. Fonville hoped, if at all favored by fortune, to reach Paris from Lille in a couple or three hours. In 1859, M. La Mountain made a trip, in America, of 300 miles in four hours; and M. Lowe, another celebrated American aëronaut, was of opinion, that with a sufficiently large and properly constructed balloon, the Atlantic could be crossed in certainly not more than sixty-four hours: and very likely in about forty-eight hours. Mr. Wise, in the voyage already mentioned, travelled 1,100 miles in twenty hours. A little reflection on this rate of travelling, and such smooth and easy travelling, too, will at once show how practically useful, and commercially advantageous, ballooning might become, if only some small qualification to the absolute supremacy of the wind could be secured. Going at such a rate of speed, the ability to “tack,” would be most valuable, for 20, 30, 50, or 100 miles out of the direct course, would, in point of time, be a small matter.

It might be supposed, and, no doubt, is generally supposed, that travelling by balloon is highly dangerous. This is, however, erroneous, and quite a popular delusion. Balloon accidents, like railway accidents, attract much attention, and, therefore, seem more numerous; but it has long since been shown, that fewer lives are lost, proportionately, in railway travelling, than in the travelling of former days by the old stage coaches; and carefully collected statistics have clearly demonstrated, that the loss of life in aërial navigation is considerably less, in proportion, than the loss in the ordinary marine navigation. It is computed that 10,000 ascents, involving the safety of 1,500 aëronauts, lead to the loss of only 15 lives. A voyage in a balloon is, consequently, safer on the average than a voyage on sea; and although some 60 balloons (many of them

not well made or skilfully managed) with about 200 voyagers, left Paris up to the end of September last year, no undoubted case of a fatal result is reported, though one balloon is thought to have been lost in the Atlantic.

Ere concluding, we may mention that M. Fonville, in his contemplated voyage from Lille, intended to carry a supply of shells in each of his four balloons. They were to have been small, but highly explosive, and of the kind best known as "Orsini"—that is, explosive by percussion. When he left Paris, the Germans kept up a lively, but wholly ineffectual fire at his balloon, and he had no better means of replying than by contemptuously thrown out scraps of paper upon them. On the return journey, he did not intend that they should have it all their own way.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of Haverstock on the road towards the common, stood a red brick house belonging to John Summers, head-master of the grammar-school, High-street. The demure little garden in front was perfectly well kept, the borders, to all appearance, mathematically arranged. From the parlour window might be seen the road and common, and in the far distance the church and hospital of Muirhead—a town which, in dimensions and importance, was to Haverstock, what the sun is to the moon. At the back there was a short slip of ground containing two laurel bushes, a water barrel, and a seat, and separated from the park of Haverstock Manor by a high wall. This snug little habitation was known throughout the neighborhood, by the name of the "Schoolmaster's House."

John Summers was not only schoolmaster by choice and circumstances, but by nature. He seemed, as it were, born to no other end, and everything apart from his profession assumed a secondary position in his mind. The shock and disturbance his wife's death had occasioned in his daily routine had long escaped his memory. He was fond of his daughter, but occupied himself far more with his garden than with her, and she grew up under his eyes from a child to a girl, and from a girl to a woman, without his hardly noticing the change. He demanded her obedience, but nothing else; he required no confidence from her, and she gave him none.

Alice's life was chiefly passed in the society of the old servant, Dorothy, who taught her to sew, fold linen, and make jams. Dorothy was old in every sense of the word; she had no remains of youth about her; no enthusiasms or softenings. The only visitor that came to the house was Hedley Wilson, the under-master at the grammar-school. Alice was lonely in the world, without a mother or sister or friend. He supplied the place that neither her father or Dorothy could fill. Unconsciously they held out their hands to each other, for the young have need of the young.

It was in the spring, and Alice was seventeen. The foliage of Haverstock Park budded and blossomed over the high wall at the end of the schoolmaster's back garden. The grass of the common in front took a brighter hue, the sky was soft and brilliant, and the earth gay. Alice, tempted by the sweetness of the air, sat on the seat in the garden hemming her summer aprons. She hummed as she worked, very low and sweetly, stopped to look at a bird flying overhead, to notice a blossom dropping. Her thoughts did not travel further than the present. Having finished the seam neatly, she folded up her work, went into the house, and up stairs for her hat. As she came down, Dorothy called her, shrilly, through the half-open kitchen door.

"Miss Alice," she said, "them dusters aren't touched yet, and they've been nigh three weeks in the press."

Alice received the news with the grave attention due to its importance. Her cares did not rise above household trifles. Then she went out, and stood at the gate looking up the road. She expected Hedley, for he was free on Saturday afternoons. She leant quietly against the wall

with a sprig of jasmine in her hand that she had idly picked in passing. Her face showed no signs of expectation. The sunlight, coming across the common, touched upon her and beautified her. When she heard his step, she opened the gate, and went forward, and they turned and walked along the road together. He was fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a pleasant straight-forward manner. They passed the house, and turned on to the common in silence. Alice's thoughts had returned to the neglected dusters and the band on the unfinished apron.

"Alice," said he, abruptly, "I'm going to London next week."

"Going to London!" repeated Alice incredulously.

He had only twice been away within her recollection; once to Muirhead for a fortnight, and once to the sea-side for three days.

"My aunt Benson is in great distress since uncle's death," continued he; "she's a large business left on her hands, and no one near to help her with it. There are many things to be settled, whether Johnny's schooling won't be too expensive, and whether she can keep on the house and furniture."

Alice listened and pondered. They had reached a broken piece of ground with a hawthorne tree and a few scattered stones. They stopped mechanically, from force of habit, because they always stopped there. Alice seated herself under a bower of white blossoms. Their faces were turned towards the sun.

"Aunt Benson," said Hedley, pushing his hat from off his face, and following out his own thoughts, "is a sickly woman who can't settle anything. Somebody must do it for her, and it comes to be serious when a family of nine depend upon it."

"I suppose," said Alice, "old Martin will take your place in the school. He puts father out of patience. They never get on."

They were silent again. Hedley's thoughts were actively busy, and Alice's passively. She had taken off her hat. The sunlight lay still upon the common. There was no sound round them.

"Alice," said Hedley, so suddenly that she turned and looked at him, "you must write to me."

"Must I?" said she, "I only wrote one letter in my life, and that was to my godmother in America, who is dead."

"I shall have to be quite a long time away," said he, "you must write to me."

"But if I've nothing to say?" said Alice, simply. There was no answer to such a question.

Hedley moved round so that he could see the speaker more perfectly. Her eyes were fixed dreamily on the horizon. She had not awakened from any of her dreams. The time had not come. A fear seized him he might lose her—that he was about to lose her.

"Alice!" he said, impulsively, "don't forget me!" She looked at him in quiet bewilderment. She did not understand what he meant.

"Forget you?" she repeated slowly. "Hedley, how can I?"

The tone left him unanswered, but he said nothing. He knew the moment could bring him no more. Still, the pain of a doubt lurked in his heart and oppressed him. Their lives lay as wide and endless as the common before them, and the sky above them. Hedley looked in vain for some resting-place on which to fix his eye, but the sunlight stared blankly, and he saw none. Alice broke the silence.

"It's time for tea," she said, alertly tying on her hat. "Father will have come in," and she rose.

"Let us go round by the cottage," said Hedley, following her. They walked along a footpath towards a small copse. The cottage was a charming little building, untenanted, clean, rural, and inviting. A luxurious Virginian creeper covered the front. The whole place suggested profound peace and plenty.

Every person has their day-dream. It was Hedley Wilson's to be head-master of the grammar school, High-street, and to live in this cottage with Alice till his death. They had turned to it so often in their walks, that they already seemed to have the claim of possession over it. Alice quite acquiesced that to be Hedley's wife, and to live in the cottage always with him, was to be perfectly happy. The two day-dreams met and became one. As they leant together on the railings the calmness of their future seemed to tranquilize the present. There was no power of evil could come between them. They should grow old together, die together, live another blessed life together. Alice forgot the hemming of her aprons and Dorothy's dusters. She folded her hands and said, "Thank God!" and the prayer instead of forming itself into words on her lips rose in tears to her eyes. They were startled by steps and voices. The new-comers were John Summers and Mr. Gresham, lord of Haverstock Manor, and owner of three-quarters of the land in the neighborhood. John Summers was subserviently polite and deferential. Mr. Gresham was a stout man, considerably under fifty, with delicate features, and small hands and feet.

"Well, little girl," he said lightly to Alice. "How grave you look! What's the matter?"

Alice colored shyly. His notice generally gratified and excited her, but on this night it disturbed her. It was out of place.

"Answer Mr. Gresham," said John Summers, pointedly. She lifted her eyes still disturbed. Mr. Gresham received the look with a smile of amusement.

"There's nothing the matter, thank you, sir," she said.

Hedley stood apart, ill at ease. The scene was altogether distasteful to him. John Summer's mock humility grated upon his pride. To Mr. Gresham he bore an inveterate and unreasonable dislike, and his manner to Alice displeased him.

"There is something the matter," persisted Mr. Gresham, "Some one's being putting you out of temper."

Alice forgot him, in remembering herself. "No, sir," she said, positively—"No one."

Mr. Gresham shook his head.

"You've got a secret," he said, "and I'm going to find it out. I haven't time to wait now, but another evening I'll look in and get it out of you. Good night, little girl." And he nodded gaily and passed on. John Summers, always ready to thrust forward his subservient assent, said, "That's right sir," and laughed. Before the gentleman had strolled out of sight, the three turned, and walked towards home. Hedley and Alice, more or less discomposed, were quiet; but John Summers, elated and gratified, overflowed into talk. "There's a gentleman," he remarked, raising his voice as though haranguing an invisible class—"out and out. There's good blood in his veins. He knows how to be free and easy. Alice, next time remember you answer him at once. I won't have any airs or shilly-shallying. One would think you were a person of no education."

Alice received the injunction with half attention—with the other half she was wondering what there could be in Mr. Gresham or in herself to ruffle her. Her vanity relished the notice of so fine a gentleman. In her discomfort she sighed. Hedley heard the sigh, and puzzled to find an explanation. They reached the gate, and he bade good night. The sun lighted the common with a rarified yellow glow; lighted the copse, and road, and red-birch house, but it failed to illuminate Alice and him. A shadow had fallen upon them both.

Mr. Gresham had spent the greater part of his life in seeking for amusement, and had not found it. He had searched the Continent, visited America and India, been up the Nile, and yachted in the Mediterranean, and had not found it. He had exhausted all the pleasures to be bought by money, had married two wives, been bored by them, and had returned to England after a fruitless search, to occupy him-

self with his ill-health and be more bored. There was nothing in the world to amuse him—living was a bore.

Shortly before Hedley Wilson's projected visit to London, and after the silence and desolation of years, Haverstock Manor opened its doors and windows. A suite of rooms was prepared for the master. Hidden splendours were revealed. Alice by invitation, went up to the great house to assist. She stepped softly and drew her breath in silence, oppressed with awe. The pomps of the world overcame her. The possessor of such magnificence she figured in her mind like a god, magnificent, noble, perfectly happy, and she compared his life by the side of hers, and for the moment sighed. It was the first time the greatness of the world had been thrust upon her, and the impression produced was important, and left its effects. While she helped the housekeeper reverentially to rub, and dust, and unfold, that worthy soul poured out her small talk into the ears of a willing listener.

"The first Mrs. Gresham," she said, "was painted full-length in the drawing-room opposite the door. She was a beautiful lady, when she moved she looked like a queen. Soon after they came home there was a grand ball given to all the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Gresham wore white satin and diamonds, with roses in her hair. But she didn't stay long."

And the housekeeper sighed—

"What became of her?" asked Alice, profoundly attentive.

"She died within the first year," she answered. "It was a sad thing—so young and beautiful a lady to die—master went abroad—he's only been back twice since—once, three years ago, in the shooting season, and last Michaelmas, for a week."

"And the second Mrs. Gresham?" asked Alice.

The housekeeper shook her head disparagingly.

"She was an Italian countess," she said, "after that Mr. Gresham lived in Italy. There's a bust of her in the library. There was one little girl that died a few months after her mother. They say she sang beautifully, but she was a foreigner."

The tone of disapproval puzzled Alice.

"Wasn't she a nice lady?" she inquired.

"Them foreigners aren't to be trusted," said the housekeeper, emphatically. "We had a German housemaid, and she stole a pocket-book and two sets of studs off master's dressing-table."

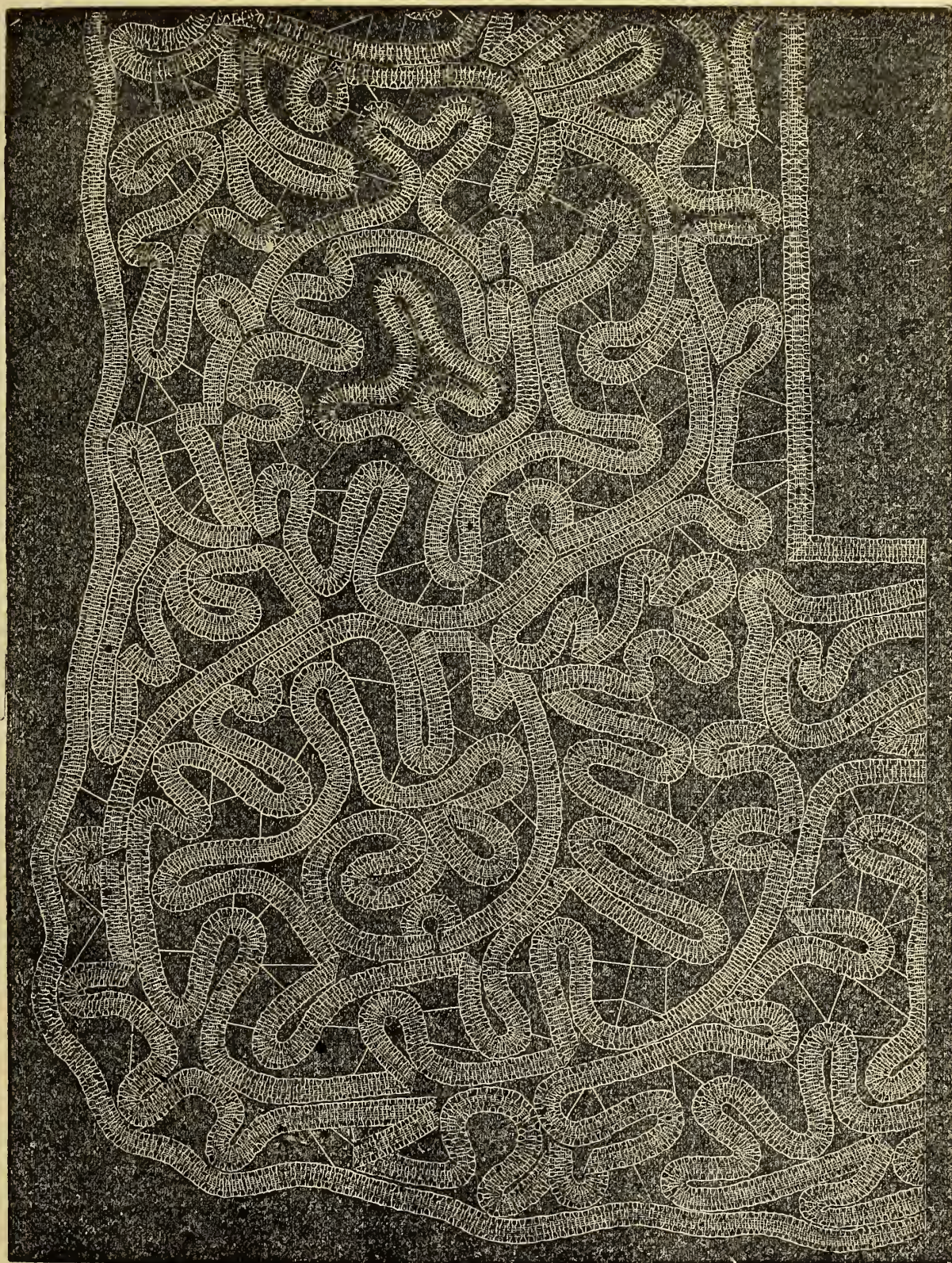
(To be Continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATION.

POINT LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

Design after antique point lace of the reign of Charles I.

Trace the pattern four times, making a square of it, and nicely joining the places where the pattern meets. It may be traced on the proper transparent cloth, or merely on tissue paper, with a soft pencil, and inked over. Tack this on *toile cirée*. Run on the braid, and then remove the paper by gently pulling it away. The whole of the work is composed of button-hole bars, worked with I. and W. Taylor's Mecklenburg thread, No. 6, and H. Walker's point lace needle, No. 8. The beauty of the work very much depends on the thread used, as many of the manufactures are very uneven, and, of course, spoil the work. The real thread braid should be used. To make the button-hole bars set straight, they must thus be worked:—When you have done about a dozen or more of the stitches, make a stitch back with the needle *through the stitches*, and then another stitch back again in the same way. This is also done in making the little guipure dots, which are loops of cotton left when you come to the centre of the bars, and filled with button-hole stitches before proceeding further.



DESIGN FOR ANTIQUE POINT LACE HANDKERCHIEF.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Worth has been for some time reinstated in Paris, and busy again at his elegant and extravagant work. We are glad to say he has determined against paniers—we ourselves never did like them. They disguise both a graceful tournure and a graceful carriage, and in a heavy material are very weighty and cumbersome. It seems to be for this latter reason Worth discards them, as all his fashionable toilettes are of a light-colored faille, a rich and heavy silk, similar to moire antique, minus the watermarks. This style is to be adopted for train dresses to be worn for dinners and receptions. The only ornaments on these skirts are to be long basques to the body, and a sash tied at the side in a knot only, and caught together again half-way down with bows. *En tablier* on the front of the skirt there will generally be flounces, as three narrow flounces or one wide one headed by a bouillonne.

For demi-toilette with a black dress, crêpe fichus of various colors are worn with a charming effect. Such shades as cherry, pink, gaslight green, turquoise blue, lilac, &c., may be chosen as well as white. They are trimmed down the front with a valenciennes ruche or cascade of lace, which is often studded with little velvet bows, or in place of little bows the fichu is fastened with one large rosette.

In Paris the most fashionable morning dresses for the present season are of grey serge. The favorite style of make is with a double Russian flounce, headed by a cross band, and in the space left by the cross band a pretty worsted fringe, which composes a sort of trellis work with worsted tassels at the points. A long polonaise open in front is worn over the skirt, looped up at the back and hips. The bodice, although fastened to the polonaise, has large square basques edged with fringe like that on the skirt. The sleeves are pagoda shape and they, as well as the polonaise, are bordered with fringe.

Worth is making a great many dresses of cashmere, and some of mixtures of cashmere and silk. Olive green is the color this director of the fashions patronizes for the present season. One of the costumes fashioned by him recently may be thus described:—A short skirt of olive green faille, half flounced to the waist up the front only; demi-train of cashmere behind only, looped up; a rounded front very short, and settled in a number of little plaits across the figure, caught up to the waist behind, the ends forming two small basques over the tunic behind. High waistcoat-shaped body and sleeves of green cashmere, over which a sleeveless bodice, rounded away in front, of olive green velvet. It will readily be seen such a costume as this could be made entirely of double cashmere—single cashmere is scarcely warm enough now—or of satin cloth. Satin cloth is likely to be very much worn in England during the autumn and winter. It is pretty made up in two shades; but when one shade only is used, as will be frequently the case during winter, the trimming should be of velvet, as the dark shades of satin cloth require relief. Both the olive green and a new dead *prune*, something of a mulberry shade of puce, are very good colors for winter wear.

Ladies who dress in a costly manner will favor the black velvet costumes this winter. A short skirt will be made, trimmed with two velvet flounces. These flounces are not trimmed, but may be looped up. A redingote or long polonaise with paniers, that appears a tunic and mantle in one, is worn over this for walking; but indoors a tunic very short in front and tied together at the back with faille bows is to be substituted. The trimmings may be fur, gimp, or lace, and a bodice with large basques; this bodice is not worn under the polonaise, but, instead, one made of faille silk. Some ladies wear this indoors with a velvet over-jacket open in front. The drawbacks to this costume are that it is very costly, requiring as much as thirty yards, and often more of velvet, and it is very troublesome to adjust and re-adjust.

We recently saw a very pretty bonnet, designed to be worn with an olive-green dress. It was composed of black velvet, and ornamented with a garland of autumn leaves. In front were two uncurled ostrich tips, shaded, representing the tints of the autumn foliage, dead green, almost yellow, brown near the stem, and olive just at the tips. Bonnets, especially for walking, are rather larger. The crowns are flat with a bandeau all round, and flowers or feathers to the front.

The fashionable fur this season will be fox, especially grey fox. Ladies who are fond of walking exercise, than which nothing is more conducive to health, and who study comfort, economy, and cleanliness, although they have worn the "costume" dress up to the present time pleasantly enough, especially at the sea-side, where the well-kept parade was free from dirt, and the winds soon dry the wet of the partial shower, will now find it a most inconvenient garb either in the streets of a busy city or the unpaved country roads. As we have frequently remarked, it is just long enough to gather all the mud, which, as the wind blows and sways its folds, it plasters, with the action of half-a-dozen masons' trowels or beavers' tails, about the boots and ancles of the unfortunate wearer. Dirty boots, a shabby dress, probably a cold are the result. A "costume" skirt is not intended to be held up; neither is it easy to do so between the scantiness of its dimensions and the overlapping of its tunic. To such of our fair wearers who wish to avoid the consequences, we recommend for walking on damp days a long plain skirt of warm material, furnished with hooks and tapes, by which it may be caught together at the back and suspended in a graceful bunch, *a la polonaise*, over a moderately short petticoat a little trimmed. Grey is the best of all colors to withstand the wet and mud—an iron grey. Linsey will be found a good wearing material. Trim the petticoat with a flounce of the same, very slightly full, on the straight, and on the flounce an inch wide band of black worsted braid. Set it on under a band of similar black braid, with an upright small pleated heading of black alpaca. Repeat this heading twice more at intervals. The mud can be brushed off when dry. Such a skirt will also wash very well. We recommend this for plain, useful, hard wear. If wet, the skirt can be removed on returning from a walk. Girls going daily to school should keep a plain warm petticoat in the cloak-room, for which they can change the damp one. Daily governesses will also find this recommendation useful, and one tending to preserve health. The long dress may be let down in the house; and by taking less material and trimming than a panier and ornamental petticoat, is more economical for ordinary wear.

A corset from Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18 Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

ON FASHIONS.—II.

THE HOOP.

Among the many fashions of modern times, that of enlarging the space occupied by the lower portion of feminine drapery by artificial means occupies a prominent place. This fashion appeared during the Elizabethan age in the *farthingale*, but as it was displeasing to the puritan matrons of the day, died out under the Commonwealth to be resuscitated in the period of Queen Anne as the hoop. "Hoop" held sway throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, but was discarded at its close in private life, and was then only worn at court, where, as it were to compensate for its retirement in other quarters, it was of tremendous dimensions. An edict, however, of the "first gentleman of Europe" compelled his high-born subjects to lay it altogether aside. But it was not long to remain in obscurity, it turned up again among the lady lieges of Victoria, with a new title, 'the crinoline.'

Farthingale is alluded to in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Petruchio informs the virago, Kate, whom he had effectually tamed, that his intention was that she should "revel it as bravely as the best."

"With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings ;
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things."

This article of dress also is mentioned as likely to be one of the many other good things provided by a rich husband in one of the oldest English comedies, Udall's *Royster Doyster*,

"Our tucke *ferdigews* and billiments of golde."

Hoops deeply aggrieved the wise men of a later day. Swift howled at them, Sir Roger de Coverley liked them not, and Richardson in *Clarissa Harlowe*, gave it as his opinion that "all hoops are good for is to clean dirty boots and to keep fellows at distance," which latter function they discharged effectually, for we learn that in 1744 one woman occupied as much room as six men. Woe betide the maid who wore a hoop, cumbrous ornament, only fit for her unemployed mistress. Mrs. Delaney says, "My new maid promises very well, she has sprightliness, without pertness, and wears no hoop." Very many of our maids have pertness, without sprightliness, and wear too much hoop. Miss Yonge, in the "Trial" tells of an abigail who dressed *à la mode* in the heyday of crinolines, on her being requested "to unhook," the consequence was "a mountain of mohair and scarlet petticoat remained on the floor upborne by an overgrown steel mouse trap." No wonder she was "not taken back."

Farthingale or Ferdigew is derived from the Spanish verdugo, a rod, as rods were used to spread it out. Hoop is a good Saxon word significant enough, while crinoline is from *crinis*, hair, a commodity largely used at first in its construction. The hoops worn at the time when Hogarth painted the left off one, in "marriage à la mode," were made of whalebone, and in 1780 cane was advertised to outwear the best whalebone (we fancy cane is yet worn by poor people) but the crinoline proper is a highly artistic structure, as all ladies know well. For the benefit of such uninitiated *patres et fratres* as look into the *Emerald* we may describe it as a series of horizontal small steel hoops held together by vertical bands, or by being sewed into a kind of petticoat. As farthingales and hoops have disappeared, so large crinolines have lately become unfashionable; their enormous dimensions of some years ago have gradually been curtailed, and they are now of very reasonable bulk, no bigger than ordinary petticoats.

No feminine whim succeeded in exciting the frenzy of the other sex so completely as the hoop; it tripped them up, sent them off the clean footway into the dirty street, filled their pews, and destroyed their tempers times without number. Truly a more unbecoming or inconvenient garment it would be difficult to devise. Its use cannot be defended either on grounds of taste or expediency, and if we mistake not, was as strongly objected to by the most cultivated ladies as by the most irritable gentlemen. Nature has given woman the most beautiful type of the "human form divine," strange that she should have adopted a garb which entirely obscured her natural charms, and made her closely resemble a gigantic peg-top with the spike upwards. Hoops and the larger crinolines not only are outrages on all principles of taste, but they frequently lead to serious accidents. Many a man's leg was broken through their instrumentality, and many a fair form reduced to ashes. Bad, however, as was this fashion, when it became general even women of taste were right in conforming to it, as a woman who dresses in a style strikingly different from other women, renders herself ridiculous, without benefiting her neighbors in the least. "Tattooing" may be absurd, but the Maori chief who, by not submitting to it would lose his position, would be still more absurd. Objectionable as the hoop might be, it was not without its uses in addition to that

mentioned above of keeping off undesirable acquaintances. The *mademoiselles d'industrie* found it very convenient in assisting them to "convey" the wares which they had succeeded in appropriating to some safe hiding place. It assisted, moreover, the lady smugglers, of whom there are some yet to be found in the Calais and Boulogne boats; many a box of cigars and many a bottle of brandy the fair ones stowed away among the circles of their capacious crinolines. We knew an adventurous youth who escaped a horsewhipping at the hands of the father of his heart's dear mistress by its kindly interposition; behind its outspread folds he found a city of refuge where he lurked trembling till his loved one had soothed the ire of her stern progenitor. Lap-dogs and kittens, too, sported and frisked, played endless hide and seek underneath its ample dome, gambolled as they never now can under the rigid *régime* of narrow skirts. We had almost forgotten to state that the latest type of hoop commenced in the inelegant bustle (suggestive of the Grecian bend) and gradually extended its boundaries until it held sway over all the lower raiment. Bad as the crinoline is, we greatly prefer it to the bustle alone, which in our mind reduces the dress to a state of downright deformity. The hoop is at present in the black books of fashion—books which are ever being revised, and corrected, and blotted, but re-edited season after season, they are in our days as full of *errata* as they were in the days of old Queen Bess; and though for the nonce they leave out the hoop in its monstrous form, it will doubtless turn up again in some future edition.

T. M.

THE SWALLOW'S MESSAGE.

A swallow perched on my window ledge ;
It brought me a message from over the sea,
From one that was dearer than life to me,
And these were the words it said :
"O true love, in death I've remembered thee !
Though parted on earth, in heaven we'll meet !"
But my life to me was no longer sweet,
For I knew my love was dead !
O true heart ! we've ever divided been—
Divided by seas, we have lived apart,
Yet I knew we were one in soul and heart !
Now the way to heaven you've led !

M. C. QUOILE.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Miss Harrison, of Swanage, Dorset, is organizing a guild of ladies, the object being to affect some reform in dress.

Patti performed *Rigoletto* in French at Brussels on Tuesday night with immense success. After the performance, the crowd escorted the fair vocalist to the Hotel de Flandre, where the orchestra came, and played several pieces under her window.

The reconstruction of the Vendôme Column is entrusted to M. Vermont, architect, who held for several years the post of conservator of that monument.

Mr. Ridgway has in the press a translation, by M. Camille Barrere and Mr. Douglas Jerrold, of "De Paris à Cayenne," by the late M. Delescluze.

It is stated that the arrangements of the Eclipse Expedition are nearly all made, and that the numbers are now complete. The Expedition sails on Thursday next in the *Mizapore*, arriving at Pont de Galle on the 27th November, if all goes well. M. Janssen is already *en voyage*. Professor Respighi, of Rome, will accompany the English Expedition.

In addition to the large sum already paid to Verdi by the Viceroy of Egypt for his *Aida*, the composer has now been offered 50,000*fr.* if he would go to Cairo to bring out the work, which he has declined.

The Council of the Working Women's College, in Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, have proposed to the Council of the neighbouring Working Men's College, in Great Ormond-street, that the two Colleges should amalgamate.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MISS EDGEWORTH.—PART II.

Although the French excel us in the composition of memoirs, we have some good specimens of personal history in English. Amongst those of the less ambitious order, written in a familiar style, few are more pleasing generally, and occasionally highly interesting and amusing than those of Mr. Edgeworth, continued by his daughter. In them he sketches his ancestry, the incidents of his youth, the personages with whom he came in contact, his adventures, inventions, and friends, in France, England, and Ireland, introducing here and there some singularly stirring scenes, and interspersing amid the details of his career, a moderate sprinkling of anecdote. We obtain brief glimpses of several eminent persons of the last quarter of the eighteenth century; among them Rousseau, with whose Emelius Mr. Edgeworth was so captivated in his youth, that he resolved to educate his son according to its leading principle—that of allowing the child to develop naturally; and carried out this plan until his eighth year, when he tells us that he understood much of things but little of books, was extremely apprehensive and amiable, and capable of everything but the disposition to obey. The philosopher of Geneva appears with all his characteristic penetration and simplicity in the Edgeworth page. Amongst the French anecdotes is one of court life in the days of the grand monarch. One day—a courtier—a marquis, happened to fall from the balcony at Versailles, and hurt himself seriously. In those times it was not etiquette to cause any disagreeable emotions in the royal mind; so, when the king looking down on the ground where the marquis lay with his bruises and fractures, enquired if he was hurt, the other replied, "Tout! au contraire, sire." Champfort, by the way, tells even a more ludicrous story, associated however in this instance with the royal dignity. When Louis XIV. was on his death bed, and lying in a semi-somnolent state, one of the physicians insisting on his taking a draught, said emphatically, "il faut"—he must take it. The king overhearing this, kept repeating indignantly, *il faut, il faut!* the idea of a subject having the audacity to make such an arbitrary assertion being too much for him. At Bath Mr. Edgeworth saw the wreck of the statesman and wit, Lord Chesterfield, "a man obviously unhappy, a melancholy spectacle;" and there also the renowned Beau Nash and other notorieties. Among his closest English friends of a subsequent period, was Doctor Darwin, of Litchfield, the author of the "Botanic Garden," "Loves of the Plants," etc., and father to the famous naturalist of our day, whose "Origin of Species and Descent of Man" have created an epoch in speculation. Doctor Darwin was a large man, we are told, fat and clumsy, but with a countenance stamped by intellect and benevolence. His works contain many original ideas; but his theory of poetry being that it should merely paint to the eye was but half the truth, as it should also paint to the emotions and imagination. References to the warm friendship which existed between Dr. Darwin and Mr. Edgeworth occupy many pages of his memoirs in which we have several of the Doctor's acute and lively letters; and among them the last he ever wrote from the priory at Derby, bearing date 17th April, 1802, he being struck with death before he finished his communication to his friend—the account of the catastrophe which had occurred being added on the back. Mr. Edgeworth describes Dublin in 1786 as wretchedly paved, abominably dirty, and crowded by beggars in the most miserable rags. Cork, in those times was, we may suppose, even worse in this latter respect. Hence the remark of the wit and actor Foote, also a friend of Mr. Edgeworth, when asked "what he thought of Cork?" "That it had cleared up a matter on which he had been long ignorant—what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes!" The account in the "Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1798" are interesting, almost as much so as those in the "Ledbury Papers." Mr. Edgeworth was beloved by his tenantry, as he lived on his property, acted benevolently, and distributed justice. When bands of insurgents

entered Edgeworthstown—the family, being warned of their advent, were about to set out for Dublin; the carriage, which unfortunately had orange linings, was ready on the lawn, and the insurgents infuriated at the color were about to make short work of the fugitives, when an artist who had been employed in copying pictures in the house came out, and cried, "Gentlemen, I am an artist, and I assure you that color is yellow, not orange"—an explanation which satisfied the revolutionist party who presently decamped without executing their threats.

Miss Edgeworth and her father numbered among their acquaintances many of the most eminent personages, political and literary, in their day, French and English; among the latter, Moore and Scott were attached friends of the authoress; and Sir Walter is even said to have admirably imitated her art of characterization in one of his early works. Richardson indeed introduced the method of fastening the attention by accumulated detail, but Miss Edgeworth impressed more life on his portraits than the elaborate engraver of "Grandison and Clarissa;" and many a practical moralist of a more advanced period.

We can but glance at a few of Miss Edgeworth's numerous works. "Leonora," which is composed in the form of letters, one which was a favorite in the last century, as well adapted for narrative fiction, and which, as novels, may be classed with those biographies in which the editor illustrates a life by its correspondence—"Leonora" displays the authoress's ready inventive power and accustomed good sense, but its characters are less finished portraits than sketches. The story is one of a husband, wise, well-bred, and virtuous, who permits himself to succumb to the *agaceries* of a French coquette, and after recovering from his delusion returns penitent to his injured wife. In this book—whose female characters are somewhat tame, the authoress not apparently admiring the "spirited woman,"—her bright cheerfulness of mind, imagination for reality, and discriminative faculty are manifested. Her "Popular Tales" were written to improve the middle and lower classes, as her "Tales of Fashionable Life" were intended to improve the upper ranks. Thus, "Almira" represents the miseries of fashion; "Manœuvring" gives an amusing account of the indirect methods by which people arrive at failure. In *Madame de Fleury* she has given striking examples of the ways in which rich folk may aid the poor. In the *Dun*, a picture of the misery to which the working classes are subjected. Of the first instalment of the "Tales of Fashionable Life," however, the most finished picture is that of Lord Glen-thorn—the victim of *ennui*. The hero—who like Sir Charles Coldstream, in the farce of "Used Up," has tried everything—travelling, gaming, pugilism, coach-driving, etc., etc.; is the son of a peer, and heir to an immense Irish estate. When his spirits are fatigued with all amusements, the Rebellion in Ireland offers a slight stimulus, and here he falls in love with an accomplished lady, but this caprice soon vanishes, and *ennui* has again marked him for her own, when it is discovered that he was changed at nurse, that he is the son of a poor cottager, and not a peer. He at once resigns his estates to the rightful owner; studies the law, and finally falls in love with a lady entitled to the property after the death of its new possessor. Poverty and love act as motives to exertion, and he is quite a different and higher sort of character when his marriage again renders him rich. *Ennui*, striking in character, incident, and reflection, is written in a rapid, brief, and animated style, which recall some of the best French authors; Lady Geraldine contrasted with the stiff, cold Lord Craighthorne, is admirably painted, and the Irish characters are capital. The second set of the "Fashionable Tales," contains Vivian, Emile de Conlanges, the Absentee, the latter especially, are as true pictures of life as they are noble in the purpose which animated the authoress in their composition—that of exposing the absurdities and evils of life, and indicating the means of infusing a larger amount of reason, justice, and happiness, into the relations by which the grades of society are held together.

STUDY AT HOME.

(Continued.)

One of the greatest dangers besetting a course of home study will be found to be the temptation to desultoriness ; books are so cheap and so abundant, popular lectures on all subjects are so frequent ; matters the most deep and abstruse are brought (or men try to bring them) within the limits of everyone's comprehension ; their difficulties being too often only glossed over and hidden, and not honestly sought out and explained, or if unexplainable, at least fairly stated ; so that it will need a very firm watchfulness on the part of the student to keep herself from dipping into and tasting everything, and staying with nothing long enough for a complete and thorough knowledge of it. The great defects in the education of girls have always been shallowness and superficiality ; and though these are now recognised as faults (witness the Ladies Colleges, Literary Societies, etc, instituted to correct them), still in some ways the danger is as pressing now as ever ; a girl's impulsiveness will be apt, unless watched, to lead her to dabble in one subject after another ; learning enough about each, it may be to be able to talk about it, and yet really understanding, or getting lasting impressions from none. It is a very great advantage to us in these days that we have these popular lectures, scientific or otherwise to excite our interest in subjects, which we might else have passed by in our ignorance ; and a still greater, that clever and fully qualified men can be found who are willing to accept a Professor's chair in a Ladies College, who give their pupils the benefit of their thoughts and of their study, and are not content without taking them to the very bottom of the subject in hand ; and yet of what good will all this be, unless it force the students to work for themselves ; of what advantage will it be to a girl to have attended a course of lectures on history, unless it show her how to read and understand the lessons which history teaches ; and how the experience of past days should be turned to account in the present ; what gain will it be to her to have attended lectures on science, unless it set her working for herself, or teach her the bearing of scientific principles on daily life—the philosophy of hygiene and such like ? Nay, rather, will not all this do her great harm, if it allow her to think, for one moment, that she can obtain knowledge at second hand, to believe that attending lectures is *bona fide* study—that knowledge is, in fact, a commodity to be bought, rather than something that is to be obtained, each one by herself, by no other means than by honest and conscientious work. One of the best ways of establishing and keeping up this habit of real study, is for the student to select whatever may be her favourite subject, whether history, languages, literature, or science, and regularly devote to that a certain proportion of her time, working up at least one thing thoroughly, and accustoming herself to, and thereby developing, her power of study, concentrated thought, and to quote the words of a well-known writer—"The consciousness of having gone fairly to the bottom of a subject, as far as means allow, the feeling that labour has not been shunned re-acts upon the mind, and gives it firmness for future work." The result of following this rule can scarcely fail to be good for a girl in more ways, probably, than she thinks of at the time, for the habits of discipline and self command which it will teach, will help her in matters apparently the furthest removed from books or studies. Another practice which greatly conduces to accuracy of thought and feeling is that of writing, either occasional essays upon different points of the subject in hand, or abstracts of the books, or portion of them which have been read ; this will clear away, or else define, any difficulty or confusion of ideas, and will serve to show the student herself how far she has comprehended what she has been studying—clearness and thoroughness of comprehension being a great point to be gained in any one's education, and one that is too often missed in that of a girl. If she succeed in gaining this, and conservative power, and the habit of forming her opinions by careful study of all sides of a question, instead of jumping to conclusions by

looking at only one, no trouble will have been too great a price to pay for the gain to herself or others.

As to the dangers peculiar to each division, whose ideal and object has been stated above ; that of the speculative class will be probably found to be selfishness ; their love for their studies will be apt, unless watched, to overcome, or at least to blunt, their power of sympathy with and readiness to minister to, the wants, whether mental or physical, of others : and yet they should remember that the end and aim of a woman's life ought to be to sustain and elevate all with whom she has to do, by the purity of her thoughts and the fulness of her sympathy, and that if she stops short of the most entire self-abnegation where others are concerned, her work is only half done ; or it may be, scarcely yet begun.

With the other and larger class, their danger will be, as their genius is, different from that just mentioned ; and as the latter are inclined to forget the concrete in the abstract, so these are liable to forget the abstract in the concrete ; and, in their very activity and anxiety to do their duty in the world, they are apt to overlook the fact that the internal work of study and thought must go before, as well as alongside of the external work of whatever sort ; and that just as their physical nature will starve, unless it be fed with food convenient for it, so their mental nature, if its supply be stopped, will become weak and unfit for work, and both time and labor will be wasted : while the truest economy of both will be effected, by knowing, before any work be commenced for or with others, what their own powers are, and what their limits and extent, that so they may not be stopped by being obliged to learn, when they should be working—of course, in girls, their tendencies will only shew themselves, and will not receive full development till it may be long afterwards. Still, their beginnings will need to be watched and guarded against.

As to the amount of time a girl should spend in study, or as to the arrangement to be made between her reading and her other duties, these are matters which must be settled, each case by itself : only if study is to be successful, let, if it be at all possible, a certain definite portion of time be set apart for it, and devoted to it, and let not this time be spent in testing different subjects, or, still worse, in playing with them, but in real hard work over the one or two selected subjects ; and the quiet course of Home Study, silently begun, and unostentatiously carried on will bear fruit upward and outward, in ways the patient student little wots of ; for, as—

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

so the example of one such resolute and dauntless worker, may be of infinite service, in a time when specious brilliancy and false glitter pass muster in the world for true metal.

In conclusion, we can only beg all, who would belong to the highest order of students, to combine in their own way and as best suits their own convenience, a course of "Home Study," with "Home Duty," assured that by so doing, they will become happier, as well as more useful atoms in the Infinite Whole of God's Universe.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

RED CABBAGE, PICKLED.—Slice it thin ; free it from stalks ; shake plenty of salt on it, and keep it closely pressed down for a night. Next day put it in a colander and pour boiling water over it ; then drain, and press out all the water. Boil vinegar and spice together, and when boiling, pour this over the cabbage. It is immediately fit for use.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Can any one tell me where are the lines—

"The mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain."

IERNE.

B. HYAM'S LIST OF PRICES FOR WINTER OVERCOATS.

THE SANDRINGHAM OVERCOATS.		
20s.	In Fancy Beavers.	38s.
	In Blue Balkans.	
26s.	In Napped Elysians.	42s.
	In Brown Beavers.	
32s.	In all New Materials.	50s.

THE REEFER OVERCOATS.		
20s.	In Blue Elysians.	20s.
	In Heavy Pilots.	
26s.	In Blue Beavers.	26s.
	With Woollen Linings.	
32s.	Bound or Stitched Edges.	32s.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' OVERCOATS.		
8s. 6d.	In Brown Beavers.	12s. 6d.
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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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THE EMERALD:

THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

22.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]

READING AND STUDYING.



IN these days of many books and much reading, it is well to pause at times in our so-called studies, and think for a little over our aim and object in our reading. Do we read for amusement or improvement—do we merely skim the pages of our books, or do we *study* them? With those who candidly confess to have amusement only for their great object, we have nothing to do in this paper. Those who profess to study, especially women, we ask to dwell for a moment on what is meant by the expression, *studying* a book. There are many persons, indeed we may say most persons, of whom it is commonly said, "They read a great deal," or, "They have literary tastes," who take up book after book, read them it may be carefully and attentively, with pleasure, and also some profit, and yet never consider what the book is, whether the subject is worth treating, or, if it is, has it been done in the best possible manner? Is this *studying* a book? Surely not.

If, on the other hand, as Mr. Matthew Arnold tells us, the real way to consider or criticise an author and his work is, not only to determine what place he or it holds in the literature of his own country, but also in that of the whole world of letters, past and present; how difficult—nay, to most readers impossible—becomes the study of the literature of any one language. What an amount of learning—what an acquaintance with languages, ancient and modern—what a marvellous intellect and judgment would be required for such a task. This would, indeed, be studying literature; but in a way far above the powers of any, except those who would and could devote their whole lives to this work. We must leave this task of *critical study* to such men, thankfully receiving the fruit of their labors, as light to guide us in our own humbler work.

But there is still another kind of study—not the surface reading I first spoke of, the mere gaining of a certain number of facts, or perhaps a few new ideas, but all in such a confused mass as to render them of little use or advantage to the possessor; nor yet the deep critical study only possible to professed scholars. Poetry is literature in its highest form. How then ought we study the works of a great poet? We can try and find out what his poems are; what they have to say to us personally; what influence they have over us; whether they have gained it by the best possible means; and when gained, is it for good or for evil. But this is not all. We must try to see the subjects of his writings from the author's standing-place; try to get into

his mind, to understand his feelings and principles, and find out what *he* means to say to us, not what *we* think he *ought* to say. To do this, we must study the writer's life, how it was passed, what external influences were around him, and in what manner they were brought to bear on him. This knowledge we may either gain from studying his biography, or, if we cannot do so, from the internal evidence of his works.

We should study the poems *historically*, considering what age the poet lived in; the manners, customs, spirit, and, above all, religion of his times. It would be as absurd to judge the Saxon poets, the Norman Ironvère, Chaucer, Spenser, and even Dryden and Pope, in the spirit of the nineteenth century, as it would be to fancy that Alfred's court and Saxon thanes resembled Edward III.'s splendid tournaments and Anglo-Norman nobility, or yet that the chivalry and feudalism of the middle ages bore any great likeness to the court and society in the reign of Queen Victoria.

We may find an illustration of this in the poems of Sir Walter Scott. Born in the latter part of the last century, his was an age of revolution in most things. Poetry, which after the Restoration had seemed to sink from an art to a science, had gradually been raising itself; and, at length, in the poems of Burns and Cowper, had finally burst its bonds, and had regained its liberty. Nature, and nature's poetry, were now again to be heard. Again, the French Revolution had just taken place. All Europe was in a blaze. War and its exciting spirit were in all lands. We find traces of these things in Scott's poems. His is the poetry of nature. The voice of mountain, lake, and grand scenery, bursts forth in all his works. This, indeed, may be said to belong to the biographical study of his writings; but had he lived a century earlier, would he have written thus? Again, his are tales of war and its accompaniments; exciting scenes of danger, struggles for liberty, feats of chivalry, and heroic deeds. Then considering biographically. Native of a country which has two distinct classes of people, the Lowlander and the Highlander, Scott seems to have united in himself the characteristics of both—energetic, practical, hard-working as the former; impetuous and superstitious as the latter. Brought up among glorious scenery, historic and legendary sites, accustomed from his infancy to hear the old tales and ballad poetry of Scotland; but still, educated for a learned profession, trained to the world and its ways, with stores of reading, both English and continental, a good man, and one happy in his home life, what wonder his writings differed from all others of his own age? Mountain

and valley, torrent and calm lake, old castles and ruined abbeys abound in his poems. Historical facts, old superstitions, real characters, and fictitious personages, are blended with a knowledge of real life and its actors, though with no very deep insight into motives and hidden causes of action. His characters are neither too good, nor yet very wicked ; all are seen through the writer's genial sunshiny spirit.

So much for the biographical and historical study of poetry.

There is still another, the most difficult of all, the philosophical study—the most difficult, because it is more a matter of feeling than study. The question, "What is Poetry?" has been asked again and again, and has been answered in many different ways, but none of them appearing satisfactory. But if poetry be the manifestation of a spirit or feeling common to all ages and races of men, but finding expression in different ways, how can we expect any definition of it suiting all? The sculptor, painter, musician, architect, poet, all possess this spirit, this art, though each expresses it differently. All men possess it in a greater or less degree, but the artist has the power of expression, whether in music, poetry, or the other arts. Poetry is art finding expression in words, as music is art finding expression in harmonious sounds. The lover of music finds this spirit in music ; the lover of painting, in painting ; and so in all the arts. The *philosophical* study differs from the others in this, that the power to study biographically and historically may be acquired—it cannot. The spirit must be in us first, though it may be expanded by education. Thus, we often see a child or ignorant person feel the beauty and spirit of a poem or piece of music, where the learned man will only hear a mass of words or combination of sounds. But the true pleasure and profit is, when we can study in all three ways ; and to do so ought to be the aim of every real student of literature.

S. L. S.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER II.

Alice received the intelligence as a fact to be remembered. After an incongruous meal in the housekeeper's room she put on her hat and passed out of the wide hall into the approach, still engrossed with what she had heard. A new light had been thrown on her little world. After all, she thought, in spite of what she read in the Bible, riches were worth coveting and possessing. She could not refuse the testimony of her own eyes.

When Hedley came in, in the course of the evening, he found her in the kitchen with Dorothy, flushed and voluble. The old woman was as curious as Alice was eager. Hedley had to receive his share of the communication. He was more indifferent than she—less easily moved. The invisible had a greater effect upon him than the visible. He was the stronger of the two. Alice left the gorgeous descriptions of satin and velvet and gilding with reluctance, to take their usual weekly stroll.

The common was trapped out in all the finery of the sunlight ; the trees were gilded and the air pure. Hedley drew a deep breath of enjoyment. After the close schoolroom it was refreshing and delicious. Alice noticed nothing ; she continued restless and excited. She could rarely conceal what was in her mind from anybody—far less from him.

"How much better it is to be rich than poor !" she said with a sigh. Hedley, fresh from a wholesome day's labor, did not see things as she saw them.

"I think you're wrong," he said, bluntly.

"Wrong !" she retorted, with some impatience. "I'm not wrong. Everybody thinks the same, but they don't like to say so. You don't know, Hedley."

In spite of his ignorance and inexperience he thought he did know, but he did not answer. Alice was not in a mood to be convinced.

"Think," she went on rather bitterly, "of being able to get everything one wishes? Think of all the pleasures poor people have to do without !"

Hedley shook his head.

"I'd rather work as a poor man," he answered, slowly, "than be idle as a rich one."

"How can you say so?" returned Alice, quickly. "You only see from one side ; when you are contented you cannot look beyond. If you knew what it was to be luxurious and gay you would wish for it. You couldn't help it."

Hedley heard her with pain.

"Alice," he said seriously, "are you really dissatisfied?"

She hesitated. "No," she answered with a sigh ; "I only want a little more than I've got—that's all, Hedley."

"Alice," he persisted, still concerned, "is there anything I can do? What can I do for you?" She was not capable at that moment either of estimating his words or himself at their proper value. She looked past him at the trees of Haverstock Park and the Manor chimneys peeping above them. There was a glitter, a brilliancy there, which in the sober dull tints of her life were wanting—which in honest steady-going Hedley's life were wanting—and for which she irresistibly yearned. This she mistook for some finer aspiration. Hedley, she asserted to herself, missed her meaning. His blunt mind was incapable of following it out in its delicacy. They walked on in silence. Alice was glad when the gate was reached, and it was time to separate. He was not congenial. She ran in to Dorothy, who was spelling out a newspaper by the kitchen fire. Her father sat in the parlour. It was no duty to go beside him ; he did not want her. John Summers entered into a very small part of his daughter's life. He could put two and two together on a slate or in mental arithmetic, but in no other way. Of the growing attachment between herself and Hedley he knew nothing. He did not inquire into her tastes or pleasures. Alice had no intention of concealing it from him, but it simply never occurred to her to bring forward a subject so irrelevant to everything connected with him. When Hedley was in a position to speak he would do so. She did not expect opposition from her father, because he had never opposed her in his life. She did not suppose it would move him much either way.

The two women went back to the satin and velvet and gilding with renewed zest, while Hedley pursued his way in the twilight, for the sun had set. It was true, he could not follow Alice altogether. He was simple, straightforward, steady in purpose. In her girlish unreasonableness she escaped him ; he could not fathom her absurdities. A fear haunted him that the hoped-for peace of the future would after all turn out to be a dream. In his humility he believed she would require more than he had to give. On the earnest faithfulness of his devotion he set no value.

Three days after, Mr. Gresham arrived. The news was in the mouths of all the Haverstock people. Alice received it with intense interest, and questioned and wondered like the rest. In the afternoon she walked on a commission of Dorothy's to a neighboring farm. As she returned along the road her eyes wandered unconsciously towards the Park, and her heart went with them. She leant against a gate, looking. The sun was very hot ; her color had risen—she took off her hat and fanned herself. Suddenly she was roused by a step, and turned. There was no mistaking the strange gentleman. Alice guessed at once it was Mr. Gresham. He strolled lazily along, smoking a cigar, and noticed her. Under the blue vault of the sky and against the green background of hedge, she looked very pretty ; very fresh, animated, and pretty. He was attracted, and stopped.

"I think I should know who you are?" he said, with a smile.

"Alice Summers," she answered shyly. The sweet country air seemed to pervade her tone and manner, and her very youth was refreshing. Mr. Gresham did not take his eyes off her.

"You live in that red-brick house?" he said, pointing to it.

"Yes, sir," said Alice.

"Why, we are near neighbors!" returned he, with

another smile, that reflected itself pleasantly on Alice's face. Alice was thinking she had never seen so winning or courteous a gentleman.

"I shall come and pay you a visit some day," he continued. "Your father's the schoolmaster, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir," said Alice.

"Well," said Mr. Gresham, knocking the ashes from his cigar, "tell him that I'm coming to pay him and his nice little daughter a visit some day. Will you not forget?"

"No, sir," said Alice, sedately—and he passed on. She watched him a moment without moving. She could hardly realise that she had spoken face to face with so grand a personage. More than that, he had noticed her with interest and approbation. Her vanity told her, that if he noticed her, she must be worth noticing. She ran as hard as she could towards home, and never stopped till she reached the kitchen and Dorothy. The old servant was duly impressed with the importance of the adventure.

"He'll maybe come to-morrow," she said. "I'll just set the best tablecover out in the parlour, and have the cake and gooseberry wine on the sideboard ready. Gooseberry wine is the same to rich and poor folk—what's good is good, and what's bad is bad. He can't have a word to say against mine."

After that, Mr. Gresham became a stirring element in the hitherto still tenor of Alice's life. She bestowed a great deal of unnecessary thought and expectation upon him. Between the time of their first meeting and the evening Hedley told her he was going to London, they came across each other pretty frequently. He amused himself with her simplicity, bantered, flattered, and tormented her. Alice's father encouraged the pleasure she felt in his notice. Through his daughter he hoped to find favor in Mr. Gresham's eyes. A situation in the college at Muirhead was his daydream—rarely absent from his mind. Step by step, he thought he saw his way to it.

Hedley did not welcome the change in the schoolmaster's house. He had gained nothing, but lost by it. Already his influence over Alice was disputed and usurped by another, and a great part of the pleasure of their intercourse destroyed. As the time drew near for his departure, his doubts for the future increased. On the last Friday, he returned with her father from the High-street, after school hours. Alice was sitting in the back-green working. She looked up with a nod and a smile, and then bent again over her seam. The knowledge that he was soon to lose sight of her, made her doubly precious in his eyes. He sat still in the quiet enjoyment of watching her. She turned, surprised at his silence.

"Anything the matter?" she asked.

"No," said he.

"When do you leave?—to-morrow?" inquired Alice, vigorously folding and arranging, with half her mind on her work.

"Half-past eight," answered Hedley—"the train leaves at five minutes to nine."

"And when do you arrive?" said Alice, still engrossed.

"About eleven," answered he. Alice finished her seam in silence, folded up her work, and carefully put her thimble and needle away.

"I shall miss you," she said, soberly. Hedley did not raise his eyes off the ground. He was playing with the pebbles at his feet.

"I wish I was going with you," she began, directly—"there must be such a lot of things to see in London."

"You must write and tell me if you're dull," said Hedley.

"I shan't be dull," returned Alice, quietly. "I've got to help Dorothy with the linen, and it'll soon be time to begin the jam. Last spring we were too late. We're going to begin earlier this year."

"But that's all work," said Hedley. "You must have play, too, Alice."

"Some day we're going to see Haverstock Manor," she answered; "Mr. Gresham has given us leave to go over

all the rooms. He told the housekeeper she was to let us in. Wasn't it kind?" And her eyes sparkled.

"Mr. Gresham is going away soon," she continued presently. "I heard it at the lodge. He's got another property in Wales, which he sometimes goes to see, but he likes Haverstock best—it's the finest."

Hedley heard with indifference. Time was passing. He yearned for a point of meeting between them.

"I must go in ten minutes," he remarked.

"Must you?" said Alice. "I suppose I will have to say good-bye now, for I shan't be down in Haverstock so early to-morrow morning."

He gave it up. He saw a point of meeting was not to be had that night. He could not force her or lead her to it; she must come of herself. The minutes ran on. Time was up.

"I must go now," he said, rising. "Good-bye, Alice—dear Alice!"

All the pent-up tenderness of the last day and hour showed itself in his manner. Alice was startled.

"Why, Hedley!" she exclaimed, "it's only for a few weeks! How grave you are! What's the matter?"

He drew her to him.

"Good-bye, Alice—dear Alice!" he repeated earnestly; and then added very gently—"be as true to me as I shall be true to you."

Alice was roused and moved. Impulsively the tears rose to her eyes. She clung to him. "I will! O Hedley!" she whispered; "trust me." And they parted.

A few minutes later, when she went into the kitchen, the tears were not gone. She had been strangely shaken.

(To be continued.)

PAST AND PRESENT TRAINING OF YOUTH.

What a change has taken place in a few centuries, as to the mode of training young people! We may do well to pause and consider, is the present system an improving or retrogressive one? In the sixteenth century, severity and strictness were carried to such an extreme point, that parents were regarded with an amount of sacred awe, which certainly could not lead to warm affection from their offspring. When children lived (although under the same roof) completely apart from those who ought naturally be their best guides, it was no wonder that sympathy, that holy feeling which softens and hallows nature, should be entirely set aside. But with the march of science and social improvement, we fear that many parents are going into the opposite extreme. Children are not taught to pay the deference which is becoming and their due to those older or advanced in years. How often do we see them retain their seats in a room when an aged person enters. They may, like the Athenians, know what is right; but not, like the Lacedemonians, practise it, as an old Athenian once said. Yet I think we can trace this retrogradation to its true source. Parents often make too free with their children, supposing by that means to increase their love, but alas! we frequently find it has a totally different effect; they become at length afraid of and subservient to those whom they ought to have under complete control. We find that a uniformly reserved, yet kind and gentle manner, secures both respect and love. Children are unconsciously trained to selfishness. Mothers do not sufficiently inculcate the habit of thinking of others, and so, leading their ductile minds away from self, educate them for all the duties of domestic life. How many a different character would we have if this principle were carried out! It is to be feared that the want of simplicity in the dress and habits of young people in the present day will tend to lead their minds away from solid studies to that love of display and unceasing excitement which a superficial education always creates. A solemn responsibility, therefore, rests on the guardians of youth, as their moral and religious training should commence from a very early age, at which time the temper and character receive a bias for good or evil. J. G. D.



DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

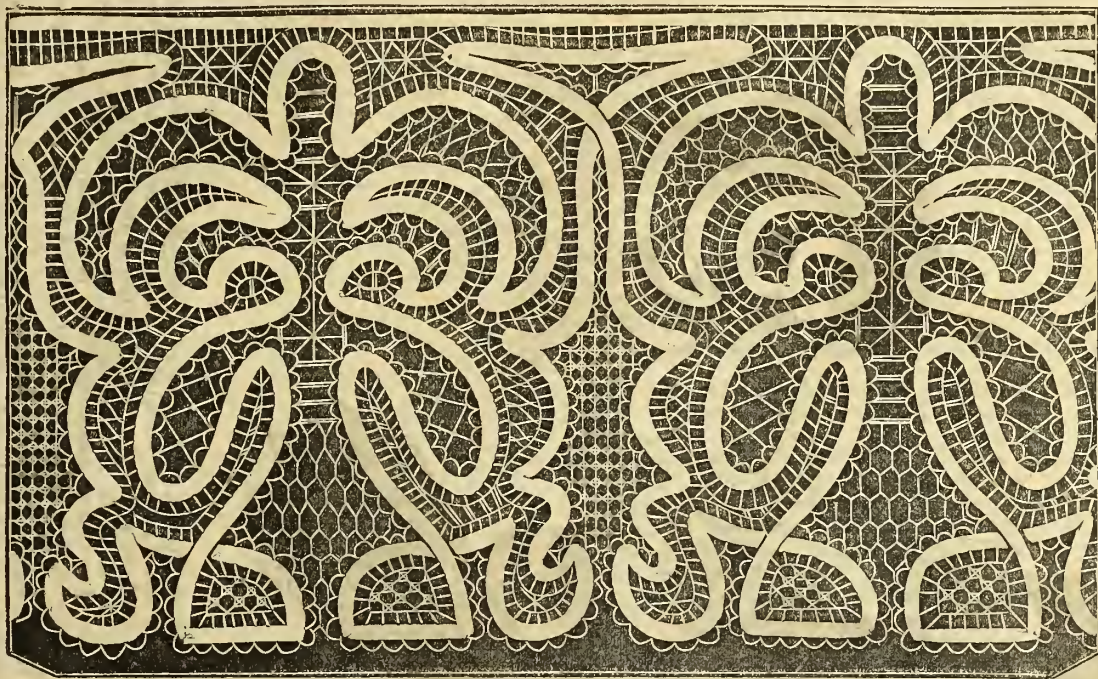
These illustrations will be found to offer very pretty designs for the veils of both brides and bridesmaids. The figure at the top has a slight jasmine wreath, which many prefer to a heavier one. A small sprig of orange blossom should be woven into it and worn near the forehead. In colored flowers a light wreath like this is very appropriate for bridesmaids. Forget-me-nots and corn flowers or blue convolvuli are suitable for dark or light blue dresses. Apple blossom is very pretty with pale pink; and with mauve a wreath of heartseases will look well, and has a very applicable sentiment. Figure two is a bride's wreath of myrtle, into which a little orange blossom will be woven. Figure three is a still fuller wreath, composed chiefly of orange

blossom, and having myrtle, jasmine, and clematis woven into it. A style very general at present for a bride is a knot of orange blossom worn on the top of the head against the chignon, much in shape like a bunch of violets, and rather larger. It fits into the hollow left by the dressing of the hair, and occupies the position where the ribbon bow is commonly worn. From this a long trailing spray with a little orange on it hangs over the chignon down to the shoulders.

Brides' veils are of plain tulle with a wide hem, which is improved by an insertion in it of equally wide white ribbon, or of any kind of lace, Brussels, Honiton, appliqué, or Limerick lace, which is not unlike Brussels in appearance. Bridesmaids' veils should be of plain tulle, and not worn over the face, but parted and thrown to the back.

The cravat is a design particularly pretty for wearing out of doors with a hat. The corners are of netting and dearning in guipure d'art, worked with I. and W. Taylor's Lisle thread, No. 80.

POINT LACE MATERIALS—Point lace thread braid of the narrowest size, I. and W. Taylor's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 10, and H. Walker's point lace needle, No. 7. The fancy stitches are worked from the illustration.



ON FASHIONS.

III.—THE COIFFURE.

While we admit that to render as beautiful and attractive as possible the means whereby women, and men, too, endeavour to supply wants of nature by clothing, is as praiseworthy as the use of clothing is necessary, we cannot approve of an attempt to improve a covering provided by nature itself. The head, chief of the bodily organs, is arrayed in a vesture which it is as impossible to make more perfect as it is ridiculous "to paint the lily." With men this adornment must in a great degree be sacrificed to the requirements of modern everyday life; but, "free as when nature first made man," the noble savage refrains from curtailing its dimensions, and with unobjectionable pride rejoices in its full development. The most manly, the sternest, of the nations of antiquity, condemning all luxuries, nevertheless regarded his hair as worthy of the bravest warrior's particular attention—the chosen of the Spartan heroes combed their long locks on the eve of the deadly struggle of Thermopylæ.

Women, on whom nature's God has been lavish of his gifts of graces, are happily spared the necessity of depriving themselves of any portion of nature's head-dress; they can permit their hair to attain its greatest length—they need not apply any shears to their silken tresses; and, lest any new-fangled reformer of any sect should censure the most perfect of coverings, Revelation itself has sanctioned with its inspired approval the wearing of all her hair by each daughter of Eve.

The hair not only covers the head, it also forms a glorious background to set off the countless charms of the human face; a shade of exquisite tenderness, it well becomes the painting in which are the finest of nature's tracings—the terrible, the pensive, the joyous, the winsome, the hateful—the ever-varying lineaments of the countenance of man. We know no sight more captivating, or more awe-inspiring, than the face of a woman agitated by love or anger, suffused

with blushes, or livid by paleness, when the charm is intensified by

"Her silken hair,

Which loose adown her well-turned shoulders strays."

Well were it for the interests of the sex had its fashion devisers been content to let nature's work alone, to be satisfied with that which no skill of theirs can beautify, to accept with thankfulness, and fear to spoil, a masterpiece. But it has not been so—many a lovely creature's graces have been diminished, and the EMERALD has an article the more.

The hair has been twisted and lengthened, shortened and pinned, stuffed out far from the cheeks, and plastered close to the cheeks, combed down the neck and tied together in a pigtail, drawn up from the neck and let fall over the ears in a pair of vast pendants, curled up and shook out, and, in fact, generally ill-used by generation after generation of females; and an article which would pretend to enumerate the varieties of hair arrangements would stretch to the crack of doom. The ladies of Juvenal's time conceived that they looked prettier if they built up a kind of castle; the lady with long hair had a complete fortification, as it were, while a lady with short hair must needs have been content with a little fort. Juvenal laughed at them all. The Anglo-Saxon damsels appeared to be satisfied with the adornment given them by nature, and when they went out had for *coiffure* a long piece of linen or silk, wrapped round the head and neck, called the head rail (*heafodes rægal*): this was a simple fashion, conducive to comfort, and not injurious to the hair. The head rail did not disappear with the power of the Anglo-Saxons. It was for centuries in general though not universal use, but its name was changed, and this *coiffure* became known as the *wimple*. Chaucer mentions it in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*; the decorous Prioress was content with plain apparel, but she was as careful of her appearance as she was prim, for "Ful semely her wimple i-pinched was." In the "Faery Queen" of Spenser also it is alluded to: virtuous Una (a surpassingly fine

character, the perusal of which must tend to "form a gentlewoman" in all godly discipline) accompanied the Red Cross Knight:—

"A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lovely asse more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that *wimpled* was full lowe."

All maids and matrons were not, however, as moderate in their head gear as the Prioress; but, on the contrary, to such a pitch of absurdity did their hairdressing proceed in the days of the Black Prince, that a worthy friar, Thomas Conecte, undertook very properly to preach a crusade against its popular form. Indeed, the edifices which were erected on female heads were appalling in their magnitude. Paradin tells us that these *fontanges* "rose an ell above the head, they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed and hung down the back like streamers." The preaching, we rejoice to learn, had to some extent the desired effect. How happy must the husbands have been whose better halves threw their *fontanges* into the bonfire opposite Conecte's pulpit!

In the time of Henry VI. the horned or heart-shaped head-dress was the only wear; but in the time of Edward VI. we find the steeple-shaped variety, with wings of lace like weathercocks at each side: something like this is yet worn in Normandy, where it is well known to tourists as the *cauchoise*, or head-dress of the Pays de Caux. We think we have seen some ladies with their hair "frizzed." They may be pleased to know that in the days of the First Stuart, Princess Henrietta wore hers "frizzed up to her ears." Ladies were the first to introduce the nonsensical peruke, which men too readily borrowed from them. The gossiping Pepys lets us know something of his wife's peruke. By the way, the said Pepys doated not only on his wife herself, but on her shoes, stockings, dresses (the prices and colors of which he is careful to narrate at length), and hair. He says that in 1662 le belle Pierce brought Mrs. Pepys a pair of perukes of hair, "as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, and one of my wife's own hair, or else I could not endure them." We confess we are not so amiable as Pepys, and if our wife (had we one) were to cut off her hair to get it made into a head-dress, we could scarcely "endure" her or it. In Pope's time the fashion was to use sweet powder, at the same time to color and to perfume. He says, in the "Rape of the Lock":—

"Our humble province is to tend the fair—
Not less a pleasing, though less glorious, care,
To save the powder from too rude a gale."

In Addison's period the gigantic structure of the fourteenth century was revived: the ladies had their hair built up in a surprising manner with the aid of wires, pomatum, and thread, to the height of nearly two feet. This fashion was of course inconvenient; it was, moreover, most destructive to health and cleanliness, as so great was the labor and expense of completing the erection of the *com-mode*, that many ladies of an indolent or economic turn made it last a fortnight! Addison was filled with unaffected glee at the temporary demolition of this towering *coiffure*. He devoted a paper in the *Spectator* to the subject, in which he condemned it as an outrage on taste, and laughingly remarked that many of his lady friends who had a few weeks ago been seven were at the time he wrote only five feet high.

The *fontange* may be capable of some explanation: there may lurk in the minds of women a desire for elevation, which, once in a few centuries, manifests itself in adding to the head masses of foreign matter—layer after layer—under the pretence of decorating the hair. But who shall explain the *chignon*? Curls we know, frizzing we know, false long-locks we know; but why any person wears an appendage to the back of the head which makes a hideous bump far more monstrous than the objects of honest Father Conecte's

wrath, we know not. The masses of hair bought by Jew merchants from Polish maidens—taken from the reeking scalps of South American caciques—cut from their offspring and sold for drink by wretched mothers of the London purlieus—are used for a purpose as unnatural as the means by which they are acquired—the formation of huge protuberances to destroy the appearance of every line of beauty in the female head.

We cannot mention the materials of which half the *chignons* are composed. It is granted on all hands that they are ugly; in fact it was never pretended that they were in the slightest degree pretty. They are awkward; they necessitate padding even where nature has provided the most ample stock of hair; they are dirty; all women of taste protest against them; in the eyes of men they are odious; and if the Irish ladies take the advice of the EMERALD they will speedily discard the most unseemly, unnatural, and pernicious of the thousand varieties of the *coiffure*.

T. M.

MOONLIGHT.

While gazing on that streak of gold
Which gleamed from out the sky,
I saw the pale calm moon arise
In clear refulgent light.
I thought, how many an age has passed
Since first that glorious orb
Has walked in firm majestic course
The path its Maker formed,
The peasant's cot receives its rays,
It shines o'er palace walls,
While rich and poor alike doth hail
Its beams with gladsome heart.
It cheers the lonely attic, there
Where sickness tells a tale,
And soothes the suffering aching heart
Half-broken with its cares.
We gaze with calm and silent thought,
And memory brings us back
To scenes and friends long past and gone,
Once cherished—now no more.
It seems to speak of peace and love,
Of sorrows past and over,
Of some far off and distant land
Whence angels o'er us hover.
It soothes, it sanctifies, it cheers
Our saddened sorrowing hearts,
And beacons through this vale of tears
To happier scenes above.

J. G. D.

INTERESTING NOTES.

The first volume of a "Life of Charles Dickens," by John Forster, will be published in November. It will comprise the period from his birth in 1812 until the year 1842.

Mr. Gladstone is, it is stated, about to write a series of articles for a well known serial publication in America, *Scribner's Monthly*.

Great preparations are being made at Berlin for a fête in honor of the poet Schiller, to be given on the 10th of November.

Miss Lydia Becker, of Manchester, is about to lecture at Glasgow on "Illustrations of Womanly Character, derived from the Writings of Sir Walter Scott." In the same course Mr. John Morley, of the *Fortnightly Review*, will lecture, in February next, on "Frederick the Great." Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., was also expected, but he has declined to go to Glasgow on account of indisposition.

Mdlle. Schneider has been engaged for a theatre at St. Petersburg, and will receive £60 a night.

It is rumoured that Mr. Mapleson is to be the *impresario* of the Italian Opera at Paris, in the winter.

Mr. J. A. Froude and Mr. Wilkie Collins are stated to contemplate visiting the United States in the capacity of public lecturers.

Miss Faithfull has commenced a series of lectures on "Reading Aloud," at her new residence in Norfolk-square.

Miss Harriet W. Terry, of New-Haven, has accepted the position of Lady Principal of Vassar College. This lady is a sister of Major-General Terry.

M. F. Strauss has received the cross of the Legion of Honour, for his gallant and valuable services during the sieges of Paris.—*Musical Standard*.

M. Gounod has composed a new work for the Brighton Musical Festival, which will take place under the direction of Herr Kuhe. M. Gounod will be present, and conduct his own composition. Sir Julius Benedict will also direct the performance of his oratorio, *St. Peter*.

Verdi, having just arrived at Milan, has handed over to the superintendent of the Egyptian Theatre, Draneth Bey, his new opera *Dida*, which is to be performed at Milan in January next.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's forthcoming volume, "A Drama of Kings," will contain three separate pieces—the first devoted to Napoleon Bonaparte, and the last to Emperor William of Germany, and Bismarck, with a reprint of "Napoleon Fallen" coming between.

Statues of the poet Dante are being erected on the Piazza del Borletto at Mantua, and on the Piazza del Mercatello at Naples. The latter has been jointly executed by the Italian sculptors Angelini and Solari.—*Architect*.

Prince Galitzin, the Russian composer, is about to proceed to New York for the purpose of performing Russian operas.

Mr. George Meredith is, we believe, the author of "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," which is appearing in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The novel will be republished in the usual three-volume form immediately.—*Athenaeum*.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce "The Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness," by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange; "Hannah," by the author of "John Halifax"; and "Wilfrid Cumbermede," by George MacDonald, LL.D.

The author of "Ginx's Baby" has a tale in the press called "Lord Bantam."

A poem by Joaquin Miller, called "From Sea to Sea," appears in *Scribner's Magazine* for November. Mr. Miller is about to visit South America.

Madame Alboni has returned to Paris after having resided for six months in England.

Flotow's *Ombre* is about to be brought out in America by Mr. Strakosch. It will be played by Mdles. Nilsson and Dubois, with Capoul and Barre.

Mrs. Stowe's new story, "My Wife and I," is to be published simultaneously in England and the United States.

A novel by Mrs. Yelverton, called "Zanita," is announced in the American literary journals as being nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Alfred Wigan and Mrs. Wigan have received medical advice to the effect that they ought soon to retire from professional life, and, consequently, their engagements will soon terminate.

The Empress Eugenie has left Caramanchel to return to the hotel of the Countess Montijo in Madrid. Her Imperial Majesty enjoys excellent health, and it is said does not purpose leaving for England till near the end of the present month.

Sir Roderick Murchison has appointed Professor Archibald Geikie, of Edinburgh, his literary executor, and has left him a legacy of £1,000. The Professor will, it is understood, write Sir Roderick's life. Sir Roderick has also bequeathed to each of the professors at Jermyn-street £100. To the institution he has left the snuff-box and the magnificent Siberian aventurine case, mounted on a porphyry pedestal, presented to him by the late Emperor of Russia. He has also left to the same institution his valuable gold and platinum plate.

FAMINE IN PERSIA.—A private telegram from Ispahan says that starvation is rapidly increasing 20,000 persons, including 1,500 Jews and 1,500 Christians, are suffering in Ispahan.

IDEAL SKETCHES.

LOVE RETURNED. PART II.

"Nay, lady, nay," the minstrel said,
 "If my rude song has caused you pain,
 Or music brought the tears you shed,
 I ne'er shall touch my lute again.
 Yet hope I the harmonious wire
 Shall bright and happy thoughts inspire;
 For music sheds a balmy rest
 Upon the worldling's troubled breast,
 And to the victims of distress
 Gives unperceived forgetfulness—
 Or leaves the spirit sorrow-free,
 While each fond friend whom death doth sever,
 In our heart's mirror love can see,
 By memory reflected ever!"
 But for the heart where love has burned
 The only cure is—Love Returned!
 Yet love beneath the minstrel's hand
 Acquires a sovereign command:
 For when the lover's tongue is mute,
 Then tremulously pleads the lute—
 And he who fears to speak alone,
 Regains his courage from the tone
 Which his own skilful fingers woke,
 As love unanswerably spoke.
 "Should I relieve thy care, sweet maid,
 My skill with pleasure were repaid."

THE TROUBADOUR.

There sang before a lady fair
 A gallant youth, a pilgrim bard,
 Who by a sweet, home-hallowed air,
 Found easy entrance from the guard:
 "Lady, no magic pow'r I boast—
 Nor have I leech's lore and skill;
 Yet words I bring from foreign coast,
 Which soon may cure you of your ill!"
 "What are the words?" the maiden said—
 Her trembling accents almost fail,
 While on her cheek life's ensign red
 Now overcomes death's banner pale—
 "What are the words?" "Like missioned dove
 To one who in a dungeon mourned,
 They bring unto the ear of love
 A golden message—LOVE RETURNED!
 "Come to me fairest, ever dear!
 Neath torrid skies, o'er burning sand,
 I saw no desert—thou wert here!
 Thy love gave joy to every land!
 Thou to my rapt embraces caught,
 Tell me what shall be his reward,
 Who from a distant country brought
 And showed the lover in the bard?"

The maiden faintly blushed, and sighed;
 Then summoning her wonted pride,
 From him she coldly turned her eyes.
 "Turn not away," the minstrel cries,
 "O turn not from a lover's gaze,
 Thou trust and brightness of my days!
 If love the wounded heart consoles,
 Relieves the burden of distress,
 What shall be of our hopeful souls
 The pure undimmed happiness?
 Nay, on me turn that glance of light
 Which fired my raptured soul, when first
 Upon a dreamy poet's sight
 Thy beauty as a vision burst:
 That glance which first the tidings bore
 That I had loved for evermore!"
 A sweet smile on her face awakes,
 As roses bloom beneath the sun:
 The glance that from her eyelid breaks
 Proclaimeth that her heart is won!
 "O ever blessed be this even!"
 Exclaims the proud triumphant bard,
 "Now hath love brought its own reward:
 I envy not the saints their heaven!"

GEORGINA.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

RAHEL LEVIN.—MADAME VARNHANGEN VON ENSE.

Among the eminent German women living at the close of the last century and the first quarter of the present, who exercised a notable influence on the philosophic thought and society of the period, few stand higher in the estimation of her countrymen than Rahel Levin, better known by the name of Madame Varnhagen Von Ense. Rahel, who was born in Berlin, in 1771, was the eldest daughter of a Jewish family, who seem to have possessed considerable influence and a large acquaintance in that city. During her early years she evinced much originality of mind, and throughout her life, indeed, not a little eccentricity of conduct, exercising her own judgment or caprice in the selection of acquaintances, living sometimes with her family, sometimes apart from them, and acting in short with the completest personal freedom. During the summer months she made excursions alone to the different watering-places, returning in winter time to Berlin, where she possessed a large circle of acquaintances, among them Prince Louis Frederick, brother of the king, W. Humboldt, etc., and whence she corresponded with Goethe, and all the more celebrated literary men of her nation. Thus time passed until her thirty-seventh year, when she formed an engagement with M. Varnhagen, then a medical student of the university, thirteen years younger than herself, who afterwards became eminent as a writer. Shortly after this platonic relation was established—and it was one illustrating the elective affinities in a high degree of “minds made for each other,” and which was destined to outlast numerous trials, obstructions, and misunderstandings—M. Varnhagen entered the army, and took a distinguished part in the campaigns of 1808 and 1814, under Generals Bentheim and Tellenborn, who testified to the courage he displayed in the various engagements. During this six years the courtship was sustained by correspondence. On the approach of the French to Berlin, Rahel fled alone to Prague, where, as a *sœur de charité*, she displayed the tenderest solicitude for, and activity in the care of the sick and wounded. The pictures given, in her letters of this epoch, of the disabled Prussians, their patience under pain, etc., are in this respect just like similar descriptions we have read during the great contest of 1870. It was then the German women extemporised a society for the relief of the suffering soldiers, which presently grew into the *Wohlthatesketa*, or Benevolent Association. Rahel lauds the self-sacrificing devotion of her comrades, and states that the Jewesses were the most effective in the discharge of their humane duties in a crisis where the government were ill-prepared to rectify the overwhelming disasters of war. Among Rahel's friends and correspondents in the field was a gallant young officer, Alexander Von Marwitz, to whom some of her most interesting letters were addressed; and whom she describes returning from battle, from which he had miraculously escaped after receiving numerous wounds. Marwitz, as soon as he was able to mount a horse, again departed for the war, and Rahel writes to her friends picturing his heroic return; but, as it happened, he was never afterwards heard of.

The war over in 1814, the marriage of M. Varnhagen and Rahel was celebrated. He left the army, and entered the diplomatic service, in which he became alike distinguished; and the pair resided at Carlsruhe and Berlin until 1833, when Madame Varnhagen died.

In 1834 her husband published her correspondence, diaries, thoughts, etc.—a compilation which runs to 1,800 pages. The letters are addressed to a wide circle of friends—Gustav Von Brunck; W. Humboldt and his wife; Baron de la Motte Fouque, author of “Undine;” Marquis de Custini, now chiefly remembered for his graphic book on Russia; Prince Puckler Muskau, etc. In his preface to the correspondence of Rahel, M. Varnhagen, writing with the modest restraint of relationship to departed merit, says, respecting her: “A woman who has attracted the attention of the world, neither by rank,

beauty, or brilliancy of circumstance, or any great literary or artistic merit, but solely by the equally balanced control over, in itself, an ever-true, good, and awakening personality—who acted upon the world solely by her daily life, and therein, nevertheless, stood upon an equality with the first characters of her time—who made upon all such a deep and peculiar impression, and gained so constant an attention and affectionate respect—such a woman may at all times venture to assert her place as a rare and worthy apparition.” Undoubtedly Rahel possessed a philosophic mind of a profound order, as evidenced in her correspondence, whose value consists in the detached thoughts, suggestions, and occasional scenes and portraits, with which it is interspersed; and not in any literary excellence—for, though a thinker, Rahel was not a writer. Like many of her countrymen she delights more in the hunt than the hare—in the process of speculative thought than its results. Her letters are thus good examples of the introspective tendencies of the Germans—of the excursionist intelligence which enjoys the motion of its own current, using every impulse for the purpose of making way into regions of new views, new truths. Numbers of her ideas have a wide significance; many are graceful expressions of reflections on human life, manners, etc. Thus she says: “Why should I not be natural? I know nothing better to affect.” “A rock may have a history, but only a creature with consciousness a destiny: most men have only a history.” “What is rightly understood and rightly expressed of the present suits also for the past and future, and by this sign it is known to be true.” “Romance lives in the lowest chambers, if we knew all hearts.” “How do I define fondness?—The wit of love,” etc., etc. Rahel's admiration of Goethe amounted to idolatry. “As a descended demigod, so is Goethe, and what he sees and what he says is true. Other men I love with my own power; he teaches me to love with his.” Jean Paul Richter, whom the Germans place in the highest rank of thinkers and ideal humorists, and whose works are such a singular mass of chaos and cosmos, was also one of her constant intimates. Describing her first interview with him, she says, “Never saw I a man whose exterior was so different from what I had imagined. Not an idea of the comical—something particularly tranquillizing about him. His look is acute; his forehead battered with thoughts, as with musket bullets. He speaks so earnestly, softly, and orderly, listens so willingly, so patiently, I could never have thought it was the fantastic, profound, humorous Jean Paul.”

Volumes so huge as the Rahel correspondence are suited but to the patient Germans. It is only this year that the shining passages they contain have been brought together in a succinct form, in two works, entitled her *Unedited Writings*, and “*Memorable Things in the Life of Rahel Varnhagen*,” published at Leipsic.

LIFE AND DEATH.

O Death, thy face is strange yet beautiful!

Come close and closer; take me by the hand;
Life hath befooled me!—once more dutiful,
In sweet reliance by thy side I stand.

Thou hast the restitution of the Dead;

For our lost loves and joys we look to thee!
Hast thou not something for the tears we shed,
In all thy secrets of Eternity?

Hath not Life cast her treasures unto thee,

As being the better guardian of the two?
The prayers and tears of all humanity
Are thine, O thou most trustworthy and true!

All ages and all worlds hang on thy smile

And dream—fulfilment of their dreams in thee!

“Oh! Life,” they say, “hath much; but wait awhile!
Doth Death not keep the heaven that is to be?”

H. R. R.

WORK TABLE.

AN OPERA CAP IN NETTING.

74 stitches. German wool of two colors; say, pink and white, or blue and white. Take a half inch mesh, a strong one. First row should be wide, the second row narrow. Go on alternately, wide and narrow, till the twelfth row. Join the second color, and net three stitches in the former row. One row (narrow mesh) must be netted with fine silk cord into the stitches of the first color, each stitch being distinctly erased. Now cut off the foundation, and net a corresponding piece. Unite the two parts by a row of knots: one narrow, one wide; two narrow, two wide. The strings have to be added, and will set it off.

A COMFORTER.—NETTING.

Use ivory pins. Any bright colors in Berlin wool will answer the purpose. Make a foundation of sixty-five stitches. Net eighty rows of alternate color. Add a fringe.

FOR A NETTED PURSE WITH POINTS,

Begin with eighty stitches. Decrease ten each row, subsequently increase ten each row. Make one point of each color. Any colors are suitable, if they be rich. The silk must be fine. Seam it on a mould. Press it, and add tassels.

KNITTING CHAIR COVER.

Shell pattern.—The pattern is composed of nineteen stitches. You first let out three stitches, by putting your thread before the three first stitches, and knitting them; take the next three by knitting two and two together; one stitch plain; three taking in, and three letting out, so that having let out six, and taken in six, you will have your nineteen stitches. But to be quite intelligible—begin your thread before the wire, and knit a stitch; thread before the wire, knit another stitch; once more, thread before the wire, knit another stitch. Then knit two together, and again two together; repeat two together; one alone; then two together; two together; two together; and again two together. Then thread before the wire, and knit one stitch; thread before the wire, one more; thread before the wire and again one more, for the whole row. Next row must be all pearled; knit plain; then the next row, pearl again. This makes three complete rows between. Then begin the fancy one as before, and so proceed.

For the chair-back cover you must put on six times nineteen stitches, which is for the widest part, and set on three extra stitches for letting out at the beginning, and three also at the end, as it would too much increase. The next fancy row, put your colour before the wire, and knit together three lines at the beginning, three lines at the end, and to form a sort of scallop at the side of every third or fourth fancy row, instead of doing the scroll off three stitches at the beginning and end of the wire. When you have knitted a sufficient piece you cast off nineteen stitches at the beginning, and nineteen at the end of the wire, either all together or by degrees. Knit on for the narrow part till long enough.

Use No. 8 cotton for fringe to the above. Nine stitches, slip a stitch, knit two plain—one ten cotton before the wire; knit two in one, then one plain, then cotton before the wire, and knit two together, then one plain. When you have made it long enough, cast off five stitches, and unravel the remaining four.—*The Work Table Companion.*

HOUSEKEEPER.

CREME VELOUR.—A NICE DISH.—To 1½ oz. of isinglass, put ½ pint of soft water. Boil it till reduced to ¼ a pint. Then add a small stick of cinnamon, 5 cloves, the rind of a lemon (thin), and boil for half-an-hour longer. After this, it must not be put again on the fire. Sweeten according to taste. Add the juice of a lemon, a glass of white wine, and ½ a pint of cream. Stir all in one direction, till quite cold.

CORDIAL.—½ an oz. whole ginger, ½ oz. cinnamon, ½ oz. of cloves. Bruise all well. Add one quart of best whiskey, and nearly a pound of sugar. Let all stand about a week or more. Stir it each day. At the end of the time, you may strain and bottle it.

AN EXCELLENT CURE FOR A COUGH.—A small tea cup of flax seed, ¼ lb. of raisins, cut and stoned. 2d. worth of liquorice root, 2d. worth of sugar candy. Boil in 5 pints of water till reduced to about a quart. Then strain it. Take a wineglass fasting when lying down.

APPLE MARMALADE.—To every pound of apples, peeled, cored, and chopped fine, put 1lb. of sugar, 1 pint of water, and the peel and juice of 2 lemons. Boil all for two hours and a half, and put it into any shape, or shapes, you like.

A GOOD VEGETABLE SOUP.—Quarter of a pound of butter, 3 cucumbers, all the seeds taken out and only the white part used, 4 cores of lettuce cut small, and a pint of young pease. Stew all till quite tender. Then take a quart of old pease, a piece of mint, and some parsley. Boil in 2 quarts of water until it is fit to be put through a hair sieve. Then mix the boiled and the stewed ingredients; boil well, and add a small quantity of white sugar.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

(Written during the civil war in the United States.)

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, sabres, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling—so young and so brave!
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.
Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Pressing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, we know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptised in those waves of light?
God knows best, he was somebody's love!
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Longing to press him again to her heart;
There he lies, with blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head:
"Somebody's Darling lies buried here."

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Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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THE EMERALD:

THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 23.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]

PALMISTRY.



LIVER Wendell Holmes exclaimed with scorn, "Ex pede," indeed! Read instead, "Ex ungue minimi digiti pedis, Herculem, ejusque patrem, matrem, avos, et proavos, filios, nepotes, et pronepotes."

That wonderful Parisian, M. Collongues, could tell the age, the state of health, and the temperament of any person by merely examining their great toe or one of their fingers.

Lavater, in the words of the ancient philosophers, said, "The whole is in every part," meaning thereby that the outline of the moral nature was discernible in each of the features. And M. Desbarrolles, the author of "Les Mystères de la Main," quite agrees with the great physiognomist, but adds that the signs are more legible in the hand than elsewhere; therefore, if obliged to judge of a man's powers, instincts, and history, from only one part of his body, he would prefer to examine the hand, but, where it is possible, he is glad to avail himself also of all indications supplied by face or skull, or even voice, gait, or writing. In fact, M. Desbarrolles is an eclectic, taking crumbs of knowledge wherever he can find them, but professing to reap the largest harvest in the hand. His book on palmistry, published about eleven years ago, attracted much attention among the general reading public, and made some little way also, I am told, with scientific people. In eight years, eight editions of the "Mysteries of the Hand" appeared. Palmistry has strong attractions for several classes of minds: amongst them come first students of character, practical metaphysicians (if I may use the term), and secondly, a much larger number of inquirers, whose motive is a vulgar curiosity with regard to future events. Both classes will find some reward for their time and trouble in studying palmistry. It is a very old science. A traditional remnant of it is still preserved by the gypsies, and also in some ancient written records. The merit of collecting, testing, and making selections from those materials is due to M. Desbarrolles, and his system is taken partly from tradition, partly from discoveries of his own, and partly from the writings of M. d'Arpentigny, who invented chiromnomy. Chiromnomy helps us to judge of character by the form of the hand and the shape of the fingers. Palmistry takes account of the shape of the hand also, but studies chiefly the lines and mounts of the palm. M. d'Arpentigny's attention was directed to the subject in a curious manner. He lived in the neighborhood of a rich proprietor, who

gave frequent receptions. The lady of the house delighted in the society of artists, and gathered painters and musicians round her. Her husband was devoted to the exact sciences, and he sought friends and acquaintances among persons sharing his tastes. Mechanicians, mathematicians, and "practical people" were his chosen guests. M. d'Arpentigny, though neither a Raphael nor a Stephenson, was the friend of both husband and wife, and had thus the opportunity of becoming acquainted with both kinds of visitors at the chateau. He remarked the dissimilarity of their hands. The artists had short fingers that tapered to a point. The other set had square-topped fingers, with the joints very much developed. M. d'Arpentigny resolved to investigate. He went in search of hands, and found various moral and intellectual characteristics always associated with a particular form of finger. He said there were three types of hands—the pointed-topped, the square-topped, and the spade-shaped (by spade-shaped is meant thick at the end—a little pad of flesh beyond each side of the nail). The first type belongs to characters possessed of rapid and keen insight into things, to persons easily susceptible to outward influences, to pious people of the contemplative kind, to almost all artists. The second type, to scientific people, to sensible, self-contained characters, to most of our professional men, who steer between the wholly-practical course they of the spade-shaped fingers take, and the too-visionary bent of the people with pointed fingers. The third type belongs to those who are material in their instincts, to people who have a genius for commerce, a high appreciation of whatever in civilization tends to bodily use and comfort, and to people of great activity. Each finger has one joint representing each of these types. That division of the finger nearest the palm stands for the body, the middle division represents mind, and the top, soul. If the top part be long, you are to expect a character with ideality strongly developed. The middle of the finger being large, promises a logical, calculating mind; and the remaining joint long and thick, denotes a person clinging to the luxuries rather than the refinements of life. Some time and experience will be needed by a beginner to construct an idea of the average proportions of a hand. Only departures from this average hand are really characteristic. A hand conforming itself exactly to the representative hand would portend a being without any individuality—a nonentity. Those types are varied almost to infinitude, by combining the forms of two kinds of hands. These are called mixed hands. They are transitional.

M. Desbarrolles, in adopting all that I have set down of M. d'Arpentigny's system, added to it the study of the palm, in which the principal lines are the line of life, which runs round the base of the thumb; the line of the head, which begins beside the line of life, between the thumb and first finger, and crosses the middle of the palm; and the line of the heart, which goes across the hand at the base of the fingers. An unbroken and well-defined line of life signifies good health. A breakage in the line reveals impending sickness, if it be in years to come; or sickness passed, if it belong to years gone by. Age is marked on the line of life in the following way: A line is drawn from the middle of the base of the third finger towards the second joint in the thumb. The point at which this line intersects the line of life will mark the age of ten. A line parallel to this one, starting from between the third and the last finger, will touch the line of life at the point called twenty. Another parallel line, starting from the middle of the base of the little finger, takes you to thirty. The next line goes from the outer edge of the same finger, and gives forty. The line to find fifty starts from a little above the line of the heart. Any dot or cross on the line of life belonging to a bygone time, denotes an illness or an accident having occurred at that period, but does not warn or menace, as the same sign would if seen in prospect. Palmistry, by forewarning, forearms; for there are indications elsewhere in the hand showing what kind of danger to apprehend. M. Desbarrolles is fond of repeating, "*Homo sapiens dominabitur astris.*"

A long and well-defined line of the head promises intellectual power. If the line be so long as to go to the edge of the hand, it indicates too much calculation—meanness. All excessive developments denote the vices that correspond to the good qualities which the lines, mounts, or forms ought to represent. The line of the heart, if well marked, and going from the edge of the hand under the little finger to about the root of the first finger, promises an affectionate disposition and a good memory. Each finger and the mount at the base of it is named from a planet. Jupiter is the first finger. If that is long and the mount developed, it indicates a noble and lofty character, and a religious-minded person. The second finger is Saturn. If Saturn be dominant, there will be a fierce melancholy in the person; but if the finger be within due proportions, this sadness may take the form of pity for others. The third finger is Apollo, and belongs to the arts. Each finger will modify its special meaning according to the class it belongs to. For instance, in a "pointed" hand, Apollo will give poetry, music (composition); in a "square" hand, painting or sculpture (here art combines with activity, a something of manual skill with gifts of the imagination); and in a "spade-shaped" hand, Apollo will give histrionic power, a talent for acting, which is art joined in the closest way to motion. The fourth finger is Mercury. If large and well made, it promises a scientific turn of mind, resourcefulness and diplomacy—tact. The thumb is Venus. Chiromony and palmistry agree in almost all particulars about the thumb. In both systems it is treated as the most important part of the hand. The upper joint—that with the nail—represents the will; the second division, the reasoning faculties; the base, the animal instincts.

As far as possible, Desbarrolles strives to establish the analogy between the capabilities of the hand as an instrument and our spiritual nature. For instance, in the act of grasping anything, the fingers turn towards the thumb; when giving anything, the thumb and fingers separate; and, he says, when laid flat upon any surface, a miser's hand will show all the fingers inclining towards the thumb, an extravagant person's fingers running away from it. Generosity and openhandedness are synonyms. Again, a quarrelsome hand has nails turned upwards; a timid hand has nails that shield the extremities of the fingers. For the action of seizing with the nails the latter form would be useless, the former essential. Little lines and dots have their importance. A horizontal line on the mount of Mercury signifies a marriage. There are two mounts opposite the thumb.

That nearest the wrist is the moon, giving imagination—an inclination to gentle reverie and harmony in music (Venus gives love of melody); and Mars immediately above this last mount. Mars is represented also by the hollow in the centre of the hand. The mount stands for active courage, or, if too strongly developed, for pugnacity; and the hollow, if not too deep, indicates passive courage, patience, endurance. Life being a struggle, there is a peculiar appropriateness in having Mars doubly represented. The color of the lines, if very bright, denotes a hot-tempered person; if a deep red, a violent disposition; and if very pale, a cold, selfish, and self-indulgent character. A soft, fat hand belongs almost invariably to an indolent person. A firm hand promises an energetic disposition. I knew a good old man who had probably never heard the word palmistry, who, nevertheless, acted upon some of its laws; for, being anxious to marry a second time, and thus to secure a useful helpmate for his declining years, the reason he gave for his choice of a wife was, "She had such a fine, hard hand." They had no sooner met, and shaken hands, than his mind was made up.

Of Desbarrolles' *theory* I shall say very little, and that little will not be very complimentary. His reasons why a given division of a finger, a mount, or a line, should represent some qualities, and not any others, appear to me obscure and unsatisfactory. Had I not had special reasons for wishing to understand the system, I should not have had the necessary perseverance for wading through his chapters on "Man in connection with the Planets," or "Kabbala," and kindred topics, which reminded me forcibly of what the modern mystics tell us of the lore of the Alexandrian Platonists. There is a most unprepossessing air of special pleading running through the theoretical part of his book. M. Desbarrolles prides himself on the empirical nature of his system, defining that word as representing knowledge gathered by experience, facts tested experimentally; but it is a temptation, when reading "*The Mysteries of the Hand,*" to apply *empirical* in its more common sense (quackery) to his system. Were it not for the strange way in which the science verified itself when I attempted to apply it, I could never have thought of it in any other light than as an ingenious fiction. Without possessing quite so much knowledge of the system as I have set down in the foregoing pages, I found, when I began to make use of palmistry, that it helped me greatly in intercourse with strangers. When travelling about, and meeting every few days a new set of people, being able to guess at their tastes and pursuits was an invaluable help to making the most of the society to which circumstances introduced me. I found that palmistry enabled me to make such guesses with some shrewdness. Phrenology is in some things a more satisfactory study, but it is often impossible to apply it, whereas there are a thousand opportunities for exercising palmistry. One of its chief merits is in the means it affords for deciding on the dispositions and tastes of children, and of young people past childhood. Many mistakes now made with regard to education, elementary or technical, could be avoided by a careful study of a child's capabilities and instincts. The sketch of the system which I have attempted to give is necessarily very dry, and very incomplete, but even a fragmentary acquaintance with the subject enables persons to afford themselves and their neighbors a good deal of harmless amusement, and a more thorough knowledge of the subject would prove really useful.

GROUSE.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great occurs on the 30th of May—i.e., the 11th of June, according to our reckoning—1872, and the Russians intend to celebrate it by opening a great polytechnic exhibition on that day. All nations are invited to contribute.

Mdlle. Sessi has made her appearance in *Hamlet* at the Paris Grand Opera, and *Le Menestrel* says she showed a wonderful improvement—in voice and style.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER III.

Alice thought of Hedley more or less all the evening and following morning. When she went out with her afternoon task, imposed by Dorothy, to sit under the hawthorn tree, she wondered what he was doing. A step and voice that she knew, recalled her. It was Mr. Gresham.

"Well, little girl," he said, seating himself beside her, "let us hear your secret. I told you I was coming to get it out of you. What is it?"

Alice colored crimson.

"I've no secret, sir," she answered resolutely.

"Oh yes, you have," retorted her merciless persecutor. "Something that you don't care to speak of to your father. You can't hide it from me. Your face has let it out long ago."

It was play to him, but tremendous earnest to her. She kept her eyes down, and her lip trembled.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she faltered.

"Come," pursued Mr. Gresham, more and more amused at her confusion. "Why don't you say it at once? Hasn't that sober writing-master to do with it?"

It was putting Hedley in an unpleasant light. Alice resented it. She looked up with flashing eyes.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," she repeated shortly. Mr. Gresham found the play interesting.

"You needn't be angry," he went on. "He's a respectable, estimable young fellow, I've no doubt. I said no harm of him."

Something in his tone touched Alice to the quick. Her spirit was thoroughly roused.

"Mr. Gresham," she broke out, "are you come as a mischief-maker between us? What have you to do either with him or me? Go home, and leave us!"

As she spoke, she motioned him imperiously from her, with her hands. Her anger gave eloquence to her voice and manner, and dignity to her movements. Mr. Gresham had never seen her, or conceived of her, in this light. He was delighted and charmed.

"I do not go till you say you forgive me," he said soothingly. "I would not displease you for worlds, little girl."

She leant against the tree, with her face turned from him, in undefined misery.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, after waiting in vain, "let us be friends. I didn't mean to disturb you."

Alice's anger blazed up again.

"Do go, sir," she pleaded; and he laughed and left her. The play was going deeper.

Alice's first letter to Hedley was more curious than satisfactory.

"My dear Hedley," it began, "I write, as you told me. I am very busy, and not dull. Father says old Martin is intolerable, and he can't stand him. I went to the cottage yesterday. The creeper is growing beautifully, and has reached the upper windows. Mr. Gresham came while I was there. I have seen him several times. He is very kind. He says he is going away in a week for a short time. I hope you are quite well. This is all the news. Good-bye, dear Hedley. Your affectionate Alice."

Hedley translated the above as best he could to his satisfaction. He read it fifty times—by daylight, and gaslight, and starlight—and answered it freely out of the depths of his honest heart.

This drew a second letter from Alice. It ran thus:—

"Dear Hedley,—thank you for your letter. I wish I could write as nicely as you, but I can't find anything to say. Father is in trouble about one of the boys—I don't know which; and Dorothy had the toothache very badly last night. You can't think how quiet it is sitting working without you. On Sunday, I forgot you weren't at home, and turned round to look for you in the pew behind. Mr. Gresham often comes and talks to me. He says I must be dull when you're

away, so he will amuse me. Sometimes he makes himself so funny, that I quite forget how much older he is than me. I can't think why so grand a gentleman should be so kind. I am going over Haverstock Manor some day soon. Dorothy is allowed to go too. I suppose you see a lot of grand things in London. The hawthorn tree on the common has lost all its blossoms. Good-bye, dear Hedley. How stupid your Aunt Benson must be. Your affectionate Alice."

During Hedley's absence, Mr. Gresham and Alice met more frequently. Her simplicity opened a wide field of entertainment to him, and she was a perpetual resource to fill up his idle time. It never occurred to Alice the amusement might be an unwholesome one. The present entirely engrossed her; and had she looked beyond it, in her profound ignorance of the world and of herself, she would most probably have judged altogether wrong. As it was, from her minute point of view she saw nothing as it really was.

On the day of Mr. Gresham's departure, Alice went out as usual under the hawthorn tree. She went there purposely, because he knew where to find her. It was a clear, gray morning, not brilliant, but suggestive. Alice peeped up continually to look along the road. He did not come, and she found it dull without him.

"I wonder where he can be!" she fretted to herself. "He likes being with me better than with anybody else, or he wouldn't come so often. Besides, he told me so."

She waited in vain till mid-day, and then returned home. Dorothy wandered about the house with her face tied up. Alice sat down and leant her elbows on the kitchen-table disconsolately. The world was dull. Presently Dorothy looked up from cleaning a pan.

"Mr. Gresham's been here," she said; "he stopped to speak to master on his way to Haverstock. He's gone."

"Gone!" echoed Alice. Her first thought was, "I shan't see him." She was disappointed. Dorothy had returned to her pan and rubbed vigorously.

"Them fine folk," she grumbled, shaking her head, "lead an easy life of it, they do. Instead of getting up early to work, they get up late to do nothing. There's no good to be had out of them, I'll be bound."

"Has he left Haverstock?" asked Alice. The old woman turned and eyed her.

"What's that to you?" retorted she. "Them fine folk has nothing to do with you, girl. You're like the dust under their feet. They only look at you when they've nothing better to look at."

Alice smarted under her words. They were more wholesome than pleasant to hear.

"You shouldn't say that," she broke out hotly. "Mr. Gresham is a really nice gentleman, and has been very kind to me. I like him."

"Fine feathers make fine birds," returned Dorothy disdainfully.

Alice went to her work with a heavy heart. The charm of occupation was gone. Her reflections were rudely interrupted by the old woman's chafings and complaints, such as—"It isn't good for boiling or nothing," or "Drat the thing! will it never be clean?"

The afternoon sun poured in through the muslin blind and lighted upon her cap and the hearth. Alice looked round and noticed how homely everything was. The hours dragged on heavily. As five o'clock struck, Dorothy rose, remarking, "The master's late to-night." Alice leant back idle and discontented. She was startled by hearing her father's voice in the passage, asking, "Where's Alice?" He never asked for her from year's end to year's end. Then she heard him say to Dorothy, "Send her here." And Dorothy walked into the kitchen looking equally astonished, and delivered the message, "The master wants you in the parlor."

Alice went in immediately. She found him standing on the rug, in one of his impressive attitudes. His face beamed with a new light. Something very extraordinary had occurred. He came forward and took her hands almost tenderly.

Gratified pride veiled itself under the form of fatherly fondness.

"Sit down, my daughter," he said. "I have some very important news to communicate."

She did so, trembling. He cleared his throat, as though preparing to deliver a speech.

"Providence," he began, "has been very merciful to us, and conferred upon us a great honor. We cannot be too humble in our manner of receiving it. Mr. Gresham is desirous of making you his wife."

Alice was thunder-struck. Such a possibility had never for a second entered her brain. The difference of age alone seemed to declare it preposterous; but the difference of rank made it doubly so. She sat speechless, turning red and pale. John Summers could not refrain from giving vent to his delight.

"It is an honor," he said, crossing his hands behind his back, and slowly pacing up and down the room, "to which, truly, we are not entitled. The position you will hold will be very high and brilliant. You will be a noble and wealthy lady, with unlimited means of usefulness at your disposal."

Alice listened as though she were in a dream. She had never opposed her father before in her life, therefore she did not oppose him now. He stopped in front of her, and touched her on the forehead.

"God bless you, my daughter!" he said, with a touch of true feeling perceptible through his long-winded pomposity. Alice did not move. She was perfectly bewildered. He returned to pacing up and down the room, and to the delicious theme, which he could have pursued for ever.

"Mr. Gresham met me as I left the school-house. We walked along together. He spoke in a most gentlemanly way. Altogether he has behaved in a most gentlemanly manner. You are fortunate, Alice—extremely fortunate. I shall indeed have reason to be proud of my son-in-law."

This splendid idea brought him suddenly to a full stop. The silence was broken by Dorothy popping her head in at the door and saying, "Bain't you coming to tea?"

"Come in!" said John Summers opening the door with a flourish. "Come in, and look at your mistress. Congratulate her, Dorothy."

The old woman walked forward, her hands rolled in her apron, staring curiously. Alice's eyes were lowered. She had never raised them.

"What's up with you, my girl?" said Dorothy with more warmth than deference of manner, giving her a hearty slap on her shoulder.

"The greatest piece of good fortune that could have befallen anyone," said John Summers, "has befallen her. Congratulate your mistress—the future wife of Mr. Gresham!"

Dorothy's hands fell by her side, and her mouth opened, but no sound came.

"Yes," said John Summers, smiling benignly.

"Mr. Gresham!" exclaimed the old woman in unfeigned amazement—"that grand gentleman? never!"

"Yes, Dorothy," repeated he calmly, "it is true."

Dorothy stared at Alice without a word. The idea had succeeded in making its way slowly into her mind, and was gradually taking possession of it. She gave vent to her feelings by the first words that entered her head.

"Lord bless and save us!" she ejaculated. "My goodness gracious me! Who'd have thought of such a thing!"

"My daughter," said John Summers graciously, "you appear discomposed. Go to your room and quiet yourself. You will be glad no doubt to reflect at your leisure, and in solitude. Dorothy will carry you up a cup of tea."

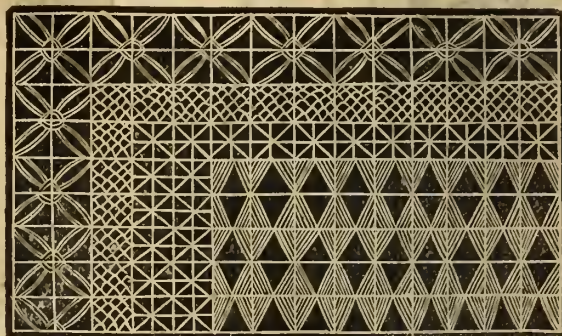
"Certainly, my lady," said Dorothy with perfect gravity and a ridiculous little curtsy.

Alice rose trembling, accepted the support of her father's arm, mounted the stair, and locked herself into her own room.

(To be Continued.)

WORK TABLE.

PATTERN IN GUIPURE D'ART.



Pattern in Guipure d'Art. Section of a square. This can be worked to any size desired. Make the netting with I. and W. Taylor's improved lacet threads, No. 30, and H. Walker's half-inch mesh. Dearn the pattern with No. 40 of the same pattern, and Walker's elliptic needle. The design is suitable for a small sofa cushion, lined with bluesatin, or in squares joined with two-inch wide azure blue satin ribbon between, and bows at the corners. Four squares are then enough, and make an elegant antimacassar for a sofa or chair cushion.

KNITTED BOOT.

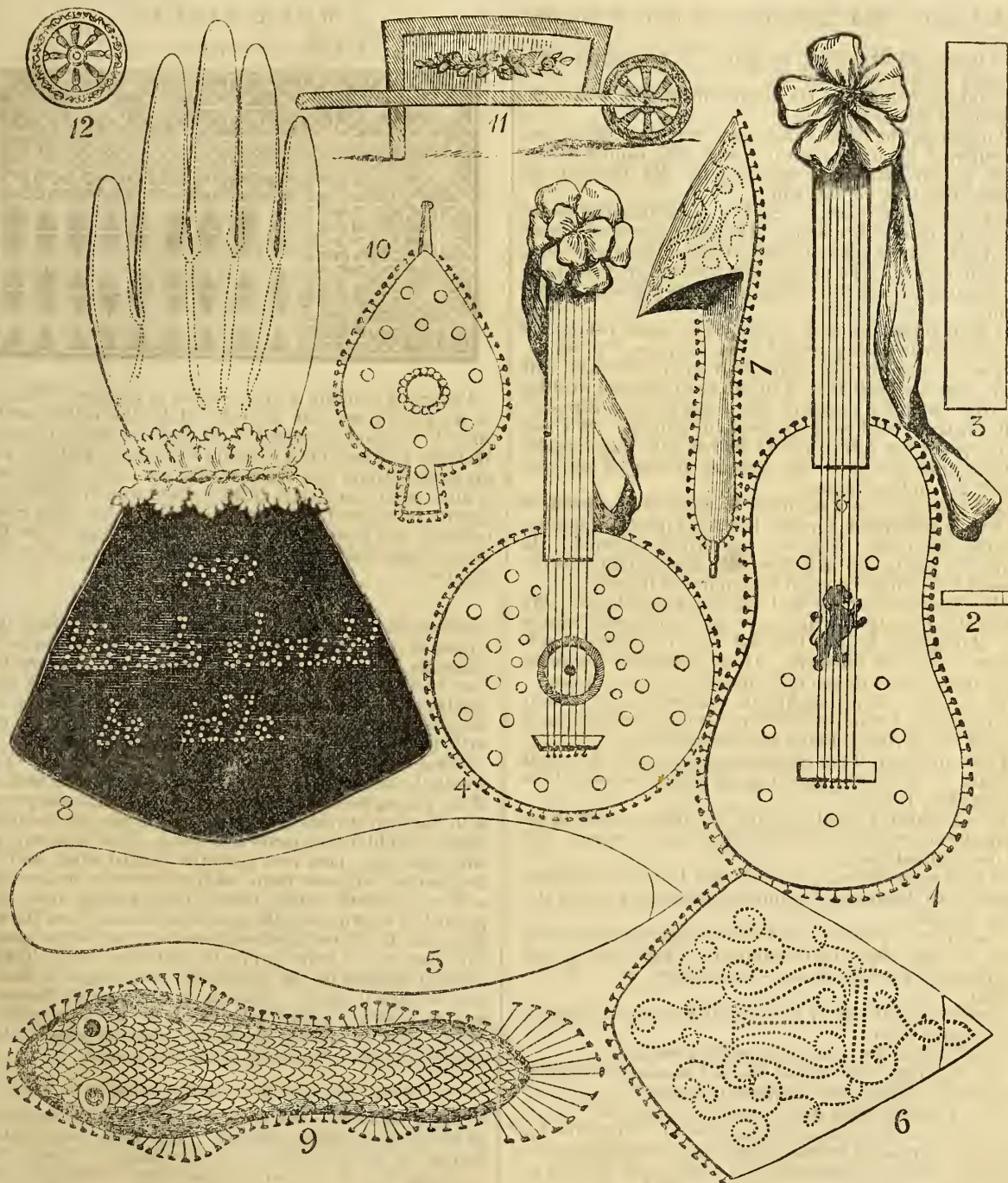
Comfortable for driving. Useful to invalids. Buy three ounces brown-colored lamb's wool, and two fawn-color No. 6 threads, and a pair of knitting pins; bone pins are best. Cast on fifty stitches. Knit a row, and pearl a row alternately; six rows to form an elastic top. Then knit two, and pearl two, continuing the same to form ribs; sixty rows with fawn color. Now fasten on your brown wool, and continue the same in color, and stitch eight rows. Then divide the stitches into three parts, by slipping off each end of the pin eighteen stitches. Secure them while you proceed with fourteen stitches; one left on the pin for the instep, which should be in bird's eye stitch—that is to say, knit one, pearl one; next row, pearl the knitted stitch, and knit the pearl; six rows fawn, six rows brown, to make stripes, and so continue thirty rows. Then twenty rows to be pearled of brown color, the pearled stitches to form the right side cast off. Now take the eighteen stitches before secured, slip them on the knitting pin, tie on brown wool. Take up as many stitches on the side of the piece which is knitted as will make it elastic. Knit the first row, pearl the second, and so continue. Cast off, and knit the other side the same. Cast off, and sew the knitted piece up behind. Their shape depends on the boots being nicely soled.

A PENCE JUG.—TO BE KNITTED IN BERLIN WOOL.

The three or four first lines should be pearled, ten stitches to be worked, forming the lip. Thirty-two more stitches brings us to the junction of the handle. Then a continuation of stitches twenty rows deep. Now pearl three rows. Begin to increase one every third stitch. Again three rows pearled. Now increase to fifty-four. Then bring the thread forward, and knit two in one for three rows. Pearl one between each. Pearl three rows. Lastly, rib twelve rows, then narrow to twenty-six stitches. Rib three, and narrow, and draw in for the foundation. If well knitted, this is an extremely pretty little jug.

KNITTED PURSE.

Cast on eighty-four stitches. Knit three rows plain; then knit three. Make one. Knit two together; and so on to the end. For the second row pearl through. Then begin the first row.



DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ARTICLES FOR CHRISTMAS-TREES, FANCY FAIRS, AND
KEEPSAKES.

Figure 1.—*The Guitar*.—Trace the outline of the guitar, cut it twice in cardboard, and cover each piece with pale green satin. Cut the bridge (fig. 2) in card, paint it black, or cover it very neatly with dull black silk. Tie it in upright. Cut two pieces of card like figure 3; cover with dull black silk; sew them together all but half an inch. Insert the piece of the guitar with the bridge on it, into this, and put on the strings of fine yellow sewing-silk. Then sew on the back, previously covered with green satin; put on the

spangles, red and gold, and a gold spangle lion, with gum. Place a long loop and cluster of narrow white sarsanet bows at the top. Stick miniature pins, commonly called doll's pins, all around. These pins are the same as those used by haberdashers in their ribbons.

Fig. 4.—*The Mandoline*.—Made like the guitar. The body is covered with white satin, and a ring painted on it with madder brown. The bow at top, cherry color.

Fig. 7.—*The Slipper*.—Cut two pieces for the sole by fig. 5. Cover them with white sarsanet, and sew together, leaving room at the heel to insert a bodkin. Cut two pieces for the toe by fig. 6. Cover one with white sarsanet, and one with scarlet velvet, handsomely worked with gold, glass, and

chalk beads, or with gold cord sewed on in a pattern. Sew them together, and then to the shoe. Or only cut one toe of card, cover it with velvet and line with white sarsanet. Insert the bodkin, stick miniature pins all around, and put a thimble in the toe. Very pretty white metal thimbles, lined with blue enamel, are sold, price from 2d. to 4d. each. They are supplied wholesale by H. Walker, 47, Gresham-street, London.

Fig. 8.—*Penwiper*.—Cut the hand in white card board—Bristol board. There is no occasion to mark the seams. It should be cut with a sharp penknife. Make the top of the gauntlet of velvet; line it. Make a back piece, and line it as you please. Sew the two together. Put a couple of inner pieces smaller, with knotted edges. Sew them all to the hand, and cover the join with a blond lace turned each way, and a piece of narrow ribbon or passementerie between, with a little bow on the centre to finish it. The motto is worked with white chalk beads.

Fig. 9.—*The Fish*.—Cut two pieces of card the shape. Cover with steel grey, or salmon colored silk. Mark off the head and eyes with Indian-ink. Cover each piece with Brussels net; sew together, putting in a little wadding to shape the fish. Form the fins and tail with pins (short whites), and between miniature pins. Put a bodkin in the mouth.

Fig. 10.—*The bellows* is made like the guitar. A bodkin forms the nozzle.

Fig. 11.—*A Wheelbarrow*.—Cut the two sides, and edge with gold paper. Cut two more, smaller; cover with silk, and join with a narrow ribbon between, and wadding, as a pincushion, keeping the sides flat. Gum on the gilt-edged sides. Press gently till dry. Then paint the flowers. The wheel is cut out with a penknife, and attached with a bit of wire. Fig. 12 is the wheel.

HOPE.

(TRANSLATED FROM GEIBEL.)

Though winter lords it far and wide,

Though growls the biting blast,

And ice and snow all beauty hide;

The spring *must* come at last.

Though marshal the clouds in dense array

To veil the sun in sadness,

He'll shine again with quickening ray,

And wake the earth to gladness.

Blow, then, ye storms in angry might!

Your rage is only cheering;

With gentle footsteps overnight

The beauteous spring is nearing.

Then wakes, in lovely robe of green,

The earth—but *how* none knoweth;

And laughs as she basks in the gorgeous sheen,

And life in her bosom gloweth.

She weaves her wreaths of the blooming thorn,

The violet and lily entwining;

While brooklets greet the smiling morn,

Their tears with her joy combining.

Then rest, my heart! contented still,

Though life be cold and cheerless;

There comes for those who wait God's will

A day in beauty peerless.

And when thy spirit quails in fright

'Fore terrors vague and vast,

Undaunted trust Thy Father's might—

The spring *must* come at last.

R. J. P.

THE LATEST FASHIONS.

A new kind of veil has been introduced in Paris which is very effective. It is in the Spanish style, and is made two yards long, about a foot wide, one edge in the middle is rounded or cut to a slight point. This point is adjusted over the face, downwards, when a bonnet or hat is worn, the veil is drawn back and fastened rather tightly behind, with a brooch or bow of ribbon, and the ends then are brought round to the front, and fastened on the chest. A veil of this kind is also worn at the theatre, to form a headdress; in that case it is placed across the head, a flower under it towards the left side. Bonnets are rather larger than formerly, and the shape some of them assume is not unlike that of an earl's coronet. They appear to be very nearly round, with a high soft crown—in fact, the crown is almost all the bonnet,—with a ribbon twisted round it, and a few bows and flowers a little to one side—at least, such is the shape of some Parisian bonnets which we recently saw. One was made of black velvet with a *rouleau* of the new pale pink ribbon round it, under which velvet bows were arranged; and on one side was a cluster or knot of pink bows. It was very pretty. Some bonnets are of a different shape to this, and in form approximate nearer to the old-fashioned notion of a bonnet, but still they only occupy the tops of the wearers' heads. One such as this, also from Paris, was composed of fine drawn blue satin, with a soft crown, and trimmed with blue satin ribbon, and a single rose on one side.

Hats are made with narrow brims and high crowns, and, like the bonnets, mostly trimmed high.

The new reign of fashion is to be distinguished by the elegance and simplicity of its toilets—but not by any diminution in cost. On the contrary, the richness of material desirable for such a style will make the wardrobe expenditure heavier than ever, amongst those who can afford it. We do not hear, however, of the abandonment of the tunic entirely, but, for heavy materials, the satin cloths, double cashmeres, or rep—it is constructed without the *pouf* behind, and merely falls straight. Nevertheless the hem is not equal all round. Generally the front is shorter than the back, but sometimes the reverse is the case; or short side pieces are added; or the edge is cut in two large scallops, one for the front and one for the back. Another variety of make is to cut open the sides in the shape of a capital A; sometimes they are raised at the side, slightly, by a rosette.

A very ladylike dress, of bronze green rep, is made with a short skirt, ornamented by a kilt pleating, headed by a band of two-inch wide black velvet. Over this is a tunic, back and sides to the hip in one, nearly as long as the dress, but sloped off shorter at the sides. It is trimmed all round with a kilt pleated frill, graduated smaller towards the sides and up to the hip, and headed by a velvet band not so wide as that on the skirt. The front of the tunic is apron shaped, and described by a corresponding trimming, not being really an overskirt.

Dresses for indoors and for evening are worn very long, tunics are all long, and much longer behind than in front; with the exception of the thick materials above described, they are draped, the fulness remaining entirely at the back.

Over-jackets of velvet, with or without sleeves, are very much worn indoors over dresses; they are small, and have little square basques. By way of trimming they are handsomely braided. Braiding on velvet is considered particularly effective. Braid is so fashionable at present that it is used on every possible material, and in every possible manner, both the narrow braiding and the broad *soutache*. *Passementerie* is also much used; and a *passementerie* is manufactured which resembles a fine narrow braiding in pattern.

Waistcoat bodies are exceedingly in favor, and are generally becoming. The bodice is cut from an ordinary jacket pattern, then the front of the basque is cut short, and with a central peak, as for a waistcoat, leaving the re-

mainder merely rounded off. The trimming is carried round the back of the neck, down each side to the waist, in the form braces take, and then widening from the waist it covers the edge of the basque left to distinguish the jacket. The waistcoat is untrimmed. This style of make is generally becoming, because it reduces so much the apparent size of the waist. The waistcoat and jacket body, however, rather tend to reduce the apparent size of the bust, especially with a waistcoat of a different colour. When the figure is slender, the waistcoat basques should be as short as possible; the length of these basques tends to diminish the size in breadth of the figure.

Plaids, both fancy and tartan, are to be worn again this winter, especially in petticoats.

Mantles for the season admit of great variety. As a rule, loose ones will be short, reaching little below the waist, except for elderly ladies. Tight-fitting mantles, with basques draped up, will be the most stylish, but casaques unlooped or suspended only by a rosette at the side will also be seen.

Real cashmere shawls are never out of date, but this year they will be worn in the old-fashioned manner, with a point behind. In Paris, young ladies are wearing shawls with a point and the ends crossed on the chest and then tied behind.

A pretty demi-toilet arrangement is suitable to a black or colored silk dress. Square body, round which in several folds place fine soft Swiss muslin, and edge it with a frill. Cross it to the waistband. On one side fix a small bouquet of flowers. Over the dress sleeves (short or coat shape) fix a pair of muslin sleeves, drawn at intervals to the arm from the shoulder to the waist. Up the back of the sleeves attach a frill, edged with lace. Net may be used instead of lace to compose this costume.

A charming dinner dress of black and amber. Skirt, broad striped black and amber satin. Tunic nearly as long as the dress in front, quite as long behind, of amber satin edged with a pleated frill of black satin and a heading of narrow, and a fall of deep black Maltese silk lace. This tunic is well draped, rounded in front, but nearly as long as the dress behind. Square bodice very low in front, and round tunic basque behind of black satin, edged with amber satin, quilled ribbon, and black lace. Extremely long pointed hanging sleeves, cut up to the bend of the arm in front, of black satin edged with amber, quilled ribbon, and black lace, and lined with amber. Under sleeves of net and lace. On the bosom under the bodice, folds of net and tulle. This dress is also very pretty in black and white, or two shades of mauve, green, or blue.

A promenade costume. Grey short skirt. A deep flounce slightly gathered. At intervals a couple of pointed *revers* of black, like coat breast *revers*, placed face to face down the flounce two inches apart, and between them, upright, four black velvet buttons. Between these pieces trim the flounce with three rows of inch-and-a-half wide velvet, head the flounce with two-inch wide velvet. Tunic longer behind and puffed up. Long in front and rounded, edged with three rows of velvet. Down the sides from the hip, a pair of *revers* and buttons between, as on the flounce. Jacket body with *revers*, and waistcoat front with buttons. Sleeves, the *revers* and buttons repeated outside to the elbow, three rows of velvet all round.

A corset from Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18 Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A GOOD PUDDING.—1 lb. of grated carrots; 1 lb. of flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. suet; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, well washed. Sweeten to taste, and boil in a mould.

TO KEEP FRUIT.—Immerse the fruit in a solution of gum arabic and water, two or three times, waiting a sufficient time between each immersion to let the gum dry. The whole surface must be covered, as, if air gains admittance everywhere, the labor will be lost.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

MISS CLARA REEVE.

Taste in literature varies like costume. One age wears the plumed cap, the slashed velvet doublet, short cloak, long hair, silken hose, sword, and silver shoe-buckles, and sits on the stage of "the Globe" to listen to a play of Will Shakspeare's. Another appears in periwig and powder, waistcoat to the knees, or brocaded petticoat, bending over Hume and Gibbons' histories, or in the red brick gable-fronted country house, wearing the nervous hours of night away with the "Castle of Otranto," the "Old English Baron," the "Mysteries of Udolpho," or the "Italian." Sometimes the drama, sometimes the essay; the novel of broad humor and adventure; sometimes the ghost story is in vogue; and whoever originates a striking alteration in the literary fashion, produces a family of imitators. Thus, as a manufacturer of ghosts and Gothic mysteries, Horace Walpole sets an example which is forthwith improved on by Miss Clara Reeve, who in her turn is surpassed by Mrs. Radcliffe, who, after a long interval, is excelled in some branches of her black art, at least, by writers at home and abroad. Nor, though an age of railways has extinguished credence in fairies and such local spirits, seems there any likelihood that the powerful interest, of which the supernatural is the source, will be excluded from fiction as long as finite beings take delight in imaginative art. The Eumenides of Æschylus and the witches of Shakspeare retain their awful popularity, though the belief in them has expired; and the creative fancy of future epochs, while realizing their living images in ever-brightening forms, will doubtless, as of old, make occasional excursions into the World of Shadows.

The family of Miss Clara Reeve had been long resident in Ipswich; her father, the Reverend William Reeve, was rector of Freston, and her mother the daughter of Mr. Smithers, goldsmith to George I. Clara was born in the year 1725. Her father, as he smoked his pipe of an evening, was accustomed to make the child read for him the Parliamentary debates, Rapin's History, and Plutarch's Lives; as dull work almost as that of the daughters of Milton, who merely understood the literal characters, not the meaning, of the Greek and Hebrew books they read to their blind sire in the evening of his life. The biographical romance of Plutarch, doubtless, pleased little Clara, while the masses of dull detail in the other works, she says, had become insensibly impressed on her memory, "at an age before ordinary people could write their names." Such early studies, we may suppose, gave her fancy the historic leaning evinced in the greater part of her works.

Her father having died, she was taken by her mother to reside at Colchester, which stands on the site of the old stockaded town, Camolodunum, where Boadicea and her Britons massacred the Roman garrison. Here she translated Barclay's old romance, "Argenis;" wrote a volume of poems, printed in 1769; "The Phoenix," published in London in 1771-2; and composed the "Champion of Virtue," afterwards re-christened the "Old English Baron," which was published in 1777, she receiving ten pounds for the copyright. The ghost of Lord Lovel, though he says as little in the story as Sir Benjamin Hatton in Sheridan's play, might well have felt his dignity nettled at the low figure at which he was estimated by Mr. Dilly of the Poultry, especially as he appeared in two editions within two years; the wonder-loving public being pleased with a phantom who knew how to impress without the slightest aid from dialogue. Stimulated by the success of her last-named work, Clara Reeve wrote many others; among them "The Two Mentors," "The Progress of Romance," "The Exile," "The School for Widows," "Plans of Education," "Memoirs of Sir Richard de Clarendon," with "Anecdotes of Eminent Persons in the Fourteenth Century." To these was added "Castle Connor," an Irish story, with supernatural machinery, which, being lent to some friend, was lost before being

printed. Of those published, her first in time remains the first in merit.

If the remark that, that people are happy who have no history, has an equal reference to individual life, that of Clara Reeve must have been particularly felicitous, for, from the retirement in which it was passed, it affords hardly any data for the biographer. She died, aged seventy-eight, in Ipswich, 3rd December, 1803.

There is a tempered inventive power pervading Clara Reeves' fictions, considerable knowledge of the effect produced by minute detail in fastening the attention, much, good sense, and correct morality. Narrative art in her day, however, had not reached the complex perfection it has since attained; and perhaps her simple ideal of its treatment was that of giving her fictions the air of oral stories of old times—stories of love, and crime, and terror, as were recounted in country places to the wide-eyed auditory of the fire-side. Simplicity is that which chiefly charms in all illustrations of early art—in the national music of various countries, in Homer's rhapsody, Giotto's paintings, Froissart's chronicles; and it is one of the qualities which interest boys and girls still in the "Old English Baron," as it did their great grandmothers. Some writers have admirably feigned the familiar simplicity of the story-telling style, as De Foe in "Robinson Crusoe," the account of Mrs. Veil's "Ghost," etc., and at the present day Kinglake in his great work on the "Crimean War," whose style has been designated "Corinthian," a term expressive of elaborate ornament.

In the novel of character, and the historical romance, the English surpass the continentals, who excel them in the ideal or poetic romance. They have no work in all respects equal to "Tom Jones," "Waverley," the "Vicar of Wakefield," nor have we anything so lovely as "Undine." In thrilling dramatic contrast and effect, the fictions of London, with a very few exceptions, must yield to those of Paris. These are also admirable for their little stories, with scarcely anything in them, which charm wholly from the way they are told. As to ghost literature, which the Germans once monopolised, we have now many powerful illustrations, superior for real imagination to anything the last century has produced. Some of the French phantoms also are beautifully conducted and introduced, as for instance, that in Georges Sand's "Spiridion"—a silent spectre, but ideally far superior to Lord Lovel in the "Old English Baron," of which Horace Walpole says: "It is written in professed imitation of the 'Castle of Otranto,' but reduced to reason and probability"—adding with a sneer, "so probable is it, that any trial for murder at the Old Bailey would make a more exciting story." Of Clara Reeve's best tale, it may, however, be said, that, without the Gothic extravagance, it has as much interest as the "Castle of Otranto."

TEAR-DROPS.

There may be pleasures, but there is a pain,
In the remembrance of our buried joys :
And hearts, as long-neglected harps, complain
Of sweet, forgotten chords, which Time destroys.

Where are our friendships—ay, the pure ones too ?
Deep buried 'neath the burden of the years ;
Sometimes, perhaps, we yield the tribute due
Which memories olden claim—some heart-felt tears.

Where is the love that once bound souls in one ?
Buried 'neath bleeding and broken hearts !
Where are the hopes that once so brightly shone ?
For these, at least, a willing tear-drop starts.

MAHAL.

ON FASHIONS.

IV.—THE GARTER AND STOCKING.

In our last article we were obliged to express our dissatisfaction with an important portion of female toilette—the arrangement of the hair—and our discontent was not confined to any particular age or country : we censured indiscriminately *chignons* and *commodes*, the hair dressing of the ladies in Juvenal's time and country, and in Tennyson's time and country, alike. We censured so much last week, that this week we choose a topic in reference to which censure is impossible. The nature of the northern climate rendered it highly advisable for ladies, and gentlemen also, to devise some article of dress which should protect the foot and leg from the wintry wind. The other arrangements of man's apparel enable him to be satisfied with the short sock, but the looseness of woman's drapery compels her to wear the long stocking. Being obliged to use long stockings, which seldom fit perfectly, she must discover means of keeping them up, for obvious reasons of comfort and neatness. Hence the garter and the stocking furnish the EMERALD with a not lofty but far from ignoble theme.

Has not the garter, insignificant as is its size and retiring as is its disposition—hidden under the folds of the robe in obscurity—nevertheless become the badge chosen by the most chivalric of England's kings for the proudest of the English knights ? No other article of dress has ever been so distinguished as the little band which dropped from the knee of the dancing Countess of Salisbury. The British ladies have ever been the objects of the love and respect of the British gentleman, and the badge of the Order of the Garter signifies the strength of the love which attaches importance to the most trifling memento of the absent fair one, while the motto *Honi soit qui mal y pense* bids the slanderer and the dissipated man beware of connecting a lady's name with the slightest hint of shame. We have allusions to the garter in many authors. Skelton, the witty satirist of the days of Henry VIII., says in doggerel :

"Where to should I disclose
The gartering of her hose ?"

Petruchio, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, to whom we before referred, dressed himself in the most preposterous style when he was about to be married to Kate ; he was arrayed, as to his legs, "with a linen stock on one leg, and a Kersey boot hose on the other, *gartered* with a red and blue list."

Addison tell us that poor honest Will Wimble, among his many other acts of generosity, "now and then presents a pair of *garters* of his own knitting to his mother and sisters, and raises a good laugh among them by asking them as often as he meets them how they wear." Simple Will Wimble, you might have been worse employed than knitting a garter as a token of love for your mother ; and you had a better heart than a score of fops, for all their laughing. Swift is good enough to wish that a lady might have

"Handsome garters at her knees."

And Pope says—

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves."

From garters we come to stockings, for preventing the downfall of which, in truth, garters are only useful.

Before the invention of knitting, stockings were simply pieces of cloth, or milled stuff, rolled round the leg, clumsy but warm. The Scotch are said to have invented the art of knitting stockings ; and assuredly they are canny enough to be the inventors of anything that conduces to their personal convenience. From Scotland the art passed over to Paris, where a company of knitters was incorporated in 1527. We know some ladies well qualified to hold high office in a knitting guild. Silk stockings were introduced to England from Spain. That high priestess of the fashions of her age—Queen Elizabeth—in 1561 got a present of a

pair of silk stockings from Mrs. Montague, which she admired to such a degree that she surrounded her royal ankles with cloth no more.

The story of the invention of the silk stocking frame—a most important instrument of industry—is romantic. Mr. W. Lee, M.A., a Fellow of Cambridge, married imprudently, and being deprived of his Fellowship and home allowance, was dependent on the profits of his wife's knitting. He watched eagerly and affectionately the plying of her needles many a day, till a happy thought struck him, which resulted in the stocking frame in its first form—rude, but good enough to realize a fortune for its learned inventor.

Modern stockings may be defined as an infinite number of little knots, called stitches, or loops, or meshes, intermingled in one another. The best stockings are made in a flat web, which has to be sewn at the back as well as at the front; and is so made that when the two edges are brought together at the back, they give the form of the calf. The *racked* stockings are woven in a circular frame, and form a cylindrical web of equal width from top to bottom; these have to be stretched on boards to give them shape, and ironed with hot irons while on the board to make them retain it. The foot is formed by cutting the web, and adding a small piece on the sole.

Stockings, like garters, are mentioned by the poets. Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night*, was the subject of the jests of the drunken Sir Toby and Maria, and he was induced to envelop his legs in yellow stockings, and cross-garter them. "In his first approach before my lady he will come to her in yellow stockings, which is a color she abhors." Falstaff, in *Henry IV.*, avers that "ere I lead this life long I'll sew nether socks, and mend them, and foot them too."

Gascoigne, in *Steel Glass*, has the lines:—

"Our bombast hose, our treble double ruffs,
Our suits of silk, our comely corded capes,
Our knit silk *stocks* and Spanish leather gloves."

Dryden connects the stockings of an individual with an inconvenience which not unfrequently is to be met with in the Dublin streets at present:—

"Stockinged with loads of fat town dirt he goes."

We have seen the fairest of the fair laboring under a similar misfortune.

And another writer thus commemorates the transformation of a humble person into a heroine:—

"For that low sock wherein she used to tread,
Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head."

This couplet might also refer to a change from comedy to tragedy; the sock or buskin being, in ancient and modern literature, an emblem of the former.

Nottingham is celebrated for its stockings; but somehow we fancy our feet could never feel as comfortable in its finest products, as in the simple socks of yarn, if knitted by the hands of those we know and love, sister or mother, "or a nearer and dearer one still, though another," be they rich or poor.

Knitting is an art worthy of being cultivated by all good women; and the "humble" dearning is not to be despised. In our college bachelor days, many a fearful hole appeared in our hosiery, which, in a happier aftertime, skilled hands were quick to repair. Now as we sit lonely in our solitary chair, a vision arises before us of a comely young woman who was never idle in the November twilight. Unconsciously busy, her active fingers interwove the stocking loops for the writer, dear to her, who was more precious to him than the apple of his eye. Thou art gone, my loved one; never more shall thy kind voice impart ineffable peace to me in this world; never more with thee beside me shall I muse away a happy evening hour at the cheery fire-side, the tea-urn humming before the blaze the while; never more shall I be inspirited to labor by the spectacle of thy calm contented industry; but methinks I again hear the clicking of your long needles as you deftly fashion stockings for yourself and spouse.

T. M.

INTERESTING NOTES.

Mr. W. D. Bancker has brought from Chicago a curious memorial of the great fire. Among the ruins of the Western News Company's establishment, where an immense stock of periodicals and books was reduced to ashes, there was found a single leaf of a quarto Bible, charred around the edges. It contained the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which opens with the following words:—"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks; among all her lovers, she hath none to comfort her." And that was the only fragment of literature saved from the News Company's great depot.—*New York Tribune*.

A testimonial, started by the Victoria Discussion Society, was presented to Miss Emily Faithful, at the Cavendish Rooms, on Monday evening, in recognition of her services in connection with the industrial and educational interests of women. It consisted of a silver tea and coffee service, kettle, and salvers, of exquisite designs, and a magnificent epergne, accompanied by a beautiful illuminated scroll on vellum, the work of a lady. The Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., occupied the chair, and in presenting the testimonial spoke warmly of the efforts of Miss Faithful to carry out the mission she had undertaken, against what at first appeared to be insurmountable difficulties. He instanced, as a proof of her success, the employment of women by the Post-Office, and the continual opening up of other sources of labor from which they had hitherto been shut out. Several ladies delivered addresses, and the proceedings were concluded by an acknowledgment by Miss Faithful.

AS THE MOON ROSE O'ER THE HILL.

Softly still the night was falling,
Every sound in silence slept,
Stars came forth each other calling,
And a watchless vigil kept.
Scenes repassed me of my childhood,
Through my veins they sent a thrill,
Once again I walked the wildwood,
As the moon rose o'er the hill.

Memory traced each path I wandered
By the meadow's green-clad glade,
Where the village stream meandered
O'er the mimic bright cascade.
Every bygone hope and longing,
Joys ecstatic, sorrows chill;
Came around my spirit thronging
As the moon rose o'er the hill.

Floating near me were the voices
That with spells my soul could bind;
At the sound my heart rejoices,
Lifted upward on the wind.
What I'd passed through seemed forgotten,
Future prospects all stood still,
Hopes arose of old begotten,
As the moon rose o'er the hill.

By my side were blue eyes beaming
With a soft phosphoric light,
Like the southern stars when gleaming
O'er the silent sea by night;
Shone a face of witching gladness—
Ah! all pleasure grief can kill,
And my heart awoke to sadness
As the moon rose o'er the hill.

THOMAS F. REILLY.

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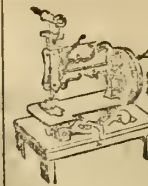
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THE EMERALD:

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to 'The Irish Ladies,' and published by Messrs. J. M. O'Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth."

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

"THE EMERALD.—Dublin: O'Toole & Son. This interesting magazine continues to enjoy a tolerable share of popularity amongst the ladies of Ireland. Its pages abound with matters specially suited to the taste of the "gentler sex," including a number of beautiful poetic effusions."

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THE EMERALD:

THE


IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 24.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1871.

[Vol. II.]

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

 R. MACRAE, in his "Americans at Home," tells us that the newspaper is half the life of an American. In some prisons they supply each criminal with the morning paper. To deprive him of his paper would be too cruel a punishment. There are more daily papers in the single state of New York than in the Three Kingdoms. The Queen's speech is read in New York several hours before we have it here. He says: "The telegraph outstrips the sun by five hours in crossing the Atlantic. In the New York Exchange I have read telegrams at nine in the morning, which were dated Liverpool noon. If a great explosion takes place in London this evening, the New York people have read about it in their afternoon papers two or three hours of the clock before its occurrence." Amusing specimens are given by Mr. Macrae of the abusive style employed by writers when speaking of their opponents of the press, one of which is the retort of the *New York Herald* to the *Louisville Journal*. The reporter characterised the latter publication as an "impudent, one-horse, Kentucky concern, conducted by a walking whiskey-bottle."

Editors in country districts who have to print their own papers, and, perhaps, to attend to other business as well, cannot be expected to produce original matter. In such cases we are told "scissors are more in use than pens." The paper is filled from high-class journals, inaccessible to local readers. To quote from "Americans at Home"—"The practice of making exchanges, which is carried on to an extraordinary extent over the whole length and breadth of the States, greatly assists this work. The editor of every respectable paper, even in the smallest village, gets 10, 20, 50, or even 100, other papers from different parts of America, in exchange for copies of his own. *The Government carries all these through the post-office free of charge.*" The italics are Mr. Macrae's.

As a caterer for news, the *Herald* is the most enterprising paper in New York. Its reports of the Abyssinian war were longer, and often sooner published, than our own. Mr. Macrae reminds us that the *Herald*, being determined to monopolise the telegraph wires on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Niagara, the prince being behind time, Mr. House (the reporter) telegraphed to the editor: "What is to be done to keep the wires in our hands?" "Telegraph the Book of Genesis," was the reply. It was done at the cost of 700 dollars, and the Book of Revelations was begun before the prince came!

Peculiarly interesting at the present time are Mr. Macrae's words about "the lightning city," Chicago. After giving an account of its amazingly rapid growth, he mentions one of the striking features of Chicago—namely, the moving and lifting of houses. One day our traveller met nine houses changing their quarters. A house that has to be moved, is screwed up, to let a platform with wheels or rollers be placed underneath. This platform is drawn by means of a windlass, fixed at some distance ahead, and turned by a horse. When the house has come near the windlass, the machine is shifted forward, fixed, and set in motion again. This process is found perfectly successful with what are called frame houses. A more extraordinary feat is the raising of solid blocks of masonry. The city was built at too low a level, and the difficulties in drainage were enormous—in fact, insuperable. Inundations were also dangerous, and often recurring. The plan adopted for raising buildings is most ingenious. The foundations are laid bare. Logs are laid along them inside and out, holes are cut at intervals, and transverse logs are passed through, with jackscrews beneath. Having done this all round the building, hundreds of workmen, inside and outside the walls, put their levers in the jackscrews, and simultaneously turn all the screws, gradually pressing the transverse logs up, till the building rests upon them. In process of screwing, "the whole building moves up hairbreadth by hairbreadth. New logs are inserted when the space admits of it, and so the building rises in the air day by day," till it stands perhaps fifteen feet higher than it did at first. Stone work is being put in, in the interstices, and is ready when the building has been screwed up to the height desired, to receive its weight on the slackening of the screws. The logs being withdrawn, stone is substituted for them, and the building rests on a new foundation without a single joint having been dislocated, or the stone, plaster, or even the furniture having been disturbed. A large hotel, five storeys high, of solid masonry, weighing 22,000 tons, was raised 42½ feet. Only forty years ago, the Indians roamed over the site of Chicago; and as for newspapers, in 1704 there was but one in America, the *Boston News-Letter*, and that contained a speech of Queen Anne's, four months old, amongst its "Latest Intelligence!" American civilization is a marvel, considered from any point of view; and when we reflect upon it as the product of a century, or so, it is difficult to believe even the best authenticated accounts of transatlantic doings.

Hope is a deceptive alchemist. The gold it promises is seldom possessed.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Alice sat down mechanically at the window and stared out across the common to the sky. The comfort of quiet reflection did not come to her. Her head throbbed and her hands burned. She puzzled to know whether it was a great happiness or a great catastrophe that had suddenly befallen her. In doubtful matters Alice naturally consulted her conscience more than her inclinations. Hedley had said the last moment before leaving, "Be true to me as I shall be true to you." What did that mean except that she should love no one as she loved him, and marry no one but him? And she had promised. To obey her father was to be false to him. To be true to him was to oppose her father. In her complete perplexity she listened for a voice to command, and looked for a hand to point out her way. The idea of opposing her father simply terrified her. She had not the will to resist him. Duty seemed to call both ways—what was she to do? Alice was young, unaccustomed to thought. Her judgment was incapable of coming quickly and surely to a just decision. Exhausted with the effort, she rose, bathed her face in cold water, smoothed her hair, and went down. She still moved in a dream. The schoolmaster was seated at tea in the warmly glowing kitchen. The cups were spread in a homely fashion on a black tray, the loaf was in a trencher, and the butter piled in an ungainly heap. John Summers was addressing a very limited audience, consisting of Dorothy and himself, and gesticulating with his knife in his hand. When he saw Alice, he sprang up and led her to a chair. His face still beamed, his manner was radiant. Alice felt herself all at once an object of importance and attention. The novelty of the sensation soothed her, and she yielded to the pleasure. Why should she not, she said to herself, be as happy and as proud as they expected her to be? Why could she not recognise her good fortune, fulfil her duty of obedience, and throw off in a moment all the unnecessary burden of doubt she had taken upon herself? Dorothy stared at her as hard and curiously as though she already perceived a change. John Summers, unable to be silent, had begun again. "Mr. Gresham," he said, "will be very little better than a week away, so you won't have long to wait, Alice. His property in Wales demands very little of his attention. Parker at the lodge says it's a splendid place, but the house is badly situated. The name begins with an L. Mr. Gresham's got a shooting box in the north, Parker says. I should like to go over the manor with you to-morrow, but my duties make it impossible. With such a brilliant future before you as its mistress, you will see it under a very different aspect."

Alice remembered slowly that it was only a fortnight ago that the permission had been given. Wearied with indecision, she irresistibly yielded to the influences about her. Unable to convince her own mind, she allowed it torse on the convictions of others. She had a right, she said to herself, to the hopes that her father opened out to her. She was justified in appropriating them. His words roused delicious echoes in her heart. Life was returning to her—a warm, gay, brilliant life. Her cheek glowed and her eye lighted.

"It will be so strange," said Alice, in plesed meditation, "to be rich and be able to get all I want! I shall go to London and see the Tower, and shops, and St. Paul's. I wonder if I shall grow proud like other rich people?"

"Dignity will become your position," put in her father.

Step by step Alice was grasping the reality. The nearer she saw it, the more it pleased her.

"I shall be like a princess in a fairy tale," said she gaily. "Perhaps Mr. Gresham will take me to France, and perhaps I may go to court with jewels and a train! Dorothy, do you remember that brown merino in Haverstock that you said was so beautiful but too expensive? I shall give it to you!"

Dorothy's face beamed in response.

"Oh, yes," said she, nodding approvingly. "I always thought something would come of you, Miss Alice; you'll be a fine grand lady before I die."

"I shall drive in a carriage," said Alice, her eyes sparkling, "with two horses and a footman, and Mr. Gresham shall teach me to ride. I shall wear velvet and satin, and silk and lace, as much as I like, and the Haverstock people will turn out to see me when I pass through the town, and bow and curtsy just as they do to Lady Mary from Barlow House. Oh!" said she involuntarily, "it will be nice!" Her father listened with silent delight, and Dorothy with admiration.

"You'll be the envy of the neighborhood," said she proudly. "They'll all be wishing themselves in your shoes."

"And no wonder," said Alice, sedately. "Mr. Gresham is a really nice gentleman."

After the meal was over, John Summers put on his hat, and walked out. Alice's thoughts instinctively turned to a tablecloth she was in the middle of darning. But what had she to do with darning tablecloths any more? The event of the day had worked a complete revolution in her existence, from the most important to the most trifling matters. She had entered upon a new life. In the lustle of occupation Dorothy forgot her young mistress's lately established dignity. Alice was unpleasantly roused by a rough push to her chair, and a shrill exclamation, "Bless my stars! What's the girl sitting mooning there for, I should like to know? Keeping honest folk from their work. Get out of the way this minute, you idle hussy!"

Alice rose with alacrity, and went upstairs—to dream. Her room was papered with a bright blue paper. Over the mantelpiece hung a small book-case, containing a few religious books, an album, and two of Sir Walter Scott's novels, gifts of Hedley's. On the table was her workbox, her writing book, and an inkstand, carved by Hedley. Beside the window, pinned to the wall, was a little picture sent as a Valentine on last Valentine's day, devised, painted, and given by Hedley. Wherever she turned he stared her in the face. He was not absent, but present with her. The canary that sang so lustily had been tamed by him, and brought as a birth-day gift only three months before. Would it be possible to drive him from her? Would it be possible to live always without him? An irresistible yearning seized and overcame Alice. She knelt by the bed, and buried her face in the pillows.

"O Hedley!" she whispered, sobbing, "I am alone—come to me—I am without help. Help me. You are everything to me. I cannot do without you!"

CHAPTER IV.

Early next morning Alice awoke, and remembered all. The sunshine filled her room, and the canary sang loudly. Gaiety was the mood of the day. She sprang up, determined at least to be light-hearted till the sun went down. She had everything at her disposal—youth, happiness, and prosperity. The seriousness of choice she would put off till a grayer day.

She found the house in the same mood as her own. John Summers was perfectly contented, and therefore good-humored, and Dorothy uplifted at the thought of a gala-day—for to go over the manor was as great a treat to her as a menagerie, or a conjuror, or a fair.

"Good morning, my pretty lady!" she said, as Alice entered, and it tickled the girl's ears pleasantly.

"Good morning, my daughter," said John Summers sonorously; "you must get your roses up before Mr. Gresham comes back. What will he say to see you looking so pale?"

Alice's color rose. On ordinary occasions he never noticed her looks.

"I'm very well, thank you, father," she answered.

"And happy," put in Dorothy exultingly. "Who'd be you, and not be happy, I should like to know?"

Alice sat down to her breakfast more convinced of the fact of her happiness by the assurance of others than of her own. John Sumners babbled on during the meal, always taking the grand topic for the starting point, and going back to it. After breakfast was over, and he had left for Haverstock, Dorothy set about washing up the things. Alice went as usual to help her. "No! no!" said Dorothy resolutely, shaking her head. "Lay them plates down. You aren't to be meddling with such things now. You must keep your lady-fingers for the drawingroom. Leave the slopping to me."

"But I'd rather," said Alice, a little wistfully. Being unaccustomed to idleness, she found it irksome. "I'd rather, really."

Dorothy was not to be moved.

"No, no," she persisted. "It is not fit for the like of you. Can't you get your wool work and stitch a piece of it, or can't you read a bit of a book like a lady?"

Alice yielded with a sigh of regret. She scrambled on the dresser with her workbox, and took out the muffatees she was knitting. She had begun them for Hedley. A sense of discomfort oppressed her. She stopped listlessly, and watched Dorothy bustling about. No sooner were the breakfast things put in the cupboard, than she set the irons before the fire. Alice could be quiet no longer.

"I'm going to get my collars and aprons," she said; "I always iron them myself."

Dorothy stopped in her walk across the kitchen, seized Alice round the waist, and carried her back to the dresser.

"Now," said she, setting her down, "just you keep quiet. You're a lady now, and not a working woman. It isn't your place. What would Mr. Gresham say to see you slaving about like a maid of all work? You oughtn't to be in the kitchen at all. You ought to be sitting on the drawing-room sofa, crocheting, or looking at pictures."

Dorothy's ideas of "the gentry" were chiefly derived from a weekly periodical of the vulgarst description that she sometimes surreptitiously indulged in in her younger days. Alice, overpowered by force, acquiesced with a sigh.

"You'll be wishing for Mr. Gresham to amuse you," observed Dorothy, by way of comforting her. "Well, my girl, it won't be very long before you'll have him all to yourself."

The consolation did not work its desired effect. Alice stared through the muslin blind to the back-green with its seat, and laurel bushes, and water-barrel. The gray muffatees, untouched, slipped from her lap on to the floor. At twelve o'clock, Dorothy disappeared to her garret to attire herself in befitting style for so illustrious a person as the Haverstock housekeeper. The instant she was gone, Alice sprang to her feet and paced up and down the kitchen. On the shelf there was an inkstand with a copy-book under it. She lifted down the copy-book, and opened it. In the first page Hedley had written his name, and below it she had scrawled her own. The time came back to her with its minutest details. During the winter months Hedley gave her lessons in French in his spare time. They worked together by candlelight—worked and played, and laughed and talked together—what a full free happiness it was! She recalled his look and smile and manner. Then, closing the book with a sudden jerk, she replaced it. What had she lost and what had she gained since then?

The sun shone brilliantly when Alice started with the old servant for Haverstock manor. Dorothy was the perfection of primness. Her Sunday dress hung primly, her shawl was folded across her shoulders primly, and fastened with the primmest of pins, and nothing could be primmer than the bow of her black bonnet strings. If the wind for a moment displaced them, it was to reveal an embroidered collar worked by Alice, and a brooch containing a photograph of Queen Victoria. In the pleased sense of general propriety, Dorothy crossed her hands with their gray cotton gloves, and yielded herself up to enjoyment. Alice, on the other hand, without reaching any real heights of beauty, was very refreshing to look upon. Her print dress and straw hat became her. She

moved with the free grace of health, her color was bright, and her eyes sparkling. The sun lighted upon her with pleasure. She was in harmony with the day.

They reached the lodge, and passed under the high gates into the park. Dorothy's face at once brightened into wonder and admiration. Alice had petitioned she should not let out the grand secret, and she had promised. While fulfilling her duty as guide, Alice's spirits rose.

"Look, Dorothy!" she said, eagerly, pointing towards the trees. "Between those two beeches you can get a peep of the lake. Don't you see something blue? There's a boat and boat house, and three swans and some ducks. You can't think how pretty it is."

They soon came in sight of the house. The building was more stately than beautiful in its proportions. Dorothy uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"My!" said she, "it's big enough for an hospital or a prison."

"It's like a palace," said Alice, exultingly. "Look at the entrance; isn't it grand?"

In the hall they were met by the housekeeper, who received Alice with all the warmth and familiarity of a friend and equal. The girl drew back and flushed up. Dorothy, more impressed by the black silk and gold chain of the housekeeper than by any splendor in architectural trappings, stared at her in subdued silence. There was a great gap between their respective positions. Alice looked and listened with changing color. The elegance, the richness struck her even more forcibly than the time before. Who could help being proud, who could help being dimwitted, she said to herself, moving and living in such stately rooms? What an enjoyment to have beauty perpetually about one!

The drawing-room was mostly covered up. The housekeeper pulled off one of the sofa covers and showed the yellow satin.

"Of an evening," she said, pointing to the chandeliers, "the room lights up beautifully. When there's company, and all the mirrors have wax candles, it's just splendid. You've no idea."

They passed through two ante-rooms. In each there was something to attract attention. Inlaid cabinets of immense value, treasures from Italy, curiosities from India and China. The housekeeper stopped at a small room looking out on the flower-garden.

"This," she said, "was Mrs. Gresham's boudoir. That was the davenport she used, and there are her piano and harp. They've not been touched since, and never will, I suppose, unless Mr. Gresham marries again."

Alice drew back within the shadow of the curtain to hide her confusion.

"Ah!" said the housekeeper, with a sigh, "but she was a beautiful lady. There wasn't a painter in London that hadn't painted her. To see her on horseback was a sight: she'd play the piano and dance like an angel. Everybody thought a deal of her."

The housekeeper sighed again, ushered them out, and locked the door. They mounted the grand staircase. Alice's heart sank. What had she to do with such splendor? What could Mr. Gresham find to notice in her? It was a miserable farce altogether. Insensibly, the value of all had doubled and trebled itself to her mind. Such good fortune could not be within her reach.

The bedrooms were on the same scale of luxury. The housekeeper took Dorothy into a dressingroom to show her a miniature. Alice was left alone. She looked around her. The fittings were in damask of a delicate shade of blue. Was it possible, she said, that she had only to stretch out her hand and take it all? How could she hesitate for a moment? What could there be in Hedley or in poverty to compensate for the loss of all this? The idea was absurd.

Alice was intoxicated with splendor. She sat down in front of the pier glass and looked at herself. The figure reflected was girlish and pretty, but there was a want of fullness in the drapery, and an absence of all grace, that ill

accorded with the elegant gorgeousness of her surroundings. Unconsciously, she rose, and in fancy sketched out the missing outlines and filled in the colors. She saw herself floating in white, graceful, charming, lovely, with flowers in her hair and jewels on her neck and arms. She felt herself standing in all the consciousness and triumph of beauty—beautiful with the beautiful—worthy to be mistress. The cup of her pride was full to overflowing.

When Dorothy and the housekeeper returned, they found her with flushed cheeks and beaming eyes. The housekeeper laid a kind hand on her shoulder.

"And what is my pretty little Alice dreaming about?" she said, playfully; but the girl shook her off with impatience. After descending the stairs, they turned into the drawing-room to look again at the picture of Mrs. Gresham. It was a full-length portrait of a beautiful woman. Alice knew, with a sigh, that she could not compare herself with it. They went to the housekeeper's room, which in comfort was equal to the parlor of the schoolmaster's house, and had tea. In the absence of finery, Dorothy's spirits rose. She began to feel at home. Alice was provoked with the old woman, and leant back without eating or speaking. At last the good-byes were given, the housekeeper kissed Alice, and the two visitors departed. Dorothy gave vent to her feelings the minute they were in the open air.

"Oh, but you'll be a fine grand lady!" she burst out, giving Alice a hearty slap of congratulation, "and we'll have cause to be proud of you—we will."

"Don't touch me, Dorothy," said Alice, tartly. The old woman was not to be suppressed.

"Oh, but it's a fine place!" she began again. "You'll make a fine mistress of it! You'll be as rich and proud as a princess! Who'd have thought of a such thing?"

Alice walked beside her in silence. The sun was sinking slowly on the common. Her light-heartedness was gone.

Two days after, Hedley received the following letter from John Summers:—

"My dear Wilson,—I find Martin Wright wholly unfit for school-work, and I shall have to look out for some one else to supply his place, without loss of time. I shall be much obliged if you will let me know the exact term of your absence, that I may make my arrangements accordingly.

"You will, I have no doubt, join in the congratulations on my daughter's approaching marriage with Mr. Gresham;

and can enter into my feelings of rejoicing and thankfulness on such an auspicious and unlooked-for occurrence.

"Yours very truly,

"JOHN SUMMERS."

(To be Continued.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO POLISH FURNITURE.—Take some soap jelly (soap dissolved over the fire), mix it with lukewarm water, and wash the furniture perfectly clean with a piece of flannel, rinse it thoroughly free from soap, dry carefully with a soft cloth, and rub briskly with a soft chamois leather; a small painter's brush will be found useful for corners and carving. Wash and dry a small portion of the furniture at a time, as the moisture, if allowed to lie long, is apt to dissolve the glue. If the furniture be old and difficult to polish, a little polishing paste may be used afterwards with advantage. If in town every three or four months, if in the country, twice in the year is sufficient to wash the furniture.

TO REMOVE FRUIT STAINS.—Tie up some cream of tartar in the stained part, so as to form a kind of bag, then put the linen into a lather of soap and cold water and boil it for a while. Then transfer it while wet into lukewarm suds, rinse it well, dry, and iron it. During the process the stains will disappear. Another way is to mix, in equal quantities, soft soap, slacked lime, and pearl ash; rub the stain over with this preparation, and expose the linen to the sun with the mixture on it. If necessary repeat the application. As soon as the stain is removed wash out the linen, as it would be injured if the mixture were left on it.

TO DRESS LINEN CUFFS.—After boiling the linen, scrub it on a board with soap and water, rinse well, use the best starch rather thickly made; iron, while the linen is very damp, on the right side.

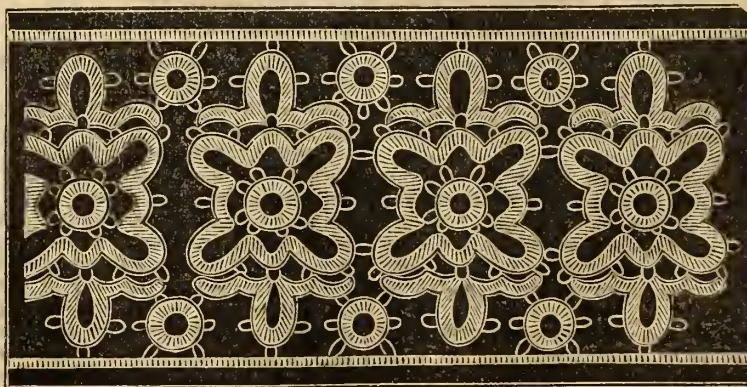
OIL STAINS.—To take the stain of oil out of boards, make a paste with soft soap, Fuller's earth, and a little pearl ash, with hot water; cover the spots well with it, let it dry on, and the next day scour it off with soft or yellow soap. The process may require to be repeated.

TO CLEAN PLATE.—Dissolve alum in a strong ley, skim it carefully, mix it with soap, and wash the silver in it, using a linen rag.

WORK TABLE.

INSERTION IN TATTING FOR DRESSES, ETC.

Materials.—A two-inch wide shuttle and tatting pin, No. 17, Messrs. H. Walker's gage, I. and W. Taylor's crochet cotton, No. 12. 1st pattern: After filling the shuttle, form a loop for the centre round, and without detaching from the reel; work 4 double and 1 pearl 8 times, draw close. Fasten into the 1st of the 8 pearl, * and upon the reel thread work for the 1st large curve 5 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, 1 pearl, 8 double, 1 pearl; 5 double, and slightly draw the shuttle thread to form the curve, and join to the next pearl of the round; then with the shuttle upon the reel thread work 5 double, 1 pearl, and 5 double; join to the next pearl; then upon the reel thread work 3 double 1



pearl, 8 double, 1 pearl, 5 double, 1 pearl, 8 double, and slightly draw; then join to the next pearl, and upon the reel thread work 5 double, pearl, and 5 double; slightly draw, and join to the next pearl. Repeat from * once, and fasten off. The two curves and one top and bottom are formed of double and pearl stitches, as seen; and the 2nd pattern should be formed the same as

the 1st, joining in the work. Each little round top and bottom which divides the pattern should be formed of 6 pearl, with a double between each pearl joined in the work. The row top and bottom should be worked in double stitches upon the reel thread.

DESCRIPTION OF
OUR ILLUSTRATIONTOILETTE DE VILLE, OR
DINNER DRESS.

For a walking costume, to be made as seen in the picture. For a dinner dress, with a long skirt. The material is *faille* silk, violet, dark green, or maroon, trimmed with the same colored velvet. In black it is also very handsome. The velvet bands are cut to the shape from piece velvet.

LATEST FASHIONS.

In the streets of Paris and at the theatres little but black is worn; but the black dresses which come to us from Paris are very elegant. Rich corded silks are used, such as *faille* and stout gros-grain and similar manufactures; though, according to a popular simile, "as thick as a board," they are soft, and drape gracefully. Velvet is a very favorite trimming for black silk. Not a few are made up with a mixture of white lace; for instance, an edge of white lace peeping from under every small flounce or frill to which it is attached. The newest dresses are more simple and elegant in style; but one deep flounce and a tunic seem indispensable either to a short or long skirt. Nevertheless, ball dresses are as gay as ever. Those now made are very light in appearance. White tulle robes are the most fashionable of all. They are decorated with flowers, but always in a *negligé* manner, without any regular design, and as a spray or in tufts.

Morning robes worn by French ladies of fashion and rank are now always white, elegantly trimmed. In a fashionable *dépot*, in Dublin, we saw an elegant dressing robe of quilted blue satin, with a cascade of Maltese lace two inches wide down the front of each side. A cascade is lace laid on like herring-bone stitch, crossed over and over, and the points or edge always downward.

Fur is very much in vogue, and will be worn a great deal this winter. Fur trimmings on dresses will also be quite *à la mode* and very much affected.

BALL DRESSES.—Pink and white foulards. The front, apron piece of white, edged round thus:—A lace frill, and three foulard puffs divided by pink bands. From the apron to the feet the front is composed of pink, kilt-pleated. The whole of the back joining this, white; the apron piece covers the join; below the apron a white puff and pink



TOILETTE DE VILLE, OR DINNER DRESS.

bands join the pink kilt-pleat to the white back. Three little bouquets of *stephanotis* and moss rose adorn the side, at intervals, one above the other. The back, on the hem two flounces, six inches wide, one over another, white, headed by a three-inch-wide kilt-pleated pink flounce, with a white puff above, headed again by a pink quilling. This is the puff which joins the front, carried round. There is a space, and again a pink kilt-pleated frill, a white puff, and a pink quilling. Then a white panier similarly edged, and looped up short and very full. Low body, pink sash and ceinture, *berthe*, pink kilt-pleated frill, white puff, headed by a narrower pink pleating and a lace tucker.

PROMENADE DRESS.

—Violet taffetas. One deep flounce, headed by a double *chicoree* violet taffetas *ruche*. *Polonaise* of black cashmere or velvet, edged with black silk *ruche* and fall of lace, suspended at the sides with bows. Black short sash. Bell sleeves gathered to the wrist with a quilling of ribbon and a fall of lace. A ribbon quilling round the throat.

MUSLIN OR TARETAN BALL DRESS.—
Two deep flounces,

each with an inch-wide deep green satin ribbon run on it; the upper one edged with pointed blonde lace. Over this three narrower frills, edged with narrower green ribbon, and the lower one only edged with lace. Each of these frills is set one over the other. At the top of all five, a blonde *ruche*, narrow. A space, and then two yet narrower frills, edged with green ribbon, and headed by a blonde *ruche*. The sash is thus:—Band of green satin; in the centre, behind an end eight inches in width, narrower at the top, and slightly pointed at the extremity, where it is edged with blonde lace. Each side, towards the back of the hips, a breadth of satin box-pleated to the waist in one pleat. The end cut to describe a slight point in the centre, and the under folds each a sharp and deeper point, trimmed with three rows of blonde lace. A knot of satin bows at the back of the waist in the centre below the ceinture ribbon. *Berthe*, a fall of blonde, and a *ruche* of satin above it.

A corset from Madame Theodore Poirotte, of 18 Dawson-street, Dublin, will ensure a graceful fit in any of the above costumes.

ON FASHIONS.

V.—THE SKIRT AND THE PETTICOAT.

We have had occasion to notice the changes which fashions undergo ; how a popular style becomes unpopular, and how a long-forgotten costume is revived. But we spoke hitherto of varieties of fashion in different periods, which, however, held sway among all fashionable people when they were in vogue. For instance, some years ago every well-dressed lady patronized large crinolines, and now there are few young women who do not affect the chignon. The skirt has been in general use since the commencement of civilization, and has been adopted by every nation, Grecian and Hebrew, French and American. It is, in fact, simply that part of the dress which hangs loose below the waist. On whatever other points ladies may differ, it appears they are determined that at least half of their raiment shall be loose, and they are equally determined that the loose part shall be, as nature and convenience suggest, the lower part. But though every lady wears a skirt, it is seldom that two ladies are seen together in similar skirts, and if they be sufficiently wealthy, few ladies wear the same skirt for any considerable time. In the matter of skirts, feminine caprice runs riot. They are made longer and shorter, plain and flounced, expansive behind and inexpansive before, striped, chequered, wavy, and spotted ; they are of every hue and of every combination of colors ; they are looped, and tucked, and puckered ; some fall closely about the legs, some are kept distant from the legs ; some sweep the ground, and others barely reach the ankles. Take a walk through any large city, and how many exactly similar skirts will you meet with ? Every lady of any means has her different skirts—her silks, muslins, cottons, winceys, white, black, blue, tartan, and what not. The more she has, the greater is her content. If her wardrobe be scanty, her husband or father cannot expect to be favored with many of her smiles ; but if her stock be abundant, her complacency is delightful to behold. We have read catalogues of ladies' skirts with wonder and admiration ; many a fair one has had a sufficient number to robe the inhabitants of a township. As for queens, it were hard to estimate the number they have. Queen Elizabeth's tire-woman is said to have counted hers by the thousand, and she was not in this respect the most extraordinary of women.

With reference to each particular skirt, women are woefully fickle. They do not even wait till the article be worn out to get disgusted with its form or color. Too many of them are (and we say this reluctantly) like the matron described by the poet :—

“In her tire so new-fangled is she,
That which doth with her humor now agree
To-morrow she dislikes ; now doth she swear
That a loose body is the neatest wear,
But ere an hour be gone she will protest
A strait gown graces her proportions best.”

But with respect to the skirt itself, as distinguished from its shape and color, they are wonderfully constant. Reformers protest every now and again against its clumsiness, but their protests are useless. A few women, who regret that they are not *bona fide* men, solicit their sex to adopt a manly garb. The best and worst women, German and Celtic alike, turn a deaf ear to them, “charm they never so wisely.” A practical attempt was made some years ago to improve the skirt proper off the face of the earth. The lady editor of the *Lily*, a New York temperance paper, undertook to effect its annihilation, and illustrated her theory by her costume, called, like herself, Bloomer. A pair of loose trousers took the place of the petticoat, and over them was a kind of dress which reached down to the calf. The editress had few disciples, much to our satisfaction. The skirt or gown, or kirtle or petticoat—call it which you will—is, in our minds, through its invariable use by all women in all ages of settled society, associated with the very idea of a woman. There appears to be some instinc-

tive attraction towards this mode of apparel, which renders its adoption so universal. We are old-fashioned enough to dislike the “noisy woman's righters,” to believe that woman and man have each their several equally important places in nature's plan, and we have no desire to see women made manly even in their garb. Were we young again, we fancy we could never fall in love with a fair one who wore trousers in-tead of petticoats, though, we believe, many a “better half,” in a metaphorical sense, is accredited with their assumption. In the time of the early English dramatists, boys played the parts of women on the stage. May the ladies of Miss Beecher's school never succeed in their endeavor to play the parts of men on the world's stage.

In a previous article we considered a form of the skirt, or a means whereby the skirt is extended—the hoop. In this there is no necessity for entering into a fine distinction between skirts and petticoats. A skirt may be attached to the body of the dress, or it may (as it generally is) be separate. In the latter case, a skirt, in truth, is nothing more than an over petticoat, while a petticoat is simply an under skirt. True it is that the petticoats have hitherto been of plainer and more homely, and, perchance, cheaper material than the skirt, and that they were intended rather for warmth than show ; but of late years the outer petticoat has become more dignified, richer, and more visible. We have no objection to this change ; indeed, it were hair-splitting to censure it ; for if the shape and expense be the same, it is of no consequence whether the external portion of ladies' lower raiment be called skirt or petticoat.

Our friends the poets could not overlook such an important article of dress as the skirt.

A lady, in the “Noble Kinsmen” of Beaumont and Fletcher, says to a workwoman :—

“This (flower) is a pretty color ; will it not do rarely upon a skirt ?”

We have seen pretty flowers of gorgeous colors often in dresses, and we always rejoice when we behold a woman of the poorer class in a neat cotton print, besprinkled as they so frequently are with flowerets.

In the “Faery Queen,” Spenser speaks of a maiden—

“In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted ail about, she was arrayed.”

We confess we have not seen purple robes fretted with gold outside of a theatre.

In “Much Ado about Nothing,” Hero's handmaid discusses the merits of her young mistress's garments before her intended bridal, and, as a matter of course, dispraises all other garments : “It is but a nightgown compared with yours ; cloth of gold, and cut side sleeve, and skirts round, underborne with a bluish tinsel.”

An old but now disused name of the skirt was the kirtle. Every student knows the line of Spencer :—

“All in a kirtle of discolored ray.”

Falstaff, when mellow, was as generous in promises as he was, when sober, unable to fulfil them. In Henry IV., part II., he saith, “What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money on Thursday ; thou shalt have a cup to-morrow.”

This word also occurs in Raleigh's beautiful reply of the nymph to Marlow's appeal of the passionate shepherd to her, to “come live with me and be my love.”

“Thy gown, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
Thy caps, thy kirtles, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.”

And Milton alludes to the “flowery kirtled naiad.”

References to the petticoat are numerous. A necessary, comfortable, and, if the wearer please, a showy piece of dress, it occupies a high place in woman's wardrobe. Fashionable

London ladies of rank, nowadays, pay great attention to their petticoats, and, strange to say, simple Connemara girls pay equal attention to theirs. They dye them a bright scarlet, and when going to a market, or to mass, pin up their overskirts, so that the charms of the petticoats may not be concealed.

Shakspeare informs us that a "man-milliner" was among Falstaff's motley regiment; the worthy knight thus interrogates his recruit:—

"Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

"A woman's tailor, sir.

"Fal. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's *petticoat*?

"I will do my good will, sir."

Pope was of our opinion as to the importance of this portion of the dress, and he says in the "Rape of the Lock":—

"To fifty chosen nymphs of special state
We trust th' important charge, the *petticoat*."

Suckling, one of the cavalier poets, wrote the well-known lines containing the simile of his sweetheart's feet and the mice:—

"Her feet beneath her *petticoat*
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

So great is the connection between women and petticoats, the latter indicating the presence of the former, and the former suggesting the utility of the latter, that *petticoats* are often actually used as synonymous with women.

In Ainsworth's *Rookwood* is the following ungallant warning: "Bah! never trust a *petticoat*."

Petticoat government, too, is a phrase of evil omen; connected with the idea of domestic conflicts in which the males are beaten, trousers are nowhere, skirts victorious. The poor men are, as a consequence, doomed to a life of servitude, and the fortunate women are masters of all they survey; their brothers and husbands having submitted, "their right there is none to dispute."

A hen-pecked friend of the writer's trembled at the very mention of skirts and petticoats. His reminiscences of his wife and her garments were equally awful; he buried the former with a light heart under a doleful countenance, and went home with a sincere resolve to be his own master for the future; but he beheld his departed partner's skirts hanging in his room, and the sight of them struck terror into his soul; he fancied the petticoat heard his resolve, and the rustling of a silken skirt was in his mind the commencement of a certain lecture full of bitterness and reproach; his wife was gone 'twas certain, but what security had he for the tenure of his freedom as long as her petticoat, emblem of her stern rule, remained? The handmaid was summoned to his presence, and, endowed with all her mistress's effects, requested to depart with them in peace. He told the writer the story over the flowing bowl, with many a furtive glance behind his shoulder to the door—told the writer, who could never bear to part with a particle of his lost one's wardrobe, to whom the sight of a petticoat brings most pleasing memories. It is associated in his mind with happiness unspeakable, with gentle loving kindness, self-sacrificing affection. In some chests upstairs might be found many a *skirt* which once was worn gracefully by a woman good and true.

T.M.

Mrs. Oliphant is engaged upon a life of the Count de Montalembert.

The new opera, "Hermione," the libretto of which is based on Shakespeare's "Winter Tale," is in active preparation at the Berlin Imperial Opera-house. Much curiosity exists in the Rhine musical circles as to the success of this work, the music being the composition of Herr Max Bruch, of Cologne, whose setting of "Lorely" is much admired. He is regarded by many good judges out of Germany as the "coming man" for opera.

IDEAL SKETCHES.

III.—DANTE AND BEATRICE.

Along the blossomed hill that looks adown
On thee, sweet Florence! mother of each art
That charms the mind and elevates the soul,
Doth pass the poet Dante. Now his gaze
Is turned upon the humming town below,
Whose shady streets are flooded with the stream
Of beings fancy-robed, like butterflies
That congregate upon a summer morn
Around the unshaken flowers. The sacred bells,
From their high turrets glist'ning in the sun,
Pour their time-hallowed melody along,
Waking a prayer in the oblivious soul.
The many churches rise like fairy domes;
The roofs are bright as gold, or red as wine;
The palaces, like many-tinted gems,
Shine as if furnished by Aladdin's lamp;
The very statues, by the rosy blaze
Made warm, now seem as actors in the strife;
And the whole city's like a picture fair
(Arrayed with fancy's colors, and designed
From poet's fleeting dream), beneath the wand
Of potent wizard starting into life.
And he, the poet, ever-youth in heart,
By care and thought made prematurely old,
Turned from the scene of joy, life's minister—
That joy he was not destined e'er to know.
The improvisatore passed he by,
And the fair statue, raised with wondrous skill,
Which wanted but Promethean fire to live;
For had he not, within his inmost soul,
Great thoughts ne'er compassed by the poet's words,
Imagings of pure celestial forms
The stricken sculptor ne'er hath power to mould?
But what hath fixed anew his restless glance,
Until his very fluttering heart is stilled
With fainting expectation? 'Tis a dream,
And he hath fears that it shall pass away.
Towards him, environed with the flowers, glides
An angel, seeming, in a mortal's guise.
O, Beatrice! in thy radiant home
Worthy thou art 'mid seraphim to stand,
For God hath shown the beauty of his works
In thy fair form, and in thy fairer soul!
Her bright hair like an aureola falls
In clusters o'er her robe, and neck as white;
Type of the unstained innocence within.
Her lustrous deep-brown eyes are eloquent
In joy and sorrow; while a varying smile
Trembles around her lips; and through her face,
As through a lamp of alabaster, shines
Her spirit, lit from God's eternal flame.
She saw him not at first; and to the bells
Responsive, echoed from her soul the pray'r.
As on the ear of him who upward soars,
Freed from the bonds that bound him to the earth,
The choir angelical in glory bursts—
So on his spirit fell the rapturing sounds
That of themselves had issued from her lips,
Which led him in imagination on,
And stayed not till they reached the Eternal Throne.
As from the city's glare and worldly din
He followed her who was his guiding star,
So from the mockeries of earthly care
She, all incarnate virtue, brought his soul
To heaven, where re-united they abide.—GEORGINA.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

BETTINA.

A tolerably large pyramid of books might be formed of which the divine passion (though not always treated divinely) forms the exclusive theme. While some of the erotic poets of Greece and Rome—Anacreon, Ovid, Catullus, Aristonetus—serving for its foundations, the pile would, of course, comprise dissertations on the subject, such as Plato's most beautiful dialogue—the “Banquet;” then collections of letters, such as those of “Abelard and Eloise,” would enter largely into the structure; and other poems again. In the prose region of such a specimen of amatory architecture, there are, perhaps, few works of the modern epoch more or so worthy of ranking beside the “Banquet” of the analytic and eloquent Greek, as Goethe's correspondence with a child—that singular, wild, and charming expression of nature and imagination, which the many-sided poet of culture designated “nature's gospel,” as he did also Rousseau's “Emilie.” The name of this little girl was Bettina Brentano. Frankford was her birth-place, where her family were one distinguished for talent, she being the grand-daughter of the celebrated Sophie de Roche, sister of the novelist Clemens Brentano. It was not until the autumn of her life that Bettina, who had been long married and surrounded by her family, thought fit to publish the letters she had written to Goethe and others, saving thus from oblivion the beautiful picture of the early spring days of her life. They belong to a class of writings which the Germans call *platonisms*, by which we are to understand the parts which relate to her communion with Goethe, whose poetry had delighted the little wild creature, gipsy-like in appearance, it is said, as in genius; whose acquaintance enchanted her still more; while he, the plastic, versatile, receptive-minded poet and philosopher, adoring her as a study, was only too happy to permit her to develop her fresh, fanciful, and singular moods in writing to him. Literary history, especially that of the continentals, is more thickly sprinkled with anecdotes of the enthusiastic homage with which great writers have been regarded, than that of these countries; and the Germans, though with more centrality of character and phlegm, have shown just as much of it as the French, or even Americans. But we know no instance of such demonstrations, so fantastic and original, in one so young, as that of the little girl, Bettina, making a journey to Weimar, where Goethe lived, calling to see him, and, being admitted to an interview, jumping on his knee, and embracing him, while he regarded her with admiring astonishment. Goethe's house in the Fanen-platz, with the inscription over the hall door—an epigram of hospitality; the drawing-room, with its Greek busts, casts, and books of engravings; and the study, with its arm chair and deal table, on which he wrote most of his works, near the window with the vine “which used to say good things to him;” never admitted a more singular guest. There was the stately prime minister of the little dukedom of Weimar—with his blue coat, star, and ribbon; his fine countenance, which is described as that of a “man of many sorrows;” and the dark eyes which Thackeray can only compare to those of “Melmoth the Wanderer” in Maturin's shadowy romance—caressing this little strange creature, a sort of Undine in real life who had fallen in love with him. Goethe, whose pantheistic views influenced his artistic, and these the entire of his life, was charmed with the little Bettina. He was just then engaged writing his novel, entitled “Wahlverwand Shaften” (Elective Attractions), of which her visit was so novel an instance; and at first encouraged the child to write to him. After some time, when the imaginative passion of the letters (exquisite as was occasionally its expression as illustrative of a fresh and peculiar idiosyncrasy putting forth its feelings and ideas as naturally as a flower its petals, not unlike what one might fancy some naiad or hamadryad would reveal who had formed an attachment to a mortal) appeared to become a fixed idea, likely to influence her life, then in transition

from spring to summer, he thought fit to discourage the correspondence. Some of the first letters in the collection refer to Bettina's acquaintance with a young canoness named Gunderode, who resided at Offenbach. One of the letters describes a visit made by Bettina to this young religieuse, who, it appears, still fostered a passion for a lover who had forsaken her, who held some official appointment. We see her—for Bettina makes us see everything she depicts; a proof of her imagination, were others wanting—we see her pacing the corridors of the nunnery in her stately black dress, extemporising in romantic fashion, and fondling a beautiful dagger which had been given her, which, like Cato, she regarded as her bane and antidote, sometimes holding it to her heart, and rehearsing her death. Bettina snatches it, flings it away, when it falls slantingly and remains quivering in the floor. All think her giddy talk about suicide is a freak—a mood of fancy; but some mornings afterwards she is found dead in her bed with the beautiful dagger in her heart. The most delightful of Bettina's letters are those written to Goethe from the Rhine. In them the child-girl describes her daily rambles along its mountain banks, her visits to its little caverns and resting-places in vineyards, her fancies, feelings, and memories, which come to her like birds once fondled and flown, describing her solitary walks, climbings, and nooks for reverie or slumber. Now we see her climbing the trees, leaping the chasms, plunging into the little torrents, setting out in a boat to cross the river alone, or falling asleep among the stars on the hill-tops. Many of these letters are little prose poems, impressed with the simplicity of childhood and the truth of nature, full of idyllic glimpses of the scenery and life of the Rhine banks, in which the commonest things are rendered by her poetic.

Several of her letters were so admired by Goethe that he has turned them into verse, preserving their substance as closely as was compatible with the metre and rhyme.

INTERESTING NOTES.

A Russian version of Mr. Charles Darwin's “Descent of Man,” has been published at St. Petersburg by Mr. E. Blagovietlof.

At Leipzig, the third part of the “Shakespeare-Galerie,” consisting of characters and scenes from Shakespeare's plays, drawn by Max Adama, Heinrich Hofmann, Hans Makart, Friedrich Pecht, Fritz Schwoerer, and others, contains “Hamlet,” “A Midsummer Night's Dream,” and “As You Like It.”

The Italian poetical version of the Tragedies of Euripides, by the Prince of Galati (Giuseppe de Spuches), is progressing, the translator having published his version of six of the tragedies.

Musical honors are being liberally conferred. Mr. Henry Blagrove, the violinist, is to have a testimonial; Mr. Vernon Rigby, the tenor, has had a piece of plate from the Sacred Harmonic Society; and Sir Julius Benedict has had the “Leopold” order from the King of Belgium.

Negotiations are in progress for the tenancy of the Italian Opera-house, in Paris, by Mr. Mapleson, in order that he may give a series of performances with his company, from January up to the period he will commence his season at Drury-lane, in 1872.

Madame Pauline Lucca has discovered, in a street-singer, named David Mierovitch, a tenor gifted with such a marvellous voice, that, at her recommendation, Herr Rubinstein, brother of the composer and pianist, has procured his admission as pupil into the St. Petersburg Conservatorium.

We learn from private sources that Balfe's last, it is said best opera, *The Knight of the Leopard*, will be produced under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, during the ensuing London season. It is more than probable that it will be done in New York first.—*New York Musical Bulletin*.

WE'LL SIT AWHILE AND DREAM.

Come where the wind is blowing,
Making the wild waves play ;
We'll hear the voice of ocean
In echoes borne away ;
Come where the moonlight dances
Upon the crystal stream ;
Beside its sparkling waters
We'll sit awhile and dream.

Or come where the dew-drops glisten,
Where the soft south wind doth blow,
Where the sweetest flowers of nature
In wild profusion grow ;
While their tender buds of beauty
Expand beneath the beam
Of the sun that shines upon them,
We'll sit awhile and dream.

Come where the blithe birds carol
Their love-lays 'mongst the trees.
Which bend to catch the whispers
Of the perfume-laden breeze ;
Come where the moon is shining
Which we so beauteous deem ;
While it throws its fitful shadows
We'll sit awhile and dream.

Come where the leaves of autumn
Lie strewn upon the ground ;
Where the foot of summer lingers,
And its fragrance still is found ;
Come where the falling waters
Like shattered rainbows seem ;
Whilst we listen to its music
We'll sit awhile and dream.

Come where the snow of winter
Lies deep, and soft, and white ;
Where the shadowy ev'ning falleth
Too soon o'er the morning's light.
While the fire so brightly glowing
Replaceth sunshine's beam,
And warmth around us sheddeth,
We'll sit awhile and dream.

We'll dream of our bright future,
Of the years we hope to spend,
Linked heart to heart together
By our love, which ne'er shall end.
We'll dream of hope's fulfilment,
Of the happy time to come,
When seated by our fireside
We'll know the bliss of home.

C. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A lady correspondent "hopes the Editor of the EMERALD will forgive her expressing her disappointment at the article on stockings, in the last number of that periodical, ignoring altogether those made at Balbriggan. The gentleman or lady who regrets that sisters, wives, aunts, and grandmothers, no longer spend hours knitting stockings, can never have worn those made at Balbriggan. They far surpass in elasticity not only those of the Countess of Salisbury and Queen Elizabeth, but those made at Nottingham at the present day. They are well known on the continent of

Europe and in America, and highly prized. In some of the best towns in England, the shopmen in the hosiers' shops deny that there are any such, and tell their customers that the factory at Balbriggan ceased working years ago, and that all under that name are really made at Nottingham ; but those who have worn both feel the difference. Perhaps T. M. may be induced to write a continuation of the stocking article, and recommend those made in Ireland."

[We will call the attention of T. M. to our correspondent's communication.—ED. EMERALD.]

THE HUNTING FIELD.

(To the Editor of the Emerald.)

SIR,—Irishmen are, in general, well-mannered and courteous. I rejoice to think of the number of well-bred men to be found in all ranks and conditions of my countrymen. I have thought, indeed, sometimes, that the true gentleman was oftener met with in the lower than the upper class. I say all this to show that it is in no unfriendly spirit that I attempt to contrast manners in the hunting field in England with some of my recollections of Irish meets. I am sorry to say that I think the latter lose by the comparison. I had opportunities, a few years ago, of seeing a hunt, occasionally, with those hounds that meet at places accessible from Dublin. I have met with great kindness, more than once, when in difficulties, and I have needed forbearance or indulgence sometimes, and it has been accorded to me. At the same time, I must say I have been crushed in a narrow gap now and then, and when there was a gate to be opened, it has often seemed advisable to those armed with crooked whips, to ignore the presence and the troubles of others who only carried little gold-headed switches. I ought to say that I should never have thought of complaining of these things, but that I have had experience of delightfully different treatment. When out lately in this country with a celebrated pack of fox-hounds, I was surprised to find that if anyone said "There's a lady coming," the rider made way at once. The noble master of the hounds held a gate open for a full minute and a-half, while I and two others passed through, just as the hounds were "getting away." A farmer put me under similar obligations a little later. One or two charitable sportsmen gave me advice as to my course, which insured me a maximum of sport with a minimum of danger. All this is made more remarkable by the following facts : I was a stranger to almost everybody in the field, and there was nothing in my outward woman to atone for the many deficiencies of my equipment ; as, for instance, the screwy condition of my mount, and my groom, who had a bad hat. Nor could my good fortune be accounted for by the rarity of lady riders with these hounds ; for the last day I was out, there were two besides myself—one who seemed a scientific rider, and one who was extremely pretty and attractive. I imagine at least ten gates must have been opened at *this* lady's approach !

The field was quiet and orderly ; no one rode over the hounds ; no one pushed or crushed anyone else ; no one looked as if he wished his neighbour away ; neither the master nor the huntsman swore, and things did not seem to go any the worse for this omission. There was a complete absence of noise—loud talking and shouting. Could all this be said, with truth, of a day with the Wards, or Meaths, or Kildares ? If any of the members of these hunts retort that the writer of these lines will do well to remain where she feels so comfortable—to stay with people who do not require her criticism—I shall think such speeches justify my charge against them of want of courtesy.

I am, sir, yours obediently,
AN AMAZON.

Miss Helen Fancit is about to take her farewell of Cottonopolis. She is to appear as Lady Macbeth, Rosalind, Juliet, Pauline, Beatrice, Iolanthe, and Portia. The performances are to take place at the Theatre Royal, and the seven representations will extend over two weeks.

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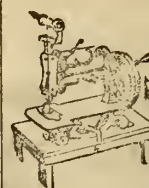
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JOURNAL.





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THE EMERALD:

The Irish Ladies' Journal.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, “Gallery of Illustrious Women;” supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady’s table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

Leinster Express, August 26th, 1871.

“THE EMERALD.—This is the title of a weekly paper dedicated to ‘The Irish Ladies,’ and published by Messrs. J. M. O’Toole and Son, 7, Great Brunswick-street, Dublin. This neatly brought out little journal is remarkable for the variety as well as for the merit of its contents, not the least interesting of which are the Fashion pages. It is sold for the moderate price of two pence, and we are sure its circulation will soon be commensurate with its worth.”

Waterford Chronicle, September 5th, 1871.

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THE EMERALD:


THE IRISH LADIES' JOURNAL.

No. 25.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1871.

[Vol. II.

PECULIARITIES.

ARLYLE has written that the population of England consists *chiefly* of fools ; and it may be added that *every one* is peculiar—peculiar in the sense of being odd, singular, eccentric. Mankind is on a graduated scale, between downright madness and the being the least bit peculiar. But to define exactly where oddity ends and madness begins were no easy task. There are peculiarities national ; these being subdivided into what are called “provincialisms ;” and the latter resolving themselves into the individual. Omitting our national characteristic features, and provincialisms, let us speculate on the peculiarities of the individual.

Most probably eight men out of every ten would, in a manner, be insulted, or, at least, very much surprised, if they were told that they are singular, odd kind of people ; but so it is, everyone on some particular point, in a greater or less degree, is a confirmed oddity. A hard expression, no doubt, and one which at first sight may appear put forward with something of rashness ; but careful observation is a true test, and let anyone examine the character, habits, and method of life of his friend or *himself*, and very soon he will discover some peculiarity in conversation or behaviour.

When we talk of individual peculiarity, we mean a genuine, honest oddity. We take no note of the whimsical affectation of a coxcomb—a vain, empty creature, that wears his hair long, and his hat most awkwardly balanced on the back of his head, just because Chief Justice Hairslength does so.

A man in his own house is nothing but a bundle of oddities, manifesting themselves sometimes, in a silent and almost imperceptible manner ; sometimes and often to the discomfiture of his home, in a loud and boisterous conduct. Whence the peculiarity ? Natural ? that is, does it form an inseparable part of the identity of the individual from his birth ; or is it acquired by the working of external circumstances on the life and habits, as they are formed and shaped by the severe grindstone of the world ? We would say from both, but chiefly from the latter.

We inherit the idiosyncrasies of our fathers ; but over and beyond these there is begotten in ourselves, by circumstances, the peculiarity that particularly distinguishes us from our fellows. Consider the case of childhood, that period when we are so soft and malleable matter—when we are the saplings that bend away from the cold, cutting winds of the north, and stretch out their tender leaves to the soft, soothing breezes of the south.

When a child first goes to school, perhaps he is straightforward and open in the extreme ; with infant simplicity he unburdens his heart to the elder boys, who probe that delicate, innocent soul to extract the little secrets of home and family.

By-and-by he sees his error, he becomes painfully aware that he himself has supplied the thongs of his own torture, and he becomes sly, acute, “up to all that sort of thing ;” habits of secrecy become interwoven with the once single simple life, he changes into a “queer fellow” that keeps everything to himself, and as the child grows up into the man, this tendency to secrecy may develop into the character of a confirmed solitary—a recluse that conveys himself away from the world and lives and dies an eccentric oddity.

A thousand influences tending to make us oddities are at work on mind and manner in all stages of life ; but that which effectually gives the bent to a man's character is the surrounding circumstances in youth, when impressions are easily conveyed and fixed. There is, therefore, a great responsibility resting with those who take upon themselves the instruction of youth—on regular teachers by profession, as well as on those who impart the first elements of education, the mothers. It is a trite expression, worn almost threadbare, to say that the teachers of our youth incur a deep responsibility ; but in consequence of this very triteness, we accept it as a theoretical fact, and are too much inclined to overlook its practical importance.

Numberless are the eccentricities of men. The Rev. Joshua Paradox is a very dear clerical acquaintance, a really clever man, but a confirmed oddity ; his eccentricity consists in wearing two pairs of trowers at once, one pair being only half the length of orthodox nether garments. Another friend, a member of one of the learned professions, is a most rational man, but he is odd on one point. His peculiarity manifests itself in rather a cruel form, though in other respects he is naturally kind-hearted. This gentleman goes about his house collecting all the unfortunate spiders that have laid their webs in corners most likely for flies, and with supreme satisfaction he burns them, one by one, in the flame of a candle. Peculiarities such as these are much akin to madness ; but they are striking eccentricities. Search out the minor ones. Miss K. will presently glide into violent hysterics, if the decanter remain uncorked even for a moment. The door left open by the unthinking abigail is a source of dismal wretchedness to the unfortunate Mr. Y.

There is a vast difference between “absence of mind”

and "peculiarity." The man who in company gets into a state oblivious of everything, and permits his thoughts to wander away to other places and people, is to a certain extent blameworthy, for he could with a little labor rectify his fault; but distracted Mr. Y. cannot thus easily master his aversion to open doors. Indeed it is a most innocent fault—if fault it be, to insist on the bottle being stopped with the cork. Nay! often it would prove the greatest blessing if many would thus stop the bottle at the proper moment.

It is no peculiarity or eccentricity when we pervert the proper use and exceed the just limits of the good things of this world. The tippler, in regard to his tippling, is no oddity—he is vicious. The moderate enjoyment of tobacco is innocent, often beneficial, but its excessive use is just as vicious as the too often circling cup. The man is no oddity because he never has the pipe out of his mouth; he is rather an excessively weak-minded creature, who knows not how to temper pleasure with moderation.

There is no worse method of instruction for youth or adult than to run continually in opposition to their slight oddities: it sours the temper. If your brother insists on reading a book backwards, let him; don't be perpetually urging him to begin at the preface. It is only when peculiarities are assumed, and for the purpose of causing us to admire or wonder at the exceeding oddness of our friend Apeshead, that we should cut short the affected fool in his sham character of oddity.

With regard to peculiarities of the worst kind, what may be a man's public character depends almost entirely on what has been his private life in childhood and youth. The childhood of one of our greatest poets, twisted and tortured by the excessive bad temper and worse example of a mother, was developed into the bitter sarcastic sceptic and most eccentric genius.

If parents would only calmly consider their almost omnipotent influence over their children, and act in a manner consistent with love and duty, there would be fewer broken-hearted mothers—the scalding tear of reproach would less often fall for the thankless child—the father would go on to the grave with shoulders less stooped, and Time from his rapid chariot would fling fewer locks of silver on his anxious head. The children would oftener gather round the sacred scene of an honored and loved parent's death; and the blest spirit, having breathed out its last fervent blessing on the dearest earthly objects, would pass away in a calm and lovely peacefulness to the land of eternal light and love.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER V.

Alice's moral law was strict and clearly defined. She had not been confounded or perplexed by contact with the world. Through the long day's idleness that followed her visit to the manor, her conscience, always accustomed to speak openly, made itself heard. She listened to it reluctantly, but as one listens to truth. Mr. Gresham's offer, it declared, however brilliant and happy, was a temptation. It led her into sin. However great a prize and honor in itself, it could be no prize or honor to her. She would lose everything by losing faith and truth. There was nothing worth being, asserted her conscience, but being true and faithful. At whatever sacrifice, at all costs, temptation must be resisted, sin avoided, truth and faithfulness laid hold of and never let go. The voice, in the plenitude of its power, silenced all other voices. It commanded and enforced obedience at the same instant. Alice shrank from herself. She counted the days till Mr. Gresham's return. Every moment that was a respite from decision was a relief.

She spent a great deal of her time in wandering about the garden and common, glad to escape from Dorothy's eyes and Dorothy's tongue. The crisis in her little world was all-important. The mild sunshine often fell upon her as

she sat quite still under the blossomless hawthorn, without thought or action. What would come to end it all, she knew not, unless it were God from heaven.

One evening, as she re-entered the house, Dorothy called to her from the kitchen, that there was a letter lying on the parlor table. Alice's thoughts instinctively rushed to Mr. Gresham—rushed with dread. He would be writing to say he was coming home sooner, perhaps to-morrow, perhaps to-night. At the bare idea of such a thing, the color mounted to her face, and she leant back trembling. When she had courage to go forward, she saw that the writing was not unfamiliar, like Mr. Gresham's, but very familiar. The letter was from Hedley. She took it up with a strange mixture of feeling, carried it to her room, and sat down with it in her hand, unopened. After all, she asked herself, would he be worth the sacrifice? Would there be compensation in a life spent with him for all she would lose? What had he to give as an equivalent? Must all her future be given up for the sake of one promise made in ignorance—all her happiness be relinquished for the sake of one man? What strength had she to oppose her father's wishes single-handed, or what right to act in opposition to his mature judgment? Without answering herself she opened the letter, and read. The first words thrilled painfully through her. Last time it had been, "My own dear Alice;" the time before, "My darling Alice;" this time it was, "My dear Alice." Already she had lost.

"My dear Alice," it continued, "we have always met on the ground of truth; therefore I speak boldly, and I have a right to speak, because I love you. You will listen to me, knowing that my words mean nothing but happiness to you—happiness in the richest, fullest, highest sense of the word. In life you are given the choice to do, or not to do—but you must choose well. God only stands by you; you are alone from men. What you lose is lost from Him, what you gain is gained in Him. There is nothing to be lost or gained but Him. If it had been anyone except you, I might have fancied that they had been misled by the attractions of the world, to put a false faith in it—had mistaken prosperity for happiness, and the pride of distinction for peace; but I know you, Alice, and that such a thing could not be. You have seen that all life begins and ends in God, that the world is not above you, but beneath you, to be passed through on your way to God. You have seen that there is nothing valuable but what belongs to Him, nothing useful but what leads to Him, nothing happy but what keeps you with Him. Having once seen, you cannot be blind again. The false, the trifling, the unworthy, must be cast away. If you think I take things too seriously, remember that what is important is always serious.

"Dear Alice, I release you from any promise you may believe yourself bound by to me. You are bound to no man, but to God. Stand clear with Him, do not spare yourself, but let your obligations be fulfilled to the letter. There is no other way for you; and in your decision, God bless you—in your life, God for ever bless you.

"Yours faithfully,
"HEDLEY WILSON."

Alice sat motionless with the letter in her hand. There was something in it—an invisible something, more valuable than gold or jewels, more precious than good fortune, more lasting than time. There was nothing left but to listen to it. She folded her hands over the page, and said softly, "O Hedley, I hear, I hear!"

She had awakened from her dream and returned to life. It was worth while dreaming for the sake of the return—the reality was so grand, so full of promise.

In the strength of resolution she rose, a changed creature. The wretchedness of the last few days had been swept away in a moment, peace was within her, happiness before her, God above her. Her father's disappointment and displeasure would be a pain, but no longer a terror. Mr. Gresham she

could meet boldly. The only thought she shrank from was that Hedley was still ignorant of her decision.

"All yesterday," she said to herself, sorrowfully, "all to-day, and most of to-morrow, he will think me false and faithless!"

She was roused by Dorothy's summons. John Summers was not at home. He had gone to a meeting in Haverstock. Alice was perfectly indifferent. She had the truth ready at any second to meet him. On her way down stairs, she stopped to wonder what change had come over the world and her, that she was so happy. Dorothy knelt before the fender making the toast. Alice went up to her, and, putting her arms round her neck, impulsively kissed her. The old servant replaced her ruffled cap with an ungraciousness of manner that showed she did not at all appreciate the attention, and remarked, "What's the girl pulling me about for, I should like to know?" Kisses were a foolishness of days gone by.

They sat down to their meal in silence. The sunshine glowed with a subdued light outside. There were two pots of musk in the window. Alice looked round upon a new heaven and a new earth. She could not keep her happiness to herself. "O, Dorothy!" she said, with sparkling eyes, "I am so happy! I am so happy!"

Dorothy stopped in conveying a piece of bread and butter to her mouth to stare at her.

"Well, and for why?" she asked shortly; "what's that for?"

"Oh, I'm so happy!" repeated Alice. "Guess why, Dorothy!"

The sunshine of her secret shone in her eyes and rippled in gladness about her mouth.

"It's the fine dress and fine company you'll be thinking about, I guess," said Dorothy, giving emphasis to her words by a nod.

"No," said Alice, exultingly. "Guess again!"

"Well," said the other, slowly, certain of being right this time, "it's the fine gentleman for a husband, I'll be bound."

"No," said Alice, still more exultingly. "Guess again!"

Dorothy shook her head. She gave it up as beyond her.

"There's no coming at a girl's follies," observed she, contemptuously.

Alice laughed joyously. Her laugh rang through the room like music. "You'd never guess," she said, quietly; "never!"

The old servant vouchsafed no more of her attention.

"To-night," said Alice presently, "I'm going to finish my apron. I've only the band to put on. I've been shockingly idle the last week."

Dorothy looked up.

"You'll not be for wearing that when Mr. Gresham comes?" she said defiantly.

"And why not?" returned Alice, laughing.

Dorothy stopped eating, and her hands fell by her side in horror.

"What kind of a drawing-room lady will you make, I should like to know? Mr. Gresham's lady in aprons! You'll be coming to caps and pattens next!"

Alice leant forward with her chin resting on her hand. All her soul shone in her face.

"Dorothy," she said slowly, "what would you say, if I did not marry Mr. Gresham at all, but married Hedley Wilson instead?"

For a second, the old woman's astonishment kept her silent.

"I should say," she answered emphatically, "that you had clean gone mad, and it's well that you have a responsible parent to govern and control you! That's what I should say."

"Nevertheless, Dorothy," said Alice, the light glowing in her eyes, "it is so."

Dorothy gazed at the face before her, horrified and incredulous. It was very sweet in its firm resolution. A soft color glowed in Alice's cheeks, and a mist swam in her eyes.

The old woman looked in vain for some signs of unusual excitement or mental aberration.

"It is so," repeated Alice, softly, more to herself than to her listener.

Dorothy said nothing; she only stared. Her bewilderment brought her to no conclusion; neither did Alice break the silence. To explain would have been impossible; to convince, still more impossible. The rest of the evening the old woman watched her furtively. Alice moved gently across the room, fetched her work, and sat down near the candle, with a smile still lurking round the corners of her mouth. As soon as it was finished she rose again as gently, and took down the ink and blotting-book to write. She had evidently no difficulty in thinking of what to say—no hesitation in saying it. Her pen moved at once and steadily. When it was done she shaded her eyes with her hand, and read it over twice. It was this:—

"Be as true to me as I shall be to you.—Your's, A."

And Dorothy, watching her from the corner where she sat knitting, shook her head.

Long after Alice had gone to bed, the old servant remained at her place waiting for John Summers' return. No sooner had he entered the kitchen than she took the opportunity of relieving herself of her amazement and disquietude. Stepping close up to him, she laid her hand on his arm.

"The girl's not right to-night," she said, pointing significantly towards Alice's room. "What do you think she's been saying?"

John Summers honored her with his attention.

"What do you think she's been saying?" pursued Dorothy, nodding her head. "She says she'll not marry Mr. Gresham!"

"Not marry Mr. Gresham!" repeated he, slowly, in profound astonishment.

"Yes," said Dorothy, eagerly; "and she didn't say it in one of her tantrums, or in a sulk, or in play, but in grave earnest. There's for you, John Summers!"

And she folded her arms and nodded again.

John Summers was silent. He was not alarmed, because he saw no obstacle in her opposition, but he was puzzled.

"Tut!" he said, turning away impatiently. "She was dreaming. A girl never knows what she means, or means what she says. Give me a candle, Dorothy."

"And you'll not hear of such a thing—will you?" persisted the old woman anxiously, peering into his face.

John Summers answered with one of his calm smiles.

"Obedience is the first duty of a daughter," he said, serenely, and lighting his candle he went to bed without bestowing a thought upon the subject.

Early next morning Alice was stirring as gay as a lark. She went out and posted her letter, and returned to breakfast with a color in her cheek and a sparkle in her eye.

"Father," she said during the course of the meal, "when is Hedley Wilson coming back?"

"He may be here to-morrow," answered John Summers, "and he may be detained later. Why, my daughter?"

"I wanted to know," she answered, quietly, in a tone that put an end to further questioning. Dorothy peered at her from the other end of the table, but her face was inscrutable, and she was reassured. John Summers rose to go to Haverstock. Alice followed him out of the room. The moment had come. In spite of her courage she trembled.

"Father," she said, opening the parlor door, "will you speak to me a minute?"

He had not time to guess what was coming.

She leant against the table, her eyes down, and the color rushing to her face.

"Father," she said firmly, "do not ask me to marry Mr. Gresham. I cannot. I love Hedley Wilson, and have promised to marry him. I must keep my promise." She faltered and looked up. John Summers was a hard man, not to be touched, or moved from his purpose. His eyes showed nothing but displeasure.

"This is nonsense, Alice," he answered coldly. "Dorothy

said something to me about it last night, but I thought you were too sensible a girl for such folly, and didn't believe it. Let me hear no more of it." And he moved towards the door.

"O father," said Alice, terrified lest he should escape her, "don't go! Hear what I've to say! Be pitiful in your authority. It will be misery to me. If you love me spare me!"

He listened unmoved. His stubbornness made him invincible. Alice gathered hope from his silence.

"O you will—you will?" she said, smiling through the tears that filled her eyes. He drew back from her touch.

"Really, Alice," he said in a tone of annoyance, "you are too childish. Control yourself, and let me hear no more of such absurdity. I cannot permit scenes of this kind in my house, nor do I allow my wishes to be questioned. Do not disturb me again with this extraordinary behaviour, or give occasion for a second rebuke;" and he marched out with his usual dignified bearing. Alice was desperate.

He was neither to be persuaded nor overcome. Her resistance would be of no avail. What was her will against his? In her despair she covered her face with her hands, and cried bitterly.

(To be continued.)

TURKISH BATHS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The readers of the EMERALD may recollect a very interesting series of articles which appeared some months ago under the title of *Hygiene*, in which the writer dwelt upon the great importance of sanitary science, and explained its laws with much clearness. She especially advocated the use of the Turkish Bath, and expressed an earnest wish that this invaluable agent of health and cleanliness could be brought within reach of the poor. It is pleasant to be able to say that considerable interest having been awakened on the subject, there is every probability that a People's Bath may be ere long erected in Dublin. An influential contemporary has taken up the subject, and states in its issue of Monday week, that "an important practical step has been taken towards the establishment of a cheap Turkish Bath for the working classes of this city." As the idea was first mooted in the EMERALD (or rather in its precursor), it is to be hoped that its readers will feel interested in it. The subject is of such importance that I should be glad to awaken attention to it, especially at this moment, when cholera and small-pox threaten Dublin. With respect to cholera, the late Dr. Barter says, speaking of the Turkish Bath: "As a preventive of disease in general, and cholera in particular, my large experience in its use, dating, as it does, from 1856, when it was first erected at my establishment, enables me confidently to state, that I know no other power in this respect at all to be compared to it. As a preventive of disease in all forms, it gives that vigor and vitality to the system which places it in the best possible condition to resist it; it enables the body to receive the alternations of temperature so common to our variable climate, not only with impunity, but with that benefit and feeling of pleasure which they were intended by nature to produce; for it cannot be too strongly impressed on the public that vigor of both mind and body are best attained by securing a healthy condition of the skin. . . . The Turkish Bath further combines in its use one of the greatest of personal luxuries with the greatest of personal benefits, which may be resorted to again and again with increasing pleasure and advantage, and gives us the most perfect means of purifying the blood, the great object to be attained in the treatment of all disease. I would, therefore, recommend the constant and persistent use of this bath as an all but certain means of prevention" of cholera.

With respect to small-pox, it is very evident that the Bath, producing, as it does, the highest degree of cleanliness, and purifying the blood so thoroughly, must be the best preventive of this justly dreaded malady. Dr. Mapother, in his valuable "Lectures on Public Health," referring to the

small-pox, enumerates, amongst the circumstances which cause liability to contagion, the following:—"Health depressing causes, and perhaps fear is amongst them." Insufficient action of the skin is a health-depressing cause. The Bath enables the skin to "perform those functions by which the healthy constitution of the tissues is preserved," and those who, by experience, are aware of its virtues, are free from that extreme fear of contagion, which Dr. Mapother supposes to be dangerous. I recollect formerly being fearful of small-pox contagion; I have lost this dread since I have taken the Bath continuously. I should like others to feel equally secure. Indeed, it is impossible to experience the marvellous benefits resulting from the Bath, without desiring to make this invaluable institution more universally known and appreciated, especially by the poor, to whom it would be one of the greatest boons. How often, when applied to for remedies for rheumatism, and coughs, do I wish that I could introduce my poor patients to the delightful atmosphere of the Bath, where their pains and aches would receive such alleviations, and in many cases quite vanish. In short, in the words of a friend, "I should like to see a Turkish Bath established in every village in Ireland, accessible to even the poorest, who indeed want it most. I can well understand why benevolent Roman emperors, or emperors desiring to be popular, commonly erected a bath for the use of the people, as the greatest boon they could bestow upon them. I do trust that Ireland will take the lead in this greatest of social reforms. The general use of the Turkish Bath in Ireland would be a great physical and moral blessing and benefit to the people."

I hope to revert speedily to the subject, and meantime trust that what I have said may interest most readers. Any subscriptions in aid of a People's Bath, would be gladly received at the EMERALD office.

LERNE.

WORK TABLE.

MEDALLION OF POINT LACE.

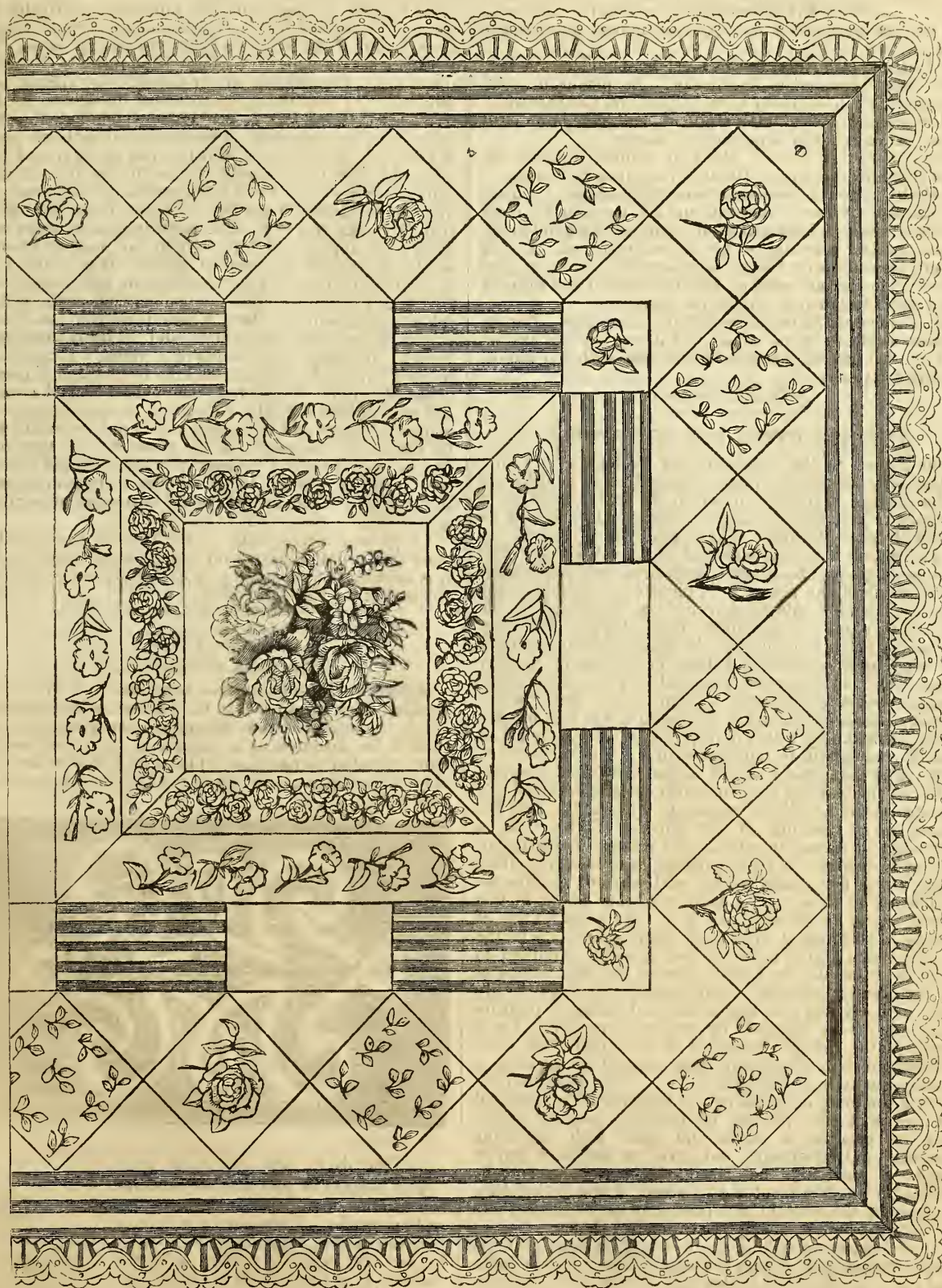
Materials—Thread point lace braid, and I. & W. Taylor's Mecklenburgh thread, No. 8, H. Walker's point lace needle, No. 6. Trace, and work the sprig in the usual way. It is suitable for insertion as a cravat end, or for a dress trimming mounted on ribbon and placed as a knot in the centre of a bunch of bows, with two more medallions on each of the long ends.



DESCRIPTION OF OUR ILLUSTRATION.

This is made of pieces of various kinds of chintz, merely run together, and shaped at the corners in a series of borders and one centre. Each border is of one kind of chintz till near the outside, where squares of two kinds are worked all round. The centre is a group of flowers from a handsome chintz. It is not difficult to obtain such a piece from some good upholsterer or linen draper. Hem the edge, and add a border of crochet lace.

PATCHWORK QUILT.



THE LATEST FASHIONS.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I will describe a few pretty seasonable dresses, amongst which my readers will probably find some suitable to their immediate wants. But first let me offer a remark. It is usual now for dressmakers to attach a small loop to every seam a little below the waist, and, about a couple of inches lower, buttons, to which the loops can be attached, so as to raise the skirt. The suspension is easily effected and removed.

Ball dresses are almost invariably made with long hanging sleeves, open in front nearly to the shoulder, disclosing a little short under sleeve. The necks of these dresses are either square or heart-shaped, low, and supplemented with lace to the correct height. All have tunics. The tunic is usually drawn to the back, where it forms a coquettish bunch. Flowers are used on all ball dresses, but without any regular design. They are generally sprays of flowers. For instance, one ball dress which we saw was a long skirt of white tarlatan, with a kilt-plated rather narrow flounce, and above that an extremely wide fringed out *chicorée* *ruche* of the same material. Over this a tunic, short in front, apron-shaped and graduated to the back, till the edge was but little above the skirt trimming. The tunic was trimmed like the skirt, but narrower. At each side near the back the tunic was looped up by a long spray of flowers, curled round something like a bouquet, but less formal. Jacket basques to the tarlatan body were embellished by a spray of flowers, placed carelessly *aslant*, the end left trailing. On the *ruche* of the skirt a long spray was placed horizontally in front, another at the back, and one each side. A spray was also fixed in the bosom, and one on the *ruched* edge of each hanging sleeve, the large flower resting above the arm, the end fixed down the fall of the sleeve. Of course the hair was also decorated with a spray. Each spray consisted of a flesh-pink rose, with subdued, almost sad green leaves, and rosebuds of various sizes to form the sprays. The hair was drawn back from the forehead by a coronet of close-set large rosebuds, behind which a fine large plait was carried like a coronet above a *chignon* of long graduated ringlets to the waist. A large rose joined the coronet of buds at one side, and a trailing end was carried from it over the curls behind and hung over the ringlets.

The most fashionable way to make a tunic, especially for a rich silk that sustains itself in a *bouffante* manner, is to cut an apron front, split it up the centre. Join to one of these pieces at the side a full breadth of wide silk (such as *faillé* or *moiré antique*) the same length as the side of the front piece. This is a kind of oblong. Measure a breadth off the silk double as long as the length of this side-piece. Join it to it, commencing at the bottom of each breadth. Then join the remainder of the breadth along the top of the oblong piece, forming a square of it. Make the other side the same. One back breadth is sufficient. Set the tunic to the waist plain in front and gathered behind from hip to hip, keeping the back breadth in a little bunch of gathers in the centre. This tunic retains its shape without any kind of looping up. In thinner material it may be lined with soft muslin.

A half-mourning ball or dinner dress of white tarlatan was thus charmingly constructed. A long skirt, with a kilt-pleated flounce, surmounted with a four-inch wide shell *ruching* of the tarlatan, edged with a piping of black satin. The tunic was rounded in front, with tulip-leaf-shaped side-pieces, and the back describing one deep scallop with a marked fall nearly to the skirt flounce. This was ornamented with a similar *ruche*, carried round the tunic and up each seam, and the *ruche* was exquisitely graduated, not only up each seam, but to the extremity of the tunic, where it was broadest. The *berthe* was composed of a *ruche* and a spray of white flowers and black leaves on the bosom. The very long hanging sleeves, edged with a narrow *ruche*, opened in front to the shoulder, and disclosed a little tuft of white

flowers on each short sleeve. The long ends of the hanging sleeves were caught on the *basque* to the body behind the waist, and secured with a spray of flowers. One side only of the tunic towards the back was caught up by a spray of flowers.

A violet silk costume was thus richly but simply made. Short skirt with a deep pleated flounce, headed with a four inch-wide band of velvet. Velvet bands graduated *entablée* up the front. Two plain breadths of silk joined in one and gathered at the waist are placed on as a tunic, and marked all round in small sharp scallops piped with velvet. A jacket body with a jockey tab behind notched and piped with velvet, and worn over a group of flat wide velvet bows and two short ends as a sash. The jacket is assumed over a velvet waistcoat. From under every band of velvet round the skirt was a slightly full row of inch wide Flanders lace. A two-inch lace occurred down the side of the tunic, and a six-inch wide lace along the lower edge under the scallops. The jacket body was edged with the narrow lace, but the waistcoat was untrimmed, save round the heart-shaped open throat. The hanging sleeves were notched out open to the shoulder, very wide and edged with deep lace. The under sleeve was trimmed with three rows of velvet and a narrow lace turned back from each.

As the fit of a dress depends largely on the corset worn, I am only performing a duty to my readers in recommending—as I can conscientiously do—the corsets of Madame Theodore Poirotte, of No. 18 Dawson-street, to ensure a graceful fit in any of the costumes I have above described.

IDEAL SKETCHES.

NO. IV.—THE CONSOLER.

When Autumn brown, that alchemist so old,
Swept onward through the ever-sighing trees,
Turning their emerald leaves to ruddy gold,
Which, spendthrift-like, he scatters to the breeze,
Beside his casement stood an aged sire,
With wrinkled brow, and locks of stainless snow;
Yet in his eyes there gleamed their former fire,
As thought he of his manhood long ago.
Like the red sun now sinking into rest,
Which ere it dies shoots forth a brighter beam,
So his youth's fire hath warmed his aged breast,
Beneath the pow'r of a sweet-memored dream.
And as he thinks, he is no more alone—
The children crowd around him as of yore—
He hears anew each fond familiar tone.
And tells again his treasured fairy lore.
There Florence stands—his first beloved child,
Reminding him of what he once has been;
And blue-eyed Mary, artless, gay, and wild;
And the most dear, his fairy Eveleen.
For she reflects her gentle mother there
In her brown eyes, and in her nature kind;
So on his breast she lays her head so fair,
And round his neck her little arms are twined.
But hark—a footstep! and the dream has flown,
He gazes on the portraits of the dead,
And weeps to feel he is for ever lone,
Since his last hope has with the vision fled!
But now that hope returns, for as he wept
His Eily's child has left her broken toy,
And, pitying, softly to his bosom crept,
And turned his tears of sorrow into joy.
And so he thinks of those who've gone before,
Who pray their Lord to free him from his dole;
His grateful praises to his Maker soar,
Who sent a child his sorrows to console.—GEORGINA.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN.

BETTINA.—II.

Some of the works of the great German writers have produced effects which the writers little contemplated. Thus, Schiller's drama, the "Robbers," sent numbers of the wild, romantic, beer-drinking, university students of the day into the forests, where they lived for a period the life of amateur highwaymen. Some pretty stories have since been written, founded on these adventures. In like manner Goethe's "Werter," which, though a German echo of the "Eloise," is the most spontaneous of his prose fictions, is said to have produced suicides not a few. We have alluded to Bettina's young friend, Ganderode, who is described in the "Letter Remembrances" of the child, as a lovely creature "with blue eyes as soft and soul as gentle as the heavens," who wrote verses; and who was an enthusiastic admirer of "Werter," which she and Bettina read together. This narrative of mawkish passion and sorrow—only redeemed when viewed from an artistic point of view by the natural pathos of some of the concluding letters—was destined to envelop in a tragic cloud poor Ganderode's life. Ganderode, who was a philosophic student, had taken on her to instruct little Bettina in metaphysics—"the art of being ignorant with method," as a Frenchman says; and made her write her letters on the subject of her readings—profound reflections, doubtless, on the problems of the universe; and praised her comments, we are told, as "revelations heightened with the finest colors of an ecstatic imagination." As might be expected, Bettina's strong fancy, set adrift on the transcendental ocean without compass or anchor, was soon wrecked. Speculation produced a fever from which she was long recovering. When convalescent, however, Ganderode advised her to abandon philosophy—an advice she rejected. A girl quarrel ensued, and, despite Bettina's passionate regrets, her friend declared their intimacy at an end. Thus, abandoned by her first friend, Bettina formed an acquaintance with Goethe's mother, an old lady of strong mind and much experience, who was never weary of telling the girl who sat at her knee in the Frankford parlor about her celebrated son. Hence the love fancy, originated first by reading his verses, which Bettina formed for the poet-minister of Weimar, the visit she paid him, and the correspondence which ensued. As to Ganderode, when Bettina called to visit her some weeks after the quarrel, she found she had stabbed herself with the beautiful dagger with which she had so often dramatised her death.

We are not aware that Goethe, who turned every circumstance and emotion of life to artistic use, has introduced Bettina into his writings, though, as she appears in some of her letters, she is, to say the least, as poetic as his finest conceptions. Mignon, in "Master William's Apprenticeship," he took from a little singing girl in Strasbourg; Mephistopheles, from a singularly saturnine acquaintance named Merke. Perhaps every striking character he encountered in life he has idealized, saving Bettina's, whose episode was more original than any of his writings. Moralists have blamed him for encouraging the child-girl to write such letters; but Goethe looked on such revelations of imagination and feeling as on some beautiful flower whose free development added to the glory of nature. Opinions differ with respect to this eminent personage. "He saw life, but felt it not," says Mazzini. "Nature wished to see how she looked, and made Goethe," says Heine, who, alluding to the self-restraint manifested in his artistic works, says: "Some people read them as they view some exquisite statue in marble, but who, unable to appreciate its truth, beauty, and symmetry, touch it with the expression—how cold." He himself says, "In noble thoughts, and sweet recollections, we enjoy life in all its depth and intensity. Art is long, life brief, judgment difficult, opportunity evanescent." As an artist his whole existence, as he states, was an effort to spiritualize objective existence in forms of truth and beauty; and such a natural phenomenon as Bettina was not to be rejected. He gladly

accepted and encouraged such expressions of feeling and fancy, just as he would have made the most of a fine scene, or fine day, as something which added to the store of high thoughts or sweet recollections. As to the coldness attributed to him, it cannot be referred to the finest scenes and passages in his works, such as those in the Roman Elegies, animated with antique impulse; to the prison scene in "Faust," which is nearly as good as Shakspeare's best; to some of the situations in "Tasso," no less intense because restrained; to the genuine and homely depths of "Herman and Dorothea," and the emotions in many of his lyrics. His acquaintance with the wild, sensitive, graceful, poet child, Bettina—a sort of union of Miranda and Ariel—was as much a godsend to the old poet as an introduction to fairy-land.

The correspondence is divided into Bettina's letters to Goethe's mother, to Goethe, and her "Journal of Love." Those which he made her write to develop her mind, and also, of course, as a psychological study, are perhaps retouched by the pen of a maturer age; but, though occasionally fantastic, they are all full of vivid pictures, graceful sentiments, and emotions, full of frolicsome wit as well as music; which, while amusingly illustrative of German life at the close of the last century, must be regarded as the expression of a very original, precocious, and beautiful individuality. When the "Daughter of the Regiment," in the opera of that name, finds herself in the chamber with the piano, nothing can surpass her delight; she has found something through which to express her genius for music; and there she would stay for ever, extemporizing never-ending voluntaries. Thus it seems to have been with little Bettina when she had found the true theme of her genius; for it is with her imagination and feeling she is in love in the series of letters written to Goethe, who, be it recollected, was then approaching his sixtieth year. In one of them she says:—"Ask me not why I have placed another page before me, since nothing more have I to say. True, I have nothing wherewith to fill it, but I know that at length it will find its way to thy dear hands; therefore breathe I all to this paper I would breathe to thee were we together. A look from thine eyes into mine, a kiss from thy lips, teaches me better than all besides. [Goethe, by the way, has said that we "learn only from beings and objects which we love."] I am far from thee; my own have become strange to me since the hour thou holdest me to thy heart; and my tears flowed and dried unconsciously. Far from me—no; he loves me in the hidden stillness around. Then why should not my ceaseless longings reach as far off to him?" etc. Our space does not admit of extracts; but Madame Von Arnim—for such was Bettina's name "in marriage"—has some reason for announcing in her preface that she considers those effusions as an initiation into that temple of the feelings and imagination, where Aphrodite is the presiding goddess. The letters from the Rhine, describing her rambles through the caverns, and resting places for reverie, the trees she climbed, her sails across the river alone, her slumbers in mossy grottoes, or on the hill-tops among the stars, are the most pleasing of the collection. She makes her readers see and feel all she describes—a test in itself of the poetic faculty. Take this little sunset picture of the little girl with a flock of geese: "The other children were teasing her, and saying everybody laughed at her for having such long black eyelashes; the poor little one standing all abashed and crying. But I comforted her and said: 'Because God has appointed thee to tend these beautiful white geese, with whom thou goest into the meadows when the sun is hottest, therefore has he given thee such long shades to thine eyes.' And so she was cheered and wept no more, and the geese gathered round their little mistress, and hissed at me and the other children."

Mr. Charles Reade has in preparation a new novel, to appear in *London Society*.

ANNA DICKINSON.

"The history of this young lady is something of a romance, though the romance is not of the kind most common with her sex. When the war broke out in 1861, a young Quaker girl, employed in the mint at Philadelphia, was dismissed by the Democratic board of directors, because, at a young ladies' meeting, she had dared to blaspheme the sacred name of General George B. McClellan. Little did the directors imagine with what vehemence the Quaker girl was to make vengeance recoil on the political party in whose interests she was dismissed. Partly out of strong sympathy with the Republican (and especially the Abolition) party, and partly to support herself, and others dependent upon her, she began to deliver public lectures, urging the North to strike at slavery as an evil in itself, and as the cause and strength of the rebellion. The beauty and oratorical power of the girl excited interest, but brought her little substantial benefit; and the winter of 1862 found her at Concord (the city of Ralph Waldo Emerson), in comparative poverty, delivering, for ten dollars, the last lecture for which she was engaged for the season. That lecture, full of pathos and stormful eloquence, turned the tide of her fortunes. The state election was pending, and the military reverses of the North had damaged the hopes of the Republican party. The secretary of the central committee heard Anna Dickinson deliver her lecture, and was so impressed with its power that he said to his coadjutors, 'If we could get that girl to deliver this lecture round the state, we might carry the Republican ticket yet!' The experiment was thought worth making. Miss Dickinson was engaged, and the campaign arranged for. Others of the party were not so sanguine. The candidate for one district wrote indignantly to the secretary, 'Don't send that d——d woman down here to defeat my election.' But when Miss Dickinson began her course, lecturing round the state, drawing enthusiastic audiences, and fanning the embers of Republican sentiment into a flame, the astonished candidate began to deluge the committee with applications for her aid. But the answer was the old answer—'If you will not when you may, when you will you shall have nay.' She was not sent down; that candidate was defeated, but the state was carried for the Republicans. There now got up a *furor* about the eloquent young Quakeress. Leading Republicans in Connecticut, who had begun to despair of carrying their state for Lincoln, sent for Anna Dickinson, who came, saw, and conquered. What could gallant Americans do when a pretty Quakeress had taken the field? Mrs. Stanton says that the fortnight's campaign was one continued ovation. Even the Democrats gave way to the popular enthusiasm, tore off their badges, and substituted the likeness of the Quaker girl. Ministers preached about her; people called her another Joan of Arc, raised by God to carry the republic. When the state was actually carried for Lincoln by a majority of several hundred votes, Anna Dickinson was hurrahed, serenaded, deluged with bouquets; while the electoral committee, more practical in its gratitude, presented her with 400 dollars for her closing speech, and 100 dollars for each of the preceding. She was now called for everywhere, and went stirring up popular enthusiasm in favor of the government. When she went to speak at Washington, the Hall of Representatives (corresponding with our House of Commons) was voted to her with acclamation; she was led to the Speaker's chair by the vice-president of the United States, and there, for an hour and ten minutes, the Quaker girl delivered her arguments and fiery appeals to a vast audience of three thousand legislators, soldiers, and other citizens, amongst whom sat President Lincoln. In 1865, the successful issue of the war took away one stimulus to her enthusiasm; but there were other unsettled questions on which (especially the question of Woman's Rights) she has been lecturing ever since.

"The first time I heard her, she appeared in a gray dress, with a red ribbon hanging from her neck. She faced

the vast audience with a fearless eye, and with the air of one accustomed to it. She is pretty, without being very prepossessing; is rather small in person, but full of nerve and passion; wears her dark clustering hair cut short; an eye full of dark lightning; an Irish-American tongue, and a tremendous voice that might awaken the dead. Her lecture was on her now favorite subject of Woman's Rights. She entitled it 'Idiots and Women'—taking as her text the law that all people of the age of 21 years shall be eligible to office, and shall have the right to vote, save only criminals, paupers, idiots, and *women*. From this text she delivered a violent philippic against the subjection of women, and the tyranny of men. 'Here is a nation,' she cried, 'that declares that it gains its power from the consent of the governed, and yet never receives the consent of one-half the governed. Here is a nation declaring that taxation and representation are inseparable, and yet taxing a woman's property wherever it can be found, but for ever denying woman the right to say how this tax shall be expended. And what reason is assigned for this? Most men,' she answered, 'can give no better reason than the bishop gave for believing in the Bible—namely, first, that he was a bishop; and second, that he knew nothing about it.' She waxed wroth over the law's injustice to women. She cited one case of a man in Connecticut, who married a woman worth 50,000 dollars in her own right. This man, first of all, paid for his wedding clothes out of his wife's money; and when he died (as he did within a year) willed to his wife the interest of her own money, so long as she remained a widow! 'Some people tell us,' she said, 'that women influence enough by their beauty. But how about those that have no beauty? Have plain-looking women no rights? Others say, women's business is to look after the house. If this is your position, why do you not carry the argument to its logical conclusion, and say to the storekeeper, 'Your business is to sell soft goods, therefore you shall not vote?'

"She had some stinging remarks here and there for the male sex—those, at least, opposed to female suffrage. 'People say that women are silly creatures, not fit to vote. Well, some of them are,' she said: 'God Almighty made them so, I suppose, to match some of the men.' When she spoke of the laws that have the effect of compelling a woman to choose between a husband or nothing, she said, as Theodore Parker had it, that it was sometimes giving her a choice *between two nothings*.

"Her audience, cold and listless at first, occasionally receiving with an audible hiss some unwelcome personality, soon became interested, began to laugh and applaud; while Miss Dickinson, unaffected by any demonstration, bowed along at a terrific rate, pushing back her hair from her excited face, and pouring forth an unbroken torrent of sarcasm, argument, and appeal. Dr. Johnson used to say that a woman's preaching was like a dog walking on its hind legs; it did not do it well, but it was a wonder to see it do it at all. But Anna Dickinson, when in the right mood, lectures with real power; and Dr. Johnson himself would have winced under some of her strokes that night. . . .

"For her regular lectures, Miss Dickinson is much sought after by Lyceums and other societies throughout the north. She is paid at the rate of from £15 to £30 a night, and is said to be always worth that, and more, to the society."—*The Americans at Home* by David Macrae.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The following important communication has appeared in the *Times* of November 14th:—

To the Editor of the "*Times*."

SIR,—In the *Times* of the 4th inst., I noticed a paragraph to the effect that an association has been formed in Norfolk for the establishment of one or more schools or colleges, with a capital of £10,000, and that it is proposed to found a boarding-school for 200 boys, their education to be conducted at a charge not exceed-

ing 40 guineas a year. The paragraph ends by stating that, if a concurrent movement be made in adjoining counties of a similar kind, most important educational results will follow.

Will you allow me, in view of a large movement of this kind to improve middle-class education for boys, to put in a plea for the girls of the same class? It has been proved, on the unquestionable authority of the Schools Inquiry Commission, that whatever may be the deficiency and the defects of the means of secondary education provided for boys, those for girls are very much worse. The tables published by the Commissioners show that there are in the whole of England and Wales only fourteen endowed schools for the secondary instruction of girls, with a total of 1,113 scholars, against 820 for boys, with a total of 36,874 scholars, exclusive of the Charterhouse, Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's, Westminster, Winchester, Harrow, Eton, Shrewsbury, and Rugby Schools, with a total of 2,966 scholars. If these schools be added to the number given above, the total net income of the endowments for boys, including exhibitions, amounts to nearly £277,000 a year, while the income of the endowments for girls appears to be under £3,000. Again, the same tables show that there are in England and Wales 86 proprietary schools for boys against 36 for girls. Yet the number of the sexes is about equal. The 40,000 boys educated in all these richly endowed schools have sisters; where and how are those sisters educated? The answer may be found in the same report which I have quoted above. The immense majority are educated, if it can be called education, in what are termed private adventure schools, necessarily small because the mistresses have not capital to start large ones, necessarily expensive because of the waste of teaching power in small schools, and almost necessarily bad because the teachers have been generally ill-taught themselves, and are at the mercy of parents, of whom, as a rule, the fathers do not trouble themselves about their daughters' education, except, perhaps, to grumble at the bills, and the mothers care only for what may help their success in society. Parents who do care for better things complain bitterly that they cannot get them for their daughters. They have no difficulty in finding schools for their sons, but there are scarcely any, within the reach of some incomes, to which they can trust their daughters. Ten days ago I was present at a lecture given at the Working Women's College by Mr. Fitch, who was one of the Assistant Schools Inquiry Commissioners. In this lecture he said that in the district to which he was appointed, he visited 125 girls' schools, and he considered it a fair statement of the case that of these schools five were very good, 20 middling, and the remaining 100 very bad. Judging from their official reports on the education of girls, which have been collected and published in one volume by Miss Beale, of Cheltenham (Ladies') College, the experience of the other Assistant Commissioners was precisely similar. Is this a state of things which should be allowed to continue? Is it wise, is it safe as a matter of national policy—I will not ask if it is just—that education in any sense worthy of the name, sound intellectual and moral training for the duties of life, is practically out of the reach of 99-100ths of the girls in the country above the class which attends the National schools? These girls are to become wives, mothers, teachers, mistresses of households; what is done to make them true helpmates to their husbands, wise mothers to their children, enlightened teachers, just mistresses? The influence of women, always great by the very law of nature, is becoming daily more felt in all social questions. Is it not a matter of national importance that they should be trained into fitness to exercise it worthily?

It is very commonly alleged that the classes I am speaking of can afford to pay for their children's education. This argument would apply equally to the education of sons as of daughters; but it is becoming more and more recognized that, although parents can afford to pay the fees which make a school self-supporting when once started, they cannot afford to advance the capital necessary to start it or to pay the interest upon it in the shape of higher fees. For boys' schools the capital is always forthcoming from other sources, and each fresh call is met with the liberality just shown in Norfolk. For girls' schools it has not hitherto been forthcoming at all—witness the Camden Schools, for which in a twelvemonth it has been found impossible to raise the modest sum of £1,000 required to provide class-rooms and furniture for its 190 pupils. Let me, through your columns, never closed against a valid claim, appeal to the justice, the patriotism—may I add, the common-sense?—of the public against this almost complete exclusion of girls from all educational advantages. I would fain hope that it has been due hitherto to want of thought and ignorance of the facts of the case. It is in that hope that I ask you to publish this simple statement of the facts by which

the public attention and public conscience may be awakened and enlightened, and cannot think the appeal will be in vain.

I am, sir, etc.,

MARIA G. GREY.

18, Cadogan-place.

COUNTRY AND TOWN.

Late autumn's light on hill and plain
Grows dimmer, colder, every day;
The woodlands change from gold to grey,
Clouds warm as summer once, to rain:
Through thinning wreaths
Of foliage breathes
The chill air, and the white foam seethes
At nightfall round the rocky shores
Where, in the moonbeam, summer oars
So lately swayed to song; and roars
The wind when desolate evening falls
The sky, whose low-roofed sunset falls
On rural roofs and country halls,
Left amid dead leaves drifting brown.
Now coachmen wield their whips—crick-crack!
Away!—with winter at their back
The muffled folk speed up to Town.

There friends again begin to meet,
The shops display their latest ware;
For new arrivals all prepare
In business, as in private street:
There is a stir
Round Theatre
And Concert Hall, whose railings bear
Announcements, excitant as wine,
That both the dramas will combine
With music, making nights divine:
Cabs, cars, and carriages flit by,
And seem each day to multiply;
November comes, and term is nigh.
The sportsman now quits stream and down,
And hurries whither all prepare
To battle with Old Winter drear
From the snug fortress of the Town.

Still in the rural realms afar
The sunny frosty mornings look
On thinning wood and swollen brook;
And through clear cold sparks evening's star.
Now shorter grow
The days, and blow
The winds; but the fires brighter glow,
In city and in villaged vale,
Where folk at twilight quaff their ale;
While leaves fall yellow, blows the gale
Through windows, shrilling, cold, and raw,
Or blustering round the roofs of straw
Filling the far sea-dark with awe.
But where in frieze and russet gown,
As when soft summer lived below,
Lovers with hearts and cheeks aglow
Soon will pace in the light of the snow,
Even as in the gay lit Town.

Blow, winter, from the pole, and drive
Thy vapors o'er us—frown thy best;
We birds are safe within our nest,
We bees are busy in our hive.
Now fire and feast
Invite the guest,
And life in warmest wool is dressed;
And though October—Spring grown gray,
But cheery—on its withered way
Passes calmly to decay;
Though late-risen dawns have lost their bloom,
Rain deepens the short evening's gloom,
And earth prepares for winter's tomb;
Though far-off fields with leaves are strown,
And sunset, lined with rainy haze,
Gleams dead upon the sloppy ways
Whose pools reflect the gay lamps' rays—
Peace, pleasure, haunt the home-bright Town.

T. C. IRWIN.

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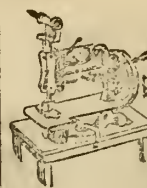
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Evening Mail, July 24th, 1871.

THIS admirable little magazine deserves the warm support of the ladies of Ireland, for whom it is specially intended. We reproach ourselves with neglect for not having sooner done our part in commending it to public attention. We perceive, however, that its editor, or editress—a person evidently of high and pure motives, and the fine taste and discrimination requisite in one who would properly fill the office—has achieved success so far as to have reached the seventh number of a second volume. The price of the EMERALD, we may mention, is but two pence, and it is the size and shape of *Punch*, but contains much more matter, and aims at being wise and pleasant, rather than humorous. We find it advocating temperance; doing a little in the way of supernatural story-telling (which has always charms as well as fears); giving sketches, excellently written, under the heading, "Gallery of Illustrious Women;" supplying the essential feature of the Latest Fashions with full page, and full dress, illustrations, every way in the highest style of art; a short, impartial summary of matters—political and other news (just so much, and no more, we think, as ladies may concern themselves with); directions for house-keepers; and letters to the editor. There is an essay, also, on the Grattan Statue, which represents the National sentiment of the number, and arrests attention at once by its elevation of thought and eloquence of expression. The best pen in the service of the EMERALD is recognizable in this strong and touching tribute to untainted patriotism, marvellous genius, and a high and noble courage. We wish the EMERALD were found on every Irish lady's table, and we shall look for the appearance of future numbers with an anticipation of further entertainment and profit.

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No. 26.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1871.

[Vol. II.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

HE generic Man with a Grievance is at once a familiar object and an interesting subject for study and analysis. He is to be found in every considerable centre of population, but he favors most those places which are more conspicuously the seat of authority and mental and material activity. Such places naturally afford him a better chance of airing and making known his grievance. London is, of course, the great rallying point of the United Kingdoms for him, and there he flourishes in a perfection which he nowhere else attains to. During the parliamentary session he haunts the lobbies of the Houses, and is the terror of the members, lords or commons. At all periods of the year he is to be met with in the waiting-rooms of the public offices, and he is a most regular attendant in the several courts of law. In short, he may be found without fail wherever there is a chance of his being able to ventilate or publish his grievance, or find a listener, sympathetic or unsympathetic, willing or unwilling. Occasionally he may be seen, in a comparatively quiescent state, in the reading-room of the British Museum, or some similar centre of enlightenment, arduously engaged in the horrible task of "getting up his case." Nervous young men, who do not quite understand him, and are unfortunately accessible to his attacks—respectable fathers of families who have done him no wrong—hide from him, and fly from him, as notorious criminals shrink from the eye of the policeman. Honorable members who have nothing on their conscience respecting him, and have probably gone to some trouble and expense to please him on occasions, have been detected in the most artful and seemingly guilty manoeuvres to shun or escape from him. Have I not seen a most courteous and conscientious member (remarkable alike for excessive mental and bodily weight) dash across a street full of cabs, carts, and omnibuses, at no small risk to life and limb, and with the speed and alacrity of a pedestrian champion not unaccustomed to hurdle jumping, all because he observed the Man with a Grievance coming round the corner? Yes, truly, I have; and I have known others to rush suddenly into shops to buy something they did not want, and in fact had no idea of, in order to escape from meeting the Man—their confused manner exciting the blackest suspicions in the mind of the shopman as to their real intentions. Piles of correspondence at the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Board of Trade, etc., etc., etc., testify to the active existence and

pertinacity of the Man with a Grievance. Secretaries, chairmen, clerks, newspaper functionaries, and many others, groaningly confess that the Man exists, and is "all alive." Judges "bolt" ignominiously from the bench when, at the close of the day's proceedings, he rises, in poor Gridley's style, with a sonorous "My lord!" and commences to take bundles of papers out of his pocket. When he happens to have a *locus standi* as plaintiff—it is one of his peculiarities that he is never defendant in an action—his utterances (for he always prefers to appear without counsel) have a singular effect on the judicial eyes and nose, the former being remarkably bright and restless, and the latter in such a state of irritation as to require constant rubbing. He is not unfrequently committed for "contempt," which never produces the slightest effect upon him. Sooner or later he gets through the necessary apology, with the utmost possible grace, and goes on as bad as ever.

The typical Man with a Grievance is never young and seldom old, and may be of any profession or station in life. He may have been a land or sea captain (and it is singular how often he is of that calling), a discharged tide-waiter, customs officer, civil servant, or government employé of one description or another; a professional man, a farmer, a tradesman, inventor, or patentee; philanthropist, planter, or returned colonist. In short, the Man with a Grievance is confined to no particular class, rank, or condition of life, and no class, rank, or condition is insured against producing a specimen more or less perfect. Indeed I have, quite involuntarily, formed a theory as to his creation and development—the only one which fully harmonises with my knowledge and experiences of him. My impression is, that at the beginning of time, when (as fatalists say) the destiny of every human being that was to be born into the world was immutably fixed beforehand, the man was appointed to his grievance, and the grievance was assigned to the Man. Just as the offspring of royalty are born "princes" and "princesses," and not mere vulgar "boys" and "girls," so the individual under consideration is born a man with a grievance, and not a common mortal. I have met with people so benighted as to imagine that the grievance was the result of some circumstances in the man's adult career. Stupendous delusion! He had his grievance in his cradle—nay, the very first cry he raised when he came into the world was (if only rightly understood) a declaration of his grievance! He is never forced into the position he occupies towards society, but is born into it, and enjoys it as his birthright. Just as the Greek emperors of Constantinople were "born in the purple," so the man is "born in

a grievance." The particular grievance has, of course, a special character and nature in each case ; but whatever it be, it is (in the type under consideration) invariably preposterous in its claims and object. Most commonly it is entirely destitute of rational foundation, though often it has some atom of right and justice in it (enormously exaggerated by a fevered brain), round which the great bulk of the grievance as a whole has crystallised and accumulated layer upon layer. The atom served a purpose, but the grievance would have existed whether or no, for the germs of it were present from the first. At no stage of the man's career can I picture him dissociated from his grievance ; it is too much for the imagination. By a considerable mental exertion I can conjure up a "counterfeit presentment" of the first Napoleon in, let us say, a cotton night-cap and dressing gown, smoking a dainty Broseley. I can dismiss for an instant his *redingote gris*, cocked hat, folded arms, and background of "war-clouds rolling dun," or rocks of St. Helena. I can induce my fancy to pourtray Queen Boadicea darning stockings or presiding at a tea table. I can even fix my mind's eye upon Saladin in the habiliments of a Parisian *gaudan* sipping café on the *Boulevard des Italiens*. But to fancy the Man with a Grievance as other than a man with a grievance—never !—it is simply impossible.

From close observation of many specimens, and a general acquaintance with a still greater number, I am bound to say that the typical Man with a Grievance, in about seventy-five cases out of a hundred, is simply a half-insane rogue. It would be unpardonable in me not to allow at least twenty-five per cent. for exceptions, as some of the most generous, unselfish madmen I am acquainted with are Men with Grievances. Their grievances are mostly of a national or public character ; they are full of the milk of human kindness, and their particular affliction is (or should be) a grievance of society at large. Very often they are founders' presidents, secretaries, or active members of well-meaning associations for doing this thing or undoing that, for forming something or reforming something else. The pretensions of the seventy-five per cent. on the other hand are commonly not only erroneous and preposterous, but downright dishonest. They seek to convert some shadowy claim into a substantial reality, or to make capital out of the consequences of their own misdeeds, and they become crazed in the prolonged effort.

Personally (I may say), I am most familiar with the Man in his newspaper phase. He prefers, of course, "writing to the *Times*," and his contributions to the wastepaper bin of that journal must be enormous. But he favors also, though in a less degree, other newspapers, both metropolitan and provincial. There are many signs and characteristics by which a prosperous newspaper may be known, but over all there is one index which is never deceptive. A flourishing Man with a Grievance is an article which no respectable newspaper can be without. When a new journal is started, the Man with a Grievance immediately appears in its pages. No one ever yet saw the first number of a new sheet without observing therein ample proofs of the interest felt in it by the Man with a Grievance. He "hails it as a boon to society," wishes it "all kinds of prosperity," and declares that it "supplies a want which has long been felt," etc. He then goes on to ventilate his grievance in a letter of several paragraphs, each of which commences with the ominous words, "Now, sir," and ends with a note of interrogation thus—? Should fortune be against the new publication, should bad management destroy its prospects, the Man with a Grievance vanishes. He is the best index to a flourishing journal. He attaches himself to a paper, or abandons it, in obedience (I am convinced) to the natural laws by which the prosperity and decline of newspapers are governed. It would be quite useless to advertise as follows : "Wanted a respectable Man with a Grievance in connection with a newspaper of liberal principles. Salary not a consideration to a qualified person." It cannot be done ; you might as well advertise for rain or sunshine, or some other natural phenomenon.

In his newspaper development, the Man with a Grievance is generally middle-aged, highly respectable in appearance, and not unfrequently of imposing presence. He is generally possessed of some mysterious pecuniary resources, enabling him to throw himself body and soul into his grievance without having the edge of his energy taken off by the meaner cares of life. Invariably he is to be observed in conjunction with a miscellaneous assortment of papers, which he is very desirous of having printed (at the cost of other people) regardless of expense. He is even anxious to read his documents to you, with equal disregard to your inclination or the duties you may have to perform. I do not mind confessing that when I had less experience of the Man than I am now happily in the enjoyment of, I was in one or two instances induced to look into his case, thinking that in spite of his strange ways there might be something in it. I invariably came out from these investigations quite satisfied in my own mind that my time would have been far more advantageously employed in endeavoring to square the circle, or in solving the problem of the trisection of an angle. In the first place, his statements, though earnest and emphatic enough, are throughout confused and incomprehensible. They are invariably illogical, and most commonly violent, personal, and libellous.

The Patriotic Man with a Grievance goes about with his tremendous social or national evil, and proclaims that it is only by following his advice and carrying out his views that the state can be saved while there is yet time. The nation is trembling on the verge of an abyss, and must inevitably go to the dogs if his warnings are not attended to. I knew one highly respectable old gentleman (familiarily known in the town as "Primogeniture Joe"), who labored through the last part of a long and active life to convince the world that every species of misery and crime was the result of our laws of inheritance. He could be "drawn out" on the theme in an instant, and would find an opportunity in five minutes' conversation, on any subject whatever, of introducing the question of primogeniture, and ingeniously connect it with a remark on the weather or on the last harvest. The grievance of another of these national saviours entirely centred in the existing navigation laws, although he himself was a retired baker, had not been engaged in maritime transactions, and had never in his life been to sea. His house was always open to anyone who ostensibly came to ask him "a question or two" on a knotty point in the navigation laws, or expressed a wish for general enlightenment thereon. I am sorry to say that those who stood in need of a good breakfast or dinner, and were not particular about being "bored" while enjoying the meal, were his most regular disciples, and knew his table well. But he was not content to allure his prey to his private traps by tempting baits of an alimentary character ; he would hunt for it in the streets and in places of public resort ; attack reporters at meetings, or for hours pace up and down with a night police constable on his beat to enlighten his mind on the subject of the navigation laws. Being very desirous of making his hearers understand the whole question from first to last, and invariably finding them either in a state of total ignorance on the subject, or with altogether false notions of the principles of commercial intercourse between different nations, he always went back to the semi-fabulous era of our history, and was never yet known to approach nearer to modern times than the days of Oliver Cromwell. Another individual whose acquaintance I had the honor of cultivating on a metropolitan morning paper, could never get the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies off his mind. This, and the "confounded whigs" who had carried the emancipation act, were his constant theme. He was a well-built portly elderly man, with everything in his appearance suggestive of intelligence and mental capacity, but the loose screw became visible when you had been two minutes in his company. I have seen him before now astonishing a person whom he had only seen once before, by button-holing him in the streets, and discharging a set speech at

him in a loud, sonorous tone of voice (to the delight of a rapidly gathering crowd of spectators), his free hand moving in sympathy with the modulations of his voice, and his face beaming with honest indignation as he abused the whigs. His grievance was not, I have been given to understand, quite so destitute of foundation, as that of my friend the retired baker, or "Primogeniture Joe," and others I can call to recollection. He was at one period of his life a West Indian planter, and had been for years in a hopeless state of bankruptcy, when the Emancipation Act relieved him of his embarrassments, and made his fortune. Yet, to do him justice, I am sure he was convinced that the Act and its promoters had ruined him for life, and planted the germs of the upas tree of national decay, as he was wont to express it.

Reverting again to the newspaper aspect of the Man with a Grievance, it is to be observed that he is not to be put down, or even checked or daunted. Day by day he will visit the office of his favorite journal, resolutely determined to ventilate his grievance. Wo to the unhappy sub-editor on to whom he is shunted! I speak feelingly. If you are busy he can wait; he will take a chair and just arrange his papers. He begs you won't hurry on his account, as he can attend your leisure. At the end of two hours he is still there, prepared to pour his woes into your ears for perhaps the hundredth time, or ready to wait your leisure for another two hours. If you clap your hat on and run out under pretence that you have not yet dined, he has no objection—indeed, will be delighted—to accompany you to your usual hotel or tavern, and he can just state one or two little facts to you while you are having your dinner, as it will save time. Going home he will waylay you and accompany you to your very door, making your head ache again with his endless narrative. "But," exclaims some simple reader, "why not shake him off—why not give him to understand that you won't be troubled any longer with him or his grievance—why not insult him, if necessary?" Happy innocence! Charming belief in human sensitiveness! Refreshing exhibition of want of experience in the Man and his character! Only permit me to ask you first how you are to do it? and secondly, whether you would have any objection to become a special grievance yourself? A rhinoceros is hardly less sensitive than the Man with a Grievance, and the broadest of broad hints would, I am afraid, be quite thrown away on both. As to insulting him, it is barely possible. He is rarely susceptible to any insult short of kicking down stairs, and this is not always pleasant, especially to the individual who is so treated. In comparatively few instances it can be done short of this—but the consequences are dreadful. I remember one melancholy instance in which it was done by a young sub-editor—a very promising young man, but sadly deficient in patience. Well, what was the consequence in this case? This—he himself became a Grievance to the Man! He kicked (only morally) against being obliged to listen to a speech every day, supposed to prove that the chancellor of the exchequer was a public robber, and that the currency ought to be entirely represented by *papier mâché* tokens. He even went so far as to qualify a pile of printed and other papers, he was called upon to peruse with the greatest attention, as "infernal rubbish." The Man was rather a sensitive specimen, I grant; he took offence, and from that time my unfortunate friend was placed even above the chancellor of the exchequer in iniquity. He was "shown up" in pamphlets, preached against in the open streets, stigmatized under the awful appellation of a "see-saw-cycle swindler," and not a local meeting could be held for the purpose of considering the question of constructing a new sewer, but the inevitable Man was there to rise up and denounce my unhappy friend, and call upon him to disprove, if he could, the charges brought against him. New Zealand, and newspaper printing by means of an adaptation of the common mangle, were the extremities to which my poor friend was driven. It is a consolation to me to have

recently learnt that he has somewhat retrieved his position, and is now doing pretty well, having, let us hope, received a lesson which will be a warning to him for the rest of his life.

On the whole, it is better to bear with the Man, and endeavour to manage him. I have only come to that conclusion after very great experience. And, after all, it only requires a little tact to greatly diminish the annoyance which necessarily accompanies the Man with a Grievance wherever he goes. As a rule, he is wonderfully patient, and can easily be put off from day to day; but should he exhaust your powers of endurance, plans can be adopted for disposing of him either for lengthy periods, or altogether. I do not mean anything of a blood-thirsty nature, but simply justifiable ruses. I remember, for instance, being obliged to resort to such a ruse on one occasion. In that special case the Man's grievance was, that some exceedingly remote ancestors of his had possessed vast estates of which he was wrongfully deprived. He had been defrauded of untold gold and square miles of land. After seeing him every day for nearly three months respecting the publication in our paper of some reams of manuscript on the subject (which, I may say, he allowed me to keep by me on the understanding that they "would be sure to go in *whenever there was room for them*"), I suggested that he had better go to London, take comfortable apartments there, within easy reach of the State Paper Office, the Record Office, Doctors' Commons, and the British Museum, and collect all the evidence necessary to establish his descent from the great Saxon chieftain, his ancestor, who was killed, I believe, at the battle of Hastings. I pointed out that a couple of years could be advantageously spent in this work, and that afterwards he might complete his notes by searching all the local records, registers, etc., through the three kingdoms. He snatched at the idea, and also at his hat, and I have never since set eyes upon him.

This precise plan could not, of course, be adopted in every case, but the principle holds good in all; and I cannot, perhaps, do better than conclude this paper with a specimen of another mode of treatment. At a comparatively recent period, the Man, on a certain London morning paper, was a foreigner. Morn, noon, and night, he hung about the place, calling upon everyone to read the bundles of papers which he carried under his arms, which were bursting from all his pockets, and which were crammed into his hat to the extent of making it rock to and fro, as if balanced on a pivot, whenever he made a movement with his head. Each day he wrote a summary of his case of some columns in length, in the vain hope that it would appear on the following day. As, however, he could hardly speak twenty words of intelligible English, the character of his written English may be imagined. As well as I could understand his grievance, it was based on the supposition that he had been swindled out of a large sum of money in a continental city, by a representative of the British government; but the fact apparently was, that he had failed deplorably in attempting to swindle the representative in question out of the disputed amount. Driven to desperate extremities by his daily visits, I at last advised him to take his grievance to the Queen's Bench, where justice would be done him, or, at worst, the history of his wrongs be made public in the law reports of the newspapers. He adopted the recommendation, immediately commenced an action, and I think I am justified in saying, that of all the extraordinary scenes ever witnessed in a court of justice, that was the most extraordinary. He employed no legal gentleman (of course), but conducted his own case; he bullied the Lord Chief Justice, abused the witnesses, called the barristers engaged on the other side the worst names, and blackguarded jurymen, without the shadow of a reason or justification. There seemed to be no limit to the number of witnesses he had subpoenaed, and amongst them were persons of all ranks in society, from cabinet ministers down to lawyers' clerks. For a whole week he kept the court in a perfect uproar, and nearly

drove the lord chief justice mad in the vain attempt to keep him in order, to confine him to the question, and to elicit his meaning. He was truly a Man with a Grievance of whom one might be proud, and I can only think of him with the tenderest feelings. Of course he lost his case; for it was clear that if justice were to give an affirmative decision in the matter at all, it ought to be for his committal to prison for endeavoring to obtain money under false and fraudulent pretences. However, having once tasted the sweets of law, he could not refrain from their further enjoyment, and proceedings in the case, in some shape or another, are, I believe, still going on. His thoughts being directed into this new channel, the press escaped from his importunities, and I congratulate myself on the success of the expedient. My earnest prayer is that he may continue to find in the law the fullest mental and corporal occupation.

J. D. D.

ALICE'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER VI.

In the afternoon of the following day, Alice left the house and stood at the garden gate, listening eagerly for every footstep, and looking at every passer-by, in the hope that one would be Hedley. She leant against the wall, with the sunshine on her fair hair, and a flush on her face, her eyes turned towards Haverstock. She was roused by sounds from the opposite direction. A gentleman on horseback approached along the Muirhead road. As he drew near Alice turned and recognised Mr. Gresham. He noticed her with pleasure, stopped his horse, and sprang off it.

"Looking out for somebody?" he said, with a smile. "Looking out for me, little girl?"

"I am looking out for somebody," answered Alice, in her clear sweet voice—"but not for you, Mr. Gresham."

He came forward, but her tone and manner distanced him. Never had the little toy of flesh and blood attracted him more. She looked so fresh, so brilliant in the sunlight.

"But," he said, still smiling, "you belong to me!"

Alice raised her eyes fully to his, with a great power of expression.

"Mr. Gresham," she said slowly, "I do not belong to you nor ever can."

He could not conceal his amazement. It showed itself in his eye and smile. He found the little country girl's attempts at dignity delightful, and the affectation of refusing him gave some variety to the game—he must make the feint of winning her. He went nearer.

"How grave, how serious you are!" he said, half mockingly.

Alice drew back.

"I am in earnest," she said simply.

He watched her for a moment. For the first time it crossed his brain, as a possibility, that she meant it. She was not an ordinary toy. He felt he would be loth to part with her. In the all-important place he had taken in her life, Alice never suspected how slightly she had affected him—what a small share she had had in his thoughts, and how absolutely separated she was from his interests and affections. The idea of marriage had been a whim on his side, and he was able and accustomed to indulge in his whims. Losing sight of her she would vanish from his memory as easily as a hundred other forms that had been, and had vanished. Under the circumstances it was as impossible for Alice to judge Mr. Gresham as for Mr. Gresham to judge Alice aright. Meanwhile she stood in all the intensity of a great moment, awaiting her fate.

"What do you mean?" he asked, quite puzzled.

"I mean," said Alice, gravely, "that I have promised to marry Hedley Wilson, and that I am bound to keep my promise."

The truth dawned upon him.

"You mean," he repeated slowly, "that you wish to give

me up for that sober writing-master? Well, and what does your father say to it? Does he consider it as good a match?"

The touch of irony in the tone altogether escaped Alice. Her mind was intent on greater things.

"O Mr. Gresham!" she burst out, clasping her hands in her earnestness, "be my friend, and not my enemy!"

Mr. Gresham was not a hard man. He was more self-indulgent than really selfish. The upturned face and pleading tone touched him.

"And what can I do?" he said.

"O Mr. Gresham!" said Alice, courage and words coming to her aid, with the faint hope of success, "speak to my father! He will hear you, though he won't listen to me. If you give me up he can say nothing. You can persuade him to do as you choose. Be my friend and not my enemy!"

The eloquence of her pleading was not lost upon him. The genuineness of feeling showed itself in every look and gesture. This was not a sham, but real earnest. Without being able to comprehend her motives, Mr. Gresham respected them. There was a depth in the tender little soul before him that was worth possessing. His interest heightened to admiration. He held her fate in his hands, and for a few seconds he trifled with it.

"Well," he said with his eyes still upon her, "I shall think about it."

The doubtful tone brought a look of the utmost distress to Alice's face. She hung upon his decision with awful anxiety. He had not the heart to torture her longer. Under a truly kind impulse he held out his hand.

"Little girl," he said, "I will be your friend. You may trust me."

Alice scarcely heard the words. The strain of the last few moments had been too much for her. She lost sight of surrounding objects. Her strength gave way, and she fainted.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying on the parlour sofa, and Dorothy kneeling beside her with smelling salts. Alice looked round eagerly.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"Mr. Gresham's with the master," said Dorothy. "He met him at the gate, and they've walked down the road together. What's come over you, my girl?"

"Oh!" said Alice, trying to rise in a fever of impatience, "stop him! stop him! I haven't thanked him! I must thank him!"

"Just you lie still," said Dorothy authoritatively, taking her by the shoulder, and laying her down. "It's no good hollering. They'll be at the toll-house by this time."

Alice submitted. She closed her eyes and remained passive, trying to realise all. The impression of great happiness haunted her and haunted her, but she could not grasp at what it was. In her bewilderment, the words unconsciously rose to her lips that lay so near her heart—"Be as true to me as I shall be true to you?"

"What's that?" said Dorothy, pricking up her ears. She was dying of curiosity for an explanation. Alice gave a great sigh of relief.

"O Dorothy," she said, turning to the old woman and clinging to her—"O Dorothy!" and she burst into tears.

The old servant stroked her head gently with real softness of manner. She was truly fond of her.

"O Dorothy," whispered Alice. "It's all over! all over!" The old woman's thoughts instinctively ran to a death, and she rapidly turned over in her mind who it could be.

"What?" said she.

"Yes!" continued Alice, blind to her companion's alarm. "It's all settled. He was so kind. There's nothing more to be done, but to give thanks."

And she folded her hands in her gratitude. The awful truth dawned slowly upon Dorothy. "You won't be for telling me," she began in a tone of the deepest reproach, "that you're not going to marry Mr. Gresham after all?"

"Yes," said Alice gravely.

"Then," said she, "if that isn't flying in the face of Providence, I don't know what is. Lord bless and save us! Goodness gracious me! John Summers will never forgive you as long as he lives."

The words echoed painfully in Alice's heart.

Dorothy shook her head in determined disapprobation, reflecting on the lamentable and unexpected turn events had taken. She every now and then gave utterance to her feelings by a groan.

"And all the fine company," she sighed, "and fine jewels, come to nothing. And you'll not be a grand lady after all. And there's Haverstock, instead of envying, will be laughing. If it isn't flying in the face of Providence, I don't know what is!"

Alice dreaded to meet her father. When she came into the kitchen in the evening, it was a long time before she dared raise her eyes to his face, and when she found courage to do so, she was startled by the change. The shock upon his ambition had already left its mark; he was pale and altered. At the sight of him a sharp pang of self-reproach shot through Alice. She longed to go near and implore his pardon for the pain she had caused, and by her tenderness and caresses heal the wound she had inflicted. But John Summers was not of a nature to be soothed by affection. His self-love had been touched in its most susceptible point, and he suffered acutely. Had he been a bad man he would have hated Alice, and revenged himself. As it was, he visited upon her his severest displeasure, did not deign to honor her with a look, or an unnecessary word. The injury was past remedy, and would never be forgotten or forgiven.

The evening dragged on miserably to both. John Summers maintained a freezing silence, and a still more freezing demeanor. The trite moral truisms he delighted to use in prosperity, failed him in his hour of trial. Alice watched hungrily for some token of coming reconciliation, but there came none. When they rose to separate for the night, she could restrain herself no longer.

"O father!" she said earnestly, "speak to me, and say you forgive me. I cannot bear this. If I could have done it for your sake I would, but it was impossible. Do not always be angry with me. You must not send me away without a word."

John Summers freed himself from her grasp scarcely seeming to see or hear her. In her despair, Alice knelt to him.

"O Father!" she implored, "you are not so cruel as to refuse me one look, or so hard as not to give me one word! Only say, 'Alice, I forgive you,' and that is all I ask. It shall be the work of my life to make you forget the pain and disappointment I have caused you."

Even Dorothy, standing behind the table, unfolded her arms, to wipe her eyes with her apron, at the sight of Alice's distress. But John Summers heard her unmoved. After satisfying himself that his watch and the cuckoo clock agreed to a minute, he looked past her to the dresser where the candles stood, quietly crossed the kitchen, took one up and lighted it, and then marched out without turning his head. The two women heard his heavy step going up the stair, and his door shut. Dorothy was right when she said Alice would never be forgiven.

The same evening a note was handed in from the cowboy of a neighboring farm to the dairymaid at Haverstock Manor, and passed by her to the housekeeper, from the housekeeper to the butler, and from the butler to Mr. Gresham as he sat in the library. Something in its exterior roused his curiosity, so going close to the lamp he opened it and read it at once. The contents were these:—

"DEAR SIR,—I cannot sleep to-night without thanking you. It is not I only, but Hedley Wilson also, who thanks you. We both thank you with all our hearts. We will both thank you all our lives, and we pray that God will bless you for what you have done.

"Yours very gratefully,
"ALICE SUMMERS."

This little epistle Mr. Gresham kept.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about six o'clock on the following evening that Hedley Wilson left Haverstock and walked rapidly along the road towards the common. The sky was clear, the air sweet with many perfumes, and the country looking its best. But Hedley saw nothing, thought of nothing, but Alice. Long before he had reached the toll, he tried to distinguish the chimneys of the schoolmaster's house against the green background of the trees in the park. The letter which in a moment had restored all his confidence and confirmed his hopes still left much ground for explanation. All that had passed during the interval of his absence, which must have been so rich in experience, was unknown to him. He trembled lest her decision had been wrung from her by no gentler necessity than duty, and he was puzzled to know what part John Summers had taken in the affair. In spite, however, of doubts and fears, and questions unanswered, the words of Alice's letter echoed back and back to his mind like the assurance of happiness, to which he could not refuse to listen. His rapid strides soon brought him in sight of the house. There was no one in the garden, no one at the windows. The sunshine fell upon it in silence. Hedley, opened the gate and passed into the house. He did not wish to call Alice, he wished to see her before he spoke. In the kitchen Dorothy sat by the table shelling peas. She was too deaf to hear his step. He crossed the passage, the back door was open, and the sweet air rushed out to meet him. The leaves of the Haverstock trees were rustled by a faint breeze, and the birds sang in full chorus. Unconscious of his approach, Alice leant against the wall, her chin resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed on distant things. He went nearer. She turned quickly.

"O Hedley!" she said, flushing. The welcome in her eyes was unmistakeable—the look not to be questioned. The two stood hand in hand without speaking for a few moments, perfectly happy. Their portion of blessedness meted out to them by God was full to overflowing. At last Hedley broke the silence.

"And why is it I," he said, "and not Mr. Gresham?"

"Because I love you," answered Alice, simply.

Hedley could not imagine how that could be the reason, and yet he believed it. They sat down on the bench side by side, to go back and unfold the past, before they returned to the deliciousness of the present.

"How was it?" asked Hedley.

"I wanted to marry Mr. Gresham," answered Alice quietly looking at him. "I wanted to be rich and grand, and to be envied and admired. I wanted to have a right to be proud, and to taste pleasure and luxury to the full. It was such a brilliant unlooked-for future held out to me! There was nothing in poverty or in you, Hedley, to equal it."

She stopped, smiling.

"True," said he, reflecting her smile.

"My father was never so pleased with me in his life," continued Alice, without taking her eyes off him. "He really began to love me. Dorothy was enchanted. Everybody was delighted. There was none but you that objected. No one but you, Hedley, that wanted the reverse."

She stopped again. He leant forward to watch her. Her face lighted and softened with her words. She grew grave.

"I went to Haverstock Manor," continued she, "where I was to live. It was a splendid home—every comfort, every beauty at my command. I was perfectly satisfied. Mr. Gresham was away. I did not think of him, I thought of myself. I said, 'He also will think of me'; I shall have nothing to wish for."

"Well?" said Hedley, as Alice paused, going back to it in thought. He was listening intently.

"The time was drawing near," said Alice, "for my happiness. I was afraid lest some one should snatch at it from under my eyes before I had laid hold of it. You were the only one against it. You and God," and she raised

her eyes solemnly to his face. "I went out under the hawthorn tree to pass the time. God was in heaven, very near, very near. He spoke to me. I could not turn my head away or stop listening. When I came home your letter lay on the table. You also said the same. I could not go against Him and you. I could not." She stopped abruptly. "That's all, Hedley." Her eyes filled and her lip trembled. The confession was over.

Hedley drew her to him with unutterable fondness.

"Alice," he said very earnestly, "are you sure it won't be too hard and too dull a life? I have nothing but my love, my hopes, my life, to offer you. Will that be enough to satisfy you?"

"Hedley," she answered, "teach me to know what you know, to love what you love, to be what you are; that is all I ask. I trust you perfectly."

The words fell upon his ear like music. He folded his hands over hers and bowed his head.

"Thank God!" he said devoutly; and the thanksgiving rose as one to heaven.

A GLACIER EXCURSION.

To the Editor of the Emerald.

SIR,—The following letter, written by a lady in Switzerland, and describing a glacier excursion, has interested me much, and will, I think, interest the readers of the EMERALD.

I am yours faithfully,

IERNE.

DEAREST F.—I feel as if I could write better to you than to anyone else about my second glacier expedition. How I longed to have you with us; you would have enjoyed it so much, and so would E., though I am afraid he would have objected to the extra bit which was the crowning of the whole excursion. My last letter left us at the summit of the Eggishorn, having just seen H. start on his way back to the hotel. When last there, some years ago, my brother and I had scrambled straight down to the glacier without path, leaving far behind us our guide, with another party, to his great disgust. We now took about the same course, and had an hour's steep climb down. W. is first-rate at a scramble, and at choosing the best line, and went first; I followed pretty close; Mr. S. some way behind, very cautiously and slowly. We knew that he was a very good walker, but he had never been on mountains before, and apparently mistrusted his head; so you may imagine that W. and I watched him with as much anxiety as our guides did you and me on the Weissthor a month ago; but he got on very well, though the descent was steep enough to be trying to a novice, especially as the stones were continually loosening under our feet, and rolling down to the glacier below. The glacier was very level and smooth when we came on to it, and half an hour saw us at the Marjelen See, where we had appointed our guides to meet us. There we established ourselves in a sheltered corner, looking down on to its deep green waters, which were covered with floating icebergs, and anxiously scanning the path in expectation of seeing our guides. It was past two, and we were beginning to think we had missed them, when we were startled by a whoop behind us, and saw one of them reconnoitring from the top of a high ridge of ice. The glacier, close to the spot where it dips into the lake, is tremendously crevassed, and, it was exciting work winding in and out among huge mounds and heaps of ice, sometimes walking along narrow ridges between wide crevasses. We were not roped; the guide had left all the baggage some way off with his comrade; so we proceeded very cautiously—the guide occasionally cutting steps with his ice-axe, and was very assiduous in offering me help, which I did not like to refuse, not wishing to hurt his feelings, but he soon perceived that I did not require it.

The crevasses gave us a good deal of zig-zagging about for a while, and I longed for you to have been with us, as

it was just the kind of thing we had hoped to find on the Findelen glacier. In about three-quarters of an hour we came on the second guide, sitting on our knapsack smoking. After that the glacier was very like the Findelen, continually giving us small jumps, over crevasses and ridges, like an exaggerated ploughed field. The ascent is very gradual: the glacier like a huge river between high walls of rock, with confluent glaciers falling into it; before us wide unbroken snowfields, bounded by the Mönch, Eiger, and Trugberg. Presently the guides pointed out a dark promontory where stood the Faulberg hut, and exclaimed in a voice of horror that there was already some one there. We thought it would be good fun to meet perhaps some Grindelwald tourist, or some one from the Jungfrau or Finsteraarhorn, and were rather disappointed when the moving objects proved to be sheep. But when we reached it, we saw a reason for their alarm—the hut was so small that some of us would have had to sleep outside. It is built on the side of the mountain, some hundred feet above the glacier, the approach to it being very steep and rugged. It was about nine or ten feet square, the back being a natural wall of rock, the three other walls built by large rough stones. At one corner stood a small stove, and a rude dresser, with half a dozen tin porringers and iron spoons, a coffee-pot, saucepan, kettle, etc. To the right, on entering, the whole side of the hut was occupied by a low sloping shelf, six feet broad, with a heap of straw tossed up in a corner, and a heap of blankets thrown over a pole above; and this was to be our bed. You can imagine how our guides made us sit on various stones outside, and handed to us, politely, bread, meat, and wine. We had not been there half an hour when three specks appeared on the glacier, which proved to be Mr. B., whom we had met at the hotel, and his two guides, *en route* for Grindelwald by the Mönchjoch. They were greeted by the usual chorus of whoops and jodels from our guides. You cannot think, or rather, perhaps, you can, how we enjoyed our three hours' rest before we "turned in." The four guides laughed, and joked, and jodeled, and sang; then cooked for themselves a saucepanful of greasy soup, cutting up bread, cheese, meat, and sausage into it. They made us taste it, and it proved so acceptable that we each had a porringerful. It was a lovely evening, but the snowy mountains were turned the wrong way to catch the rosy light; so we only had it on the dark rocks above. I took a scramble in search of edelweiss, but could not find any, while W. and Mr. S. sketched. About seven our guides cooked the coffee, and desired us to "turn in." They spread out the straw all over the shelf, and laid one blanket on it. We all took off our boots, which they hung round the stove to dry; tied handkerchiefs round our heads, rolled up cloaks, knapsacks, etc., for pillows, and lay down. You may fancy how we laughed. We had to lie as close as sardines in a box on our sides, we four travellers and two guides, while the other two spread one long blanket over all, and carefully tucked us in, then lay down themselves on the bare floor, and bid us go to sleep and not talk, which resulted in such a laugh that we all shook together. Then we were very quiet for a long time, each supposing the others asleep, till one moved, when all took advantage of it to try and stretch and turn round, which could only be done by mutual consent, we were so closely packed; and as I was next to the wall, my elbows and knees narrowly escaped skinning. So it went on for some hours, the guides occasionally striking a light to see the hour, change places with those on the floor, and look out to see if the moon were rising. There was not much sleep amongst us; and if we occasionally dozed, we were awakened by the roar of an avalanche, sometimes apparently close by, and almost shaking the hut. At last, about half-past twelve, our head guide reported the moon just tipping the opposite heights; so they relighted the fire (they had brought faggots of wood on their packs from the hotel) and cooked our coffee. We all sat up on our beds; they took down the little shutter from the one window, and put it on our knees by way of a table, and tried to make us eat (which

at that hour we were not much inclined to do), waiting on us as carefully and politely as any valet. While we were putting on our boots, you would have admired how they put everything to rights, washing up and putting by all the utensils (there was a little glacier waterfall from which they fetched water). They then tossed up the straw, shook out the blankets, hung them up, and left everything perfectly tidy, which explained our having found our quarters quite clean. At five minutes to two, exactly, we were *en route*; the moon shone brightly on the glacier below, but the steep path down to it from the hut was in deep shadow, which made the rocky descent difficult enough. At the bottom, a halt was called for roping. Our guide Fisher was first, I next, then W., then the second guide, Mr. S. last. Mr. B., meanwhile, was roped between his two guides, and then we parted, wondering if we should ever meet again. His route lay along the edge of the glacier, ours across it, till we regained the middle, where we had left it the day before; then up, up, very gradually, along the middle of the great Aletsch glacier, the longest in the Alps, fifteen miles from end to end. At first the glacier, which was just turning a corner, was a good deal crevassed, and the uncertain light—for it was only half a moon—obliged us to go slowly and cautiously; but soon we got on to the wide, unbroken snow-fields, which at this hour were crisp and hard, and then we stepped out at a pace, for there was an icy wind; and when I called a halt to put on my mask (which was most comfortable, I assure you), we shook with cold, and our hands were almost too numb to grasp our alpenstocks. It was, indeed, a never-to-be-forgotten scene: the inky sky, brilliant stars, which the half moon was not bright enough to pale, wide snow-fields all round, to the right the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Trugberg looming ghostlike in the moonlight, to the left the high mass of the Dreyeckhorn almost overshadowing us, with Orion balanced, as it were, on the top, where stood a thick cake of snow, from which an avalanche had lately fallen, and which lay in huge hummocks along the edge of the glacier. Before us was the Lötchen Löcher, a snowy gap, looking like what it was, a narrow gate leading to the valley beyond—a glorious mass of unbroken snow on its left, and a steep ridge of rugged rocks on its right, forming one end of the Ahnengraat, and leading upward to the smooth snowy peaks of the Mittagshorn. It was most glorious, most wonderful—but it was very easy. No steep climbing like the Weisssthor. I questioned Fisher, who said the glacier down the other side was much steeper and much crevassed, but that there was no difficulty about it; and I began to get unhappy, and told him I wished so much to go over some pass which would give me some rough climbing, as I was curious to know how I should get on at that. Then he said we had started so early that if we felt pretty fresh at the top of the pass, we might climb up the first ridge of the Ahnengraat, whence we would probably open a view of the Blumli Alp, but that he had never gone up, and was not sure. It was just five when we reached the top, where a sheltered nook among the rocks formed the Lötchen Löcher Hôtel, as the guides jocosely called it; and very glad we were to get shelter from the cutting wind, and to see the whole mass of the Mont Blanc range, cold and grey, without a cloud, before us; whilst behind us the Finsteraarhorn was cutting dark against the brightening eastern sky, and all the other giants of the Oberland growing gradually more distinct. The guides were astonished at the pace at which we had come—three hours only from the Faulberg instead of four; but the cold had made us step out faster than usual. Of course to eat and drink was the guides' first thought for us, but the wine was very cold, and a mouthful of brandy proved more comforting. We had half an hour to wait before the highest point of Mont Blanc was tinged with red, and then for another half hour we enjoyed such a glorious spectacle as can seldom be seen, peak after peak catching the rosy light, without a single cloud to hinder our view. Then Fisher asked us whether we were up to climbing the rocks; we had lots of time, and would have a more extended view.

All were game, and leaving our goods at the Hôtel, we roped again in the same order, and started; but soon W. and Mr. S. called a halt; we had got again into the cutting wind, and not having thick gloves on like myself and the guides, their hands were quite dead, and they could not hold on. However, after a good deal of chafing and rubbing, we got life into them again, and made another start. It was a stiff climb—a steep, narrow ridge of rocks, with a precipice at each side. We had to cling and haul ourselves up with hands and feet and knees. Sometimes we crept along clinging to the corner of a rock, which sloped down like a roof on each side, sometimes the rocks were piled loosely on each other, and it required great care not to throw them down on those below; that was the only thing that made me feel nervous, and for that the rope was horribly in the way; but when I saw the firm way in which Fisher planted himself after each move on, I felt what a safeguard the rope was, and that, if only it held good, he could have held up the whole party. As we went on, it became evident to all, guides included, that it would be uncommonly ticklish work to get down again the same way, the rocks in some places were so loose, and ready to peel off in great slabs at the least touch; but we knew there were snow slopes above, which would probably offer an easier descent. But I confess that when I saw go on we must, that the rocks above us became steeper, and that we were barely half way yet, I began to wish we had never started. Mr. S. looked unhappy and nervous, and confessed afterwards that he felt very uncharitably towards me for having suggested this extra and totally unnecessary excursion. W., too, though he enjoyed the climb, was inclined to swear at the rope, which was continually checking him from behind, and inwardly too at his wicked little wife for tempting him to risk all our necks in such "a mad expedition." Twice the guide had nearly to haul me bodily up high rocks, but otherwise there was nothing more actually difficult than one has often done in venturesome seaside scrambling, only one seldom has such sheer deep precipices on each side. At last, after an hour's hard climb, we reached a steep arête of snow, which looked like a haven of refuge after the abominable loose treacherous rocks. On our right was an almost perpendicular snow slope, more like a wall; to the left it was rather less perpendicular, and ended in a deep rocky precipice. Along the slope we proceeded, cutting every step out in the hard snow with the ice-axe; and in this manner reached in about ten minutes the first peak of the Ahnengraat, whence we had a view of the Matterhorn, Blumli Alp, etc., which had been hidden to us when below. Now came the question how to get down again. Just there the right-hand precipice of snow was not quite so steep, and Fisher thought we might cut steps down, so he made us all stand well down the left slope, while he let himself down over the edge to try, but soon found there was no ice there, but only cakes of snow against the rock, which offered no footing. After a consultation the guides unroped and went in different directions reconnoitring, Fisher being in favor of a rocky descent to the left; the other to try the snow on the right. The latter course was chosen, and we went on a good way further along the arête till we came to a more promising spot, where there was a good foundation of ice under the snow. It looked an awful place to go down; I do not think it was more out of the perpendicular than the tower of Pisa; and below was a great Bergshrund or yawning crevasse to receive us if we slipped. The descent was made very cautiously, Fisher going first, cutting a few steps in the ice, the others following, one at a time, by his command, the rope being kept always tight, and those not advancing planting themselves firmly, to resist any possible slip. The descent was not made straight down, but rather obliquely, till we were clear of the Bergshrund, when we had the satisfaction of feeling that in case of a slip we should only come down on snow fields without much danger. This sheer descent was very exciting, and I regretted when it was over. The remainder was performed in a series of glissades on the snow, leaning back on our alpenstocks, which

in a short time brought us back to our encampment, reaching it two hours and ten minutes after leaving it. Once safe there, we all felt delighted at having done the scramble, which, Fisher told us, gave us a very good idea of the ascent of the Jungfrau, the rocky part of which was longer but less difficult than what we had done, and that our snow descent was as steep as any they ever attempted. Our way now lay down the Lötchen glacier, leading to the Lötchen Thal. It was tremendously crevassed, especially where a tributary glacier met it. At one spot we were ordered to go quickly and silently, as we were crossing a coulon, or highroad of rocks and avalanches. None of the latter, however, had we seen the whole time, much to our disappointment. The glacier being in the shadow of the Aletsch Horn most of the way, the snow remained hard and easy to walk on. Two hours and a half brought us to the end of the glacier, where we unharnessed ourselves, having been in rope for seven and a half hours. The rest of the walk was along a lovely valley by a roaring torrent, with the usual accompaniments of pines, rocks, chalets, etc., surrounded by glorious rocky peaks and snowy ridges. At Ried we found a charming little hotel where we slept, taking a cordial leavetaking of our guides, Johann Fisher von Tann, near Meyringen, and Alexander Menig of Kopsisberg, whom we can confidently recommend to you or any friend, as most obliging and efficient.

ON FASHIONS.

A CORRECTION.—SHOES.

When the editor informed us that a lady had written finding fault with one of our articles, our heart fainted within us ; we conceived that somehow we had unwittingly "put our foot in it," and that having incurred the anger of the fair sex, we would be loaded with admonitions and reproaches. We inwardly determined to submit to the rod patiently, and if we found it applied too smartly, to hide our diminished head in obscurity for the rest of our days. With blanched cheek we hurriedly glanced over the correspondence, and found to our surprise and inexpressible delight that the lady, instead of severely chiding us, very properly and kindly called our attention to an inadvertence. We rebuked the editor for causing us such a fright, and promised to correct our error. In speaking of stockings, we neglected to refer to the fact that a little town in Leinster is celebrated for its hosiery. It is true that, as we said, Nottingham is famous for its manufacture of foot clothing, but it is equally true, though we omitted to notice the fact, that Balbriggan is likewise famous from the same cause. The lady assumes that we "can never have worn those (socks) made at Balbriggan." We are doubtful, sooth to say, whether we have or not ; certainly we have been at times assured that the stockings which we were buying were manufactured there ; but, as our correspondent observes, salesmen occasionally draw on their imaginations. We believe that the fame of Balbriggan has been justly earned, and we sincerely wish that its stocking manufactory may long flourish. Our readers will excuse us for reminding them that it is in their power to contribute to its prosperity.

From stockings the transition to shoes is natural and easy. Both are devised for the benefit of the feet—the former to keep them warm, the latter to protect them from injury. Both are and have been rather used for comfort than ornament, both are worn in all civilized countries by all classes above the very poorest, and both are equally beneficial to and universally adopted by men and women.

There are varieties of the shoe—the boot, which covers part of the leg as well as the foot, the slipper, which is a loosely fitting shoe, and the sandal, which only protects the sole. Boots are said to have derived their name from their resemblance to a sort of jack or leathern bottle formerly in use, called in old French *bouts*, or from A. S. *abutan* (about), because they go round about the foot. Boots of leather were common among the Romans, and those of the soldiers were

strengthened with brass. They were in use all through the middle ages, and it is superfluous to say are not yet despised.

Chaucer regarded the good condition of his boots as indicative of the prosperity of an ecclesiastic :

"His *botes* souple, his hors in great estat,
And certainly he was a faire prelat."

In our days, no person of respectability would wear bad boots ; and "down in the heels" is expressive of either poverty or untidiness. Not only would boots preserve the tender foot from sharp stones and prickly thorns, but they might be so made as to hide a physical imperfection. For instance, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," the lover Thurio, on learning that his beloved Silvia takes exception to his person, says :—

"What, that my leg is too long ?

Proteus.—No ; that it is too little.

Thurio.—I'll wear a *boot* to make it somewhat rounder."

To have one's boots so made as to conceal a deformity, is a piece of vanity that we can understand ; but we are lost in wonder when we learn that people get their foot-gear so fashioned that they may appear to be lame. Who will account for the affectation of the limp of the Princess Alexandra ?

If there were any portion of apparel which should not undergo transformation through the fickleness of fashion, it would be the shoe. But though the dressing of the foot has not afforded such scope for whim as the dressing of the head, nevertheless, it has passed through a number of alterations. Some Roman ladies had white shoes, others red ; some English and Irish ladies rejoice in high heels, and others in a little tassel ; some lace their shoes, others patronize india-rubber sides. In the fourteenth century, the toes of men's boots were so long that they were turned up, and fastened to the knees with gold and silver chains. In the eighteenth century, the heels of ladies' boots were a perfect monstrosity. Before the present style of boot, which covers the ankles, became popular, and when the shoe proper was in vogue, each individual displayed his or her private taste in the size and value of his or her buckles. But the ornamentation of shoes (now confined to a few patterns in the sewing) never was carried to such an extent as in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when quaint designs of Gothic church windows were worked in the long toes. This custom is referred to by Chaucer in the "Miller's Tale" :—

"His robe was red, his eyen gray as goos,
With Poules windowes carven were his *shoos*."

The boots of gentlemen were formerly difficult to be put on or taken off, and before the invention of the shoe-horn and boot-jack, a retainer called the boot-catcher was kept in inns and large private establishments, whose business it was to assist gentlemen in this particular.

For ladies to array their feet was an easier matter. Their shoes were neither clumsy nor ponderous, and only needed as a fastening the buckle or shoe-tie, the proper knotting of which, however, must have been a troublesome affair. That the shoe-tie was of some importance in ladies' eyes is evident from the lines of Crashaw :—

"I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire or glistening shoe-tie."

"Trifles light as air," if connected with a betrothed, are of great weight ; and many a lover has treasured up a shoe-tie in default of a more valuable memento. Butler, in *Hudibras*, says :—

"Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie."

Every woman that has a pretty foot (and tiny feet and tidy ankles are not rare among our Irish women) is careful about the fit of her shoes or boots, and strives to make the disciples of St. Crispin display all their skill, whether she lives in metropolitan Dublin or in backward Clifden. The writer has seen as neat a shoe on a peasant girl's foot in the

western Highlands as could be seen anywhere. To be *slipshod* is indicative of great natural indolence or strong mental suffering; hence, in "As you like it," Rosalind tells Orlando that he cannot be suffering deeply from love unresponded to, for if he were "your hose should be ungartered, your sleeve unbuttoned, your *shoe* untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation."

Shoes are often mentioned in Holy Writ. We know from it that to put off shoes was among the Hebrews a token of veneration. In that splendid allegorical poem, "The Canticles," we have the verse—

"How beautiful are thy feet within thy *shoes*, O prince's daughter."

The shoe was also an emblem of possession and of a perfect contract, as in the verse—

"Over Edom will I cast my *shoe*."

It is said that from this idea of the Jews the singular custom of casting a shoe after a newly married couple takes its origin.

Slippers are accompaniments of luxury, and ease, and quiet; they are the symbols, in the eyes of the hard-worked man of the world, of the evening rest which he so dearly earns.

The indoor occupations of most women lead them to prefer the light slipper to the heavy boot. Charming in our ears is the music made by the children's shoes as they go pattering up and down the stairs; and more charmed still are we when we hear the innocent, joyous, and, as Warton sang, "silver-slipped virgin lightly tread."

Lest we might linger too long over the shoes, we conclude this article by wishing, in the words of Sir W. Raleigh, all our lady readers,

"Fair-lined *slippers* for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;"

and by hoping that all the gentlemen who read our columns are of domestic temperaments, lest their female relatives imitate the example of the lady who, as King tells us, thus controlled her husband's wandering disposition—

"If he went abroad too much she'd use
To give him *slippers* and lock up his *shoes*."

T. M.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS.

The lady who bears this famous name, and who inherits the genius and beauty of her ancestress, has been giving a series of readings in this city, which, I regret to say, have not been appreciated as they deserved. It was melancholy to see the thin attendance at the really intellectual and refined entertainment offered by Mrs. Siddons to the Dublin public. It is scarcely to the credit of Ireland, that so gifted a lady should not have received a warmer welcome amongst us, and I can only trust that she will not carry away an indelible impression respecting the want of taste in Dublin. I have had the pleasure and privilege of hearing Mrs. Siddons at two afternoon recitations, and I can most truly say that the pleasure will "linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet." Mrs. Siddons combines in herself so many gifts and graces, that the dullest listener, once brought within the spell of her presence, could scarce remain unmoved. She is extremely beautiful—so beautiful, that in looking at her one at once recalls the celebrated line respecting "the might, the majesty of loveliness." In the expression of her countenance great sweetness and great intellectuality are united—the beautiful soul is clearly mirrored in the beautiful face. Her smile is enchanting—her laugh rich, soft, and musical—her voice is of great compass, and peculiarly sweet and flexible. As she reads, the play of her countenance, according to the character to be represented, is wonderfully mobile. In an artistic point of view, it is perhaps hard to say whether she excels most in delineating the sprightly vivacity of Rosalind, or the tragic despair of Lady Macbeth. For myself, I prefer her as Lady Macbeth; and of all the recitations which I heard, I carry

away the recollection of that of the "sleep walking" scene from Macbeth as the one which impressed me most. The wonderful power and passion with which this scene was given was not lost upon the limited audience. As the actress (for so I must call her) advanced, wringing her hands, and continually endeavouring to erase the "damned spot" upon them, the listeners literally held their breath; and the hush was so profound, that the slightest motion of the gliding figure could be distinctly heard in the stillness. Remorse—agony—terror, were so powerfully portrayed in every word and gesture of this scene, that the most eloquent preacher could not more forcibly have delineated that awful hell which awaits the sinner, when conscience, roused to tremendous life, raises its accusing voice, and, with sleepless reiteration, summons the appalled and agonized soul to that terrible judgment which it cannot elude or escape. It is an awful thought that we hold in our own being such an accuser. Let each of us beware how we neglect warning whispers that may afterwards swell to thunder peals of denunciation.

Of the other recitations, I think I was most struck by the ballad of "Lady Clare" (by Tennyson). This was given by Mrs. Siddons with great dramatic power, and with touching pathos. The three characters of the ballad, Lord Ronald, Lady Clare, and the old nurse, were equally distinct to the "mind's eye," through Mrs. Siddons' interpretation. Her rendering of this ballad seemed to me superior to that which she gave to "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and to Mrs. Hemans' poem of "Casabianca." In "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," I should have said that the utterance was a little too rapid, especially in the lines

"But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see."

But it seems invidious to find fault where so much genius and versatility were exhibited. The extraordinary versatility of Mrs. Siddons was manifested in some scenes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," where she was equally excellent as a clown and as a fairy. The rendering of these scenes was admirable—the play of countenance, the modulation of voice, and the ease and appropriateness of the gestures, all equally striking.

I could not help wishing that whilst on Irish soil Mrs. Siddons would have lent her magic voice to the interpretation of some of our national ballads. She has only to recite something that touches the Irish heart, in order to create in the Green Isle an enthusiasm which will enshrine her for ever in our hearts and memories.

IERNE.

THE DEATH OF HOPE.

Forth from my heart there used to spring

A hope, a wish, a pray'r;

Then mem'ry would thine image bring

Before my mind, and sorrow wring

My soul in its despair.

The hope that sometimes shed its light

O'er me, was born to die;

The wish which, granted, would make bright

My life, was lost in sorrow's night,

The prayer unheard on high.

And now, collapsed, my wounded heart

Still strives to hide its pain,

And vows to crush the hopes which start

To life, lest they should e'er impart

Such agony again.

For when Hope dies, no more can spring

The longing wish—the pray'r;

And e'en though memory may bring

The thought of thee, it cannot wring

My heart in its despair.

C. B.

B. HYAM'S

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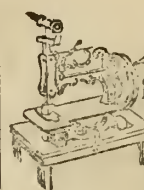
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